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HUDSON RIVER BRIDGE

By Howard Cook

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Harpers *Magazine*

A DRY WARNS THE DRYS

BY STANLEY HIGH

IN BACKGROUND, practice, and conviction, I am a prohibitionist. My father, now a State superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, was a Methodist preacher; a hard-working, small-town preacher who seldom wore a long coat and never a long face but who believed devoutly that he was called of God to help men and women to a more abundant life and who knew, because he knew his people, that one great threat to that life was liquor. In my youth, doubtless, I should have shared that conviction merely because my father held it. Moreover, it was sound Methodist doctrine, and I was a sound Methodist. But in this instance it was plain even to my youthful eyes that my father and the Methodists were right.

Liquor held the street corners of our Midwestern villages and there, in the eyes of all decent citizens, it was writing its own death warrant. Practically all of the misery and degeneracy

and vice of these small towns—and they had their share—were bred and nurtured behind the swinging doors of our saloons. Practically all of our lawlessness was liquor-stimulated. And when, in the interest of the community's well-being, regulatory laws were proposed, the saloons and the saloon crowd conspired to violate whatever measures they could not defeat. Therefore, like a good many other Americans whose memories go back to those days, my dry convictions are derived from first-hand observation of the depredations of liquor and the defiance of the liquor business. And I have remained a prohibitionist, not because I have been unable to see conditions as they exist under the Eighteenth Amendment, but because I have been unable to forget conditions as they existed before it.

But the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted, not as an end, but as a means. It was designed to do more rapidly,

more thoroughly, and on a national scale what education and local self-government were already accomplishing, namely, the elimination of the liquor liability from our national life. With thirty-three States dry by local vote, it was assumed that it would be a safe short cut to dry the remaining fifteen by national action and thus make a quick end to a traffic that seemed already doomed. There is some evidence, however, that this measure, designed as a short-cut, has turned out to be a detour. And the too casual dismissal by the drys of the evidence on that point is just now seriously handicapping the desirable business of ridding society of the liquor traffic and is putting in peril the results of a century of anti-liquor progress.

I still believe that it is possible for society to rid itself of the liquor traffic. But if this is done it will be because some new arguments have been devised and some old ones abandoned. It is probably possible to convince the public that the perpetuation of this traffic is a social liability. It is no longer possible to persuade a whole generation that the use of liquor is a personal sin. People may still become total abstainers, but for large numbers of them it will be on the advice of a physician, not of a clergyman, and for fear of what liquor will do to their livers, not to their souls. The alcoholic charts that enlivened the hygiene classes of our youth could still be made to serve a modern purpose. But the anti-liquor sermons of the same period, to be effective to-day, would need a general overhauling. The old trail that led, inevitably, from the first drink to the drunkard's grave is not as plain as it once was. There are too few drunkards and too many people who are, and with apparent safety remain, moderate drinkers. Latterly, the consumption of liquor has come to be widely classed with some

other things—coffee, tobacco, rare meat—the use of which calls for a measure of caution.

This more recent attitude of non-chalance toward the use of liquor is unfortunate and probably unsound. It is contrary to what some reputable scientists believe about the moderate consumption of alcohol, on the one hand, and what almost everybody else knows about its still too frequently immoderate use, on the other. Moreover, with traffic conditions what they are, the distinction between moderate and immoderate drinking is difficult to draw. But the fact remains that the jump which once was made from the admission of the desirability of temperance to the dotted line at the bottom of a total abstinence card is no longer so easily negotiated. Sooner or later dry strategy will have to take account both of that and of the further fact that any new attack upon liquor will have to be launched with more substantial materials than brimstone. An increasing number of responsible American citizens who might be led to believe in the outlawry of the liquor traffic in the interests of society will simply not be frightened or cajoled into that position in their own behalf.

When such a movement to rid society of liquor gets under way it will, unquestionably, be led by drys, not by wets. With due allowance for an increasing number of sincere, anti-liquor wets, it is none the less unlikely that the anti-prohibitionists, whatever they achieve in their drive against the Eighteenth Amendment, will muster moral stamina sufficient for the longer, less exciting, more painstaking drive against liquor and the liquor traffic. The trouble with the present situation is that the fighting, for wets and drys alike, revolves almost wholly around prohibition. The drys talk about saloon liquor in order to keep prohibi-

tion. The wets talk about speakeasy liquor in order to get rid of prohibition. In either case the issue is the legislation, not the commodity. So far as the commodity is concerned there is no fight at all. And there never will be any fight worth mentioning until the drys consent to face the facts. The facts of the current liquor situation in the United States are sufficient to arouse against our present-day traffic the same moral indignation that routed the saloon. It is not for lack of evidence but for lack of seeing it that the dry forces so generally exhaust their opposition to liquor in their defense of prohibition. We have prohibition. The problem is, how are we to rid ourselves of liquor?

From the standpoint of the liquor rather than the prohibition issue, the question as to whether there is more drinking or less since prohibition is largely academic. It is my opinion that there is less. That is, I think that the reduced drinking among certain classes of society, notably that class dealt with by such organizations as the Salvation Army, more than offsets the obviously increased drinking in circles considerably higher in the social scale. But this, as I have said, is an academic question. No one can determine it with any finality. The significant matter is not that there is more drinking or less but that, after thirteen years of prohibition, the issue is still debatable. And quite aside from the precise question of per capita consumption, it ought to be fairly obvious that there is still enough liquor in use to constitute a prohibition liquor problem not qualitatively different from the pre-prohibition liquor problem. When all the usual discounting is made, it is impossible, for example, to explain away the considered opinions of the Presidents of Princeton and Cornell Universities, which were published while this article was being

written. If conditions, under college restrictions, are bad, it is probably safe to deduce that conditions elsewhere are considerably worse.

But the drys of my acquaintance are singularly insulated from any contact with these conditions. Their associations are almost exclusively with practicing prohibitionists, just as the associations of most anti-prohibitionists are almost exclusively with practicing wets. And a known dry, when he is not in company with one of his kind, is generally well shielded from the practices which he is known to deplore. Recently a Methodist Bishop, a pronounced dry of course, came to a town with which I am acquainted. He was met at the station by his dry Methodist hostess, taken to her consistently dry home where he was entertained, through several days, in a sumptuous but strictly Volsteadian fashion by many of the prominent people of the community. And he left without coming within a stone's throw of the fact that in many, I won't say most, of the households whose heads were honoring him cocktails were an accepted prerequisite to the usual dinner party. And that goes, as I happen to know, even in the homes of some of the most substantial lay Methodists of the community. It is in this fashion that many of the dry leaders travel the length and breadth of the land and meet with no cocktails, detect no alcoholic scents, see only a very occasional drunk, and on the basis of their observations make perfectly unjustifiable deductions. The liquor education of the average prohibitionist, in other words, is simply not up to date. That accounts, in part, for the fact that when he sets out to make a case against strong drink he almost invariably goes back to pre-prohibition days for his illustrative material. That is unfortunate. It is unfortunate because it sets such serious limits to his usefulness.

The anti-liquor oratory of a generation ago was effective because it was compounded of current material. When we sang "The Brewer's Big Horses Can't Run Over Me" we knew what we were singing about. We were led to feel the immediate threat of the thing we were asked to fight. No such fear is inspired by our present dry propaganda. I have just gone through a considerable file of recent dry literature. A stranger with that literature as his only reading matter would discover something about the saloon, a good deal about politics, a great deal about the wets, and nothing whatsoever about a current liquor problem. That is the reason why a great many dries, unstirred by any contemporary liquor menace and feeling no particular urge to have a hand in settling what appears to be a dead issue, have lapsed into indifference. My recommendations have not been asked for, but I am convinced that some intensive first-hand experience with the present-day liquor problem should be made the indispensable prerequisite for the prohibition campaigner. I have a dry friend in New York City who, when his son returned from college somewhat doubtful on this issue, took him on a full day's walking tour through certain districts of the city that were formerly saloon-infested to provide graphic proof of the benefits of prohibition. But that was a lesson only half finished. He should have gone on for another day in a tour of the speakeasies to provide equally graphic proof of the job that remained to be done. Such a tour, for the dry speaker, would make it unnecessary for him to go back to the 1890's for his illustrations. The average dry, faced with such up-to-date data, would probably be less satisfied with things as they are. And the country as a whole might begin to develop a changed sentiment in regard to liquor.

II

For the most serious development of these prohibition years is the radically changed attitude toward the use of liquor. Such a declaration cannot be reduced to statistics. But it is fairly obvious that liquor has become a social necessity with many people who before prohibition would not have tolerated its use. I am familiar with too many homes in which that is the case and have heard a like opinion expressed by too many other observers to doubt the truth of such a statement. An acquaintance of mine, resident in a small city of some forty thousand population, recently told me that of the twelve families with which for twenty years he has been on intimate social terms only one, in pre-prohibition days, served liquor. To-day it is served by all twelve. In other words, liquor, in these post-prohibition years, has attained to a more respectable place in American society than it has held at any time during the last half-century.

Now I want to make haste, at this point, to indicate that I am not quite gullible enough to lay the blame for this condition exclusively or even chiefly on prohibition. These post-war years have witnessed the breakdown, for good or ill, of a good many conventions. The use of liquor is only one of the manifestations of a change in the temper of society. Nor is this phenomenon exclusively American. Hard-liquor parties, particularly among young people, are said to be as definite and as distressing a sign of the times in Great Britain as in the United States. But whether people drink in the United States because they like liquor or because they do not like the law, the fact remains that less odium attaches to the act than ever before. The so-called high society of our larger cities have shown the way to the social

reinstatement of liquor, and less exalted circles in our smaller communities have, as usual, followed this example. And in newspapers, magazines, and motion pictures there has been a persistent tendency to popularize what previously was generally deplored.

This increased social reliance upon liquor is particularly apparent in those areas of the United States which were most notably dry before prohibition. Take, for instance, the State of Kansas. I talked a few days ago with a prominent and distinguished Kansan, long familiar with conditions in his State and long a dry. He declared that, after state-wide prohibition was adopted in Kansas, every year marked some appreciable gain in the eradication of the liquor traffic and the liquor habit from the life of the State. That progress continued up to the inauguration of national prohibition. It continued, in fact, for several years after national prohibition. Then progress slowed down, a reaction set in, and now, in his opinion, liquor is in more widespread use in Kansas than it was a decade and a half ago, before the adoption of the Federal Amendment. I have heard the same opinion expressed by people familiar with conditions in Ohio and other previously dry States.

Moreover, the necessity for ministering to the alcoholic tastes of a still large and a more fastidious clientele must be held, in considerable measure, responsible for the appalling expansion of the prestige, influence, and security of the underworld. It is apparent, of course, that if our liquor racketeers and gangsters are prosperous, their prosperity has been largely achieved with the money of otherwise respectable and law-abiding people. The nineteenth hole is no vantage point from which to deplore racketeering. If a liquor war breaks out to-night on New York City's east side it is altogether

likely that the fight will have had its source in an argument as to what bootlegging gang was to deliver liquor to Park Avenue or some other uptown residential area. But this explanation of the fact does not alter its seriousness.

Nor is it a sufficient answer to say, as one must, that bootlegging and speakeasies are not prohibition-made phenomena. They thrived long before the Eighteenth Amendment. Violation has always been, and probably always will be, the answer of the liquor business to regulatory legislation. The liquor trade, founded as it is on the liquor habit, will probably resist restraint as long and as persistently as men's appetites resist it.

But after the worst is said about the pre-prohibition underworld of Bathhouse John and Hinky Dink, I am still of the belief that nothing America has ever seen compares in ruthless, widespread, and systematic lawlessness with the operations of Jack Legs Diamond, Al Capone, and a multitude of other latter-day outlaws. I have just read the story told by a Federal Attorney of Chicago before the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate of the four-year war waged to secure the conviction of Capone. Its facts match the best of our detective fiction. Fourteen men, relied upon by the government for their testimony, were murdered. The gangsters, themselves, were ingeniously protected, not only by steel-plated rooms, with revolving floors and machine-gun emplacements, but by the influence of men in authority. The syndicate specialized in liquor and prostitution. Its directing geniuses were unbelievably prosperous and believed themselves to be safely beyond the reach of the law. The conviction of Capone constituted a major victory for law and order, even though he was sentenced neither for prohibition law violations nor for murder, but for income tax evasion.

But I have not heard that the Federal authorities, who broke the back of this gang, contend that they have broken the back of, or even made a serious dent upon, the liquor traffic in general or the gangdom that it maintains.

Now, the conventional dry answer to such observations on present conditions is that the prohibition law has not had a chance. It is frequently pointed out that in pre-prohibition days, when an area went dry by vote, it still was necessary for the anti-liquor forces to persist in their activities in order to make it dry in fact. This effort to make dry territory dry generally extended over a period of several years. At the end of that time conditions usually were so obviously improved that the wet-dry question ceased to be an issue. This is what took place in Kansas. But it is significant that the final success of the movement to dry up Kansas, or any other area, was based upon a continuity of observable progress toward that end. I do not doubt that there has been some progress, particularly under the administration of Colonel Amos W. W. Woodcock in the past three years, toward drying up the United States. But that progress has not as yet been obvious enough to serve as a final argument with the indifferent American citizen of the ultimate success of the prohibition law. If the average citizen is aroused now to support prohibition, it is generally not on the ground that the law is an undeniable and increasing success but, rather, because he fears that the alternatives to it might be worse. And that is a precarious basis on which to rest the settlement of the liquor question.

Support for prohibition on such a basis may save the law, but it is not likely to eliminate liquor, not, at any rate, as rapidly or as completely as I

believe to be desirable. And eventually it will not save the law. The increasing strength of the wet movement is not, primarily, due to an increase in the number of those who thirst for strong drink. That thirst can be too readily assuaged with things as they are to call forth the great zeal that is now apparent among those who desire to change them. Nor is this strength due primarily to the influence of those who might stand to gain financially if the liquor traffic were legally reinstated. I do not mean to minimize the influence of that group. But it is only a superficial analysis that credits it with power sufficient to bring about the change in sentiment which seems to be in progress.

This change is taking place in the opinions of neither the pronounced wets nor the pronounced dries. They stand now about where they have always stood. Reconciliation between them to-day is as impossible as it was in the days of the saloon. The people who have swung from the support of prohibition over to the opposition are chiefly in two classes.

First, there are those who in these post-war years are no longer influenced by the widely held pre-war conviction against the use of liquor. A decade and a half ago they were dries, in conviction and in practice. To-day, accepting the changed attitude toward the use of liquor, they stand opposed to a law which declares it illegal to do what they no longer believe to be wrong. To this group, of course, there must be added a considerable number of young people who have grown up in this atmosphere of lessened restraint. It is natural that they should look with disdain upon a measure designed to outlaw what appears to them to be an accepted and relatively harmless social practice.

There is a second class of people who have changed their stand on this issue.

These persons were probably never greatly agitated either way. But, once supporters of prohibition, they have now become convinced that it is not accomplishing the purposes for which they first gave it their backing. They have been led into the wet camp by practically the same arguments that in the beginning made them drys. It was opposition to saloon-liquor that made them prohibitionists. It is opposition to speakeasy-liquor that has turned them against the law. Whatever one may think of the motives of the wet leaders, there can be little question of the sincerity of many of these new recruits to the wet cause.

Now this evidence of continued drinking, of the re-establishment of the respectability of liquor, of the extension of liquor lawlessness, and of the changing sentiment of the country does not, in my opinion, constitute proof of the undesirability of prohibition. No nation has ever been able to find a wholly satisfactory place in its social order for liquor and the liquor business. I do not believe that the United States will be ingenious enough to do, now, what it was unable to accomplish through a century of experimenting. But I do believe that this evidence indicates the unlikelihood that prohibition, as now defended, will be continued without modification. And there is something to be said for the contention that modification, so energetically urged by the wets, might turn out to be an asset to the drys.

III

I have already pointed out that the case for prohibition was built up out of the evidence against liquor. It is doubtful if any case in the history of reform was ever more carefully prepared or more persistently pressed. From kindergarten to commencement American young people were nurtured

in the knowledge of the evils of alcohol. And this academic information was reinforced by the discoveries of adult life. The hand of progress in business, industry, the medical profession, and among social workers was almost invariably turned against liquor. Not the railroads only, but almost every industry and many businesses operated under the prohibitory Rule "G." An invariable question in any employment application blank was: "Do you use intoxicating liquor?" The dry leaders of those pre-prohibition days merely provided moral enthusiasm for a crusade that the hard facts made inevitable. But without this moral enthusiasm the facts would never have been so widely understood or so decisively acted upon.

The advent of prohibition, however, brought an almost complete change in dry tactics. The war against the liquor traffic was brought to an abrupt halt. A new war, for the defense of prohibition, was undertaken. This new war has raged, now, for thirteen years. It has been successful so far as *prohibition* is concerned. It has been much less successful so far as *the liquor traffic* is concerned. For seventy-five years the drys opposed the liquor traffic with moral, social, and economic arguments. For thirteen years they have been defending prohibition with political arguments. The case against liquor is still as sound as it ever was. And the American people, by as large a majority as ever, could probably be brought to recognize its soundness. Meanwhile, however, the case for prohibition is increasingly debatable. Any doubt on that point ought to be dispelled by the *Literary Digest* poll—which the drys are inclined too lightly to dismiss—and by practically every one of the recent straw votes that have been taken on the question. In the face of that situation the drys could afford

to make almost any political sacrifice that would enable them to get as far as possible out of the political fight and back into the fight against the liquor traffic. This, however, they will not be able to do until the motive of the dry movement is changed from the protection of prohibition to the destruction of the liquor business.

The dries, of course, find it difficult to resume their pre-prohibition fight because a current case against the liquor traffic appears, on the face of it, to constitute also a case against prohibition. Similarly, of course, the wets find it difficult to advocate the observance of a law which they realize must be broken if it is to be destroyed. The dries frequently seem to be maneuvered into a position where they are obliged to use prohibition as a shelter for the evil that the law was designed to wipe out. It is a curious situation, for example, in which the wets go to considerable trouble to produce a map of the current liquor establishments of the city of Washington and the dries go to considerable lengths to discredit it. In thirteen years of listening to prohibition speeches I cannot recall one that frankly set forth in any adequate fashion the seriousness of the present-day liquor traffic. Such attempts as I have heard made were promptly qualified with emphatic declarations to the effect that, bad as things are, they are infinitely better than in the pre-prohibition era. Obviously, no such roundabout attack can ever be very effective. The arguments against the liquor traffic, if they are to have any current meaning, will have to be derived from current conditions. As I have already pointed out, it is the weakness of to-day's dry strategy that the liquor evils which were the meat and drink of the anti-liquor crusader of a generation ago are so generally neither observed nor challenged

by the prohibition defender of the present.

And that is the crux of the whole matter so far as the eventual elimination of liquor is concerned. The fight against the liquor traffic was aggressive. The fight for prohibition is defensive. Whatever the wets have failed to do, they have successfully prevented the dries, up to now, from getting back to the liquor issue. That has been sound strategy. For to go back to the attack upon liquor meant to return to the offense and to grounds from which, up to the prohibition era, the anti-liquor forces were never for long forced to retreat.

IV

It is not easy to say how this return to the attack upon liquor can be accomplished. I am of the opinion that one step in that direction would be a dry-sponsored national referendum. I am aware of the dry arguments against such a proposal. There is no Constitutional provision for a national vote of this kind, and no machinery for bringing it about exists. Regardless of the results, the vote itself would settle nothing. Any legislative changes called for in regard to prohibition would still have to be enacted by Congress and the legislatures of the separate States. Moreover, there is some ground for the dry belief that in such an extra-legal vote the wets, since they have everything to gain by the result, would be more likely to vote en masse than the dries, who through the last fifty years have been educated in the slower and more orderly processes of Constitutional government.

But I do not believe that these arguments are insurmountable. I have been told that legislative provision for such a vote could be made. I am convinced that a six months' cam-

paigned prior to the vote would make its importance clear to the voters on both sides of the question. And if such a referendum were held—if, for example, it were included in the planks of the two major parties, at the suggestion of the dry leadership—it would forever put an end to the widespread feeling that those who favor prohibition are protecting the law by blocking the will of the people. Moreover, since the wets, in order to give the vote any meaning, would be obliged to agree upon a definite alternative to prohibition, the subsequent discussion would almost certainly clarify the whole issue and reduce the indefiniteness and superficiality that have surrounded it. Until some such national vote is held, the fanatical claims of the extremists in both parties to the dispute will continue to be made without successful challenge. Again, the nation, faced with a concrete substitute for prohibition, would have a hitherto unprovided opportunity to weigh the best that the wets can offer against the best—and the worst—that can be said about prohibition.

If such a referendum went strongly dry, the prohibition forces ought to feel themselves somewhat freed from the pressure of politics. With the sure knowledge that a majority of the American people stood back of them, they could turn from the protection of the prohibition they have won to the elimination of the liquor that has not been prohibited.

Such a referendum, on the other hand, might go against prohibition. In such a case I do not see how the dry leadership could afford to oppose the enactment of legislation designed to carry out the will of a majority of the people. It is often remarked that repeal or any other constitutional change in the present law could be permanently blocked by the opposition of thirteen dry States. Such action, clearly,

would be both unwise and vicious. I do not believe that any responsible dry leader would counsel it. I am certain, however, that if such a vote did go against prohibition, the dry fight would not for a moment be halted. But it would no longer be a defensive fight. The wets, not the dries, would be obliged to defend the new system and explain away, as best they could, its shortcomings. The dries, freed from the necessity of defending things as they are, could turn their aggressive attention to the actualities of the liquor situation, which at present they so frequently ignore.

The best that the wets can devise as a substitute is likely to turn out to be less satisfactory than prohibition as a method for curbing the liquor traffic. I know of no system, whether that of Ontario or Sweden or of our own States' Rights Democrats, that has worked with complete satisfaction. The problem in every country with which I am familiar is not how may liquor-drinking be wisely increased, but how may it most wisely be reduced. The progressive opinion—if not the tendency—seems to be in favor of an increasing elimination of the liquor liability from society. For that reason, any regulatory system is likely merely to demonstrate again what seventy-five years of pre-prohibition experimenting seemed to prove, namely, that a wholly successful compromise with the liquor traffic is impossible.

At present, of course, such a declaration is only an opinion. The actual failure of a prohibition substitute written into the record would give it sound basis. In fact, there is probably no development that would so immediately strengthen the case for prohibition as the collapse, in actual practice, of one of the many plans that have been proposed to supplant it. If the plan did not collapse—if,

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instead, it resulted in a decrease in the popularity and use of liquor and in a restriction of liquor lawlessness—then there would be no honest dry alternative save to accept the new plan as a forward step and to carry on under it the old, but now generally abandoned fight against the liquor traffic. Such a fight, even though undertaken at the cost of some immediate sacrifice by the prohibitionists, seems to be the

only hope of reducing the use of liquor in those areas and among those classes which now have prohibition but are not dry. If that reduction does not take place more rapidly in the near future than it has in the past five years, then what, to-day, might be a strategic retreat is almost certain to be turned into a rout. And in that case much more than prohibition would be lost in the debacle.

INSTANS TRANSIENS

BY DAVID MORTON

*MY heart is not persuaded by the spring:
I know the dogwood's bloom is very brief,
And that this checkered sunlight is a thing
Dependent on the frail and fickle leaf;
And these blue faces that are looking out
From elbowed roots above the blackened earth,
For all their hiding, these will join the rout,
For all their heavenly blue, be nothing worth.
My heart is not persuaded, for I know
More brief and bitter tales than I will tell,
And yet, to-day, I rest to have it so,
Who bear away within my breast the spell
Of dogwood shining in a darkened hour,
And here—or there—a timid small blue flower.*



"GONE HOLLYWOOD"

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

PEOPLE go to Hollywood. And after a certain length of time, dependent on their degree of immunity, they are said to have "gone Hollywood." This is a mental disease, the major symptom being a complete loss of all sense of values. A very few have been known to recover. In my own case, as I was exposed to infection for only a few months, there seems to be some hope. I am told that if I live very prayerfully and humbly and begin to use my brains again a little every day I may be back to normal in a year or so. But I realize myself that it has been a close call.

I am not, of course, speaking of all the Hollywoods—not of the nice residential section, occupied by Iowans who on specified occasions, together with their Los Angeles brethren, break out into a rash of mantillas and castanets and whatever else goes with Spanish tradition; nor of the Hollywood typified by the famous Breakfast Club that every Wednesday morning at eight o'clock displays an optimism, a joy of life, and indiscriminate love of one's neighbor more depressing and hate-inducing than any exhibition of human activity that I have ever witnessed; nor of the slightly over-manicured Hollywood whose rich *rentiers* are still living in palm-shaded palaces on *rentes* that, to put it cheerfully, are not what they were. No, the Hollywood whose dust is off my shoes but not yet out of my brain, is what the world understands by Hollywood—the

world's joke which, like so many jokes, is not especially funny.

Not that I am trying to insult the place. It has already been insulted by experts. Nor have I any personal grievance against it. I am not one of those unreasonable authors who return from the Golden Journey frothing at the mouth over the disgraceful treatment that has been meted out to them. I say unreasonable, because at this time of day every author must know perfectly well why he is given a drawing-room and a return ticket to Los Angeles plus several hundreds or thousands a week; and to come back pretending that he didn't know and has been outrageously mishandled by a horde of lunatics is not cricket. The one funny story I know about Hollywood puts the whole author-business in a nutshell. It's about Louis Bromfield and it certainly isn't true. But it ought to be. Bromfield, it appears, had been on the "lot" for several months in the usual state of bewilderment and unwilling inactivity and finally demanded of one of the Directors what, if anything, was expected of him. The Director's answer was admirably concise and clear.

"Vell—you see, it's this vay. It's not your stories ve vant, it's not your dialogue or your titles ve vant—it's your name ve vant, Mr. Blumberg."

There you have it. That's what authors are paid for. They, like everyone in Hollywood, are not recompensed for their labors but for their sufferings.

The system, considered from the point of view of an industry teetering on the brink of bankruptcy, might be considered uneconomic, there being no visible production or box-office value in suffering. But it is said they know their business. Therefore, ours not to reason why, but to turn the key of our allotted cubby-hole and drape our feet on our desk and wait drowsily for the soft murmur of our pay-envelope as it slides under our door. The contents are not, under the circumstances, excessive. For one thing, Hollywood money is fantastic. It goes as it comes—and no one knows why or how. It melts before reality. That is why authors are always given their return-fare. But besides this, there is something about highly paid unemployment that has to be highly paid for or it wouldn't be endurable. That is why to those who knew and were still too close to the truth, "Once in a Lifetime" was one of the saddest plays ever written. In fact, as I have already intimated, Hollywood is a sad place. You encounter a certain amount of gallows-humor and overhear an occasional mirthless cackle, but never hearty, joyous laughter. If I had to epitomize Hollywood I should borrow from Shaw and call it Heart-Break City. To the square mile it must contain more frustration, exasperation, disillusionment than any city in the world—all glossed over with some quite genuine heroism, Western Blah, and well-known Californian sunshine.

Authors suffer least. Rankingsome-where below the third electrician, they creep unobtrusively about the battlefield. Stars and executives fall to the right and left, but so long as the authors keep quiet nobody bothers to shoot them. If they get hit it's by accident or because they would get into the firing line. Visiting authors, like myself, come and depart unheralded and unsung. Their little piece,

if they have succeeded in doing it at all, is tossed over to the hack-writers on the lot or to some new visiting author who immediately recognizes its complete worthlessness, and rewrites it. A friend of mine once sold an original story to one of the studios and was commissioned to do the dialogue and continuity. The story was about two respectable Middle-Western mothers and the social rivalry of their two daughters. By the time the film was released one of the mothers had been eliminated and the survivor had become the keeper of a house of prostitution in Paris. What more natural with half-a-dozen authors trying, in the teeth of every discouragement, to justify their existence? And what of it anyhow? That's what we're paid for. It's not our plots or our dialogues they want, heaven help us—it's just our great names, very faintly visible amidst the blaze of stars, directors, supervisors, technicians, and what-have-you.

No; the real sufferers are higher up—among the stars and on the Olympian heights among the executives, whose main occupation, so far as I could make out, was executing or being executed. This, too, is natural enough. When it is considered that the majority have attained their eminence because (a) they had once written an unsold short story; (b) because they had had something to do with a circus; (c) they had been in a vaudeville show; (d) had run a grocery store; (e) had an uncle who is already an executive, it is clear that they have very little time for anything but hanging on to their jobs for dear life and watching the horizon for any possible rival with a newer and better uncle. It was a great joy to me to listen to Director So-&-So murmuring affectionate greetings down the telephone to Director Something-or-Other, happening to know, as I did, that both were heavily and—as it turned out—successfully engaged in procuring each

other a nervous breakdown which is a Hollywood euphemism. The atmosphere of the average studio is, in fact, that of a jungle inhabited by felines intent on survival but with no genuine conviction of their own fitness. (I gladly and gratefully make exception of the women who, being women, had to be efficient and consequently, though utterly disillusioned and cynical, were free to play the game fairly and squarely with one another and their jobs.) Aware that they are in no way vital and could be replaced at any moment by someone equally unfit, the jungle-dweller's unrest is pitiful and some of the breakdowns are genuine enough. Pictures are turned out thanks partly to the handful who happen to know what they are doing and partly to the same phenomena which enabled Topsy to grow. Many directors at their previews must wonder how it all happened and whether at some moment an exasperated Providence had taken a hand.

The stars in their courses fare somewhat differently, but not better. It is estimated that there are three hundred of them, past, present, and future. Of this three hundred there are perhaps twenty who hold the public interest. These twenty are the sole visible means of support for about one hundred and fifty journalists whose business it is to fill five or six columns of the daily papers, not to mention the motion picture magazines. I never tried to count the latter, but I read nothing else for four months, and they kept me busy. As a writer I could appreciate the feat of serving up *The Reticences of Garbo*, the *Heart-Break of John Gilbert*, the *Matrimonial and Other Hostile Exchanges* between Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett, day after day, under some new sauce. It requires a definite and, from the victims' point of view—even supposing the victim to be a rhinoceros—painful

procedure. First pick a potential star, by every sort of ballyhoo make him a star, keep him a star for just so long as he provides sufficient gossip, scandal, or personal peculiarities to fill the prescribed number of paragraphs. If he happens to be a simple soul who does not know how to be peculiar or is too busy with his job to get divorced or fall in and out of love with the wrong woman at regular intervals, then by delicate and indelicate innuendo set him on the skids and slide him to perdition. If at some later date it seems profitable to stage a come-back, why we'll think about it. All that matters is to keep everything and everybody on the move. Are Joan Crawford and Young Doug still happily married? If so they've been at it too long. We've written the *Young-Love-Birds-Line* to death. Time they did something about it.

In this breath-taking switchback performance the studios play their inexplicable part—inexplicable unless it is realized that one is dealing with people who are guided not by reason or knowledge but by primitive instinct and whose primitive instinct, since they are out of their element, doesn't function properly. It would seem incredible, for instance, that a studio should almost bankrupt itself in order to snatch some star from another studio and then, in a fit of temper and panic proceed either to break their new acquisition in a series of bad pictures or drive him by petty humiliations to tear up his contract and thus land himself on the unwritten but none the less existent black-list. Normal people if they paid a man thirty thousand dollars a week would at least try to get some good return out of him. But then normal people wouldn't pay anyone thirty thousand dollars a week. They wouldn't have to. It is because studio executives act primarily without judgment that they end by behaving

like hysterical children who tear their ridiculously expensive toys to pieces. And no one can afford to play with them unless he is fabulously bribed or artistically worthless. Sometimes the policy of destruction is merely negative. I know of one instance where a director made a lucky find on the "lot," gave the man a star-part in a film which, thanks to his acting, brought the studio reputation and money, tied him for two years at a small salary and kept him idle so that at the end of his contract he was completely forgotten and glad to get small jobs as "atmosphere."

It is true that the Talkies have called out a more real and enduring talent than the old Movies and that consequently this business of star-making and breaking has become more difficult. It is true that a few, by a masterly display of character, have defied the usual methods. But that talent, genius, or even plain business ability can flourish and produce its best under these conditions is plainly impossible, and the fact should be obvious to the meanest intelligence. It has not yet dawned on the Best Brains of the Movie industry.

II

In effect what is called "reckless extravagance" in the Movies is not reckless at all. It is frantic. After all, recklessness occasionally has method and direction. The average studio outpouring is not due to an overweening urge to get somewhere quick or even to be magnificent. It is the desperate effort of incompetency trying to cover up its tracks. Since only a small percentage of the executives know what they want or how to get it, they are in a chronic fever of unrest, changing their minds from one minute to another, buying up authors, stories, and plays wholesale and as rapidly discarding them. The only kind of author the directorate cares about is

the successful author, dead or alive, and the only story is the story that is sold or is about to be sold to somebody else. The author might be Gertrude Stein or Einstein, and the story might concern relativity or the flow of the subconscious. All that transpires later. For the moment it is enough that they have got to have what somebody else thinks is worth having. Since they are unsure of themselves and their own judgment, they duplicate and triplicate authority so that in the end no one can be held wholly responsible and no one cares. Director is added to director, supervisor to supervisor. Committees of as many as ten sit on story-buying, and inevitably any story that survives, if it is any good at all, is so emasculated by the improvements injected by ten different minds all intent on asserting themselves, that it has lost the very qualities for which it was originally acquired.

Two of my own experiences are illuminating. Having accomplished my own little piece and having proved docile and amenable to unreason, one of the directors asked me if I wouldn't undertake to re-vamp what was called the "studio-lemon"—that is to say a story that had been bought for some excellent reason which no one could remember.

"We've spent sixty thousand dollars on that story," he said wistfully. "It seems good, but we can't find anyone who can do a thing with it."

I looked it over. Briefly, it was about a clergyman who was a very cruel, wicked man. I want it to be clear that the clergyman and his wickedness were the whole works.

"Well—" I said, "it seems dramatic enough. I'd like to have a shot at it."

"Fine. Go right ahead. Do it any way you want." As I gathered the MS. together, he added casually, "Of course you realize there can't be a clergyman in it."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say—you can't have a clergyman—at least if you do he has to be a fine, noble character."

"But the story is about a bad clergyman."

"Can't help it. You can see for yourself that he can't be bad."

"But the story is about—"

Well—we went on like that for some time. In the end I reeled weakly out of the studio with the MS. and my new contract under my arm—I say it with shame, for the blood-money has long since evaporated—and a few weeks later the wicked clergyman had become a wicked soap-manufacturer, the studio was a few more thousands in the red, and the story returned to the morgue to be mourned as one of those sure-fire products that for some inexplicable reason refused to "fire."

My second experience is a close parallel but significant from another angle. This time it was my own story, and the central figure an elderly woman—a nice Marie Dressler part. I sold it to a studio which appeared to be extremely enthusiastic. I was to go right ahead with the dialogue. Ten days before the expiration of my contract I was summoned to the studio. They had just had a telegram from New York—presumably from a panic-stricken bank directorate. Somebody-or-other in something-or-other—mentioning a well-known elderly star in an elderly star-part—had been a flop. Consequently all elderly parts were "out," and would Miss Wylie rewrite her script in the form of a Young Love Story. But by this time I had gone sufficiently Hollywood to withstand the shock.

"Well—I wrote the story for Marie Dressler," I said. "How about rewriting it for Jackie Coogan?"

The director considered gravely.

"He's not one of our people," he said, "and I doubt if we could get him."

Now in both these cases two studios

in the throes of a financial crisis had paid considerable sums of money for two perfectly good stories. But in neither case had they the courage or the confidence in their own judgment to carry them through. Distrusting themselves, they were swept hither and thither by other successes and failures and what they thought to be the trend of public taste. One good successful gangster picture released dozens of bad gangster pictures. The studios watch one another feverishly for signs and portents. And the more frantic their expenditure the more vital is it for them to read the signs and portents rightly. In other words, thanks to the terrific overhead, every Talkie, good, bad, and indifferent, has to be a box-office success—not only on Broadway or the big cities of the world—but in every hick town and village that boasts a Movie theater. Therefore, they dare take no chances. They have to find the common denominator of public taste. And in that desperate search they have had to touch bottom.

During the late war it was officially discovered that seventy per cent of the best manhood in America had the mental capacity of twelve-year-old children. It is for this seventy per cent that the Movies, in order that the noble army of directors, supervisors, hack-writers, continuity writers, publicity men, and technicians should continue to draw breath and salaries, must cater. The thirty per cent of adults seeking their share in this new medium for human self-expression can go chase themselves.

Here, incidentally, is a tragedy that overshadows even the grief of the misguided bank directors and luckless shareholders. For if it is true that the Movies reflect the tastes and ideas of seventy per cent of the population (personally I don't believe it) then it is a melancholy reflection. An impartial observer viewing humanity in the

Movie looking-glass would have to come to the conclusion that here was a race of expert technicians devoting an enormous mechanical ingenuity to the display of the emotional antics of semi-articulate orang-outangs. He would discover a meticulous concern for technical accuracy and a total disregard for truth, a pious insistence on trivial and archaic conventions and an abysmal unawareness of real morality. I have before me a list of studio "taboos" (in this matter the studios are the victims of the hydra-headed monster they have set themselves to serve) and they make strange and wonderful reading. They vary according to the "moral code" of the States in which the pictures are to be shown. Gangsters, it appears, may commit all the crimes in the decalogue so long as they do not use bad language; ladies may be seduced, but no lady, however legally entitled to the situation, may betray the fact that she is to become a mother. This amazing conception of vice is, however, less grotesque than the Movie and, presumably, the popular conception of virtue. I recall one popular success in which an old Civil War veteran sets a noble example to a timid and pusillanimous generation by tracking down and eventually capturing a notorious gangster. So far so good. But in the trial scene where the gangster is a helpless prisoner, the elderly exponent of knightly virtue goes up to him and—presumably to the edification of the court—insults and abuses him and in the name of patriotism trips him up and kicks him. One can almost hear the united murmur of "Swell! That'll get 'em!" from the preview audience of directors.

Science alone can guess how many million years it took the human race to evolve the Talking Picture. What the Talking Pictures too often portray and express must have been familiar to the Stone Age.

One would not feel all this impersonal exasperation if the Talkies were inherently vicious or valueless or if there was no way out of the morass in which they have floundered from their luckless start. But here is a new and marvellous medium of expression for the creative mind. When one considers what could be done with it and what the consequences might be in hastening the maturity of the whole human race, it is hard to keep patient.

The first step out is obvious and fortunately materially inevitable. From whatever motive, the studios have got to cut their expenditure by cutting out their parasites. They have got to stabilize themselves, not by buying up everybody in sight and tying them up with long, fabulous contracts, but by selecting the right men and women and letting them work out their problems without interference from incompetent and expensive hangers-on. There are not enough of the right men and women to produce the right pictures in any quantity. No studio, therefore, should attempt to produce more than one picture at a time or more than two or three in a year. That is enough. No theatrical management hopes to do as much. If it means the shutting down of half the Movie theaters so much the better. They are shutting down anyhow. One director, one dramatist, and a handful of technicians are enough to produce a masterpiece. The mass-mind produces nothing but confusion. This is not a theory. The good pictures that have been made—and there are some noble exceptions to the rule—have been invariably the product of just such unity and simplification. A director who knew what he wanted had the courage and conviction to coerce the incompetents into submission. It would be cheaper to eliminate the incompetents from the start. With the consequent vast reduction in expenditure it would then be possible to pro-

duce pictures that were neither financial nor spiritual and artistic disasters.

At the moment of writing alarmed New York bankers are shipping out an army of financial and efficiency experts to the rescue of their foundering protégés. It seems to me that they might just as well have sent out some horse doctors. No doubt the financial experts will effect economies, and the efficiency experts will inject efficiency of their own peculiar brand. But who are they to judge what constitutes extravagance or inefficiency in art? How can they discover the root causes of the débâcle? They can only tinker with symptoms. If they knew anything they would know that the movies are already swamped by just such people as themselves—clever business men who know everything except what they ought to know.

The Movies cannot be ultimately saved by bankers. They can be saved only by the people to whom they rightly belong—by writers, artists, and the best forces of the legitimate theater. Once these people have been persuaded that the Movies are an honest outlet for their creative capacity then the business experts can take their proper place on the back seat. And no back-seat driving permitted. At present artists have to be bribed to do their worst. And they do it and suffer the consequences—swollen bank-balances but also swollen heads and a hopelessly vitiated artistic morale, for it is painfully true that no artist can afford to do his worst at any price. Writers who have been long in Hollywood are modern Cassios. They have lost their reputation and they never write again. Nazimova is an isolated example of a great actress who has sloughed the poison out of her system and regained her artistic integrity.

Once the Movies have been recognized as an art, and it has been demonstrated that an artist who dedicates

himself to them will be expected to remain an artist and that his work will be treated as an organic whole, not to be mutilated, then artists will go to Hollywood and wherever else Movies are created, and take their consciences with them. And they will come back with something more than money in their purses.

Lest I be accused of high-browism and am reminded that after all the Movies are a popular amusement and that I am ignoring seventy per cent of the population, I would add that there are all kinds of artists. It is not only the heights of Parnassus that are inhabited. There are lesser gods on the lower slopes who breathe inspiration into lesser mortals. An artist is a man who does what his gods give him to do honestly. My complaint against Hollywood is that no artist of any caliber is free to do his best there and that, thanks to the present system of production, the best of them cannot function at all. Neither the seventy per cent nor the thirty per cent are honestly served. And if ever a copy-book maxim spoke the truth it was about honesty.

III

The Movies were the illegitimate children of the written story and the acted drama. Mistakenly regarded as a disgrace to the family, they were left to anyone who would adopt them and bring them up wherever they would cause the least possible trouble.

So the Jews brought up the Movies in Hollywood.

Everyone admits the fact. But it is not considered wise or kind to discuss the results. We have swung so far over from the pogrom and the ghetto that the merest suggestion of criticism directed against Israel throws everybody into a social panic. This seems to me a poor compliment. After all, every great race has its vices and its

virtues and is open to criticism. If I have the right to express my opinion that the English muffed their chance with the Movies by their professional dilettantism and the whimsical sweetness that has afflicted the once robust English stage ever since the advent of Barry and Milne; if I can accuse the Germans, who at one time threatened to run Hollywood off its feet, with having undone themselves by the streak of morbidity which vitiates so much of their art, I feel free to express myself on the Jews, who, as they themselves will admit, are a dominant race with dominant racial characteristics.

Now it was inevitable that the Movies should fall into the wrong hands—and into the wrong Jewish hands. The best Jews, like the best Gentiles, were busy elsewhere and contemptuous. The worst Gentiles weren't bright enough. Unfortunately all Jews are bright and, worse still, all Jews are artists. Not always good ones. The average cloak and suit merchant on the East Side has more sense of color and drama than all his Gentile confreres rolled into one, and a passion for expressing himself dramatically. So that the newly discovered Movies presented him not only with a fresh business outlet but with meat and drink for his frustrated artistic soul. His very weaknesses—a certain lushness, emotionalism, flamboyancy, and sentimentality—became, for the moment, virtues which rushed his prodigy straight into cheap popular favor. One had the amazing spectacle of the lower ranks of the Jewish race providing a Slavic, Latin, Germanic, and Anglo-Saxon world with its whole Movie literature.

Now there is no reason why a cloak and suit merchant should not be a great man and a great artist—so long as he is not really a cloak and suit merchant. The trouble is that too many of the Jewish pioneers proved to be just

what they were; their weaknesses, in the long run, proved to be just weaknesses, and grafting themselves on the new art vitiated its very best productions. I cannot recall a single picture, however finely conceived, that is not marred at some point by flamboyancy, lushness, sentimentality, and emotionalism. And there is a psychological angle to the situation. The inherent cloak and suit merchant, acting as a great artist, has no peace of mind. He may roll round in his Rolls-Royces. He may act like a tzar. But he is none the less afflicted with a superiority-inferiority complex which drives him to every sort of financial and psychological and artistic excess. I have in mind one well-known director whose conviction that he is a god plus a slinking suspicion that he is not a gentleman lashes him into behaving as not the worst bounder in the whole Greek mythology would think of behaving. Now this is not good even for business. And in spite of all the nonsense talked about the artistic temperament, it is not good for Art.

I am not calling for a pogrom. I am merely stating a self-evident fact that it is not healthy for any profession or art to be influenced entirely by one race or confined to one locality. The Movies, if they are ever to grow out of their too long protracted adolescence, have not only got to escape from Palestine but from Hollywood.

For, after all, geography is important. One has only to speculate what would have happened to the Movies if they had been born and reared in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, or even San Francisco to realize what Hollywood has done to them. Southern California, as all Southern Californians will agree, is Paradise. Consequently it has nothing to do with this world. It does not even know that this world exists. Otherwise it would not be

Paradise. When I paid it my first visit in 1919 its fantastic unawareness of what had been happening in Europe for the last five years was as staggering as it was refreshing. And whenever real life becomes too much for me I go back to it, because it is quite impossible to worry about anything in a place which refuses to admit that there is anything to worry about or that anything at all happens east of Chicago. No Southern Californian would ever admit the word *Weltschmerz* into his vocabulary. He could not be persuaded to understand what it meant. And unfortunately Art and *Weltschmerz* seem to be inextricably related to each other.

And then there is the famous climate—so excellent for sun-tan, but death on brains. I do not mean that there are not clever people in Southern California. For all I know, the place may produce all the geniuses of America. But I am certain they have to come east to function properly. After all "Mañana" is only a hundred and fifty miles south of Hollywood, and mañana is in the air.

Now the Movies, needing sunshine and scenery, were born in Southern California. It is their misfortune that after sunshine and scenery ceased to be vital to them, they stayed there. They have gone utterly and, one fears sometimes, fatally Hollywood.

It is not only the climate. Virgin soil may be good for many things. It seems that it is not good for Art. It is as though Art could flourish only on a soil impregnated with the dust of a people. California does not know that the Californians have arrived. Between the country and its inhabitants there is, as yet, no kinship or affinity. The Californian, proud as he may be of his State, has as yet so little consciousness of its essential character that he can deride it with every pseudo-Indian-Spanish-Mexican abortion known to

the mind of the hot-dog-stand proprietor. And on this scene of innocent, well-intentioned vandalism the mountains and deserts look down with an inhuman disdain. They are so aloof from the whole human invasion that they themselves become curiously unreal and two-dimensional. It is as though they had withdrawn their real selves out of reach, leaving nothing but a shell which can be pushed round and arranged as stage-props.

For the new-born art this background has been doubly unfortunate. It made life too easy. The scenery and climate enabled the parvenu director to use "stunts" as a camouflage for the essential worthlessness of his product. The curious unreality of the whole Southern Californian scene and its divorce from the rest of the world widened the gulf between the pictures and the conditions and people they affected to portray. Even at this late date it is possible for a studio to release a version of a transatlantic liner and the life on board so fantastic as to leave a seasoned commuter like myself gasping. True, the engine-room was accurate in every detail—which made the fact that nothing that happened in it could have happened anywhere outside a Hollywood "lot" the more irritating. Hollywood, however, knows nothing of that sort of truth—or it doesn't care. If it knows it ceases to care at the earliest possible moment. Any dramatist, author, actor, or producer who comes to Hollywood with a passion for sincerity and honest work either breaks his heart or puts his tongue in his cheek and is lost to his profession forever. That is the main reason for the fabulous salary list. Prostitution comes high all round.

It is, in fact, more than time that the Movies came out of their Californian incubator. If they are to survive they have got to make up their minds to face real life, grow new and deeper roots,

and acquire new languages. It is not only the Gentiles who must learn to express themselves, but the nations. The spectacle of a small Western town providing the whole world with its Movie literature is as grotesque as if Kansas City were to be the sole producer of the world's poetry. Let Hollywood say what it is able to say.

But it is not until all the great nations of the world have begun to speak for themselves in their own spiritual and intellectual idiom that the Talkies will have a language worth listening to.

So much is off my mind. Now, by the grace of God, Hollywood is out of my system. I can go back to normal.

THEN HE WILL SLEEP

BY JOHN A. HOLMES

*CARVE these graveyard words for me
On a white board cut from a hardwood tree,
And when these words are worn with weather,
Go get knives and carve another:*

*"Here lies a man who lies awake,
Having given to death all death can take.
Love still beats in the buried head,
Intent on the days of the great undead.*

*When the bodies of girls are meaningless,
And no one weeps for music heard,
Nor cares for grace or the great word,
When down the banners of thankfulness
Are dropped, and flamelight scatters,
And time, time, no longer matters,*

*Then he will turn on his dark floor,
Glad as he never was before
To be underground and six feet deep,
And he will sleep."*



GAL YOUNG UN

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

PART I

BY MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

THE house was invisible from the road which wound, almost untraveled, through the flat-woods. Once every five days a turpentine wagon creaked down the ruts, and negroes moved like shadows among the pines. A few hunters in season came upon them chipping boxes, scraping aromatic gum from red pots into en-crusted buckets; inquired the way and whether quail or squirrel or turkey had been seen. Then hunters and turpentiners moved again along the road, stepping on violets and yellow pitcher-plants that rimmed the edges.

The negroes were aware of the house. It stood a few hundred yards away, hidden behind two live oaks, isolated and remote in a patch of hammock. It was a tall square two-stories. The woman who gave them water from her well when the nearby branch was dry looked to them like the house, tall and bare and lonely, weathered gray, like its unpainted cypress. She seemed forgotten.

The two white men, hunting lazily down the road, did not remember—if they had ever known—that a dwelling stood here. Flushing a covey of quail that flung themselves like feathered bronze discs at the cover of the hammock, their first shots flicked through the twin oaks. They followed their pointer dog on the trail of single birds and stopped short in amazement.

Entering the north fringe of the hammock, they had come out on a sandy open yard. A woman was watching them from the back stoop of an old house.

"Shootin' mighty close, men," she called.

Her voice sounded unused, like a rusty iron hinge.

The older man whistled in the dog, ranging feverishly in the low palmettos. The younger swaggered to the porch. He pushed back the black slouch hat from his brazen eyes.

"Never knowed nobody lived in six miles o' here."

His tone was insolent. He drew a flattened package of cigarettes from his corduroy hunting jacket, lighted one, and waited for her to begin scolding. Women always quarreled with him. Middle-aged women, like this one, quarreled earnestly; young ones snapped at him playfully.

"It's a long ways from anybody, ain't it?" she agreed.

He stared at her between puffs.

"Jesus, yes."

"I don't keer about you shootin'," she said. "It's purely sociable, hearin' men-folks acrost the woods. A shot come thu a winder jest now, that's all the reason I spoke."

The intruders shifted their shotguns uneasily. The older man touched his finger to his cap.

"That's all right, ma'am."

His companion strolled to the stone curbing of an open well. He peered into its depths, shimmering where the sun of high noon struck vertically.

"Good water?"

"The finest ever. Leave me fetch you a clean cup."

She turned into the house for a white china coffee cup. The men wound up a bucket of water on creaking ropes. The older man drank politely from the proffered cup. The other guzzled directly from the bucket. He reared back his head like a satisfied hound, dripping a stream of crystal drops from his red mouth.

"Ain't your dog thirsty? Here—reckon my ol' cat won't fuss if he drinks outen his dish." The woman stroked the animal's flanks as he lapped. "Ain't he a fine feller."

The hunters began to edge away.

"Men, I jest got common rations, bacon an' biscuit an' coffee, but you're plumb welcome to set down with me."

"No, thank you, ma'am." They looked at the sun. "Got to be mosey—in' home."

The younger man was already on his way, sucking a straw. The other fumbled in his game-pocket.

"Sorry we come so clost up on you, lady. How 'bout a bird fer your dinner?"

She reached out a large hand for the quail.

"I'd shore thank you fer it. I'm a good shot on squirrel, an' turkeys when I git 'em roosted. Birds is hard without no dog to point 'em. I gits hungry fer quail . . ."

Her voice trailed off as the hunters walked through the pines toward the road. She waved her hand in case they should turn around. They did not look back.

The man was hunting alone because he had been laughed at. His cronies in

the Florida village, to which he had returned after a few years' wandering, knew that he detested solitude. It was alien to him, a silent void into which he sank as into quicksand. He had stopped at the general store to pick up a hunting partner. The men lounging there hours at a time were usually willing to go with him. This time none was ready.

"Come go with me, Willy," he insisted. "I cain't go by myself."

The storekeeper called over his shoulder, weighing out a quarter's worth of water-ground meal for a negro.

"You'll git ketched out alone in the woods sometime, Trax, an' nobody won't know who 'tis."

The men guffawed.

"Trax always got to git him a buddy."

His smoldering eyes flared at them. He spat furiously across the rough pine floor of the store.

"I ain't got to git me none o' these sorry catbirds."

He had clattered down the wooden steps, spitting angrily every few feet. They were jealous, he thought, because he had been over on the east coast. He had turned instinctively down the south road out of the village. Old man Blaine had brought him this way last week. He hunted carelessly for two or three hours, taking pot shots at several coveys that rose under his feet. His anger made him miss the birds widely. It was poor sport without a companion and a dog.

Now he realized that he was lost. As a boy he had hunted these woods, but always with other boys and men. He had gone through them unseeing, stretching his young muscles luxuriously, absorbing lazily the rich Florida sun, cooling his face at every running branch. His shooting had been careless, avid. He liked to see the brown birds tumble in midair. He liked to

hunt with the pack, to gorge on the game dinners they cooked by lake shores under oak trees. When the group turned homeward, he followed, thinking of supper; of the 'shine his old man kept hidden in the smoke-house; of the girls he knew. Someone else knew north and south, and the cross patterns of the piney-woods roads. The lonely region was now as unfamiliar as though he had been a stranger.

It was an hour or two past noon. He leaned his 12-gauge shotgun against a pine and looked about him nervously. He knew by the sun that he had come continuously south. He had crossed and recrossed the road, and could not decide whether it now lay to the right or left. If he missed it to the right, he would come to cypress swamp. He licked his lips. If he picked the wrong road to the left, it would bring him out a couple of miles above the village. That would be better. He could always get a lift back. He picked up his gun and began to walk.

In a few minutes a flat gray surface flashed suddenly from a patch of hammock. He stopped short. Pleasure swept over him, cooling his hot irritation. He recognized the house where he and Blaine had drawn water. He had cursed Blaine for giving a quail to the woman. He wiped the sweat from his face. The woman would feed him and direct him out of the flat-woods. Instinctively he changed his gait from a shuffling drag to his customary swagger.

He rapped loudly on the smooth cypress front door. It had a half-moon fanlight over it. The house was old but it was capacious and good. There was, for all its bareness, an air of prosperity. Clean white curtains hung at the windows. A striped cat startled him by rearing against his legs. He kicked it away. The woman must be gone. A twig cracked in the yard be-

yond the high piazza. He turned. The woman was stalking around the side of the house to see before she was seen. Her gray face lightened as she recognized him. She laughed.

"Mister, if you knowed how long it's been since I heerd a rap. Don't nobody knock on my front door. The turpentine niggers calls so's I won't shoot, and the hunters comes a-talkin' to the well."

She climbed the front steps with the awkwardness of middle age. She dried a hand on her flour-sacking apron and held it out to him. He took it limply, interrupting the talk that began to flow from her. He was ugly with hunger and fatigue and boredom.

"How 'bout a mess o' them rations you was offerin' me last week?"

His impatience was tempered with the tone of casual intimacy in which he spoke to all women. It bridged time and space. The woman flushed.

"I'd be mighty well pleased—"

She opened the front door. It stuck at the sill, and she threw a strong body against it. He did not offer to help. He strolled in ahead of her. As she apologized for the moments it would take to fry bacon and make coffee, he was already staring about him at the large room. When she came to him from the kitchen half an hour later, her face red with her hurry, the room had made an impress on his mind, as roads and forests could not do. The size of the room, of the clay fireplace, the adequacy of chairs and tables of a frontier period, the luxury of a Brussels carpet, although ancient, over wood, the plentitude of polished, unused kerosene lamps—the details lay snugly in his mind like hoarded money.

Hungry, with the smell of hot food filling his breath, he took time to smooth his sleek black hair at a walnut-framed mirror on the varnished match-board wall. He made his toilet boldly in front of the woman. A close watch-

ing of his dark face, of the quickness of his hands moving over his affectation of clipped side-burns, could only show her that he was good to look at. He walked to the kitchen with a roll, sprawling his long legs under the table.

With the first few mouthfuls of food good humor returned to him. He indulged himself in graciousness. The woman served him lavishly with fried cornbread and syrup, coffee, white bacon in thick slices, and fruits and vegetables of her own canning. His gluttony delighted her. His mouth was full, bent low over his heaped plate.

"You live fine, ma'am, for anyone lives plumb alone."

She sat down opposite him, wiping back the wet gray hair from her forehead, and poured herself a convivial cup of coffee.

"Jim—that was my husband—an' Pa always did say if they was good rations in the house they'd orter be on the table. I ain't got over the habit."

"You been livin' alone quite some time?"

"Jim's fifteen year dead. Pa 'bout six."

"Don't you never go nowheres?"

"I got no way to go. I kep' up stock fer two-three year after Pa died, but 'twa'n't wuth the worry. They's a family lives two mile closer to town than me, has a horse an' wagon. I take 'em my list o' things 'bout oncet a month. Seems like . . ."

He scarcely listened.

A change of atmosphere in her narrative indicated suddenly to him that she was asking him about himself.

"You a stranger?"

She was eager, leaning on the table waiting for his answer.

He finished a saucer of preserved figs, scraping at the rich syrup with relish. He tilted back in his chair luxuriously and threw the match from his cigarette in the general direction of

the wood stove. He was entirely at home. His belly well filled with good food, his spirit touched with the unfailing intoxication to him of a woman's interest, he teetered and smoked and talked of his life, of his deeds, his dangers.

"You ever heard the name o' Trax Colton?"

She shook her head. He tapped his chest significantly, nodding at her.

"That's me. You've heard tell, if you on'y remembered, o' me leavin' here a few years back on account of a little cuttin' fuss. I been on the east coast—Daytona, Melbourne, all them places. The fuss blowed over an' I come back. Fixin' to take up business here."

He frowned importantly. He tapped a fresh cigarette on the table, as he had learned to do from his companions of the past years. He thought with pleasure of all that he had learned, of the sophistication that lay over his Cracker speech and ways like a cheap bright coat.

"I'm an A-1 bootlegger, ma'am."

For the time being he was a big operator from the east coast. He told her of small sturdy boats from Cuba, of signal flares on the St. Augustine beach at midnight, of the stream of swift automobiles moving in and out just before high tide. Her eyes shone. She plucked at the throat of her brown-checked gingham dress, breathing quickly. It was fitting that this dark glamorous young man should belong to the rocket-lit world of danger. It was ecstasy painful in its sharpness, that he should be tilted back at her table, flicking his fragrant ashes on her clean, lonely floor.

He was entirely amiable as he left her. Pleased with himself, he was for a moment pleased with her. She was a good woman. He laid his hand patronizingly on her shoulder. He stroked the striped cat on his way down the steps. This time he turned

to lift his hand to her. She waved heartily as long as his lithe body moved in sight among the pines.

An impulse took her to the mirror where he had smoothed his hair, as though it would bring him within her vision again. She saw herself completely for the first time in many years. Isolation had taken the meaning from age. She had forgotten until this moment that she was no longer young. She turned from the mirror and washed the dishes soberly. It occurred to her that the young man had not even asked her name.

The hammock that had been always a friendly curtain about the old house was suddenly a wall. The flat-woods that had been sunny and open, populous with birds and the voice of winds, grew dense and dark. She had been solitary. She had grieved for Jim and for the old man her father. But solitude had kept her company in a warm natural way, sitting cozily at her hearth, like the cat. Now loneliness washed intolerably over her, as though she were drowning in a cold black pond.

The young man's complacency lasted a mile or two. As his feet began to drag, fact intruded on the fiction with which he had enraptured the gray-haired woman. Memories seeped back into him like a poison: memories of the lean years as ignorant hanger-on of prosperous bootleggers; of his peddling to small garages of lye-cut 'shine in ignominious pints. The world for which he considered himself fitted had evaded him. His condition was desperate. He thought of the woman who had fed him, whom he had entranced with his story. Distaste for her flooded him, as though it was her fault the story was a lie. He lifted his shotgun and blew the head from a red-bird trilling in a wild plum tree.

The storekeeper in the village was the only person who recognized Mattie

Syles. The store was packed with the Saturday-night buyers of rations. A layer of whites milled in front of the meat counter; a layer of blacks shifted behind them. At the far grocery counter along a side wall a wedge of negroes had worked in toward the meal and sugar barrels, where helpers weighed out the dimes' and quarters' worth with deliberately inaccurate haste. Two white women were buying percale of the storekeeper's wife at the dry-goods counter.

The woman came in defiantly, as though the store was a shameful place where she had no business. She looked searchingly from side to side. The storekeeper's wife called, "Evenin', ma'am," and the two white women wheeled to stare and whisper after her. She advanced toward the meat counter. The negroes parted to let her in. The storekeeper poised his knife over a pork backbone to look at her. He laid it down, wiped his hands with a flourish on his front, and shook hands across the counter.

"If this ain't a surprise! Must be four-five years since you been to town! Meat I been sendin' you by Lantry's been all right? What kin I do fer you? Butchered this mornin'—got fresh beef. How 'bout a nice thin steak?"

She made her purchases slowly and moved to the staples counter. She insisted on being left until the last.

"I ain't in no hurry."

The store was almost empty and ready to close when she gathered her sacks together and climbed into the Lantry's wagon, waiting outside the door. As Lantry clicked to his horse and they moved off she did not notice that the man she had hoped desperately to see was just strolling into the store.

"Gimme a couple o' packs o' Camels to tide me over Sunday."

"Fifteen cents straight now, Trax."

"Jest one, then."

The storekeeper spoke across the vacant store to his wife, rolling up the bolts of cloth.

"Edna, you have better manners with the customers, or we'll be losing 'em. Why'n't you take up some time with Mis' Syles?"

"Who?"

"Mis' Syles—Jim Syles' widder—ol' man Terry's daughter—lives four-five mile south, out beyond Lantry's. You know her, Edna. Lantry's been buyin' fer her."

"I never knowed her. How'd I know her now? Why'n't you call her by name, so's I'd of knowed?"

"Well, you keep better track of her if she's goin' to take to comin' to town agin. She's rich."

Trax turned in the doorway.

"You talkin' about that gank-gutted woman left jest now?"

He had avoided going into the store until she left. He had not intended to bring her volubility upon him in public, have her refer to their meal together. He had half-guessed she had come looking for him. Women did.

"She live alone in a two-story house you cain't see from the road?"

"That's her," the storekeeper agreed.

"That's Mis' Syles, a'right."

"She's rich?"

"I mean rich. Got her five dollars a week steady rent-money from turpentine, an' three thousand dollars insurance in the bank her daddy left her. An' then lives 'tother end o' nowhere. Won't leave the old house."

"'Bout time somebody was fixin' to marry all that, goin' to waste."

"She wouldn't suit you, Trax. You didn't git a good look at her. You been used to 'em younger an' purtier."

The man Colton was excited. He walked out of the store without the customary "Well, evenin'" of de-

parture. He hurried to Blaine's, where he was boarding, but did not go in. It was necessary to sit alone on the bench outside and think. His luck had not deserted him. As he leaned his dark head back against the wall, the tropical stars glittering over him were the bright lights of city streets. Here and there a fat star flickered. These were the burnished kerosene lamps of the widow Syles. The big room—the fireplace that would heat it on the coolest nights—one by one he drew out the remembered details and tucked them into his plans.

The man courted the woman with the careless impatience of his quail hunting. He intended to be done with it as quickly as possible. There was, astonishingly, a certain pleasure in her infatuation. He responded to any woman's warmth as a hound does to a grate fire, stretching comfortably before it. The maternal lavishness of her emotion for him was satisfying. Younger women, pretty women, expected something of him, coaxed and coquetted.

On his several visits to the widow before he condescended to be married to her, he sprawled in the early spring nights before the big fireplace. He made it plain that he was not one to sit around the kitchen stove. His fastidiousness charmed her. She staggered into the room with her generous arms heaped with wood: live oak and hickory, and some cedar chips, because Trax liked the smell. From his chair he directed the placing of the heavy logs. A fire must crackle constantly to please him. She learned to roll cigarettes for him, bringing them to him to lick flickeringly, like a snake, with his quick tongue. The process stirred her. When she placed the finished cigarette between his lips and lighted it with a blazing lighter'd splinter; when he puffed languidly on

it and half-closed his eyes, and laid his fingers perhaps on her large-boned hand, she shivered.

The courting was needlessly protracted because she could not believe that he would have her. It was miracle enough that he should be here at all in these remote flat-woods. It was unbelievable that he should be willing to prolong the favor, to stay with her in this place forever.

She said, "Cain't be you raly wants me."

Yet she drank in his casual insistence.

"Why not? Ain't a thing the matter with you."

She understood sometimes—when she wakened with a clear mind in the middle of the night—that something strange had happened to her. She was moving in a delirium, like the haze of malaria when the fever was on. She solaced herself by thinking that Trax too might be submerged in such a delicious fog.

When he left her one night in the Blaine Ford he had borrowed, the retreating explosions of the car left behind a silence that terrified her. She ran to the beginning of the pines to listen. There was no sound but the breath of the south wind in the needles. There was no light but the endless flickering of stars. She knew that if the man did not come back again she would have to follow him. Solitude she had endured. She could not endure desolation.

When he came the next day she was ready to go to the village with him to the preacher. He laughed easily at her hurry and climbed ahead of her into the borrowed car. He drove zestfully, with abandon, bouncing the woman's big frame over the ruts of the dirt road.

As they approached the village he said casually, "I keep my money in Clark City. We'd order do our business together. Where's yours?"

"Mine's there too. Some's in the post office an' some in the bank."

"Supposin' we go git married there. An' reckon you kin lend me a hundred till I add up my account?"

She nodded an assent to both questions.

"Don't you go spendin' no money on me, Trax, if you ain't got it real free to spend." She was alarmed for his interests. "You leave me pay fer things a while."

He drew a deep breath of relief. He was tempted for a moment to get her cash and head for the east coast at once. But he had made his plans to stay. He needed the old house in the safe flat-woods to make his start. He could even use the woman.

When they came back through the village from the city she stopped at the store for supplies. The storekeeper leaned across the fresh sausage to whisper confidentially:

"Tain't my business, Mis' Syles, but folks is sayin' Trax Colton is sort o' courtin' you. You come of good stock, an' you'd order step easy. Trax is purely trash, Mis' Syles."

She looked at him without comprehension.

She said, "Me an' Trax is married."

The gray of the house was overlaid with the tenderness of the April sun. The walls were washed with its thin gold. The ferns and lichens of the shingled roof were shot through with light, and the wren's nest under the eaves was luminous. The striped cat sprawled flattened on the rear stoop, exposing his belly to the soft warmth. The woman moved quietly at her work, for fear of awakening the man. She was washing. When she drew a bucket of water from the well she steadied it with one hand as it swung to the coping, so that there should be no sound.

Near the well stood bamboo and

oleander. She left her bucket to draw her fingers along the satin stoutness of the fresh green bamboo shoots, to press apart the new buds of the oleander in search of the pale pinkness of the first blossoms. The sun lay like a friendly arm across her square shoulders. It seemed to her that she had been chilled, year on year, and that now for the first time she was warmed through to her marrow. Spring after the snapping viciousness of February; Trax sleeping in the bed after her solitude. . . . When she finished her washing she slipped in to look at him. A boyish quiet wiped out the nervous shiftiness of his waking expression. She wanted to gather him up, sleeping, in her strong arms and hold him against her capacious breast.

When his breakfast was almost ready, she made a light clatter in the kitchen. It irritated him to be called. He liked to get up of his own accord and find breakfast smoking, waiting for him. He came out gaping, washed his face and hands in the granite basin on the water-shelf, combed his hair leisurely at the kitchen mirror, turning his face this way and that. Matt stood watching him, twisting her apron. When he was quite through, she came to him and laid her cheek against his.

"Mornin', Trax-honey."

Her voice was vibrant.

"Mornin'."

He yawned again as he dropped into his chair. He beat lightly on his down-turned plate with his knife and surveyed the table. He scowled.

"Where's the bacon?"

"Honey, I didn't think you'd want none with the squirrel an' eggs an' fish."

"My God, I can't eat breakfast without bacon."

"I'm sorry, Trax. 'Twon't take me but a minute now."

She was miserable because she had not fried bacon and he wanted it.

He slid eggs and meat and biscuits to his plate, poured coffee with an angry jerk, so that it spilled on the table, shoveled the food in, chewing with his mouth open. When Matt put the crisp thick slices of white bacon before him, he did not touch them. He lighted a cigarette and strolled to the stoop, pushing off the cat so that he might sit down. He leaned back and absorbed the sun. This was fine.

He had deliberately allowed himself these few idle weeks. He had gone long without comfort. His body needed it. His swaggering spirit needed it. The woman's adoration fed him. He could have had no greater sense of well-being, of affluence if she had been a nigger servant. Now he was ready for business. His weasel mind was gnawing its hole into the world he longed for.

"Matt!"

She left her dishes and came to stand over him.

"Matt, you're goin' in business with me. I want you should git me three hundred dollars. I want to set up a eight-barrel still back o' the house, down by the branch."

Trax had crashed like a meteor into the flat-woods. It had not occurred to her that his world must follow him. That was detached from him, only a strange story that he had told. She had a sensation of dismay that any thing, any person, must intrude on her ecstasy.

She said anxiously, "I got enough to make out on, Trax. You don't need to go startin' up nothin' like that."

"All right—if you want I should put my outfit some'eres else—"

"No, no. Don't you do that. Don't you go 'way. I didn't know you was studyin' on nothin' like that—you jest go ahead an' put it clost as you like."

"Down by the branch, like I said."

He visioned the lay-out for her

She listened, distraught. The platform here, for the barrels of mash. There, the wood-pile for the slow fire. Here again, the copper still itself. The cover was dense, utterly concealing. The location was remote.

"The idee, Matt," he was hunched forward, glowing, "is to sell yer own stuff what they call retail, see? It costs you fifty, seventy-five cents a gallon to make. You sell by the five-gallon jug fer seven dollars, like they're doin' now, you don't make nothin'. That's nigger pay. But what do you git fer it by the drink? A quarter. A quarter a drink an' a dollar a pint. You let people know they kin git 'em a drink out here any time to Trax Colton's, you got 'em comin' in from two-three counties fer it. You git twenty gallons ahead an' color some up, cook it a whiles underground to darken it, an' you take it to places like Jacksonville an' Miami—you got you real money."

It was as though thunder and lightning threatened over the flatwoods. The darkness of impending violence filled them. She stared at him.

"Course, if you don't want to invest in my business with me, I got to be gettin' back where I come from."

The smoke from his cigarette drifted across her.

"No, no! It's all right!"

His glamorousness enfolded her like the April sun.

"Honey, anything you want to do's all right."

Setting up the still was a week's work. Men began to come and go. Where there had been, once in five days, the silent turpentiners, once in a while the winter hunters, there were now negroes bringing in cut wood; a local mason putting together brick and mortar; a hack carpenter building a platform with a roof; men in trucks

bringing in sacks of meal and sugar, glass demijohns and oak kegs.

The storekeeper brought five hundred pounds of sugar.

"Howdy, Mis' Colton. Reckon you never figgered you'd be 'shinin'."

"No."

"But you couldn't git you no better place fer it."

Her square face brightened.

"That's jest what Trax says."

That night she approached him.

"Trax, all these here men knowin' what you're doin'—reckon it's safe?"

"They got no reason to say nothin'. The only reason anybody'd turn anybody else up was if he'd done somethin' to him. Then they'd git at him that-a-way. Git his still, see? Git him tore up. That way they'd git him."

She made no further comment. Her silence made its way through the wall of his egotism.

"You don't talk as much as you did, Matt. Else I got used to it."

"I was alone so long, honey. Seemed like I had to git caught up."

But the spring warmth was no longer so loosening to the tongue. The alien life the man was bringing in chilled the exuberance that had made her voluble.

"I'm fixin' to learn you to make the whiskey, Matt."

She stared at him.

"Less help we have, knowin' how much I got an' where 'tis, better it suits me, see?"

She said finally, "I kin learn."

The work seemed strange, when all her folk had farmed and timbered. But her closest contact with Trax was over the sour, seething mash. When they walked together back of the house, down to the running branch, their bodies pushing side by side through the low palmettos, they were a unit. Except to curse her briefly when she was clumsy, he was good-natured at his work. Crouching by the

fire burning under the copper drum, the slow dripping from the coils, of the distillate, the only sound except for small woods life, she felt themselves man and wife. At other times his lovely body and unlovely spirit both evaded her.

He was ready to sell his wares. He drove to the village and to neighboring towns and cities, inviting friends and acquaintances to have a drink from one of the gallon jugs under the rear seat of the borrowed car. They pronounced it good 'shine. To the favored few financially able to indulge themselves he gave a drink of the "aged" liquor. Accustomed to the water-clear, scalding rawness of fresh 'shine, they agreed gravely that no better whiskey ever came in from Cuba. He let it be known that both brands would be available at any time, day or night, at the old Terry house four miles south of the village. He made a profound impression. Most bootleggers sold stuff whose origin and maker were unknown. Most 'shiners had always made it, or drifted into it aimlessly. Trax brought a pomp and ceremony to the local business.

Men found their way out the deep-rutted road. They left their cars among the pines and stumbled through the hammock to the house. They gathered in the big room Trax had recognized as suitable for his purposes. The long trenched table old man Terry had sliced from red bay, held the china pitcher of "corn" and the jelly glasses from which they drank. Their bird-dogs and hounds padded across the piazza and lay before the fire. Trax drank with them, keying their gatherings to hilarity. He was a convivial host. Sometimes Blaine brought along his guitar, and Trax clapped his hands and beat his feet on the floor as the old man picked the strings. But he was uneasy when a quarrel developed. Then he moved, white-faced

among the men, urging someone else to stop it.

At first the woman tried to meet them hospitably. When, deep in the hammock at the still, she heard the vibration of a motor, she hurried up to the house to greet the guests. She smoothed back the gray hair from her worn face and presented her middle-aged bulk in a clean apron. If there was one man alone, Trax introduced her casually, insolently:

"This is my old woman."

When a group of men came together, he ignored her. She stood in the doorway, smiling vaguely. He continued his talk as though she were not there. Sometimes one of the group, embarrassed, acknowledged her presence.

"How do, ma'am."

For the most part they took their cue from Trax and did not see her. Once, on her withdrawal to the kitchen, a stranger had followed for a match.

"Don't you mind workin' way out here in the woods?"

But she decided that Trax was too delicate to want his wife mixing with men who came to drink. At night he sometimes invited her into the big room with conspicuous courtesy. That was when one or two women had come with the men. Her dignity established the place as one where they might safely come. She sat miserably in their midst while they made banal jokes and drank from the thick glasses. They were intruders. Their laughter was alien among the pine trees. She stayed at the still most of the time. The labor was heavy and exacting. The run must be made when the mash was ready, whether it was day or night. It was better for Trax to stay at the house to take care of the customers.

In the early fall he was ready to expand. Matt was alone, scrubbing the floors between runs of whiskey. She heard a powerful car throbbing down the dirt road. It blew a horn con-

stantly in a minor key. Men usually came into this place silently. She went to the piazza, wet brush in hand. With the autumnal drying of foliage, the road was discernible. The scent of wild vanilla filled the flat-woods. She drew in the sweetness, craning her neck to see.

A large blue sedan of expensive make swerved and rounded into the tracks other cars had made to the house. Trax was driving. He swung past the twin live oaks and into the sandy yard. He slammed the door behind him as he stepped out. He had bought the car with the remainder of Matt's three thousand and most of the summer's profits. He was ready to flash across his old haunts, a big operator from the interior.

"I kin sell that hundred gallons of aged stuff now fer what it's worth."

He nodded wisely. He sauntered into the house, humming under his breath.

"Hi-diddy-um-tum—" He was vibrant with an expectancy in which she had no part.

She heard him curse because the floor was wet. The cat crossed his path. He lifted it by the tail and slid it along the slippery boards. The animal came to her on the piazza. She drew it into her lap and sat on her haunches a long time, stroking the smooth hard head.

Life was a bad dream. Trax was away a week at a time. He hired the two Lantry boys to take his place. Matt worked with them, for the boys unwatched would let the mash ferment too long. Trax returned to the flat-woods only for fresh supplies of liquor and of clean clothes. It pleased him to dress in blues that harmonized not too subtly with the blue sedan. He wore light-blue shirts and a red necktie that was a challenging fire under the dark insolent face. Matt spent hours

each week washing and ironing the blue shirts. She protested his increasing absences.

"Trax, you jest ain't here at all. I hardly got the heart fer makin' the runs, an' you gone."

He smiled.

"Any time it don't suit you, I kin move my outfit to the east coast."

He laid the threat across her like a whip.

The young Lantrys too saw Trax glamorously. They talked of him to Matt as they mixed the mash, fired, and kept their vigils. This seemed all she had these days of the man: talk of him with the boys beside the still. She was frustrated, filled, not with resentment, but with despair. Yet she could not put her finger on the injustice. She flailed herself with his words, "Any time you don't like it, I kin move."

She waited on Trax' old customers as best she could, running up the slight incline from the still-site to the house when she heard a car. Her strong body was exhausted at the end of the week. Yet when she had finished her elaborate baking on Saturday night she built up a roaring fire in the front room, hung the hot water kettle close to it for his bath, and sat down to wait for him.

Sometimes she sat by the fire almost all night. Sometimes he did not come at all. Men learned they could get a drink at Colton's any hour of the night on Saturday. When the square dance at Trimtree's was done, they came out to the flat-woods at two or three o'clock in the morning. The woman was always awake. They stepped up on the piazza and saw her through the window. She sat brooding by the fire, the striped cat curled in her lap. Around her bony shoulders she hugged the corduroy hunting jacket Trax had worn when he came to her.

She existed for the Saturday nights when the throb of the blue sedan came

close; the Sunday mornings when he slept late and arose, sulky, for a lavish breakfast and dinner. Then he was gone again, and she was waving after him down the road. She thought that her love and knowledge of him had been always nothing but this watching through the pine trees as he went away.

The village saw more of him. Occasionally he loitered there a day to show off before he headed for the coast. At times he returned in the middle of the week and picked up fifteen or twenty gallons cached at Blaine's and did not go out to the flat-woods at all. On these occasions he had invariably a girl or woman with him; cheap pretty things whose lightness brought them no more than their shoddy clothes. The storekeeper, delivering meal and sugar to Matt, lingered one day. The still needed her, but she could not with courtesy dismiss him. At last he drew courage.

"Mis' Matt, dogged if I don't hate to complain on Trax to you, but folks thinks you don't know how he's a-doin' you. You're workin' like a dog, an' he ain't never home."

"I know."

"You work at 'shinin', somethin' you nor your folks never done—not that it ain't all right— An' Trax off in that big fine car spendin' the money fast as he turns it over."

"I know."

"The Klan talks some o' givin' him down the country fer it."

"Tain't nobody's business but his an' mine."

"Mis' Matt"—he scuffled in the sand—"I promised I'd speak of it. D'you know Trax has got him women goin' round with him?"

"No. I didn't know that."

"Ev'ybody figgered you didn't know that." He mopped his forehead. "The day you an' Trax was married, I was fixin' to tell you 'twan't nothin'

but your money an' place he wanted to git him set up."

"That's my business, too," she said stonily.

He dropped his eyes before the cold face and moved to his truck. She called after him defiantly:

"What else did I have he'd want anyway!"

She went into the house. She understood the quality of her betrayal. The injustice was clear. It was only this: Trax had taken what he had not wanted. If he had said, "Give me the money and for the time, the house," it would have been pleasant to give, solely because he wanted. This was the humiliation: that she had been thrown in on the deal, like an old mare traded in with a farm.

The Lantry boys called unanswered from the palmettos.

She had known. There was no need of pretense. There was no difference between to-day and yesterday. There was only the dissipation of a haze, as though a sheet had been lifted from a dead body, so that, instead of knowing, she saw.

The man came home late Saturday afternoon. Startled, Matt heard the purr of the motor and hurried to the house from the still. She thought the woman with him had come for liquor. She came to meet them, wiping her hands on her brown gingham apron. Trax walked ahead of his companion, carrying his own shiny patent leather bag and a smaller shabby one. As they came into the house, she saw that it was not a woman, but a girl.

The girl was close on his heels, like a dog. She was painted crudely, as with a haphazard conception of how it should be done. Stiff blond curls were bunched under a tilted hat. A flimsy silk dress hung loosely on an immature frame. Cheap silk stockings bagged on thin legs. She rocked, rather than

walked, on incredibly spiked heels. Her shoes absorbed Matt's attention. They were pumps of blue kid, the precise blue of the sedan.

"I mean, things got hot fer me on the east coast." Trax was voluble. "Used that coastal highway oncet too often. First thing I knowed, down below New Smyrna, I seed a feller at a garage give the high sign, an' I'm lookin' into the end of a .45." He flushed. "I jest did git away. It'll pay me to work this territory a whiles, till they git where they don't pay me no mind over there agin."

The girl was watching Matt with solemn blue eyes. Beside the gray bulk of the older woman, she was like a small gaudy doll. Trax indicated her to Matt with his thumb.

"Elly here'll be stayin' at the house a while."

He picked up the shabby bag and started up the stairs.

"Long as you an' me is usin' the downstairs, Matt, she kin sleep upstairs in that back room got a bed in it."

She pushed past the girl and caught him by the sleeve.

"Trax! What's this gal?"

"Ain't no harm to her." He laughed comfortably. He tweaked a wisp of her gray hair.

"She's jest a little gal young un," he said blandly, "'s got no place to go."

He drew the girl after him. The woman stared at the high-heeled blue slippers clicking on every step.

(To be concluded)





MR. JUSTICE CARDOZO

BY ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

IN APPOINTING Chief Judge Cardozo of New York to the United States Supreme Court, President Hoover ignored geography and made history. The court already contained two New Yorkers, the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Stone, and both the South and the West had reasonable claims to the vacancy. Yet once the President's selection had been made, these sections enthusiastically agreed with the rest of the country that he had chosen the very man who was worthy to occupy the seat left empty by Mr. Justice Holmes.

In several respects Cardozo's career parallels that of his predecessor. Both men come of ancestors who were in America before the Revolution, though originating from different races and different parts of Europe. Both acquired their legal training in law schools by methods of instruction which are now considered unsatisfactory; yet modern law teachers have never turned out anything better than these two products of the old system. Holmes and Cardozo were both at the bar for about twenty years, Holmes practicing less actively because of writing, editing, and teaching. Each spent another twenty years on an outstanding State court, ending as its chief. Both were transferred to Washington at the age of sixty-two—the main objection to Holmes in 1902, it is odd to recall now, was that he was too old. Finally, the minds of Cardozo and Holmes range far beyond the day's

work. They are wide readers of philosophy, they have written books which are prized by laymen as well as lawyers.

Cardozo received his judicial training among exceptionally able judges. The New York Court of Appeals during the period of his membership has been the strongest State court in the country. It has combined the best features of an elective and an appointive judiciary. Though elected by the voters for a term of fourteen years, its judges are rarely subjected to the baleful influences of a bitter political contest. Often when a vacancy occurs on the court through death or resignation, the Governor appoints a lawyer or lower court judge of distinguished ability, who justifies his selection by such excellent work in his new position that when the time arrives to submit himself at the polls he receives the endorsement of both political parties. This was the way that Cardozo joined the Court of Appeals, and when he became Chief Judge in 1926 he was once more nominated by the Republicans as well as by his own party.

Why is Cardozo a great judge? To answer this question is the chief purpose of this article. Some understanding of his judicial qualities may be obtained from a brief statement of a few of his decisions.

In one of the earliest, decided in 1916, MacPherson sued the Buick Motor Company, the manufacturer of

an automobile resold to him by a retail dealer. While he was driving slowly, the spokes of a wheel crumbled into fragments, the car suddenly collapsed, and MacPherson was thrown out and injured. There was evidence that the defective wood of the spokes could have been discovered if the Buick Company had not failed to make a proper inspection. Now, the Buick Company did not sell the car to MacPherson; it made no promise to him that the automobile was free from hidden defects. His only possible chance of getting compensation was on the ground of negligence. The important problem in the case was this: even if the Buick Company was unreasonably careless, as the jury found, did it owe any duty of vigilance to anybody except the retail dealer with whom it did business? No statute applied to this question, so that the Court of Appeals could use only precedents, and there was much authority denying any right of recovery. For instance, in a famous English case, a contractor who furnished a stage coach to the Post Office Department for carrying mails was held not liable to a driver injured when the coach upset because of hidden defects, since he was hired by the postal officials and had no relations with the contractor. On the other hand, a New York dealer in medicines who sold a druggist belladonna negligently labeled "Extract of Dandelion" had to pay damages to a man who was poisoned when the druggist in good faith used belladonna to fill a prescription which called for the harmless dandelion. The Buick Company argued that an automobile was not dangerous in itself like poison, and could not be differentiated from a stage coach. Still, all the judges but one decided in MacPherson's favor. Judge Cardozo said that a manufacturer's duty to look out for the safety of the ultimate consumer should not be limited to poisons, explosives, and other

things which are dangerous even when they are carefully made. An automobile may be safe to its occupants when properly constructed; but that is beside the point. It is enough that the automobile manufacturer knows it will imperil life and limb unless it is made carefully. Then the safety of all prospective users is in his keeping, whether they buy from him directly or through retail dealers.

Precedents drawn from the days of travel by stage coach do not fit the conditions of travel to-day. The principle that the danger must be imminent does not change, but the things subject to the principle do change. They are whatever the needs of life in a developing civilization require them to be.

It is interesting to compare the Buick case with another decision rendered by Judge Cardozo last year. A firm of public accountants, Touche, Niven & Co., was employed by a corporation selling rubber to prepare and certify a corporate balance sheet. The accountants knew that in the usual course of business the corporation would exhibit their certified balance sheet to the persons from whom it wished to borrow money, and accordingly supplied it with thirty-two copies. However, nothing was said about showing these copies to any definite persons or about the extent of the transactions in which they would be used. In particular there was no mention of the Ultramares Corporation, which had had no previous dealings of importance with the rubber company. On the faith of the accountants' certificate, the Ultramares Corporation made many loans to the rubber company, aggregating nearly two hundred thousand dollars. When the borrower became bankrupt, it was discovered that its books had been falsified in a way that could have been found out if the accountants had been diligent. The rubber company was actually insolvent

at the time their certified balance sheet showed capital and surplus intact. The Ultramares Corporation sued the accountants for its loss. Despite the frequent statements by certified public accountants about the value of their work to prospective lenders and investors, the American Institute of Accountants employed three lawyers to oppose the plaintiff's claim. Chief Judge Cardozo found evidence of fraud by subordinate accountants for which the firm might be liable. However, he said on behalf of the unanimous court that unless fraud was proved the accountants would not be responsible for their negligence to the creditor. Undoubtedly they owed a duty of care to the rubber company, which paid their fee, but they did not make their audit for the Ultramares Corporation, which could have protected itself by paying its own accountants to examine the books.

Here, as in the Buick Motor case, the defendants knew that their negligence would create a danger to prospective users, but did not know that this particular plaintiff would be such a user. However, Judge Cardozo felt that there were two reasons for imposing a narrower responsibility upon accountants than upon automobile manufacturers. First, the injury was financial rather than to life and limb, whose greater importance might require a higher standard of care. Second, the Buick Company set in motion a physical force, while the accountants created only words. Our law has been pretty cautious about imposing liability for language. A writer must refrain from defaming specific individuals. If he tells deliberate lies, he may be liable to a wider range of persons. Careless misstatements, however, involve a lower degree of moral culpability, which may not merit the very heavy financial loss accountants would suffer if they must compensate every-

body injured by their negligence, a risk out of all proportion to the fee they receive. To make liability for negligent speech practically as wide as the liability for fraud would be a revolutionary change in the law which, if expedient, ought to be accomplished by legislation, thus giving ample warning to accountants of their new responsibility and enabling them to protect themselves by taking out insurance. Judge Cardozo pointed out that if responsibility for negligence were imposed on these accountants it would extend to many other callings. Lawyers who certify their opinion about the validity of municipal or corporate bonds would have to pay investors for any mistake. Title companies insuring titles to a tract of land would become liable to purchasers who had been told of the insurance and who would be pleased to receive the benefit of a title policy without paying any premium. Consequently, the Touche firm was not held liable for carelessness. But a new jury trial was ordered to ascertain whether there was more than carelessness—did any of the accountants know they were making out an insufficiently verified statement of the rubber company's financial condition? If so, the Touche firm must bear the losses which the fraud of these employees had caused to the Ultramares Corporation.

An entirely different group of questions was raised by the case of *Yome vs. Gorman* in 1926. Mr. and Mrs. Yome were born Catholics. He died with the last rites of the church and was buried in a Catholic cemetery, near two of their infant children. Afterwards Mrs. Yome apparently changed her religion and acquired a lot in a non-Catholic cemetery, where she intended to be buried. She demanded the removal of the bodies, saying that Mr. Yome was without devotion to the church and wanted only to be buried

near her, while the infants were too young to have any belief. Her surviving children, now adults, supported her request. Judge Cardozo refused to lay down any rigid rule for such a situation, recognizing that it involved conflicting inferences of duty and propriety. Against the removal it could be argued that the wishes of the wife are not always supreme when the body is yet unburied, and are still less so when judicial aid is invoked to disturb the quiet of the grave.

A benevolent discretion, giving heed to all those promptings and emotions that men and women hold for sacred in the disposition of their dead, must render judgment as it appraises the worth of the competing forces.

The court must give a large significance to the wishes of the deceased, and must not wholly disregard the sentiments and usages of the religious body which confers the right of burial. However, these factors may be outweighed by the motives and feelings of the survivors.

Removal at the instance of a wife or of kinsmen near in blood to satisfy a longing that those united during life shall not be divided after death, may seem praiseworthy and decorous.

On the whole, he says,

the dead are to rest where they have been laid unless reason of substance is brought forward for disturbing their repose.

Because no sufficient reason had yet been advanced, Judge Cardozo refused to authorize the removal of the bodies, but sent the case back for a new trial, in which the intentions of Mr. Yome were to be further investigated, and the different factors were to be considered and weighed in the manner outlined in his opinion.

"We have sought, not to declare a rule, but to exemplify a process."

Religious differences were also involved in the *Mirizio* case in 1928.

After a civil marriage the husband broke his promise to follow it with a Catholic wedding. The wife declined to live with her husband, and sued him for a separation and support. A divided court held against her because she should not have left her husband. The day after this decision she wrote to him, offering to return to live as his wife. He replied that her offer, five years after the marriage, came too late; he was through. She again sued for separation, and this time the Court of Appeals decided in her favor. In the majority opinion Judge Cardozo said:

If the time has been long, the defendant could have made it short. There has never been a day in all these years when he might not have had the plaintiff as his own if he had done what a man of honor and a gentleman should have been prompt and glad to do.

Judge Cardozo has usually, but not always, carried the majority of the Court of Appeals with him. One case in which he dissented was *Graf vs. Hope Building Corporation* in 1930. A \$300,000 mortgage was payable by installments, but the whole sum became due at once if any interest was defaulted for twenty days. Early one June the president of the debtor corporation sailed for Europe, after signing a check for the coming July 1st interest. Afterwards his clerk discovered that through arithmetical miscalculations she had made out the check \$400 too low. Only the president could sign a new check, so on June 30th the clerk sent the old one to the mortgagee, saying the mistake would be corrected when the president returned. He came back July 5th, but the clerk forgot to tell him about the mistake. The mortgagee said nothing until July 22nd, when the interest had been in default twenty-one days. Then he began proceedings to foreclose the whole mortgage. The president, at last aware of the deficiency, tendered the \$400, which was refused. A bare majority of the Court

of Appeals decreed foreclosure; the mortgagee was only insisting on his legal rights, and they could not force him to be generous. Judge Cardozo's dissenting opinion pointed out that the debtor was only a single day too late, and the mortgagee had not made the slightest attempt to get the mistake corrected in time. The mortgagor's fault and the injury caused by the delay were very small in proportion to the flagrant hardship of foreclosure. The court should refuse to make itself "an instrument of injustice."

Because Judge Cardozo's opinions are so interesting it has been conjectured that the most exciting problems are assigned to him to write up. The truth is far otherwise. On the New York Court of Appeals the cases are distributed to the members of the court in rotation. What Cardozo got was entirely a matter of accident. His cases were interesting because he made them so. This system of assignment in rotation has advantages over that pursued in the United States Supreme Court and in many State courts, where the Chief Justice allots the cases in his discretion. The New York system has two advantages. First, it avoids making certain judges specialists in particular subjects, with the danger that the other judges come to rely overmuch on the specialist's opinion of a case in his field. The New York plan leads to well-rounded judges, and to thorough consultations in which all participate on an even footing. Second, rotation evens the work up and preserves the atmosphere of the court from personal animosities, such as are liable to arise if some men feel that they are given more than their share of dull or burdensome cases.

II

When he was not writing opinions Judge Cardozo has still been preoccu-

pied with the nature of his work as a judge—"What is it that I do when I decide cases?" Again and again, in his *Nature of the Judicial Process* and his three later books, he returns to the problem, from this angle or that, never, of course, answering it finally, but telling us more about it than anyone else. Probably the work of appellate court judges is more mysterious to the general public than that of any other officers of government. Every intelligent citizen knows pretty well what the Governor does, or what kind of tasks occupy a member of the legislature. But although he may have occasionally dropped into the highest court of his State and watched the judges listening to arguments, he has little opportunity of following the actual mental processes by which they reach decisions. This excusable ignorance had led to a widespread popular misconception of the appellate judge as a sort of mechanical slot machine. The facts are put into the slot, the wheels revolve, the cogs of the appropriate statute or assemblage of precedents are brought into play, and out drops the resulting decision. There is a natural human craving that the law shall be certain and not dependent on human variability—a desire for a government of laws, not men. Hence the judge is merely supposed to find the law which fits the particular case, and not to make law himself. This mechanical conception obviously has no application to the cases in the New York Court of Appeals which have just been described. Each of them presented a novel problem which statutes and previous decisions failed to answer. As Cardozo himself puts it, the judges cannot be limited to matching the colors of the case at hand against the colors of many sample cases spread out upon their desk. It is when the colors do not match that the serious business of the judge begins. He must then

fashion the law for the litigants before him. In fashioning it for them, he will be fashioning it for others.

The sentence of to-day will make the right and wrong of to-morrow.

This creative work forces every appellate judge to inject his own personality into the process of choosing the new rule. It cannot be developed from the old rules by pure logic alone. If that were so, all sound reasoners would reach the same decision on the same facts, but several of the cases I have been stating show able judges expressing diametrically opposite conclusions.

However, in revolting against the conception of the judge as a sort of automatic chess player, we are not necessarily forced to the opposite extreme of regarding him as a benevolent despot absolutely unfettered by precedents, whose only duty is to achieve substantial justice between the parties before him. A recent group of writers asks us to believe that a judge talks the lingo of logic and cites numerous cases, not because all this has any real bearing upon his decision, but merely because it is the proper etiquette for the occasion. The judge is supposed to go out of his way to satisfy people who want to think that law is certain, but in reality it is wholly uncertain, as he knows perfectly well if he is honest with himself. Cardozo flatly rejects any such conception of his judicial tasks. Apart from the evil consequences of depriving business men of every solid basis upon which they can reasonably predict the way in which courts will view their transactions in the event of litigation, the judges would flounder helplessly if they undertook to decide every case independently of past judicial experience. No single human being is wise enough to dispense with the wisdom of his predecessors. The judge, Cardozo says,

is not a knight errant, roaming at will in pursuit of his own ideal of beauty or of goodness.

Therefore, in enumerating some of the distinguishing qualities of Cardozo's judicial work, I should put first his exhaustive knowledge of the materials on which a decision ought to be founded. In addition to his wide and accurate knowledge of previous cases in New York and other jurisdictions, he shows an astounding familiarity with the theoretical discussions in law reviews and legal treatises. But he is not content to confine his knowledge to purely legal sources. He applies in practice the view expressed in his books, that it is the judge's duty to test a proposed rule by its effect upon the welfare of those whom it concerns. In order to determine accurately how a rule will work, the judge must have given much study and thought to business and society at large. For instance, Cardozo said:

Statutes are to be viewed, not in isolation or *in vacuo*, as pronouncements of abstract principles for the guidance of an ideal community, but in the setting and the framework of present-day conditions, as revealed by the labors of economists and students of the social sciences in our own country and abroad.

In his opinions and in his books he is constantly aware of these great non-legal forces. In no legal field are such extrinsic considerations more vital than in criminal law. In Judge Cardozo's address to the New York Academy of Medicine on "What Medicine Can Do for the Law" he speaks of many concrete legal difficulties which require the help of the doctor and the psychiatrist—for instance, the statutory distinction between premeditated and unpremeditated homicide which determines whether or not the killer shall be electrocuted. Judge Cardozo's attentiveness to economic, scientific, and social factors will be of even greater im-

portance to his work on the United States Supreme Court.

The second quality to be emphasized in his judicial work is his constant search for principles and the lucidity with which he expounds them. He could say with another judicial student of philosophy, Lord Haldane: "For the purpose of law, the study of philosophy developed the habit of seeking for the underlying principles in dealing with facts, however apparently confused and complicated." At the same time Judge Cardozo uses these principles not as rigid rules but as working hypotheses. Courts, he says, must necessarily feel their way toward justice. All important decisions are the outcome of a choice between competing factors. His opinions constantly endeavor to justify the wisdom of his choice by an illuminating presentation of the conflicting considerations and the reasons for accepting some and rejecting others. He reveals his own thinking as he proceeds toward the result.

Third, his sense of the relative nature of law makes him hostile to technicalities, especially when they hinder the efficient work of the court or cause suffering to individual human beings. When a father was seeking to recover his child by *habeas corpus* from the custody of a mother in an immoral environment, and various procedural obstacles were raised, Judge Cardozo said:

The law does not wait upon these niceties of practice, it does not dally and dawdle, when what is at stake in the contest is the safety of its ward. It leaps to the rescue with the aid of its historic writ.

In another case, where a deserting husband had absconded from the State, it was argued that the destitute wife should not be allowed to use the husband's bank deposits to support herself and their child without giving him time to return and present his case in court. Judge Cardozo replied:

The law does not stand upon punctilios if there is a starving wife at home.

Fourth, he insists upon the maintenance of high standards of conduct by persons in positions of trust. He is fully aware that in the ordinary affairs of life the law must not be inconveniently strict in the care which it expects people to exercise; but when men have undertaken special duties of fidelity toward others, he refuses to condone incompetence or self-seeking. He will not allow lawyers to escape disbarment for technical reasons, and upholds the power of the bar to aid the courts in its own regulation.

If the house is to be cleaned, it is for those who occupy and govern it, rather than for strangers, to do the noisome work.

No disloyalty is to be permitted to partners, agents, trustees, and corporate directors. These relations

impose a duty to act in accordance with the highest standards which a man of the most delicate conscience and the nicest sense of honor might impose upon himself. In such cases, to enforce adherence to those standards becomes the duty of the judge.

In a time when business faith has been too often disregarded for the sake of large gains, this outspoken insistence on high levels of conduct is refreshing.

Finally, Judge Cardozo possesses one of the best prose styles of our time. I have heard of newspaper reporters who used to read his opinions as they appeared just to enjoy them as literature. Beauty of language must not be scorned as a useless adornment of a judge's ideas. One of the chief purposes of an opinion is to persuade lawyers and other judges of the soundness of those ideas, so that they will be transmitted from case to case with a growing influence upon human conduct. This is much more likely to happen if the ideas, like Cardozo's, are expressed in words which are fixed in

the mind by the reflections and emotions they arouse. Moreover, the imagination necessary to mold language serves also to understand unsuspected facts and shape ideas. Cardozo exemplifies Graham Wallas's remark that an appellate judge needs a touch of the qualities which make a poet.

One more parallel with Mr. Justice Holmes is suggested by the epigrammatic sentences in Judge Cardozo's opinions:

Private detective agencies are not organs of government. . . . Danger invites rescue. The emergency begets the man. . . . Life has relations not capable always of division into inflexible compartments.

Even the discussion of a very technical real property question evokes a metaphor:

A point there must be, both for statutes and for testaments, at which severance is not surgery, but useless mutilation.

Yet the resemblances in the style of these two judges must not be pushed too far. Holmes has sentences—like, "The common law is not a brooding omnipresence in the sky"—which change our entire thinking. Like X-rays they reveal what we never saw before. Cardozo's epigrams bring out the surface contours of thoughts with the warm glow of candlelight. They tell us what we already knew, but present it ever so much better than we could ourselves. If less profound than his predecessor, he is more intelligible. Interspersed sometimes between the incisive epigrams of Holmes are cryptic passages, as if his mind had the vast sweep of a comet which arrives only at intervals within the range of human vision. The reader is never in doubt as to what Cardozo means. Another difference is that the judicial ermine lies more heavily on his shoulders than on those of Mr. Justice Holmes. The New York judge is constantly troubled

by his sense of responsibility for the results of his decisions. He writes of "the misgivings that afflict a judge's mind when he has done the best he can." "They do things better with logarithms," he laments. "In these moments of disquietude, I figure to myself the peace of mind that must come, let us say, to the designer of a mighty bridge." It is hard to imagine him saying with Holmes, "I do not suppose civilization will come to an end whichever way this case is decided." Mr. Justice Holmes seems to approach his judicial job with the skepticism of pure intellect; the rare fiery heat of emotion which he displayed in his famous *Abrams* dissent came from the passion for freedom of thought. One can imagine Holmes as a great philosopher or mathematician, but Cardozo cannot be conceived as anything other than a great judge.

III

It is fascinating to speculate on the part which a man of Cardozo's qualities will take as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Of one fact we can be certain, that he will enter into harmonious relations with his new colleagues. His record on the New York Court of Appeals shows that he is not the kind of man who by preference plays a lone hand. In over three-quarters of the cases in which he wrote the prevailing opinion the court was unanimous; and as against over five hundred prevailing opinions, he filed dissenting opinions in only about twenty cases. This proves his ability to persuade his colleagues of the soundness of his ideas, and his desire, when persuasion fails, to concur with the majority unless he has strong reasons for dissent.

In going to Washington Cardozo is making a very great change in his work. He will have to handle a new and

different body of materials. On the New York Court of Appeals he was largely concerned with private law. The Supreme Court now leaves most of that law to the lower United States courts. In order not to be overwhelmed with litigation, it has had to limit itself to federal questions, involving the United States Constitution, Acts of Congress, and treaties. Judge Cardozo is in almost the same situation as a physician who has abandoned a flourishing nose and throat practice in New England and moved to Central America to cure tropical diseases.

Still, although prediction is dangerous, it is possible to forecast his attitude on some of these federal controversies. A few of his New York decisions involved similar problems. His books discuss several well-known Supreme Court cases. And as judge and writer, he has disclosed his general approach to legal problems, which is likely to continue in Washington.

When Mr. Justice Cardozo deals with the affirmative powers which have been expressly conferred upon the federal government by the United States Constitution he will probably interpret them in a generous spirit. Constitutions, he says, must be more liberally construed than statutes because they are likely to enunciate general principles. And he thinks that courts should not be constantly and unreasonably hampering the executive officials. For any cases on international affairs he will be well equipped by his New York experience. He has participated in several cases of great financial magnitude involving the Soviet Government and Russian insurance companies and banks. He interpreted a treaty to entitle an Austrian to inherit New York land in spite of the war which was then going on. In this opinion he thus stated the relations of judges to international problems:

No one can study the vague and wavering statements of treatise and decision in this field of international law with any feeling of assurance at the end that he has chosen the right path. One looks in vain either for uniformity of doctrine or for scientific accuracy of exposition. There are wise cautions for the statesman. There are few precepts for the judge. . . . They (the judges) are free to make choice of the conclusion which shall seem the most in keeping with the traditions of the law, the policy of the statutes, the dictates of fair dealing, and the honor of the nation.

Many accidents on interstate railroads come before the Supreme Court under the Federal Employers' Liability Act. Mr. Justice Cardozo is prepared for such cases by his extensive experience with workmen's compensation and negligence suits. That he will not sympathize with some past interpretations of the federal statute is suggested by his language in one New York case:

So narrow a construction thwarts the purpose of the statute. . . . (The injured workman) was to be saved from becoming one of the derelicts of society, a fragment of human wreckage. . . . The end to be served, the mischief to be averted, supply the clews and the keys by which construction must be governed.

The frequent labor litigation in the Supreme Court has caused many workmen to feel that the judicial power has been exercised too favorably to employers. Some New York decisions in which Judge Cardozo participated have given a distinctly wider scope to the activities of strikers than have the majority judges at Washington. The New York court has shown a critical attitude toward the enforcement of "yellow dog contracts" and injunctions against boycotting language on placards, etc., unaccompanied by acts. Although Judge Cardozo has never condoned violence and intimidation on the part of labor unions,

he does not want questions in this field to be finally settled by old precedents.

The suspicion and even hostility of an earlier generation (toward labor unions) found reflection in judicial decisions which a changing conception of social values has made it necessary to recast. . . . The field is one where the law is yet in the making, or, better perhaps, in the remaking.

Although the problems of restraint of trade presented by the Sherman Act have not come before the New York Court of Appeals, some of Cardozo's opinions and books have given intimations of his probable approach. As already stated, greedy and disloyal business policies are likely to meet with no leniency from him. He believes that a judge should not consider himself powerless to raise the level of prevailing conduct, but should be energetic and courageous in dislodging practices in opposition to accepted morality. On the other hand, he does not want judges to manage business. He fully recognizes the value of encouraging the men in an enterprise to direct its destinies. Thus he spoke of the usages of the New York Stock Exchange:

We do not underrate the importance of permitting business to originate for itself the methods and instrumentalities that may be found by experience to be helpful to its free development.

In another opinion he said:

More and more, in its social engineering, the law is looking to co-operative effort by those within an industry as a force for social good. It is harnessing the power that is latent within groups as it is harnessing the power in wind and fall and stream.

It is possible, therefore, that Mr. Justice Cardozo will agree with Mr. Justice Brandeis that the Sherman Act should not be employed as it was in the *Hardwood* case to restrict the exchange of information among members of an in-

dustry about prices and other matters of interest. And he seems not to want past decisions to crystallize the meaning of this statute. Standards of public policy, he says, should not be stereotyped, but should change in conformity to new conditions.

He is also likely to agree with Mr. Justice Brandeis on questions of free speech and other civil liberties. Like him he dissented from the conviction of Gitlow, the Communist agitator, under the New York Anti-anarchy Act. Especially significant was Judge Cardozo's insistence on the maintenance of the Bill of Rights in the recent *Doyle* case, involving a witness who refused to testify in the Seabury investigation about his part in political corruption.

The privilege (against self-incrimination) may not be violated because in a particular case its restraints are inconvenient or because the supposed malefactor may be a subject of public execration or because the disclosure of his wrong-doing will promote the public weal. . . . Historic liberties and privileges are not to bend from day to day. . . . A community whose judges would be willing to give it whatever law might gratify the impulse of the moment would find in the end that it had paid too high a price.

We come finally to questions of the extent of governmental control over private property. These have provoked acute controversies dividing the Supreme Court into three groups. In the years preceding the resignation of Mr. Justice Holmes, he and Justices Brandeis and Stone appeared likely to uphold the statute or tax or commission order; Justices Van Devanter, McReynolds, Sutherland, and Butler were inclined to decide in favor of the property owner; while the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Roberts held the balance of power. It will naturally be interesting to watch which group attracts Mr. Justice Cardozo. His career offers little information about

his views on two phases of the controversy, taxation and the regulation of the charges of public utilities, but we do know a good deal about his position on the validity of social legislation.

During the last two decades divided decisions of the United States Supreme Court have overthrown many statutes designed to better social and industrial conditions. By contrast, the New York Court of Appeals since Cardozo joined it has held practically no statute unconstitutional which involved the exercise of governmental powers for the protection of public safety, health, or welfare. Moreover, the New York court has clashed sharply with the Supreme Court on the validity of particular types of statutes, such as laws limiting the extortionate prices charged by theater ticket brokers and laws requiring contractors on public works to pay the locally prevailing rate of wages. Judge Cardozo's books have expressed courteous doubts about the Supreme Court decisions overthrowing minimum wage laws and statutes regulating the fees paid by workmen to employment agencies. He often draws ideas from the minority justices in those cases. For instance, he calls Holmes' dissent on the ten-hour bake-shop law the beginning of a new era, and states that a study of Brandeis' opinions will prove "an impressive lesson in the capacity of the law to refresh itself from extrinsic sources, and thus vitalize its growth." Consequently, although Mr. Justice Cardozo is by no means a radical who would allow the ideal of social equality to trench without limit upon savings and business enterprise, the prediction may be ventured that when the court next divides in considering social legislation, he will not be found in the group which has most frequently opposed such legislation in the past. Two sentences reveal his probable attitude:

Courts have often been led into error in passing upon the validity of a statute, not from misunderstanding of the law, but from misunderstanding of the facts. . . . One department of the government may not force upon another its own standards of propriety.

The time is bound to come when the pressure of social needs will cause legislatures to re-enact some of the statutes which the Supreme Court has lately overthrown. For example, the current depression is likely to produce sweating of women's labor and a revival of minimum wage laws. Even if it turns out that the present majority of the Supreme Court would uphold such legislation on its merits, the court will still have to decide whether it is bound by its former decisions overthrowing these laws. Mr. Justice Cardozo's answer to the question, whether precedents should be permanent obstructions to the legislative accomplishments of social welfare, is forecast by two important cases in the New York Court of Appeals. In 1915 he concurred in the *Schweiner Press* case, upholding a statute against night work for women, although this court had invalidated a similar law in 1905. The next year Judge Cardozo, in overruling an earlier decision which overthrew a statute against business frauds, said:

The needs of successive generations may make restrictions imperative to-day which were vain and capricious to the vision of times past.

Thus the appointment of Mr. Justice Cardozo gives new hope to those who have feared that the United States Supreme Court was becoming an obstacle to social progress. He is not a man who allows himself to be imprisoned in the past. "New times and new manners may call for new standards and new rules." . . . "A constitution ought to state principles for an expanding future."



SONNETS

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

EDEN

BEAUTY is broken like bread, like wine for me
Is poured, who never have deserved the same,
Who twice before within this garden came
And saw the splendors of the living tree
Rooted in earth but to eternity
Reaching its boughs, thick-fruited all with gold;
A marvel few, if any, may behold,
Or, so beholding, tremble at destiny.
Therefore my heart is water in my breast,
Therefore my utterance falters and is mute,
Silvered with moonlight hangs the heavenly fruit.
What vandal hand would lift, what hand would wrest
From the dim bough the passionately divine?
And here I stand—and lo, the hand is mine!

THE FEAR

I YET shall fail you—who am I to say
I shall not fail you, when it is a fear
The greater by the depth I hold you dear?
Remember, oh remember in that day
All that the man intended who was yours,
Yours utterly, and broken by your love—
The rare resolve forever set above
Some miserable action that endures.
I shall not promise, for too well I know
How in Time's wind our words are blown like sand.
Only submit your hand unto my hand,
Oh proudly humble, let us together go
Forth to our fate beneath ambiguous skies,
Perhaps with power that shall confound the wise!



I RUN FOR OFFICE

BY HOLMES ALEXANDER

AND now, fellow-Democrats, last but not least, I have the pleasure of presenting to you the baby of the ticket."

I got up from the grass where I was sitting and climbed over the wheel of the wagon which served as a rostrum.

"Don't make a speech, just say something." This from behind the chairman's hand. I said something—I forget just what—about the honor I felt at being "your" candidate, about the tradition of democracy, about the folly of swapping horses in midstream, and ended with the assurance that, though I was frequently referred to as the baby of the ticket, I had it on authority of the Good Book that "a little child shall lead them."

The last crack didn't go so well as I had hoped it would, but there were enough polite "haws" to tide me over my maiden speech. In my county people will laugh at anything a Democratic speaker intends to be laughed at. Later I patrolled the county with a Congressman who told the same dull joke half a dozen times a week—and always got a laugh.

After the speeches we returned to the barbecue and free beer. Despite prohibition, there was a four-sided bar, with five men working like stokers to meet the seemingly infinite demand.

"This here's an old-fashioned rally," shouted a begrizzled old countryman over my shoulder as he edged in beside me at the bar. "You young fellers don't see many now'days."

"That's right," I answered. One of the barkeepers slapped some foaming glasses before us, and I made a grab for one. My hand shook until it was up against my lips. I wished the old fellow would say something about my speech; I wanted to know it got by.

"Yore mighty young for politics, ain't you?"

We had to shout to make ourselves heard, so I yelled back that I was twenty-four.

"Say, don't you want to jine our club? All you've got to be is a Democrat and have a dollar."

We exchanged dollar and membership card, had another beer, and separated, I to mingle with the crowd, according to orders, and to meet everyone I could. It was the beginning of my political career and of a series of strange adventures. Six weeks before my knowledge of politics had consisted of a vague awareness that I lived in a State which, being on the sunny side of the Mason-Dixon, was "normally Democratic" but which had sullied its fair name by going Republican against Al Smith. Further than that I knew practically nothing. If I had ever known much of the duties and habits of our State Legislature I had forgotten a great deal of it, and yet here I was a candidate for that august body and touring the county with a troop of veterans, most of whom were holding office when I was in prep-school. It looked like a clear case of greatness being thrust upon me, and with certain

qualifications on the noun, so it was.

I was by profession a school-teacher, by ambition an author, and had been spending the arid summer of 1930 at home, trying to write. One evening I went—as I frequently did—to dine with my good friend and neighbor. We were sitting on the veranda when my friend's father suddenly and without preface asked me if I were interested in politics. I was on the point of answering truthfully when I recalled that this gentleman was in some way connected with the game, and so as a mere matter of courtesy I replied that I was.

"We're looking for someone over in your district."

I hadn't the least idea what district was mine; in fact, never having voted or paid taxes, I didn't even know that I had one; and as to whom my host meant by "we," and why they should be looking for anyone, I was equally at a loss.

"Really?" I said.

"Would you like to go on the ticket?"

"Yes, sir."

That was exactly how I became a politician. A few days later my friend's father (who was, I had learned meanwhile, our State Senator) telephoned me and said, "You'll see your name in the paper to-morrow. Better come around to headquarters."

Headquarters proved to be a one-storied frame house at the county-seat. I never saw it when it was not overflowing with a crowd of loafers—collarless countrymen, small-town tradesmen, office-holders, job-seekers, politicians all, amateur and professional. I hesitated on the steps and inquired for the Senator. He was not there, but I was welcomed by these strangers, tendered much attention and several cigars. I came to learn that this geniality is characteristic of political gatherings. The more un-

known a man—that is, the more uncertain his party affiliation—the more assured he is of welcome and attention; for just as your parson considers every mortal being an immortal soul, so does your politician consider him a voter and an accumulator of votes. All mankind (at least, in my State, all white mankind) is equal in the sight of God and the supervisor of elections.

Finally the Senator arrived, and a very different personage was he in his official capacity. I had known him socially for many years as the most charming of hosts, a courtly-mannered gentleman of a passing school, and one whom the high hat of hauteur fitted and became. Now he was all familiarity and fellowship. He back-slapped, he joked, he fraternized. I marveled at the transformation and rather deplored it.

"Come in and meet the boss."

My only conception of a political boss had been formed from newspaper cartoons, which were certainly the last thing I expected any man in the flesh to resemble. Yet Rolling Thunder, as the papers called him, was the inevitable exception. He was a corporeal cartoon. Built like a corpulent gorilla, eyes almost invisible in a massive and shaggy head, articulating in a voice that had earned him his pseudonym, Rolling Thunder defied caricature as he defies a convincing description. I was to hear and read much to the slander of Rolling Thunder; and for those who knew him only superficially I suppose it must have been easy to believe, but to me, as our acquaintanceship deepened, much of it seemed pure libel. For all of his ferocious exterior, Rolling Thunder carried somewhere within his hulking body a human heart softer than that of many a respectable and sanctimonious citizen. More than one farmer in my county could tell you—had he not been gruffly sworn to secrecy—that during the

disastrous drought Rolling Thunder had answered pleas which had gone up unheeded from the altars of God. He could not make it rain, but, as president of the town bank, he could make it possible to live until it did. On his sixtieth birthday we presented him with a cake about the size of a wagon wheel. Out in his pantry I saw him cut it in half and overheard him tell the servant to take "this goddam thing" to the Children's Hospital before it went stale. Once I heard him speaking of two "girls" who had dined at his bachelor home. I assumed something immoral but learned later that the "girls" were two impoverished old maids of sixty, friends of his childhood.

It is a matter of biography that Rolling Thunder began the struggle of life as a few-acred farmer and came into wealth and power by an adroit handling of the people's franchise. Yet far from being the career of infamy and iniquity which the jealous layman chooses to think it, Rolling Thunder's has been, I believe, one of service and worth. Democratic governments are so constituted as to necessitate a controlling hand at the throttle, and if a man contrives to grind his own axe at the wheels which he makes to turn, then let it be so much to his credit. I understand that they give titles to such men in England.

When the Senator introduced me to Rolling Thunder, I saw only a comic monstrosity with a cigar gripped between yellow teeth and the habit of punctuating his conversation by expectorations and wheezing. He took me into his office and sat down in the only chair.

"Well, what do you know about this game?"

I knew by now that I had become a member of the ticket at the Senator's recommendation, and that I had been so recommended not for any high quali-

fications of experience or of promise but because I should probably poll a good majority in my own district, and because I was ignorant enough to have to take advice. It seemed unnecessary to tell the boss all this, so I said, "Not much."

He spat into a corner where there might have been a cuspidor, but wasn't.

"Now listen."

I listened, and Rolling Thunder gave me to understand many things. I was impressed with the importance of airing, or even of having, no opinions of my own and no enthusiasms save the avowed and frequently-to-be-mouthed determination to serve the people. I was to commit myself to no policies, to make no promises, to avoid all confidences, and to cut short all interviews. And above all, I was to remember that, so far as I was concerned, the Democratic party was Rolling Thunder. Did I get that?

"Yes," I said, "*L'État, c'est moi.*" That's what you mean."

He stared at me and repeated the question. Yes, I told him, I got it.

That evening a reporter telephoned me for an interview—my first. Why had I gone into politics? Oh, just interested. Would I stay in it? Maybe. Had I any relatives in it? Yes, I had had an uncle in Congress. (I thought it unnecessary to say that this uncle had been a Republican from another State.) Did I have any pet hobbies, anything new I wanted to put across? Well, I was particularly interested in good government. What was my platform? Dripping wet. May we print that? No, better not. What did I feel about the issues of the campaign? Well, I wasn't at liberty to say because of my affiliation with Rolling Thunder's organization.

They printed the last remark and followed it up with an editorial article which concluded that, having no

opinions of my own, I should make a successful politician. Rolling Thunder bellowed over that and asked the Senator where in hell he had picked up such a dummy. I was hurt. I thought I had acted according to orders.

Shortly after the public announcement of my candidacy I became—as I assume all candidates must become—a target for the most heterogeneous and amazing approaches. I was dunned for money in behalf of mendicant institutions as various as a county newspaper, a sailor's welfare association, a volunteer fire department, and a sandlot baseball league. I received invitations to attend such functions as high-school commencements, strawberry festivals, whippet races, horse shows, concord-meetings, indignation-meetings, and beach-parties. Endorsement was offered me—in barter for my hearty support of their legislative program—by Christian Scientists, antivivisectionists, the Garden Club, the Lord's Day Alliance, the Crusaders, the Isaak Walton League, and birth-control agitators. Job-hunters sought sinecure positions ranging from State House page to ballot-counter, from gate-keeper at the County Fair to secretary at the Headquarters. I received ribald letters from scoffing friends, and at least one of another sort altogether from an unknown and bedridden old lady imploring me, who (she said) was young and untarnished, to serve God and my country with stern and unflagging zeal.

"Do we answer all these?" I asked the Senator.

"It's a good idea," he told me. I suppose it was, but I never carried it out—and neither, I learned, did he.

II

Our fight was chiefly in the primary. There are not enough Republicans in my county to offer a serious threat.

Once, in trying to ascertain how much we actually outnumbered them, I asked the registration officer.

"There's no way of telling," he replied. "You see a great many people die or move out of the county. I never take a Democrat's name off the books. I just look at it and say, 'There's an old soldier!'"

This was not the only time I discerned the sovereignty of political preference. One day when I called to pay my respects to a newcomer in the district I found the county assessor there before me, his purpose being to estimate the value of the estate for taxation. He paced off the lines, took note of the buildings, and then, seemingly as a matter of routine, asked:

"Democrat?"

"Certainly," replied the newcomer.

"What did you pay for this place?"

The owner named a price.

"You got cheated," declared the assessor and with a significant squint jotted down a much smaller sum.

After my first attempt I rather enjoyed making speeches. I was too unknown to have enemies, too untried to have made many blunders, and these virtues, coupled with the fact that my introduction was always prefaced by the phrase "baby of the ticket," seemed to allow me some concessions from an audience. I do not know how many rallies I attended, but I do know that the campaign was so spiced with variety as to have few dull spots.

I came to learn that a man's aptness for political campaigning is largely to be measured by his dramatic ability; that he must play many roles. It struck me that we candidates might well have considered ourselves a troupe of repertoire players, for almost every night we put on a different show, catering sedulously to whatever indigenous circumstance we had to face. On Monday we might invade some god-fearing settlement five miles back

off the hard roads and shepherded by a gentle-spoken though not altogether disinterested parson—in which case we would affect a bucolic dignity and a solicitous interest in crops, croups, and children. Tuesday might find us in a fashionable suburban district, swilling cocktails and ogling etchings; and on Wednesday it was not improbable that we should be hanging over the canvas arena of a cock-fight pit, finding—as in fact we often did—an estimable member of the ticket backing one of the combatants.

Wherever people could be met in quantity we went—to barbecues; to tournaments, where horsemen vied at ring-spearing for the honor of naming the Queen; to clambakes and oyster roasts; to county fairs, to firemen's carnivals, to church suppers, and to nameless affairs which were nothing more nor less than out-and-out brawls.

What impressed me was the barefaced and farcical audacities a politician will attempt and carry off. One old campaigner would open his every address with, "When I left home this evening, my wife asked me where I was going, and I said 'I'm going where I have more friends than anywhere on earth and to the place where I would rather be than in the White House.' My good friends, here I am!"

I think the most ridiculous spectacle I ever beheld took place one torrid afternoon in August at a small carnival where less than fifty people were scattered over several acres. On a raised and shaded platform sat a drowsing twenty-piece band—certainly, I thought, a superfluous ornament for such a second-rate affair. But when I saw a large limousine enter the gate I realized that the band was not at all superfluous, but essential. A panting official ran to the car, leaned in at the open door, and then sprinted for the platform, gesticulating at the band-leader. The band crashed into a

medley of the State anthem, "Dixie," and "The Sidewalks of New York." His Excellency the Governor (candidate for re-election) descended from the limousine and came down the midway, hat in hand, bowing left and right to a handful of gaping bumpkins and applauding politicians. It looked like a dress rehearsal of some cheap burlesque in an empty theater.

Another such occasion was a church supper, where the parson, for reasons of his own, had refused to let any candidate speak. One of my colleagues, determined to have his presence a matter of general knowledge, tipped a boy to stand upon a bench and announce the finding of a pocketbook. The candidate then mounted beside him, claimed the purse, paid five dollars for a cake, and ostentatiously presented it to the matron of a large voting family.

But if we played roles in public, there were times when we sat backstage in our make-up and chatted without pretense. One morning each week we gathered at Headquarters for meetings that never convened within two hours of the appointed time; and here even the most practiced demagogue, whose voice on the platform could run the tonal scale from crooning pathos to resonant bombast, might take his ease and speak in normal syllables. We talked of our chances, we exchanged "dope" on one another's districts. Things were shaping up "over in the fifth"; so and so "down in the tenth" had "come around"; the boss had ditched an old ally who "went wrong" in the Al Smith campaign. It was here too that I heard many wistful yarns of the bygone days when one "Marse" Fred—a talented person he must have been, for he accomplished the most considerable feat of bossing the local organization and holding simultaneously the high post of United States Senator—was monarch of all he surveyed. Things

had never been the same, veterans grumbled, since Marse Fred died.

"We used to have a trap-door just above the voting booths, and if a man didn't go right Fred knew it. Sometimes they fool you now. Take their slice and vote as they please. What this county needs is another Marse Fred."

I have used the word "brawls" and I mean just that. I was only one year out of college and blessed with a good memory, but I am willing to go on record that my alma mater even in her palmiest days never outdid Rolling Thunder's organization in glorious and unconfined celebrations. I recall particularly one Saturday evening in a little corner of the county which borders the water-front. The occasion had been advertised as a "Democratic Rally and Crab Feast," and I have no reason to doubt that the longshoremen who made up that district came to cheer their candidates and to eat the crabs. But whatever the intentions, what happened was that the crabs gave out in a few hours, and only two speakers were heard through, while the free beer and frolicking lasted well into the night. I remember that as I stood ruefully over the last tilted keg there fell a heavy hand on my shoulder, and turning I faced a uniformed policeman.

"This way," he said.

Searching my conscience, I followed him through the now dispersing crowd to a wooden outhouse at some distance from the center of activities, and, entering, saw by the yellow lantern-light that most of my colleagues had preceded me there.

"That stuff in the kegs was good enough for them rough-necks," explained the policeman, handing me a darkened bottle, "but I saved this for the 'ticket.'"

"Thanks a lot, officer."

"Pleasure's mine. We're all good Democrats, ain't we? And if you're

ever thirsty—" He proffered me a card. "I've got a place in town that's run by my partner. Show this at the door."

III

But the campaign was not all beer and skittles. A county newspaper took up the cudgels against our organization in behalf of the independent candidates and devoted most of its columns to a defaming of our individual characters. We were all either crooks or imbeciles. We should, if elected, rob the people, exploit our offices, and bungle our jobs. There was larceny in the treasurer's office, corruption in all elections, and under the present regime the county was doomed to rapine and ruin. Rolling Thunder was a highwayman, a sable-hearted villain who should be tarred-and-feathered out of town. The Senator (who would as soon have picked up a hot coal as a dishonest penny) was a grafter and a low-down fox-hunter who galloped ruthlessly over the farmers' crops. I was a parasitic worm, practically beneath contempt, and the Senator's cat's-paw.

None of this had the slightest effect on Rolling Thunder. He vowed to freeze the offending sheet out of existence by boycotting its advertising, but that was only a matter of political policy. His finer feelings were never ruffled by slander. Not so, however, with the more gentle-blooded Senator. He was one to whom honor was the unchallengeable attribute of every gentleman. That anyone should insinuate against *his* honor was, to him, incredible. I expected to hear any day that he had horsewhipped the offending editor on the courthouse steps. "Fellow-Democrats," I heard him shout from one platform, "if you believe these things of me don't send me back to the State House; send me to jail!"

Rolling Thunder's clan swept the primary without losing a man, but to our astonishment and chagrin the paper which had so bitterly opposed us refused to be reconciled and came out to say that the county's one hope of salvation lay in a Republican regime. This was unprecedented. The *Bugle* had always been Democratic and for the past half-century had been receiving political sops. The boldness of the revolt smacked so richly of sincerity that for the first time I experienced disquieting doubts concerning the integrity of the organization. I had no wish to have my name numbered among those of the public enemies. Such quixotic feelings, however, were soon quashed in anxiety over my chances for election. Suppose the insurgent Democrats formed a coalition with the Republicans—such as they were—and suppose the *Bugle* continued to find credulous ears? It was the first thought of defeat that had entered my mind. I had assumed from the cocksureness of my colleagues that endorsement by the Democratic organization was equivalent to election, and so it had always been; but now even the most complacent old-timers admitted uneasiness. There was money behind the Republican push, they said, and money was power.

The Republicans set up a headquarters (another unprecedented event) and offered a ticket replete with respectability and affluence. Three of their leading candidates were outlanders, wealthy and certainly unimpeachable immigrants from other States, who had become citizens and large land-owners within my own memory. Their platform was identical with that of the independent Democrats of the primary—to put down and out the corrupt powers that were, to salvage what was left of county prosperity after Rolling Thunder's long

reign, and to benefit classes and masses by what they called "a new deal." Then they demanded an investigation of the county books.

Old Rolling Thunder took to the telephone and summoned his district lieutenants. The only person he ever stirred out of his office to see was the Governor, everyone else he sent for. There was an abnormal amount of dissension in the ranks, reported these henchmen. Beside the usual number of disappointed job-seekers there was an ever-increasing group of honest skeptics who were beginning to feel that there might be some truth in what the *Bugle* was printing, and who certainly were not to be satisfied without the proposed investigation.

Rolling Thunder roared at the suggestion. The books were nobody's business but his and the treasurer's. The *Bugle* could go to and be damned. It was controlled by shameless and grasping politicians out after his scalp. Well, let them come and get it. The Senator suggested that instead of flatly refusing an investigation, we simply delay it as long as possible, play for time, and hope that nothing unpleasant would be unearthed until after election day.

But the *Bugle* was insistent, and a few days later the books were turned over to an auditor. A week passed, and then appeared a special edition with three-inch headlines and a cut representing a check drawn by the county treasurer to a construction company for which the Senator was legal counsel. The check carried two endorsements—the Senator's scratched out in pencil, and, stamped beneath it, the company's. The *Bugle* offered this as proof of the Senator's guilt.

The explanation was that the Senator shared apartments with the construction company in the only office building in town and that the original signature had been a clerical error. I

knew this to be a fact, for I happened to be in the office when it occurred and had heard the Senator chaffing the clerk for his carelessness. It was a case of truth's being stranger than fiction, and we knew that no one who had believed the *Bugle's* charges would be satisfied with such an explanation. Nevertheless, we had the clerk's affidavit printed as a paid advertisement in the *Bugle* and as front-page copy in the loyal sheets. We all but lost sight of this incident in the deluge that followed, for each issue of the *Bugle* produced some new implication of scandal. All contractors who did work for the county were—if one could believe what was to be seen in print those days—simply “ghosts” for the county commissioners, the Senator, and the bosses. Rolling Thunder's bank, in which the long-limbed Senator was an insignificant stockholder, was no more than a political grab-bag. The *Bugle* quoted figures calculated to prove that only a fraction of the interest due on county deposits ever reached the courthouse, and that the county itself had been “mortgaged” to the extent of thirteen million dollars by bogus bond issues never authorized by either referendum or legislation. Appropriations for the almshouse, we read, were jingling in iniquitous pockets, while the emaciated inmates were wailing over watered gruel, sanded cereals, and comfortless beds. Under calamitous headlines, “Reign of Terror in Fifteenth District,” ran an indignant and (to me) highly diverting story of how the police and fire departments, creatures of Rolling Thunder's omnipotence, had, with bludgeonings, threats, and brow-beatings, herded laboring women and reeling invalids to the primary polls.

It so happened that about this time I was employed by an Organization paper as an editorial writer, and my work there soon narrowed down to a

cycle of refutation and rebuttal of the *Bugle's* charges. The auditor's report was filed for public inspection, and I spent many laborious hours of research, trying to extract some significance from that hodgepodge of data—a diligence caused as much by personal curiosity as journalistic zeal.

I was at length satisfied that most of the *Bugle's* tirade was downright perjury, or at best cleverly concocted half-truths, but there was no denying that the invective rang of conviction, and, going about my canvassing, I found to my alarm that people rather enjoyed believing it. Now, certainly, I thought, we were beaten; but with Election Day only a fortnight off, Rolling Thunder rented the fair grounds and proclaimed the greatest Democratic rally of the century.

It was all of that. The Governor came in his big limousine and made his dramatic entrance just as he had in the mock rehearsal of the primary. It was most impressive this time, and ten thousand Democrats cheered and thrilled over it. We candidates, equipped with muffled wares of fire-water, had been circulating through the crowd for two hours before his arrival. It was too large and too dignified an occasion for the open bar, but there was food a-plenty, and I believe few went thirsty. Finally all were herded into the grandstand, which was heavily rigged with amplifiers, and the speeches began.

I was too humble a personage for a high seat that day, so I sat in pleasant obscurity among the crowd. Not Billy Sunday or Gipsy Smith or the sainted Augustine ever pleaded more earnestly, more fervently for the salvation of souls than did these hard-pressed Democrats for the salvation of votes. No description of celestial mansions ever excelled that of the utopian state promised by these masters of men in event that they were

returned to office at the coming elections. And never were glad tidings more heartily received. After each introduction a brass band supplemented the cheering with appropriate selections. A visiting congressman from Tennessee was accorded "Swanee River," the Governor rated "Dixie," and the Senator, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." I saw the big boss smiling for the first time in weeks; old Rolling Thunder knew his fire-water.

After the speeches there was a dance, which was part of our assignment too. When I saw the Governor jigging about with fat and perspiring farm women, and the Senator prancing up and down with slobbering children on his shoulders, I thought of my ancestors who were alleged to have fought and bled for American democracy. I couldn't help wondering what they would think of it now.

IV

The four months' drought broke on Election Day, and going from poll to poll in the downpour I found the fact an indispensable topic of conversation. My duties that day consisted mainly in being conspicuous and affable. I was to greet—and if advisable to treat—all comers at a specified distance from the booths; to remind them of the hackneyed tradition that a rainy Election Day is a Democratic omen, and to implore with as little sycophancy as possible that they "back the whole ticket." It was professional etiquette, I had been told, to simulate this concern for my colleagues and to assume, being stationed as I was in my own district, that the citizens already had my welfare at heart.

Directly across the street from the principal poll was a drug-store. I know it did a thriving business that day in soft minerals and cracked ice, because behind the prescription shelf

was a glass-laden table, to which festive board I led—and so did a dozen "workers" of the district—any number of faithful retainers.

Rolling Thunder had commandeered a fleet of motors to bring out the vote, and there was a checker at every poll in the county to see that all had been present or accounted for. At noon, at five P.M., and at six I was handed a list of absentees to reach and remind either by telephone or by a flying visit. I marveled at the thoroughness of the boss's system. He would send a car twenty miles for one vote.

Headquarters that night was a miniature pandemonium. I think all the county Democrats must have come in relays to do their bit of shouting, carousing, and breakage. The place was literally ankle-deep in debris—glass, paper, and cigarette butts. The air was all but solid with smoke and reeking of liquor. Rolling Thunder, without coat and collar, swilling and spitting, was everywhere. He had loosened his belt, and his great balloon of a belly sagged, giving him a still more squat and gorilla-like appearance. He laid a sweaty palm on the nape of my neck.

"If you don't carry your own district—!"

As a drowning man sees his sins swim by, so I began to think of all the visits I should have made, of all the duties I had shirked.

"If you don't carry your own district—!"

I sat up all night watching the results being scrawled on the big blackboard and wondering how we had ever been alarmed at the Republican threat. It was just another landslide for Rolling Thunder.

About three o'clock the reports from my district came in, and I found I led the entire ticket there. It was no more than I was expected to do, but I felt as if I had stormed and taken a city.



THESE AFRICAN EXPLORERS

BY HERBERT BEST, F.R.G.S.

Former District Officer of Nigeria

Africa offers in this twentieth century a journey backward into the neolithic period; turns back the hands of time, allowing modern man to walk side by side with stone-age men, who wrest their sustenance with bow and arrow, or crude spear, from the beasts that roam its vast expanse.

. . . By night, the pale moon sails silently through the vault of a star-strewn sky, shedding its mellow beams in a savage world, where the cries of prowling beasts echo through a primal wilderness and primitive man crouches trembling in his grass hut or seeks refuge in tree or cave.

THE foregoing passages from a recent travel book typify a point of view toward Africa which the growing horde of explorers seem to feel in duty bound to perpetuate in their writings. In the Africa of the explorers the sun, the moon, the forests, the rivers, the flora and fauna, the sounds of the night, the native customs, all are endowed with a sinister significance. "The darkness is alive," writes another explorer. "It breathes. It speaks with a low, whispering voice."

In the Africa of the explorers nothing is what it seems on the surface. A native trade road becomes a mysterious jungle trail leading into the changeless heart of the unknown. A simple village festival, of no deeper import than a Friday-night hop in any American parish house—and every bit as moral, if not more so—becomes a

saturnalia of sensuality. And as for the pervading rhythm of the drums, the ceaseless, maddening throbbing of the drums—that, I need scarcely remind you, is the Voice of Savage Africa. (Sometimes it shares the honor with the roar of the King of Beasts.)

As the explorers describe her, Africa is still the Dark Continent, land of weird, nameless terrors; land of "ju ju" and awful orgiastic rites; land where the white traveler journeys in constant peril and undergoes incredible hardships. Depicted thus, Africa makes a splendid setting for epics of daring and chronicles of martyrdom suffered for sweet publicity's sake. But the picture has one serious fault, namely: that it is not true. It is out of drawing. It overemphasizes certain aspects of the country while understating, or completely ignoring, others.

To avoid being accused of a similar distortion of the truth, I must make it clear that the term explorer as used here does not include the few men and women engaged in the scientific study of Africa, her wild life and her people. I apply the term as a convenient label to the swarm of writing and lecturing travelers who use her as a springboard from which to leap into the public eye. They are remarkable people, the explorers of this latter class, remarkable in their ability to dramatize themselves and to forget such details as might tend to diminish the glamour of their exploits in the minds of their readers.

For eleven years I lived in their haunts. As an official of the British Government in Nigeria, it was my privilege to attend to their needs, lend them the necessities they had neglected to bring out, put them up as my guests, introduce them to native chiefs and emirs, interpret for them, nurse them and blush for them. From this opportunity to watch them in action, I have acquired for explorers a vast admiration. I cannot testify as to their courage, not having seen it tried, but I can bear witness to the indomitable quality of their nerve.

II

Africa is no longer the Africa of Stanley and Livingstone. In many respects it has changed and is still changing. It has changed considerably since the World War, which interrupted programs of political and economic reorganization that have now been put into effect. The country has been pretty completely pacified. The extension of modern lines of communication and transportation, the spread of education, the adoption of enlightened methods of dealing with the native populations are affecting conditions there, just as radios and concrete roads have altered conditions among the hill-billies of the Ozarks. The infiltration of modernity is giving the native a different attitude toward the white man and, no less important, is giving the resident white man a different attitude toward the native. These are facts which the sensation-seeking explorer chooses not to recognize.

Africa is an extensive continent, and I do not pretend to know all about all of it. In this article I shall, therefore, confine myself to writing of that portion with which I am intimately familiar: the Protectorate of Nigeria, a territory some 335,000 square miles in area, situated just north of the Equator

on that portion of the West Coast which used to be known as "the white man's grave." This inviting designation, applying to Liberia, the Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast, Nigeria, and Cameroon, derived from the character of the climate which was, and still is, extremely deleterious to whites who live in it for long. Southern Nigeria, especially the low-lying land adjacent to the Gulf of Guinea, is anything but a health resort. The plateau country of Northern Nigeria, which is bounded on the north by the Sahara, is also definitely unhealthful. Like all tropical regions, it exerts a devitalizing effect which, after a period of years, predisposes the white resident to serious illness. But the explorer does not stay long enough for his health to become undermined. He seldom contracts any illness more serious than malaria, and by taking proper care of himself he need not contract even that. The climate is, however, beyond question the most dangerous element he is called upon to face. Beside the menace from the equatorial sun, that from "stone-age men" and savage beasts pales into nothingness. As I shall presently explain, the explorer seldom if ever has the chance to penetrate into regions where the natives might be hostile.

If you wanted to investigate the habits of moose in the wilds of New Brunswick, Canada, you could go about it in one of several ways. You could put yourself and your equipment on a train in New York, alighting at Fredericton, or some other base of supplies, obtain the necessary licenses and permits, hire a guide, and hike off into the bush. Or, if that seemed too simple and rational a course to attract attention, you could recruit from fifty to a hundred of the unemployed, dress them (and yourself) in fantastic costumes, load your food and equipment on their heads, and set out for the

woods on a cross-country safari. This would be more trouble than traveling on a train. Some of your men would probably grow tired of the trip and desert; others might become involved in bickerings with natives along the way; you yourself would probably be laughed at here and there, or cursed by farmers whose hay fields your expedition had trampled. In the woods and swamps en route you would be bitten by mosquitoes and black flies, and you would get indigestion from eating the wrong kinds of food. But if you had the spirit of the explorer in you, you would not mind discomforts. You would welcome them. They would give you something to write about. Still another way of traveling to the moose country would be to put a tooth brush, an extra shirt, and a few odds and ends into a briefcase and start, with practically no money, depending for transportation and sustenance on the kindness of passing motorists and local mayors or police.

All three of these methods are used by explorers in Nigeria. But they do not say very much about the first one. They do not report that the boat train from Lagos, the seaport, to Kano, the largest native city and a popular jumping-off point, is more luxurious than any in Europe or the United States. They do not mention its dining car, its iced-drink bar, its hot and cold water in each compartment, its abundance of electric fans. This boat train offers de luxe comfort all the way into the heart of "darkest" Africa. Even the lesser trains, known as the "rich-mixed," have one or two bathrooms per coach. In the olden time the explorer headed for Kano used to cross the desert from the Mediterranean. Later he used to go up the Niger and Benue Rivers by stern-wheeler. Now, if he is sensible, he goes by train. But in his book he describes it as a "primitive native conveyance," or a "dugout canoe

floating like a forgotten leaf in the abysmal mangrove swamps, while the stagnant water sucked lifelessly. . . ." A first-class train isn't sinister enough to be mentioned in an African travel book.

The people of Northern Nigeria are Mahommedans. Kano and others of their cities, such as Katsina, Zaria, and Sokoto are ancient walled fortresses, built of red clay and in a simple and distinguished architecture. The native Emirs, who are appointed by the British and who rule subject to their supervision, are men of considerable ability and cultivation, interested in world affairs and in such modern occidental pastimes as aviation. And yet—"These Moslems in Northern Nigeria," writes one explorer, "have had no word of the swiftly changing Islamic world. The news would be disquieting." The truth is that these Moslems are in close touch with Mahommedan movements, still preserving their ancient trans-Saharan link with Arabia. Many make the pilgrimage in the old manner, walking all the way to Mecca, except across the Red Sea—a feat they leave to the explorers. Others now go down country by train, and then by steamer around Africa. Thus the Emir of Katsina, who dropped in at Buckingham Palace on the way home, to receive an audience and a decoration, stayed at the country house of Lord X, father of a District Officer, and got in a little flying.

Always, in the travel books, one finds the implication of danger. These Nigerian Mahommedans, with few exceptions, are followers of extremely moderate sects, but the explorer refers to them as a "Christian-hating Moslem regime." Actually, as the author should have learned, they class Christians and Jews as People of the Book, and look on them somewhat as inferior Mahommedans. "Meanwhile, I prowled about the streets of Kano, the city of 120,000 blacks, wherein no

white may stay, except one, who makes a Hausa-English dictionary." This again conveys a false sense of danger. There is no danger in prowling about the streets of Kano. The rule of the Government happens to be that for each big native city there shall be a corresponding white township outside the walls; but not for the sake of security from "Christian-hating Moslems"—simply for purposes of isolation from endemic native diseases. Incidentally, "the city of 120,000 blacks" contains only about half that number, but that's a detail.

In Northern Nigeria, among the Mahomedans, or in Southern Nigeria, among the pagans, the explorer is safe from any native menace. Provided he treats the natives with consideration and fairness, he has absolutely nothing to fear from them. But of that I shall have more to say a little later. Let us first look into some of the hardships the explorer must undergo after he has left the train and is preparing for his death-defying plunge into the wilds.

After two or three nights of eating, drinking, and sleeping, with occasional ten-minute walks on station platforms, he arrives at his kicking-off point. There, as a rule, he will be met by the senior administrative officer of the district, or by his motor and a polite written invitation. A junior officer will arrange for the transport of his baggage and for his accommodation. Dinner and bridge at the Residency, or a small dance, is the standard method of introducing the newcomer to the white inhabitants. It serves a dual purpose. The stranger is usually very welcome in a station where the European residents have exhausted their store of mutual interest and entertainment. The officials and others are occasionally lonely and often bored. To them the explorer comes as relief from the humdrum. And entertaining

him is well worth while, if only for the opportunity it affords the District Officer to study him. In an atmosphere of deference and good wines the explorer is apt to expand and expound. His host listens with flattering attention and draws him out, hoping to discover what kind of disturbance—if any—this particular visitor is likely to create. As long as the explorer remains at the station, dinners, bridge parties, dancing, tennis, shooting, polo—whatever forms of amusement it may afford—will be available to him. And at every other point, wherever one white man or more is to be found, he will be accorded similar treatment. He will be welcomed as a guest, in any case, and as a rule for himself.

What the explorer needs nowadays, rather than physical courage, is social stamina. For the farther he goes off the beaten trails the more certain he is to meet enthusiasts. He will be taken on long journeys through the blazing heat to see a new teachers' training college, or an amateurish bridge which it is fondly hoped will do wonders for an isolated village, or a pet tribe which their doting official will *almost* prove to be an offshoot of the Minoan civilization. On the whole, he will find well-cut evening clothes more useful in Africa than a formidable arsenal. But the dinner jackets, white mess-kits, and even Paris gowns of the Residency dances, the sociological and engineering betterments of the bush—these will not find their way into the saga of his adventures. On the subject of white hospitality, official and otherwise, the explorer is strangely silent. He is silent also upon another point, which is quite important. That is the item of ciceronage.

III

It should be understood that the explorer is never out of contact with

the Government, never unexpected when he arrives at a station. He is always accompanied by a native interpreter, pressed upon him free of charge, if not by a government native messenger. Often a white official will leave his duties in order to escort the explorer round. Never does he travel alone, for a single night or a single day, except at the moment of crossing an international boundary. Once he has crossed the border, another interpreter, another official, white or native, will see anew to his comfort and safety. There are reasons.

For example, a German explorer-ethnologist wanted to make her way from ex-German Cameroon up through Benue Province, Nigeria, to the Hill Province. I met her at my southern boundary, as the natives there had suffered from German atrocities of a mild sort during the War, and escorted her to my headquarters. There, being taken ill myself, I handed her over to the Commissioner of Police, who sent her under native escort to the next District Officer. This woman's main qualifications for exploring were a strikingly rugged physique and plenty of determination. She spoke no language but German and was under-supplied with money, equipment, experience, and tact. Allowed to roam about at random, she would inevitably have got into difficulties.

All Africa seems to be pacified. So far as I can discover, one Power or another governs and taxes every tribe on the continent. But no one really enjoys paying a tax. Consequently, from time to time, there is trouble. Sometimes the trouble starts over a religious matter, a *jihad* or holy war preached by some wandering teacher of Islam; or a more primitive tribe, having suffered from influenza, desires to stamp out the disease by means of forbidden witchcraft trials. Regularly, every so often, a young adminis-

trative officer, inquiring into the cause of non-payment of tax, is pulled off his horse and killed. (The same sort of thing happens to rent collectors and process servers all over the world.)

At one time an incident of this kind would have been the signal for a punitive expedition, or military patrol, costly, blundering, punishing all the wrong people. Now such methods are obsolete. Governments are in a stronger position. They can afford to take more time and deal more patiently with the problem than they could in earlier days. So a regulation is published, placing the affected area in a kind of quarantine. The boundaries isolating it are carefully defined on the map. No one, other than the officials in charge of the area, may enter it. These officials, usually a District Officer and a Commissioner of Police selected for the task, get to work on the problem of criminal responsibility; reduce it to a tribe, to a village, to certain households, finally to the exact men. Then they pounce, usually by night; and as a result of months of patient preliminary work, the ring-leaders are arrested, arrears of taxes paid as an outward and visible sign of grace, and much waste of lives and money has been averted.

There is usually some such sore spot in any country through which the explorer may pass, and an uncanny instinct will lead him to it if he is not tactfully diverted. It would, of course, be grand publicity if he could get a picture of part of the dead white man or see some fighting. He would willingly pay the fine for entering a gazetted "Unsettled Area." But the administrative officer is selfish. The last person he wants to see in an Unsettled Area is a stranger who speaks no native language, is dependent on an interpreter from another tribe, and knows neither the special customs of the people of that part of the country

nor the complicated politics and actors in the tribal drama.

In addition to actual unsettled areas, there are always places where a sympathetic administrator knows that trouble is brewing. The symptoms may be disputes over village boundaries, over farms, over chieftainships. The officer is using all his tact and experience to smooth things out. In the meantime he certainly wants no blundering traveler to precipitate matters, perhaps by greeting the chief's rival in mistake for the chief. In such places, any little mistake by a white man will be magnified in native eyes and may do serious harm. Therefore, the explorer, who is usually adept at making little mistakes, is kept out.

As I have already said, the explorer has nothing to fear from the natives in the ordinary way provided he treats them with consideration. This includes observing local rules of etiquette and refraining from giving offense. Being just as human as we, however, the natives can scarcely be blamed if at times they resent ungentlemanly behavior on the part of travelers. The explorer who, through ignorance or rudeness, tramps across swept and sanded praying plots, intrudes with camera into private ceremonies, interrupts a religious service to bargain for the vestments of the priest, giggles provokingly at customs or rites he does not understand embarrasses the government as well as the natives. No administrator wants to imprison or otherwise punish pleasant old farmers for showing their resentment in too rough and ready a fashion. Far simpler and more effective to keep an eye on the explorer and lead him in the way he should go. Hence the kindly custom, maintained in the interest of general harmony, of passing the newcomer on from hand to hand as carefully as a registered package. This policy is by no means limited to Nigeria.

It certainly prevails throughout the greater part of primitive Africa. In fact I am told that it prevails all over the Dark Continent, except in the most civilized sections, where a white skin is a commonplace.

IV

Regardless of nationality, the general run of explorers exhibit certain tribal traits in common. Among these traits are helplessness, a cheerful readiness to borrow without paying back, a semi-humorous, semi-resentful attitude toward phenomena they do not understand, and an amazing persistence in clinging to preconceived ideas.

It is not surprising, in a way, that the explorer should arrive in Africa full of misconceptions as to his needs; for he has read the books of other explorers and based his notions of African travel on them. Stuffed with stories of danger and hair-breadth escapes, he concentrates on extensive batteries of firearms, cameras, and typewriting materials, while neglecting to provide himself with real necessities.

If he is to journey far from the railways and navigable rivers, the explorer needs, for comfort, a collapsible bath, wash basin, camp bed, folding chair, table, reading lamp, cooking pans and sundries, mosquito net, crockery and glasses, filter, suitable clothes, and cash. Government rest houses, which are scattered all over Africa for the convenience of officials and travelers, consist merely of floor, walls, and roof. They are without water, gas, electricity, baths, beds, furniture, and cooking stoves. The essentials of equipment mentioned above, plus such tremendous trifles as spare collar buttons, razor blades, tooth paste, extra filter, candles, whiskey, and quinine, are items the explorer most frequently overlooks.

It is unpreparedness which is chiefly responsible for such hardships as he

may actually endure. Men without camping experience, who might well think twice before spending a few nights in the open in their own countries, go to Africa blandly confident of their ability to engineer prolonged camping trips across a strange land. As anyone can imagine who has ever organized a family picnic, it is no simple undertaking for a novice, knowing no native language, to wrestle with the daily problems of food, pay, and loading of thirty to a hundred cheerful but addle-pated carriers. Only the virtual absence of real danger makes it practicable to allow the explorer to try it. Whenever possible, the District Officer, wishing to hold down complications to a minimum, packs the traveler off to his next destination by motor truck, rather than encourage him to make the journey in more picturesque fashion.

In the vicinity of the railway, anything within reason from food to filters may be bought at the tin-roofed trading stores. It has been my experience, however, that explorers are an economical lot, preferring to borrow rather than to buy. They will borrow anything from beds to provisions, only rarely taking the trouble either to return the articles or to write their thanks to the lenders.

Sometimes their helplessness and lack of common sense are pathetic, or would be if they did not take so much for granted. I recall one man who arrived at my station by train, bringing his wife. Both were in wretched physical condition. Considering that between them they had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours but a tin of sardines and a box of crackers, this was hardly to be wondered at. I felt sorry for the man's wife. But as for him, he was not abashed in the least by his foolish disregard of the most ordinary precaution against illness. They were headed for another station, and I saw

to it that they reached it. There they camped on the District Officer as though they had been members of the family. The first night, rather than bother to unpack his own, the explorer borrowed his host's mosquito net, which meant that the host had to do without. Before leaving, at the suggestion of their hostess, they helped themselves to a choice selection of canned goods from her private larder but made not even a gesture toward giving anything in return.

There is apparently an impression abroad among explorers that everything from drinks to gasoline is paid for by the Government. One woman, on her way from the Gulf of Guinea overland to the Mediterranean, stated that she had been advised by an official in England to take nothing with her in the nature of bath, bedding, or food, since everywhere she would be the "guest of the Government." Accordingly, having insufficient money to purchase such things, she had been forced to borrow even the most everyday needs of the traveler.

One day a gaunt man arrived at my station asserting that he was a diplomatic representative of a Scandinavian country. I thought him a wandering elephant hunter. But both of us were wrong. In the course of a fortnight, during which he ate and drank free and freely, he reduced his claim to that of being an important post office official of Norway. He then took a bath and went off shooting. Before night he was carried back, suffering from severe malaria; but by then I had gone on tour into my district. When I returned he was recovering and was living as guest of a large trading company. He came up to my bungalow and demanded as his right the loan of about \$500, but not less than \$200, of either public money or my own. Ultimately he succeeded in borrowing about \$150 from his host, on promise to pay within a month, and

went on his way, informing my friends in other parts of the country that my refusal of his demands was an insult to himself and his nation. When last I heard of him he had still made no attempt to repay the loan.

If tactics of this kind do not endear the explorer to resident Europeans, still less do they endear him to the natives, who are in many respects more punctilious than whites. When a traveler arrives in a native village it is customary for the chief to give him presents of foodstuffs. It happens that chiefs usually give presents of much more than a traveler can use, such as a cow, ten sheep, a hundred pounds of corn, and so on. According to the strictest native etiquette, the white man is expected to accept these gifts in full; for their quantity is based on the assumption that, like a traveling native chief, he has a following large enough to consume them. Though the proffered items are gifts, however, native etiquette requires that their recipient give equally valuable presents in return. The transaction is regarded as an exchange of courtesies, rather than an affair of trade. Under modern conditions the strictness of the rule has become somewhat relaxed, so that it is permissible for the traveler to return some of the gifts—if he uses tact. And it is also permissible that the presents he himself gives should be in money, instead of in goods. But the principle that the provisions are a gift and not for sale is still maintained.

Too often explorers offend by misunderstanding, or pretending to misunderstand, their obligations in such cases. Too often they accept the gifts but neglect to return a *quid pro quo*. Frequently, taking the attitude that they are merely making purchases, they give offense by setting their own prices on foodstuffs. And when actually buying provisions, or paying for services, they make the mistake of

underestimating the present-day native's knowledge of values. The time has passed since a trunkful of soft-iron knives and ten-cent store perfume and jewelry was ample payment for feeding an explorer and his followers for months and building bridges and cutting roads for him. It may be that in the farthest hinterlands there are still natives for whom empty cartridge cases and other useless junk will hold an appeal. But generally speaking, the native greatly prefers payment in coin to trashy trade goods. He has his tax to meet and can use money in markets and trading stores. Explorers would do well to recognize this fact and to record it in their books for the guidance of those to come.

Being a country of many races, Africa is a country of many customs. It is largely to witness and report upon these customs (presumably) that the explorer goes there. In itself his aim is laudatory. My complaint is against the spirit in which he carries it out. If he made an honest effort to understand the native mind and culture and the motivation underlying the ceremonies he describes his writings would have some value. But that is not his method. He is far more concerned with projecting himself and his personal reactions into the African scene than in interpreting what he sees and hears objectively.

If the explorer did not regard his own rites and customs as the only reasonable ones, did not take himself as the only yardstick of comparison, he would derive less thrill from native usages, but would understand them better. In that event, juggling entertainments, curative medicine, criminal poisoning, religious rites, omen taking might cease to be confused in his book under the term witchcraft, or "ju ju." Trials by ordeal might seem to him merely less brutal and more ingenious forms of inquiry than the "third de-

gree" examinations of civilized police. If the explorer left his funny little pornographic mind at home, he would no longer read into village dances, debutantes' parties, and other social activities, elements of lewdness of which they are totally innocent.

I have attended, sometimes formally, sometimes informally and unexpectedly, every kind of native dance that I could. Usually men and women dance separately. When they have touched one another at all it has been in a round dance. I have never seen them dance in couples, breast to breast, as whites do. At none of these dances has there been any action more suggestive than the posturing and strutting of the young men before the virgins and women. There has been no trace of impropriety discoverable in their behavior or their comments.

After chatting with natives in their own language for many years, I have come to the conclusion that the idea of a smutty joke is alien to them. Some of their folk tales deal with Freudian symbols and with nature symbols of strange shapes; yet the whole attitude of the native toward sex is utterly different from that of the white man. Doubtless because his sex-life is un-repressed, he treats sex matters as openly, simply, minutely, and seriously as any other physiological functions. By this I do not mean that he performs sexual practices in public, but merely that he regards them as perfectly natural, unexceptional features of existence. Among the various tribes, it is true, almost every known variety of sex custom, except incest, polyandry, and promiscuity in their strict meanings, is in use. The point is, however, that all these customs are taken as seriously by the natives as we take a marriage solemnized by an archbishop.

But the explorer, applying his own attitude of mind to the native cult of phallic symbols, to fertility dances and

other ceremonies, injects into them much that is not there. The result is that his books, or his lectures, serve only to add to the public fund of misinformation regarding Africa.

V

A lion who used to get the best notices from explorers was known more intimately to the white residents as the "Policeman." He was a friendly old creature, married and dreadfully domestic, who annually returned to the same beat. Every month or so, with his wife and very bourgeois family, he would sprawl in the middle of a native trading road and stop all traffic. The natives would camp patiently on the road each side of him until he finally stood aside to let them pass. It was our local theory that he did this when he had been bullied in his home and felt the need to assert himself elsewhere.

Even in these days of grandmotherly legislation, natives and lions have some few remaining liberties. Naturally, natives enjoy a little dancing now and then, apart from its occasional religious significance. Naturally, where there are lions, they will roar at night. But in the travel books such happenings are menacing, ominous. The village dance becomes an orgiastic ritual. The lion's roar, if he is in good voice and has not overeaten, is worth several pages. First comes the roar in full-dress description; next the reaction to it of the explorer; then the inner, deeper meaning of this "voice of savage Africa."

The question is: Are these explorers genuinely naïve or do they deliberately falsify? Or are they only doing the best they can, against heavy odds, to please their publishers and the reading public? One may take one's choice of explanations.

Though prejudice makes it difficult for me to adopt the most charitable

view, fairness compels me to admit that it is not wholly baseless. The explorer goes to Africa looking for sensational material. He wants to find something new. His publisher and his public want him to find it. But in the last two thousand years almost everything has been discovered, from mythical human monsters to cannibal pygmies. Yet the demand remains unsatisfied. What is the explorer to do?

He arrives in Africa. There his conviction that the country remains as it was when Livingstone fought his way up and down it is severely shaken. Everything is so damnably, so unbelievably, suburban wherever he goes. Social calls and return calls, pasteboard in hand. Dinner jackets, dances, and tennis. Motor cars, motorcycles, trucks and luxurious trains. How can he make a book out of things like that? Even the natives disappoint him in their talk of crops and weather, if farmers; of markets and prices, if traders. Their talk is the same as country and small-town talk the world over. And the better the poor fellow gets to know them, the more dismally banal they appear.

The explorer looking for sensations cannot afford, if he is at all percipient, to travel much or stay in the country long. He would be in serious danger of seeing beneath the skin of his primitive savage and might become interested, despite himself, in the normal life of the people. In lieu of the "encompassing primeval jungle" he might find himself confronted with the technical problems of Forestry and Agricultural departments. He would discover native secret societies, for the most part, to be clubs where the men find refuge from their wives, drink beer, and swap yarns. And that would never do. If he put such things into his book, the publisher's reader would say—as one did say not long ago: "This is not *my* idea of Africa."

So the explorer rejects the evidence of his eyes and ears in favor of his preconceived notions, the notions he cherished before leaving home, of what Africa must be. The Africa of the explorers, "where the cries of prowling beasts echo through a primal wilderness and primitive man crouches trembling in his grass hut or seeks refuge in tree or cave."

One of my most pleasant memories of official life is of two maiden ladies, well over fifty years of age, who wandered one day into an outlying post. They came in a hired car, which only their faith held together, over the worst road we had, and arrived tidy and untired. It was evident at a glance that they were not explorers. They had heard that the place was interesting and might they, please, stay a few days? They promised not to be nuisances. No, they did not write books nor did they lecture. But when they felt restless at home they liked to pack a few clothes and travel. No, they needed nothing, thank you; they had a good native cook and all necessities.

As soon as it knew them the station went mad with dinner parties and showed the two visitors every possible attention. They were perfect guests; handsome, as only women of that age can be, gracious, and with a form of appreciation which was the most skillful flattery. They seemed to know instinctively what each man valued most in his work, and their praise of it had in some manner the critical approval of an expert. They had been everywhere in the world that one would like to go and had experienced nothing that in their eyes amounted to risk or discomfort. One felt they never would.

But they will never write a travel book. Their observation is too accurate, their views too sane to command attention.



THE HONEY POT

A STORY

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

THE other evening when I climbed up the front steps to my lodgings, I saw that my landlady had taken down the sign from the window that told of the room which was to let.

This made me very happy, for it had been six months since anyone had lodged there. And I began to wonder about the new lodger. I thought, "Is the new lodger a man or a woman?" But, once I had opened the door, I knew that a woman had come to live in the room next to me. For even in the front hall there was the fragrance of perfume.

I went up to my room. The perfume grew stronger. It was thick and heavy, like the smell of a summer garden at night. It was a gentle perfume, like the scent of violets that used to blossom in a shady bed at the monastery near Prague where I learned to be a baker.

I began to wonder what this woman who had come to lodge next me would be like. And I listened for her footsteps or for the sound of noises that people make when they go bustling about the matter of a new lodging. But everything was still.

Instead of her footsteps, I heard the voice of my landlady, welcoming somebody, and a great tramping up the stairs. And I remembered that I had asked my friends to come and have a game of cards with me. I opened my door and they came in laughing—my

Greek friend who works beside me at the bakery, a Russian, whom I had met in a restaurant run by a woman from the Volga district; and behind them a youth from my native village of Polna.

I opened the door and they came in laughing, all except my young countryman. A strange look was on his face, and his eyes were the eyes of a man who had seen a ghost pass. I said to him:

"Come, what is your trouble?"

And I led him to a chair, for he was shaking like one bitten by a chill wind. He sat down. I turned to the others who were laughing. "What is this?" I said sharply. "Can you laugh with a comrade in this distress?"

"Distress! *Distress!*" called out the Russian. "He was as gay as any when your landlady opened the door upon us."

"There is a strange perfume in the hall," said my countryman. And he put his hand upon his forehead.

"Oh, ho—*perfume!*" cried my Greek friend. "What sort of man are you to grow giddy over a strong scent? I thought that a woman's trick."

"Hush!" said the Russian. "It is probably not the perfume at all. But something the perfume calls to mind. . . ."

I nodded my head.

"It was so when my sister died. The apple trees before my father's

house were filled with blossoms. Now, whenever I smell an apple orchard in bloom I think of my little sister lying in a cold, dark room with candles fluttering like yellow moths about her head."

"Music is like that, too," said the Russian. "You hear a strain of music on a summer day and ever after when it is played you see youths and maidens dancing between the lilac bushes, and haycocks golden in the sun, and swallows darting in and out of the shadows."

My countryman gave a sigh. "You are right," he said.

At this my Greek friend laughed. "I will wager that nothing so innocent as candles before a corpse or dancing between lilac bushes is in our young friend's mind at this moment. . . . If ever I smelled a wanton smell it was to-night when your landlady opened the door upon us."

The Russian drew in a deep breath and let it out slowly. He shook his head. "It certainly is not a chaste scent," he admitted.

"Come, tell us," said my Greek friend. "What manner of woman did you fall in love with? To have such memories at your age is monstrous!"

My countryman sighed. "She was very beautiful," he said.

"How old were you?" asked the Russian.

"Six—perhaps seven."

"In love—at seven!" cried my Greek friend. "Whoever heard of such nonsense!"

"That is not nonsense," replied the Russian. "One is always in love—from the moment one's eyes begin to see things. Come, did you not cry with longing from the very beginning? For a bright red apple your grandmother held up to you. Or a new rattle. Or a piece of sugar wrapped in a cloth?"

"That is not love. I wanted only to possess them."

"That is all love is," returned the Russian. "It is the same at seven or seventy."

At this my young countryman looked up at us. "A man cannot possess a dream," he said slowly.

My Greek friend laughed outright. "So! You have seen a beautiful woman while you slept. That is nothing new."

"How dull you are!" cried the Russian. "As if dreams are always a matter of couch and pillow. Wide-eyed dreams are the most disturbing."

"Yes, that is it!" exclaimed my countryman. "That is the word—*disturbing*."

With that I heard the door of the next room open. The three of us listened. The door closed. The new lodger went down the hall. There came the tread of feet on the stairway, the bang of the front door.

The four of us drew in our breaths. A scent drifted through the cracks of the door. And again I thought of a summer garden at night—only this time it was as if a hot wind had blown over it.

My companions looked at me. The eyes of the youth from Polna were burning.

"It is a new lodger," I said. "She has gone out."

My Greek friend sneered. "On the streets where she belongs."

The youth from Polna gave a little shiver. "It is the same scent. Yes, it is the same scent. I wonder—"

"What is he talking about!" exclaimed my Greek friend.

"His dream, of course," said the Russian. "Tell us about it."

My countryman took a gay handkerchief from his pocket. "Very well," he answered. "But you will laugh at me."

I looked at my Greek friend. "Not all of us," I said.

My countryman began to tell his story but almost at once he grew confused and stopped.

"It is simple enough when I think of it," he said. "But to tell it is another story. For one thing, I do not know where to begin."

"I can tell you that," said my Greek friend. "Begin with the day you were born. That is always where the writers of romances start."

"Do you want to keep us here all night?" cried the Russian with a dry laugh.

"He was born in Polna," I put in, "—near Prague."

My countryman shook his head. "You are wrong, Josef Vitek. The village where I was born was not so grand as Polna. My father and mother moved there later, when I was ten years old."

"After your dream," said the Russian.

"After my dream. . . . At that time, we lived in a little village that you would not even know by name. My parents were poor, the village was poor, the country round about it was poor. It was in the mountain districts, and my father was a woodcutter."

The Russian smiled and nodded his head. "Once upon a time there lived a poor woodcutter. This begins like a fairy tale."

My countryman cleared his throat. "My father was a grave man. And my mother was grave, too. Folk who live in the mountains are never as gay and happy as those who live in the lowlands. One spring a great company of men moved up from the plains. They made a camp not far from the village. They were a gay lot. In the evenings I could hear their music and laughter. And sometimes, when the air was very still, the echo of their dancing feet fell upon my ears."

"Ah, gipsies!" cried my Greek friend.

The youth from Polna shook his

head. "No. They were workmen. Laborers, sent up by rich men to dam up a stream for the making of electricity. I knew nothing of the wonders of what these men purposed, then. Nor did my parents. For they were not only grave but simple. Nor did I care. Their music and laughter and dancing feet were enough for me. But spring departed and summer came and still all I knew of these men were the pleasant sounds they made at nightfall."

"What has all this to do with a woman?" asked my Greek friend sourly.

"Be silent!" said the Russian.

"The first days of summer found my father a busy man," went on my countryman. "There were trees to fell and logs to hew for the damming of the stream. Every day he rose at sunrise and went into the forest. And every day I begged him to take me, so that I might see these men who danced so gaily and sang at nightfall. But at the moment when he seemed persuaded my mother would say, 'It is not safe for the child to go among strangers.' At which my father would laugh, and reply, 'Do you fancy that these plainsmen are demons?' And he would depart with his gleaming ax on his shoulder, leaving me weeping. Or he would say sourly, 'The child must leave your knee some day.' To which she would reply, 'He is all I have. I shall not risk him before his time.'"

The Russian turned to my Greek friend. "Did I not say that love was possession?"

"One day, in the late afternoon, a pedlar came to our door with a pack of finery on his back. My mother liked the ribbons and the bright kerchiefs and the velvet girdles embroidered with roses. She had no money to spend, yet she fingered and stroked everything as if she had somewhere a bag of gold hidden. While she looked

and bargained for trinkets she could not buy, I strolled away from the doorstep. I heard the sound of my father's ax in the distance and the cries of the workmen stopping the river's flow, and the pounding of hammers. I looked back at my mother. She had forgotten me. . . . She had forgotten me, and my feet were before the road that led into the forest. I began to run. I felt free and happy."

My countryman cleared his throat. His eyes were shining. No one spoke—not even my Greek friend who always had a jibe on the tip of his tongue.

"I ran and ran," went on my countryman. "I came to a bridge leaping over a chasm. Not a bridge of stone or even stout timbers but a bridge flung together quickly—a bridge which swung even in the light breeze. I stopped. For the first time I trembled. I thought of my mother bending over the pedlar's sack—my mother who had forgotten me. I stepped on the bridge. It swayed, and my heart beat in my throat. But I kept on. Far below in a hollow of the mountain, I saw men swarming like ants over the hillside.

"I crawled down toward them. I found a sunny spot upon a knoll and here I sat watching, watching. Never before had I seen such a sight. Hundreds of men with their backs bent in toil; great engines that ate into the hillside and spewed forth what they had devoured; huge carts that needed neither horse nor oxen but set themselves in motion.

"It was a warm day but presently a cold wind began to blow. The brown bodies of the men no longer gleamed in the sunlight. I knew that the day was spent and I began to think of home. I pulled myself up the hillside again and stood once more before the bridge. But the thing I had done in the light of day I could not persuade myself to accomplish in the pale twilight. Be-

sides, the wind had risen sharply and the bridge was swinging like a grapevine. The songs of the birds were hushed and the cries of wild beasts began to float toward me. But, above everything else, I heard my name, echoing up and down the mountain side, and I knew that my father was calling me. I listened. My father's voice came again. I wanted to cry out in answer. I longed to feel my hand in the strong hand of my father. But, instead, I put my fingers in my ears and fled. My father was a kind man but at that moment I feared him. I feared him at that moment more than the gloom of the forest or the cries of the wild beasts.

"I ran along a path that fell away from the bridge. It led along the hillside and then dropped gently down into a gloomy fold in the hills. I saw the light of bonfires through the pine boughs and I came upon a hut or two perched above their crackle and flame. The door of the first hut was open. I peered in. A woman sat before a table with the light of a candle turned full upon her face."

"Ah," cried my Greek friend, rubbing his palms together. "At last we have come to the woman."

My countryman paid no heed to these words. "She was dressed in red like a flame," he went on. "And she sat there, waiting. I have seen my mother sit thus in the twilight, waiting for my father's step upon the threshold. There is always a sad look upon the faces of women who wait thus. When she saw me she drew back but the next moment she flung wide her arms to me and I ran forward and threw myself upon her breast, weeping. Her body was warm and sweet-smelling, and the hands that wiped my tears away were soft and white. I looked up at her. She was like no woman I had ever seen.

"My mother's hands were rough from toil, my mother's hair was dull

and faded, my mother's lips were thin and pale. But this woman had smooth fingers and shining hair and full, red lips. But it was her fragrance that beguiled me—it was her fragrance that was a curtain that shut out the world and made me forget to be fearful of my father's anxious voice calling to me up and down the hillside. It was her fragrance that made me forget my mother's tired breast which had been so eager to shelter me."

"It is always so," said the Russian. "Virtue was not born an enchantress."

"I ceased my crying and she put me down. She moved toward the door, and I felt a great fear lest she might walk out into the night and melt away. Instead, she closed the door and bolted it fast. Then she went to a cupboard and took out bread and a pitcher of goat's milk and a pot of honey and sweetmeats and laid them on a table.

"She drew up a stool and sat me before a deep bowl and presently I was feasting. Now, thought I, she will begin to question me. But all she said was, 'Have you no taste for honey?' And she smiled and held out a spoon dripping sweetness to my greedy lips. Then she put a bit of plum cake before me and I knew that she was not mortal—since no mortal woman would feed me honey and plum cake at one meal. For a moment I was frightened, remembering a story my mother had once told me of a witch who fattened children thus on sweetmeats, only, in the end, to devour them. I drew back, but she smiled and held the plum cake up to me. I took it from her and devoured it to the last crumb."

"A child and a man," said the Russian—"they are all one. When a woman smiles at them they forget danger."

"As I was finishing my plum cake, there came a loud rapping on the door. I started up in terror for I thought that my father had come for me.

'Hush,' she said, 'it is nothing!' Then she went to the door and cried, 'Cannot you see that my door is closed? Go away!' And I heard a strange voice grumble and fade into the distance.

"After that another man came and beat upon her door—and another, and yet another. But to every one she gave the same reply. I sat at the table watching every move she made. But presently I grew heavy-lidded and the room swam before me. I felt myself lifted up and laid upon a bed so soft that it seemed cushioned with lamb's wool.

"I awoke to a black terror. Thunder was crashing overhead, and a tempest sang through the trees. I gave a cry. But at once I felt myself enveloped in a fragrant warmth. I remembered the woman in the flame-colored dress and the plum cake and honey she had fed me. And I knew that I was safe in her arms, and then I slept until morning."

"And did you never think once of your home?" I asked suddenly. "Did you never think once of your father's frantic cries or your mother's tears?"

My countryman shook his head. "Only as something that belonged to a time that was past."

"She was a witch!" grumbled my Greek friend.

"As such women always are," said the Russian.

"When I awoke, her door was open, and the sun was streaming in. I lay in the center of the huge bed gazing up at the rafters. The woman was laying more bread and milk upon her table—in the center was the honey pot. A strange sadness seized me and I began to weep. She came over and kissed me. 'What is it, little one?' she said. I shook my head. 'Are you grieving for your mother? Come, now that it is morning you shall tell me where you live and we shall go back together.'

But I only wept more loudly. 'What is it, little one?' she said once more. 'I shall never see you again,' I answered. And at that she wept, also, holding me close.

"I sat before the table, but even the honey did not tempt me. Finally she pressed me to her heart again, and we left her gay room and began to climb up the hillside. We climbed up and up until we came to the swaying bridge. She drew back before this in terror. But the next moment she had gathered me in her arms and we stood safe upon the other side.

"As we drew near my father's house I saw his ax standing before the door and I knew that he had not gone to his task. We walked slowly up the little path. My father's door was open and there came the sound of a woman weeping. 'Call to them,' said the woman. I called my mother's name. The weeping ceased. 'Call again,' said my companion. But at that moment my mother appeared in the doorway.

"Her eyes fell upon me and she sprang forward. I felt myself gathered into an angry embrace. The next moment I was in my father's house again, with the door shut swiftly in the face of the woman who had given me shelter."

My Greek friend began to laugh. "So that is all there is to your fine tale! . . . I thought you were to be stolen by gipsies, with a chase through the woods. I had hopes, even, that your mother was never to see you again."

"It would have been as well," said my countryman. "For, from the moment that she shut the door on the face of the woman who had given me shelter, my mother no longer possessed me. From that moment, I no longer loved her."

"She had lost you before that," said the Russian. "She had lost you when your lips first tasted of the honey pot."

"My mother questioned me," went on my countryman. "My father questioned me. But I would tell them nothing. My father even threatened to beat me, but my mother came between us and said cunningly, 'Let him alone. He will talk when the time comes. When the time comes he will weary us with his chatter about this painted creature and the evil things he saw in her house.' But as the days went on and I still held my tongue, my mother grew beside herself with curiosity and spite. She threatened me, she coaxed me, she showered me with caresses—she even beat me. But I would not speak. I would not share my secret with her. Every night I cried myself to sleep. Every night I fell asleep and dreamed of the soft bed that once had been my portion. I fell asleep and smelled perfume and feasted on plum cake and honey.

"And day by day my mother grew more bitter and full of spite. And day by day I grew more silent and hateful until finally I said to myself, 'Why do you not run away? Why do you not go and live forever with the woman who once sheltered you? Why do you not go and feast forever on plum cake and honey?' So on the next morning, I ran from my father's house once more. I went across the swaying bridge and down the steep mountain path. But the door that once stood open to me was closed. For the woman had gone away forever. Slowly I went back to my father's house. My mother was standing in the doorway. She had a willow switch in her hand. I did not even run from her.

"The next day I said to my father, 'Take me with you into the forest.' My mother smiled a bitter smile but she said nothing. So I went hand in hand away into the forest with my father."

My countryman ceased speaking. We were all silent. A great sadness

had fallen upon us. I heard the slam of the front door.

"What is that?" said my Greek friend.

"She has come back," answered the Russian.

Her tread was as heavy as the perfume which drifted toward us as she passed to her door. My countryman grew pale again.

"What folly!" cried my Greek friend pointing to him.

"Be silent!" said the Russian. "Have you never had a memory that stabs at your heart?"

"I cannot understand it," exclaimed my countryman. "It sleeps for days, for months, for a year. And then, quite suddenly, it comes to life again. I see a woman waiting in the twilight, or honey dripping from a spoon, or a slice of plum cake on a plate, and I say to myself, 'Some day I shall see her again.' And a great longing to see this woman comes over me. But when I smell a rich perfume I am afraid. I think, 'Now she is at hand!' And I tremble all over."

"You long to see her and then you are afraid!" cried my Greek friend. "I cannot understand that."

The Russian scowled. "I understand perfectly. He is afraid because he is jealous of his memory. He wants to keep his beautiful memory even though it disturbs him."

My countryman nodded. "You must be right," he said. "When that strange perfume passed this door I wanted to open it and see the woman for myself. But instead I sat here in my seat shivering."

"Come," cried my Greek friend, "let us all go and beat upon her door! When you see what she is like you will be cured."

"But this woman next door cannot be the woman he is seeking," I said.

The Russian looked at me. "Can-not!" he exclaimed.

My countryman shook his head. "I am afraid," he murmured. Then he turned to me and said, "Josef Vitek, will you do me a favor? Will you go beat upon her door and question her?"

"Yes," I answered. "If that is your wish."

"She may not be alone," laughed my Greek friend.

I paid no heed to him. Instead, I found a package of cards and threw them on the table. "You three play at cards," I said. "I shall not be long."

I stood before her door and listened. All I heard was a coughing, coughing—for all the world like a parrot, mocking an old woman. I tapped lightly. The coughing ceased.

"Who is there?" a voice cried.

A sudden whim seized me. "A countryman from Bohemia," I said.

There came a silence. Then the voice said, "Go away! Go away!"

My heart beat quickly again. For I knew by her terror that I had guessed one thing concerning the woman on the other side of the door.

"Let me in," I begged. "I live in the next room. I am only a simple baker. I will not harm you."

There followed another silence. I heard a key turn in the lock and the door stood open. . . . The room was dim, but I saw a great mountain of flesh moving away from me. I followed into a circle of light, and the woman turned her face up to me. It was fat and painted. She looked at me. "No," she said slowly, "I do not know you. I have never seen you before."

"You do not like your countrymen," I said.

"I do not like anybody who knew me when I was young." As she said this she threw off a shawl that she had been wearing, and the air became thick with perfume. I looked about the

room. In a corner was a table with a plate and a cup and saucer, and a loaf of bread on it. A tiny lamp stood in the center, and a little to one side was a jar of honey. I drew in a quick breath as one does who suddenly uncovers a secret and I said:

"They tell me you were very beautiful!"

She gave a short laugh. "Young man, that is not a pretty speech. Still, it is so. And who told you all this nonsense?"

"I heard it from a child who has grown up," I answered.

She shrugged. "What do children know of such things?"

"A child who fell in love with you. Perhaps you do not think that such a thing can happen!"

She sat down upon a couch, away from the cruel glare of light. Her bosom was bare and it seemed very white in the dimness. "A child who fell in love with me," she repeated. "You are talking nonsense. You do not even know my name."

"That is true," I said. "But neither did the child who fell in love with you. . . . He lived in the mountains of Bohemia. He came to your hut one night and you fed him plum cakes and honey."

She sat for a moment motionless. Then she began to tremble and reach for her shawl. "I should not have opened the door!" she cried.

"Do not be afraid," I said. "I am not that child. He sits in the room next door, playing cards. He has sent me to see if his dream has come true."

"His dream?"

"He thinks always of you as the most beautiful vision of his life. . . . Whenever he sees a woman waiting in the twilight, whenever he sees honey dripping from a spoon, whenever he sees a piece of plum cake on a plate he says to himself, 'Someday I shall see

her again!' And a great longing comes over him. But when he smells a rich perfume he is afraid. He thinks, 'Now she is at hand!' And he trembles all over."

She took her hand from the shawl at her throat. Her words were almost the words that my Greek friend had uttered: "He longs to see me and yet he is afraid?"

I nodded. "To-night when this strange perfume passed my door he wanted to open it and see you for himself. But instead he sat in his seat, shivering."

She shook her head sadly.

"Of all who came to my door he alone remembers me. . . . I, too, have longed to see the child again who brought me happiness for a night. But now that he sits across the hall, I, too, am afraid. I have my dream also."

I moved toward the door. "Shall I call him?"

She rose quickly. "No!" she cried. "I shall not have him come here. I shall not have him come here to draw back from me."

"You have lived a hard life."

"An evil one. It is the same thing."

I moved toward the door. "Yet you have a good heart," I said.

"That is never enough," she answered.

"What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him that I am a fat old woman. That will suffice."

As she said this she buried her face in her hands, and I opened the door and left her alone, weeping.

I entered my room again. My countryman rose to his feet. His lips were parted and his eyes were shining. But his cheeks were pale. "Well?" he cried.

I shook my head. "She is a fat old woman," I answered. And I began to laugh.

He sat down like a man who had been struck in the face. "Somehow,

I thought that at last I had found her," he muttered.

The woman's door opened and closed again. We all fell silent, listening to the tramp of her feet down the stairs. The perfume came again.

"Open the window," cried the Russian. "This room smells like a garden filled with dying flowers."

I crossed over and threw open the window. The woman was standing on the opposite side of the street under the glare of the lamp light. She had her drab shawl over her shoulders.

"If you do not mind, Josef Vitek," said my countryman, "I think I shall go home."

None of us spoke, not even my Greek friend who likes a bitter jest. My countryman rose without a word and left us. I stood by the window, watching. I saw my countryman go down the front stairs, I saw him cross the

street. I saw the woman dart forward and then fall back, drawing her shawl up to her eyes. And I knew at once that she had guessed who had passed her.

I went and sat at the table.

"You were lying, Josef Vitek!" said my Greek friend. "Anyone could tell that."

I turned to the Russian. "Should I have told him the truth?" I demanded.

The Russian shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not?" demanded my Greek friend.

"People who know the truth have nothing left to dream about," put in the Russian.

"Which is best?" I cried. "Which is best—the truth or the dream?"

The Russian shook his head. "If one knew that, one would know everything," he said sadly.

And he began to deal out the cards for a game.





THE PERILS OF PROPHECY

BY ROY HELTON

THIS morning the air was crisp and keen, the sky a bright hard blue. The walls outside my window glowed with the sharp impact of the winter sun.

But on the front page of yesterday's *Times* I had read this weather forecast: "Cloudy. To-morrow snow or rain, rising temperature." All day I have been looking for snow or rain or perceptibly rising temperature. Also, and more tragically, a long line of the unemployed has been waiting down town for a chance to shovel away the predicted snow. But to-night the moon is out, a slightly veiled moon, and perhaps to-morrow the snow will come, and perhaps not.

Millions of dollars and hundreds of men contributed the best information modern science has to offer to the composition of those seven misleading words of meteorology. I am very well aware that the weather forecasts of our government are as good as any that can be had. I do not complain at the bad guess. What constantly astonishes me, however, is the fact that with this frequent demonstration before us of the difficulty of dealing with a future only twenty-four hours away—and a future concerned with purely physical events—we so persistently assume that much more distant social, political, and financial events can be even vaguely foreseen.

Prophecy rises with every drop in the business cycle. It is a disease of malnutrition and, when we most require

calmness of spirit, it sweeps over the earth to bedevil our days with unwarranted gloom and our nights with delusive hope.

I do not need to propose any remedy for this distemper, except perhaps the operation of mob law, for one of the soundest and most persistent of man's social instincts is the impulse to stone the prophets. We have, as a matter of fact, been doing a great deal of that in these last six months to our financial prophets, and we may be doing a great deal more of it some day to our scientific and social prophets. But it is unhappily the testimony of history that no amount of stoning ever discouraged the prophetic spirit, or indeed the appetite which it feeds. For the future is not only a potential reality; it is also a dream world toward which men may be stampeded for wish fulfilment, and thus misdirected away from whatever happens, at the moment, to be considered the sinful enjoyment of their immediate lives.

In 1903 Mr. H. G. Wells, in a noble and excited moment, delivered a Royal Institute lecture on "The Discovery of the Future." In that paper he proclaimed the principle that foreknowledge is the proper goal of all the sciences and demanded that an organized effort be made to put prophecy on a rational basis, and to direct human knowledge toward an inquiry into the future. In these ensuing twenty-five years this has not been done. Neither, I think, would Mr. Wells and his

coadjutors ever really want it to be done; for though that lecture was so well thought of, at the time, that it was reprinted in the proceedings of the Smithsonian Institution, and though Mr. Wells and many other imaginative or scientific or pseudo-scientific writers have in the past quarter of a century predicted, with excessive liberality and in all directions, what is to be the future of man, of society, of beach clothing, or of women, hardly one of them has dealt with the relation of man to his destiny in a dispassionate way, or without the taint of special pleading for some pet science or social panacea.

Clearly, the future is too valuable a property, for propagandists of every sort, not to be defended by all seekers after social effects from all seekers after truth. It is no less clear that as historic Christianity declines among intelligent men and women, they still retain, as an emotional hangover from their childhood days, its attitude toward to-morrow, its use of the next world as a lever for the control of conduct in this world; and that these vestiges are being shaped by much conscious and unconscious effort into a new religion. We are already conditioned by this dawning faith. We regard any philosophy as depressing and destructive of ambition and of a reason for living if it denies the unlimited possibilities of human improvement and self-mastery, or if it questions that human life will exist in the universe forever. Such denials seem to us repugnant and heretical. We react to them exactly as a Christian fundamentalist reacts to the scientific denial of a physical Heaven or Hell. This simple transformation from Christian to pseudo-scientific thinking and feeling has behind it the same old conviction of original sin, of the vileness of living man, of the small worth of life, and of the meagerness of its possibilities, and at the far end, the same faith in some

"great and notable day" as has the older theology.

Turning once more to Mr. Wells as the most persistent and perhaps most representative prophet of our generation, we may see in his published sayings a perfect parallel to Hebrew eschatology. To this tune he began his gospel, about thirty years ago:

"Small as our vanity and carnality make us, there has been a day of still smaller things." "Considered as a final product I do not think much of myself or my fellow-creatures."

From this vile and carnal product, man, great things are, however, some day to come: "Everything seems pointing to the belief that we are entering upon a progress that will go on with an ever widening and ever more confident stride forever. . . . All this world is heavy with the promise of greater things, and a day will come, one day in the endless succession of days, when beings who are now latent in our thoughts and hidden in our loins shall stand upon this earth as one stands upon a footstool, and shall laugh and reach out their hands amidst the stars."

Beside these sayings, so closely paralleling the poetry of Holy Writ, one must place a later dictum of Mr. Wells, delivered only last year as he stepped from an Atlantic steamer: "Civilization is like a tremendously crazy edifice, the fall of which will be far greater and more terrible than the collapse of Greece and Rome."

Now, whether or not it appeals to man's hopes that either he or some remote descendant hidden in his unimportant loins may stand on the earth as on a footstool and reach out his hands amidst the stars; whether or not that seems any better than lolling among the houri of the Moslem paradise or playing harps on the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, the fact remains that all efforts toward making

the future into a religious goal, including the modern scientific effort, involve grave dangers. They may lead us to evade present-day realities for dream goals and wish fulfilments. They may prevent us from discovering just the one thing that we as reasonable, curious human beings would wish to know: what is the future likely to be? Is it to be a succession of triumphs for a risen man, is it to be a long drawn-out tragedy of slow exhaustion, or is it to be a doom of sudden disaster? Is man the end and final flowering of protoplasm on this spinning earth, or is man but a link in the interminable chain of advancing life, leading forward to an unimaginable goal? Are we justified in shaping our present lives toward far-off divine events and, if not, what are we justified in shaping our present lives toward? These are problems of no mean dimension: they are the ultimate problems of human thought.

It will not do to forget that the answers so far received have come mainly from Great Britain, where the average man of science is still emotionally a grandson of Queen Victoria. The answers have therefore been in the main rationalizations, as I have intimated, of nineteenth-century religious goals. The scientist, as though making a sacrifice to atone for his intellectual liberty, remains generally adolescent in his emotional life, holding it toward ancestral patterns. This is not quite so true in America as in England; but as the American scientist sticks closer to his laboratory, while his English brother writes books and directs the current of modern thought, the effort of science to face important human problems is generally spent in an attempt to reconcile its findings with boyhood responses to the teachings of the Church.

The recent—but far from original—efforts to reconcile the scientific conviction that our earth will some day

become uninhabitable with the theological belief in an immortal and interminable destiny for man, by foreseeing the human race as colonizers of this and other solar systems, offer an excellent example of this agony of adjustment which is so at war with the discovery of the truth.

Winwood Reade began it in the *Martyrdom of Man*, that first gospel of the future-seekers, which was published in 1872. Having dethroned Christianity, he sets up in its place a new vision of the future: "Disease will be extirpated: the causes of decay will be removed: immortality will be invented. And then, the earth being small, mankind will migrate into space, and will cross the airless Saharas which separate planet from planet and sun from sun. The earth will become a Holy Land which will be visited by pilgrims from all the quarters of the universe. Finally men will master the forces of nature; they will become themselves architects of systems, manufacturers of worlds. Man will then be perfect."

This same sort of beautiful balderdash is in the air to-day. But we shall not find out very much about future or even present possibilities until we are content to rule out of our speculations all self-deceiving desires to have tomorrow justify our momentary prejudices, or to have it take up all our slack for us, and turn itself into a heaven or a hell to threaten the opponents of prohibition, socialism, free love, birth control, natural education, or experimental biology. Brilliant as he was, Winwood Reade let the future befog his thinking, as it has done the thinking of almost every man who has allowed himself to dabble in it. In the last chapter of his remarkable book he attacked communism in these words: "If all the property of this country were divided, things would soon return to their actual condition unless some

scheme could also be devised for changing human nature. . . . As long as men continue unequal in patience, industry, talent, and sobriety, so long will there be rich men and poor men." Yet five pages later, in a mild rhapsody as to the result of airships, cheap food, and power upon life, he seemed to have forgotten those very inequalities and frailties of human nature; for he concluded that "Governments will be conducted with the quiet and regularity of club committees. Luxuries will be cheapened and made common to all; none will be rich, and none poor."

This big rock candy mountain where the bars all have free lunches, is the theme song of our modern soothsayers.

II

The extent to which dreams of a future satisfactory to ourselves distort our prophecies can best be suggested by a comparison of some of the forecastings of the past fifty years with ensuing facts of history. A general rule appears almost at once: unimportant details, of no value as wish fulfilments, are often foreseen with startling accuracy; but general conditions and the sort of social changes in which the propagandists are interested rarely occur as anticipated, the future refusing to oblige us by realizing our personal or sociological ambitions.

Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, a socialistic romance of the middle eighties, anticipated with detailed precision the telephonic broadcasting of music and sermons. Bellamy set the date of this achievement fifty years ahead, thus bringing it into our own decade. But he also expected that by the time it took place, our music and sermons would have become immensely better than those of the eighteen-eighties. This particular change has unhappily not occurred. Broadcasting was moreover a mere detail, a

perhaps obvious aside in *Looking Backward*, the main theme of which was the attainment of human perfection through the establishment of a socialistic regime. Even in Soviet Russia, one must sadly admit, that does not appear to be in the offing. Not only would there be no property, there would be no lying, no more individual umbrellas, and no more making of laws. "You will find, Mr. West, as you come to know us, that there is far less interference of any sort with personal liberty nowadays than you were accustomed to," replied Bellamy's Doctor Leete to the awakened sleeper of 1887.

The principle that a desired change is the one thing which never occurs, and that the best predictions are generally mere whimsical details invented with no purpose, is perhaps most startlingly illustrated by the very many lucky guesses that no one ever took seriously, least of all the guessers themselves.

When Dean Swift wrote the *Voyage to Laputa and Lagado*, it was rather as a climax of absurdity that he made the Laputan astronomers claim that the planet Mars has two satellites, thus antedating a discovery of modern science by about three hundred years. In that forward-looking year of depression, 1894, John Jacob Astor wrote his forgotten *Journey in Other Worlds* and told much casual truth about our own day, about our motor cars, our national highways, and our enormous liners, and in particular about the transneptunian planet whose position does not conform to Bode's law. Daniel Defoe anticipated the discoveries of Speke and Burton by his casual description of the great interior lake of Africa in his pirate story *Captain Singleton*; Morgan Robertson, one of our keenest fictional prophets, named a great steamship the *Titan* and sent it to its doom against an iceberg on its maiden voyage, about ten years before the wreck of the

Titanic took the front page of every newspaper in the world.

Jules Verne has a high reputation as an anticipator, perhaps from the very fact that he wrote little about the future. But he is an excellent example of the fact that prophecy without motive is the only sort of prophecy which has any chance of success. His first book was called *Five Weeks in a Balloon*. It was a romance of adventure, in a dirigible voyaging over Africa. Published in the early seventies, that story preceded the experiments of Herr Zeppelin by at least one generation. But even as late as 1893 M. Verne was saying things like this, "I may say that at the time I wrote that novel, as now, I had no faith in the possibility of ever steering balloons except in an absolutely stagnant atmosphere. How can a balloon be made to face currents running six, seven, or eight meters to the second? It is a mere dream."

Naturally it seemed a mere dream, because it was so soon to come true; for the real future is almost always pure fantasy.

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water" was the epitaph which John Keats wished graven on his tombstone. It is not necessary to list the innumerable artists and writers, now quite forgotten, for whom a place among the immortals was considered secure, or of the true immortals for whom nobody prophesied any future. Let but the chorus of reviewers agree that any book is destined to a long fame, and it is the testimony of history that we had better make a note of the fact inside the cover to prevent our grandchildren from casting the precious thing into the trash barrel. But the folly of literary and artistic forecasting is a sorry theme that too much chastens human pride. Nor can one refer to the sore wounds sustained by the economic prophets without a shudder at the per-

sistence of a vast illusion. "A depression at this time is impossible," said the distinguished financial adviser of one of the world's greatest banks on December 31, 1929. We smile grimly, but not with the smile of a lost faith, for we are now listening with rapt attention to equally positive predictions that a recovery at this time is impossible. If we could only realize it, those gloomy forebodings are omens of a happier day, the logical future being the very last event that we should ever hope for or fear.

We read much today of the collapse of a great European nation in such terms as these:

"She is stripped of her armaments, her artillery, her muskets, her swords. That she may not be in an immediate position to supply their place she is loaded with a pecuniary indemnity which must exhaust the energies of another generation. She is not likely to recover her physical strength in our day, and when vigor returns to her shattered frame it will be only to feel she has lost her place in the councils of Europe." But this prediction, from the British *Quarterly Review* of 1871, foretells the destiny of the France of our own day, not that of the Germany of to-morrow.

It is, however, rather to science than to politics, literature, or finance that one turns with confidence for a true word about the days to come, particularly when science accepts the challenge and speaks out plain. In 1903 Simon Newcomb, who besides being a precise investigator of the speed of light and America's most distinguished mathematical astronomer, was also a man of vivid and romantic imagination, wrote an article on "The Future of Flying." This is what he said: "The example of the bird does not prove that man can fly. The hundred and fifty pounds of dead weight which the manager of the machine must add to it may well prove

an insurmountable obstacle to success." When Newcomb wrote this article the recent discovery of radium was pointing with the usual deluding gesture to what were apparently new sources of power, and he added, "Quite likely the twentieth century is destined to see the natural forces which will enable us to fly . . . but when we inquire whether aerial flight is possible in the present state of our knowledge the outlook may be altogether different. A fundamental difficulty which the writer feels may prove insurmountable is based on a law of nature which we are bound to accept." (This law was that the supporting surface of a plane increases only as the square of its dimension, while the weight increases as the cube.)

There is no better example of the impotence of logical deduction when applied to the human events of tomorrow than this scientific dictum. Seven weeks after that paper was published, Orville Wright flew two hundred and sixty yards in an airplane powered by a gasoline motor. Within two years the Wrights made a non-stop flight of twenty-four miles. The upward limit to the gross lift which is now considered profitable for a heavier-than-air machine is estimated as being about sixty tons.

Another mere dream come true. But it is not only the mere dreams which persistently come true, but the dead certainties which persistently do not come true, that confuse the spirit of prophecy. When the English military expert, W. W. Knollys, predicted in 1890 that attack in the next European war "will be facilitated by the perfection to which concentrated food for men and compressed food for horses has been carried," and when he said that "nailless horseshoes will remove one cause of delay" in the struggle for mastery of the railroads, doubtless he would have regarded it as

a mere whimsy if someone had informed him that in the next European war the spurs of cavalry officers would be resting under the rolltop desk.

"No cities," said an earlier and more imaginative English military writer, "could be defended against a machine showering dynamite shells. Armies might be destroyed in a few minutes and all fortresses must be subterranean structures." For nearly four years Paris was subjected to such an attack. Yet Paris shows no notable scars. What is this obstinacy in events?

"We live," wrote J. W. Cross, "with the daily prospect of a great European war constantly before us." It is true that nine or ten thousand days after his statement was written the war really occurred; but it did not occur when it was a daily prospect. Just how far it was from being imminent when it actually did arrive may be suggested by the fact that Mr. Wells, who generally has his ear close to the ground about things shortly to befall, published *The World Set Free* in 1914 and in that work predicted that the great European war would begin in 1956, after fifty years of unbroken peace.

III

Why is the future so stubborn? To answer that fully would take us rather far. For thousands of years the fact has been recognized by reason and persistently disregarded by emotion. Cassandra personified for the keen Greek intelligence this quirk in the character of reality. "You look mistrustful. I am used to that" is her preface to her last true prediction. In that same Greek world of unexampled sanity it was only the mad pythoness of the Delphic shrine whose word about the future found any acceptance. And even to-day, bad times are the harvest season for crystal gazers and astrologers.

What determinists will not reckon with, and by determinists I mean

nearly all economic, social, and biological forecasters, is the fact that the direction of human events can be analyzed only when facing toward the past, only a *posteriori*. That this is true is due to the nature of time itself. Actually, human events are only a special case of the fact that growing older involves the transformation of energy into less and less available and less and less concentrated forms. For the universe, as for man, growing older is a diffusion of energies. A ray of light may travel for a million years from a star and at last impinge on my up-turned face. We can know a great deal about its past before that meeting, but very little about the future of its scattered energy. Having touched my face, it enters a region of complexity that is beyond human calculation, now or ever. We can predict eclipses, for the movement of planets around the sun is a very simple and slowly changing form of death. Any human event is a very complex and rapid form of the diffusion of energy, so that most of what happens after any human event is not foreknowable.

A man named John Jones lives. Knowing even so little as that, we can say more of the past than of the future of John Jones. He had two parents and at least two grandparents, he was born, he has eaten food. Of his future, however, the only thing we can predict is that he will die. The nature of time does not allow of as much certainty about his future as about his past. If instead of a single John Jones, we choose a million or a hundred million of his kind, it is equally significant that the most reliable statement which statistical science can offer about their future is contained in the mortality tables. Doctor Malthus very wisely recognized, long ago, that to-morrow's birth rates are indeterminable; but at this moment when so many great business enterprises are on the rocks from

incorrectly predicting future growth, life insurance is still solvent on account of its high relative accuracy in predicting future decay. Logic may indeed focus the past into a light on to-day, but in the penumbra of its shadow unpredictable things are bound to happen.

If in addition to this difficulty we add any desire to mold the future, we are naturally hopelessly lost. It is not merely that no propagandist possesses what Erasmus called "an adequate idea of the difficulty of transforming, as it were, a man into a god." It is also the not so obvious fact that prepossession with any particular human occupation almost equally deforms our view of the future, and our notion of the future man.

An architect predicts that "the architects of to-morrow will not copy." But why not? Will they not also be men, and have men ever ceased to copy? "The principal characteristics of the architecture of to-morrow will be, first of all, simplicity, originality, and personality," said Hector Maillot in 1893. But of what to-morrow? If men are men there will of course be some to-morrow of simple and original building, and of course there will be many to-morrows of slavish, decadent, and rococo architecture. Prophets insist upon looking for the one "great and notable day" which will last forever; but every sun also sets.

The psychologist, who should of all men know better, predicts, as Dr. Herbert Nichols of Harvard did forty years ago, that "The new science of psychology will determine the mental laws exactly, the laws of æsthetics, of ethics, of every human activity. It will compel men to live by those laws, because it will make them plain to all men. We shall have a higher manhood because its type will be clear to us. We shall have a new art and a new literature because we shall know the secrets of beauty."

Such scientific millennialism, like that of Winwood Reade, is definitely religious. The word *compel* is significant of the fact that it is also dangerously religious, paving the way for such attempts to change human nature by compulsion as the adoption of our prohibition amendment.

"The certainty of peace," said Melchior de Vogüé, more than fifty years ago, "will engender, before half a century, a corruption and decadence more destructive to man than the most horrible wars." Some of us to-day would be glad to take a chance on such a decadence if it would buy us that certainty of peace.

"By the twentieth century there will be neither dogmas nor frontiers." That was said by a man who knew human nature very well in his own time, but not even the great Victor Hugo could foresee any truth about the human nature of his to-morrow, for to-morrow was to him a region where dreams come true. *We* are his to-morrow and his religion. *We* live in his paradise. It is a salutary thought.

IV

Just as perfectionism corrupts the prophecies of social change, so too progressivism, or the doctrine of straight line advances, creeps generally into the thinking of all forecasters of the future environment. An extreme example of such reasoning can be seen in Alfred Korzybski's *Manhood of Humanity*, which calculated that human success in any given direction increases by a geometrical progression (and which, by the way, predicted an economic and social millennium when we should have attained the communal intelligence to put a great engineer at the head of our government).

The theory that whatever we do well to-day we shall do better to-morrow is invalidated, of course, by the history

of human activity in almost every direction. It does not, to be sure, appear to be invalidated by the history of science, where we happen at the moment to be making great strides which we naturally assume will go on forever; but even when we consider applied science, we are badly in danger of forgetting the fact that in many important directions the velocity of progress has already so sharply diminished that the achievements we proudly boast of to ourselves as our own contributions are in reality the contributions of our grandfathers.

In 1893 a distinguished engineer indulged in a prophecy which illustrates this particular fallacy, that man moves along straight lines toward an increasing mastery over nature.

"Progress has been an acceleration," said Robert H. Thornton of Cornell, writing in 1893, "and there is no indication that this steadily increasing movement has reached its culminating point. The steamship of to-day [1893] crosses the Atlantic in a little more than five days, one-half the time taken in 1850. The locomotive hauls fast trains from New York to Chicago in twenty hours. Similar gradual and steady gains, reducing the schedule time to one-half these figures will not surprise the people of the coming generation."

Certainly we are very hard to surprise, but the fact is that this change simply has not occurred to surprise us. It is true that in a Zeppelin, at great expense, a few persons have crossed the Atlantic in less time than five or even four days, and that a few others, at prohibitive risk of life, have done so in airplanes; but the early days of the twentieth century have come and gone, and many of us still prefer the ten-day boats of 1850, while the rest are quite satisfied by a passage in what is still the exceptionally fast five days of forty years ago. And twenty hours is still good time to Chicago.

Nothing is more certain than that this condition would have been incredible to the forward-looking men of 1893.

"Every improvement in war," said the London *Spectator* just fifty years ago, "has diminished actual slaughter, till a modern field of Châlons holds ten thousand bodies instead of three hundred thousand, and the comparative shortness of campaigns is the greatest of the few mitigations of war as yet discovered." That would have made good reading for England in 1917.

To straight-line thinking, the future is always fantastic for the simple reason that the inevitable never happens.

And that the inevitable never happens is due to the fact that inevitability rests on the assumption that in human affairs what is going on will keep "going on forever," as Mr. Wells phrases the notion; but except for a few little animal essentials like hunger, love, jealousy, hope, and fear, nothing is more certain than that whatever is now going on in human affairs will not keep going on in the same way much longer. The analogy of human to physical action is extremely imperfect, and hope and fear are as poor guides as the logic of continuity. So that if there were no better clues available, one might have at least a fair chance at guessing the next few stages of the future, by selecting from all possible events the ones least likely ever to happen, and from all possible conditions of society the ones least pleasing to contemporary man.

If we did this we should have a chance—perhaps wildly small, but at least finite—of hitting the exact truth. If we predict a future to fit our present desires we have no such chance. This is no mere paradox. Wish fulfilments never come true in the future in the desired way, for the reason that man is essentially an animal in revolt against the past.

Such a phenomenon as the long continuance of Christian practice and tradition may seem at once to invalidate this assumption, but the difficulty is not real. For though, even at his highest moments, man is never quite clear of the past, he always makes it his business to cheat the past by reinterpreting in a new and hostile way all of its formulæ which he dares not forsake. There have of course been slavish centuries when men were as little alive as possible; such centuries are always enchained to a static religious future or to an overpowering past, the enchainment being made possible by an unstimulating climate. But even in such times there are the seeds and sproutings of rebellion.

Our present stirrings against prohibition are examples of a resentment against the past, just as prohibition was itself a revolt against the past. Its folly was that it attempted to give eternal validity to the majority opinion of one year. Naturally the future revolted in whatever way it could.

For two thousand years Christianity has been a frame within which have occurred thousands of revolts against its own past. Any rich modern church or cathedral is ample evidence of how violently Christianity has reacted against the Carpenter of Galilee and his simple rules of conduct and patient humilities, and the lords of war have always asked the Prince of Peace to ride in their chariots. The past has lip service, but no man and no nation attains maturity without a reaction from as much of yesterday as can safely be defied, so that the very effort toward molding the future or toward dreaming the future to the form of our fears or desires, is the effective agent that prevents the future from ever becoming what we wish it to be. Future worship is, therefore, the very worst religion ever devised by man, and our present financial and international

dilemmas are among the mildest of the consequences that may arise from the world's mad wish to control to-morrow.

These dilemmas are caused by our present confused thinking about both money and war, which in turn is due to our reluctance in abandoning future worship for a more rational attitude toward life.

Wars are bred by the conflict of rival dreams of to-morrow. Nearly twenty years after the outbreak of our last great war, we find the thought of the world still troubled in its attempt to discover what that war was about. In June, 1914, the nations of Europe were going peacefully enough and apparently happily enough about their business. Certainly they have never been so happy since. But brooding in the minds of men were diverse visions of to-morrow, and it is those visions which realized themselves in the nightmare of battle. The missing factor is in the dimension of time.

The goal of war is the control of the enemy's to-morrow. In cruder days this was accomplished by rape and captivity. In the twentieth century it was accomplished, or attempted, by the imposition of crushing indemnities. We need not deceive ourselves that a victorious Germany would not have made the same attempt, but the attempt fails for the simple reason that the future of a democracy cannot be controlled. The future can be controlled only in a nation ruled by a succession of dictators or tzars.

Our present world is consequently developing hysterical symptoms from its discovery, not yet completely made, that to-morrow cannot be enslaved, that men will, sooner or later, have to face the fact that they must pay for their present desires out of their own pockets, and that the debts of a great business or of a great war cannot be shifted onto the shoulders of their

grandchildren, who may not approve of them or their doings at all.

The chief lesson of modern prophecy is, therefore, that the future is its own concern, and that long-term planning is the greatest indulgence of egotism man ever engaged in and the most dangerous. Its assumption that we are so much wiser than our sons, who will be so much better than we are, is a logical absurdity.

The old Wall Street axiom that the unexpected always happens needs a slight modification. That the unexpected has to happen comes much nearer to the truth in human affairs. The chief danger to mankind from the activities of forward-looking people is consequently, not so much that they lead men from their present possibilities into a pursuit of dream goals, but that they may sometimes be right in their ideas of what would be good for to-morrow, and by working for that good prevent it from ever being enjoyed.

It was a good idea, for instance, that there should be no emptied pay envelopes or black eyes and bloody noses on Saturday night. That condition was slowly coming about. But when forward-looking men and women set to work to ensure it they revived drinking and gave it a glamour it had not enjoyed for generations. For, very properly, the future is, to us who live, always a world of disobedient children.

So President Wilson, by engaging his years in a war to prevent war, has made war the main consideration of our years. If 1914-18 had ended in a stalemate of exhaustion, as it seemed about to do, there would have been few indemnities and no repartitionings, and I venture to say a general disgust with the results of battle that could have lasted for a very long time. Our weight cast into to-morrow ensured a decisive victory, and by that victory destroyed the very hope that it was designed to ensure.

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THE VOLGA

BY WALDO FRANK

I AM standing in a garden high above a city and a river. Behind me is a crumbled wall of many towers. This is the Kremlin, the citadel fortress. The town is Nizhni Novgorod; the river is the Volga. We have been here only a few hours, the minimum in Russia for getting anything done. We have breakfasted on the customary omelette and cheese with rye bread and butter and *chai*. We have found an official who promised to collect our reservations on the boat leaving this morning at eleven—which, he assures us positively, means three this afternoon—and to place our bags and coats and blankets in our cabins. "Let's go up to the height first," I said to Carol. "I want the lay of the land."

We stepped out into Co-operative Street and, since the Kremlin hill is steep and Carol is tired, we decided to take a droschke. The street is a stratification—almost a stylization—of disorders. The housetops have a jagged line, the façades have an infinite variety of shapes and dirty colors, the pavement is not level, the cobbled gutter is a raised map of valleys and mountains. A battered American car of 1920 vintage stands at the curb. One of the tires is punctured. The driver, without jacking up his wheel or removing the tire, is trying to inflate it with a tiny hand-pump. An hour later, having failed of course, he will decide to bounce along on a flat rim. Here, in the

heart of the principal street, is a church. It stands on a little height of unpaved earth; beside it rises a tower for baking bricks, and all about are wood huts and goats and children. In this matrix of dust and anarchy the church glows like a great ruby. It is indeed the famous Rozhdenstvenskaya Tserkov—jewel of Russian baroque. It is falling to pieces; the brick kiln wounds its façade, and the shanties stifle it. And here is the cab stand.

We run our eyes swiftly over the choice of dilapidated droschkas, decrepit nags, flea-bitten *izvostchiks* whose moldering greatcoats merge, a single substance, with their beards. They doze on their boxes, following us none the less with hungry eyes. We pick out a big blond fellow, who looks as if he could break his horse's bones in one hand and his flimsy droschke in the other.

"How much do you ask just to drive us up to the Kremlin?"

"Twenty roubles."

"*Nichevo!*" Ten dollars for ten minutes!

The *izvostchik* shrugs his shoulders and goes back to dozing.

I catch sight of a little man on the edge of the square. His red beard covers his entire face save for his eager eyes and comes to a sudden point at his throat like the jest of a tragic story. "Let's try him," I say to Carol.

"Fifteen roubles."

"Why, it's absurd! Just to the top of the hill. We'll take the tram."

Just then a trolley passes: it is gorged with people, men on the steps, women with bundles hanging to the men.

"What is fifteen roubles?" the driver wails, stretching out his hand. "Fifteen roubles nowadays is fifteen kopeks."

We know it is true. The poor *izvostchik* and we are one class; both of us are *bourzhui* in proletarian Russia. Until the great new motor works just outside Nizhni begin to supply the cities with cheap taxis (they are beginning to come into Moscow), the government refrains from "liquidating" the poor horse-cab. It will go soon enough. Meantime, the *izvostchik*, Russia's last "capitalist" (for the kulak is gone), without ration cards, without co-operative rights, must pay outrageous prices for oats and stabling. He is a pariah. And as I look at the score of them before me, the cruelty of their slow death vises my heart. They are the salt of the old towns, smelling of manure, pungent with wit and irony, lovers of horses and vodka. And they are dying, they know not why. They know as little as their scrawny horses. They accept, like their nags.

We get our fellow-capitalist down to ten roubles (five dollars, unless you have bought money on the bootleg bourse); and this is the minimum, without tip, at which I ever took a cab in Russia. We spread Carol's cape over the torn seat, squeeze ourselves in, and rattle up the hill. But at the Kremlin garden our *izvostchik* refuses to be paid.

"I'll wait," with much waving of his hands.

"But we may be here for hours."

"I'll wait," he beams on us.

"We'll not pay you a kopek more if you wait."

He looks half offended, half amused: what children are these talking about "hours" as if they existed! He turns his body half around on the box.

"I'll have a sleep." He throws down his reins (his nag is asleep already). He cups his head in his arm and silences us by dozing. We disappear around the garden edge.

II

The morning sun is high: there, spread in fertile haze before us, is a green plain whose nearer margin is the Volga. The cosmic scene appears to have no limits. The mist of the sky fuses in meadow, and meadow in river. On the river are boats and barges; they are long, graciously rhythmed; they too partake of the melodious vagueness. Only the town is different; its formlessness, below us, is sharp and hard. The world of plain and sky and water is a fertile quiet chaos; but the disorder of Nizhni Novgorod, whose streets are strewn about on bank and hill, is shut, hectic, splintered. I feel at once that the land is stronger than the work of man within it. This relates the scene, not with Spain or France or Germany or Islam, where man in varying ways has drawn from his landside to create harmonious cities; it relates it with my America, in which also, although differently, the towns are inferior and discordant to their surroundings.

The Volga is a sluggish flow here where the Oka joins it. It is easeful, drifting down the world like our *izvostchik*; dozing interminably down into the Caspian Sea. I feel that it is poised between two worlds. The right bank, steep and accidented, where I stand and to which the town adheres, is Europe. Beyond is the limitless flatness of another world. Asia! Before me is the beginning plain that does not end till the Pacific. The steppe, Siberia, Mongolia, the Gobi Desert, Manchuria—flat and limitless world: sea for nomads, tiding from the east against the Volga, against this

barrier of Europe. And I feel an equipoise of forces. The huge Asiatic tide pressing from the east is balanced here by the high will of Europe, whose symbol is the Dyatlov mountain on which I stand. Horizontal meets perpendicular, and is equated. This is the Volga—and Russia.

If our boat leaves at three, we must hurry, particularly since we do not know if the hour is reckoned by Moscow or Nizhni time—and can never *know*, although we ask a dozen persons. Sensitive man that he is, our *izvostchik* awakes at our approach. He peers at us from his dream with gentle eyes, as if his dream were so true as to contain us. We return to the restaurant on Co-operative Street, eat cabbage soup (the official has assured us we should dine on the boat) and turn toward the wharves.

This is the street, flanking the Volga, from which Gorky rose; these are the men and women of his dark stories. The Revolution is far away, but here are its causes. If there be a Russia, if Russia have a body, these are its bowels. In the center of the street crawls an unbroken line of narrow carts—flimsy throwings-together of unpainted timber, with a man or woman squatting and driving. Each horse has its nose in the rear of the cart before it. In the shadow of the houses is a clotted maze of human beings. They seem to do nothing: they stand or stir, they walk or totter; weary, they sit on the curb, drunk, they lie down in the gutter. They are a complex of motions frustrated into stagnancy. Their clothes are rags fantastic with stains and tears. Their feet are bound in straw or cloth; some of the women lurch along in high bast boots. The men's faces are bearded, with hollow eyes; the women's features have been cut by agony. Want is the terrible constant of these people; yet—

miraculously—it is external to them! It is a mold, maiming them, cutting them, crushing them, yet external. And from within, the fluttering of hands, the musical cadence of the wailing voices, the tremorous mouths of the women, the eyes of the old men reveal a live observance of their world, half sorrowful thought, half jesting; reveal an indomitable spirit that belies the poverty, the ignorance, the degradation.

I feel, and am never to cease feeling, the paradox of Russia—its integral, pregnant contradiction. For these people are beasts, and yet a human pity, exquisite in grace, luminous in understanding, shines within them. These are men and women, yet their deeds do nothing to lift them above their cattle.

An old man has been watching us, now he comes up and speaks to me. He is drunk. He stands swaying, a potent fetid hulk in his wild tatters. His blond beard is streaked with innumerable potations, his teeth are black, his eyes are red. And his hands are hard and fouled like the hoofs of the horses dragging their carts through the mired street.

"Yes," he says, "look at us well, little brother. Stand very still and comfortable on this corner, and look at us well. Do you know where you are? You are in Russia. You are in the dark depth of the world—the darkest deep of the world."

Carol translates my answer, which he hears, not looking at her but at me.

"Yes, little father, it is dark. But I know darker places—places that are darker because they do not know their darkness."

The man is a drunkard, a loafer. What dung heap must be his bed, what pig's offal his hazardous meal? Yet as we stand in the roar of the Volga traffic he has singled out my mood, the precise form of the thought

of the American stranger. He has felt me, heard me, and responded to me with words darkly beautiful. Yes, it is true: the world of Tolstoy and Dostoevski is a true world. Who shall judge it?

We find Wharf Four, where our steamer, *Raskolnikov*, must be getting ready to take off on her long journey east, then south, to Astrakhan. Before a high wood grille are several hundred muzhiks. Women with their babies squat on the pavement and boil water in small samovars. Children explore the thick crowd, a crust of black bread in one hand, the other touching the grime and rags of their elders. Men lie on their backs, heads on hard bundles; some sleep, some smoke, some merely accept the throng and the sky in their unresponding gaze. Mothers have laid their children to sleep on rugs or on the naked stone. Some have stretched out and placed their babes on their breasts. In the arms of some women lie their husbands, while others sit on bundles watching their sleeping wives, rolling cigarettes from scraps of newsprint, cutting chunks of bread from loaves heavy and dark as hardwood.

They are all passengers for the *Raskolnikov*. Close by are horses hitched to empty carts; they too are waiting for the steamer. Time and comfort in the Western sense mean no more to the waiting men and women than to the horses. They have been waiting all day; some have been there since yesterday, having just missed the previous steamer. They have no notion how long they will be waiting. It does not occur to them to ask. And even if it did (an impossible assumption), they would know what we do not; that they would receive no answer.

At last we find a soldier who seems to recall dimly that the *Raskolnikov* is coming to this pier. When will she

come? He mounts obligingly on a wood stockade and scans the upper river. He does not see her coming, how should he know, then, when she is coming? *Soon*. A minute, an hour, a day. We join this fragment of living Russia, waiting Russia.

The Revolution with its orgasmic pulse is very far away. Are these peasants and proletarians waiting for a boat, or are they perhaps awaiting the Revolution? We wait. We have had since dawn only a breakfast and a plate of soup. But we are afraid to leave. There is a turn northward where the Oka joins the Volga. During the hour and a half we should need to return to the restaurant (in the next street) and consume a couple of eggs (boiled two minutes), our boat might come and leave. There is nothing to do but wait. And it is good to wait, deep immersed here, in Russia. Somewhere—in Russia—are our bags and tickets for two cabins. Somewhere on the Volga is our boat. Somewhere in space-time is the conjunction of bags, tickets, boat, and passengers. What is the hurry? I recall how in the novels of Dostoevski people seem to drift from all over Russia and meet in a street, in a house, in a particular room. I used to think these miraculous inventions were merely the licensed trick of the writer of detective fiction (Dostoevski wrote glorified mystery stories). Now I begin to know that there lies something deeper in the necessity of these persons, spiritually bound together, to come together in the flesh at a particular spot of Russia. I have abandoned my reliance on time. I am immersed in this plasm of the Russian folk. And as the day darkens and my head grows light with hunger, I begin to see as Russia sees: what destiny has joined life will cause to come together. Does this mean that human action is not needed? I will learn better. Human will, hu-

man intelligence, are part of destiny as the fruit is part of the tree. There is a time for action, even as there is a time for sufferance—a long time; and for waiting.

III

The wide twilight gradually shrinks and hardens; night comes down pale on Nizhni Novgorod. The embankment street still swirls upon itself, carts, laborers, loafers eddying its stagnance. The houses stiffly retreat into the dark, their few lights blinking as if all Nizhni were a lamp whose oil is at an end. The Kremlin mountain four hundred feet above us has blazed in the refracted sun setting over Europe, and is now gone, quenched by the night that has come to us from Asia. We wait. The hundreds of huddled muzhiks grow more hushed. The last child has returned from its explorations to its mother. A single crying babe is like the silence crying. The waiters—and we—are a solitary creature with legs and head drawn in to hoard its body warmth against the chill of the world. The September night is cold. But we have a cheer of our own—the warm reek of unbathed bodies, of old clothes, of straw, and of human breath. A creature warmed by its own tangled fur, we lie between the city and the river and await our boat.

It is midnight. All the women and children are asleep. Carol's head has fallen back on a huge peasant's bundle; she too is slumbering, with her cape drawn over her knees and her white throat bare. Many men are awake. Over the bodies of the sleepers, we wakers watch one another's eyes.

My eyes and theirs in the still Russian night on the edge of the Russian steppe—my eyes and theirs, together. I am far away from my own slope of the world, and these men speak a strange tongue from a strange past;

they move perhaps toward a still stranger morrow. Yet the world is a single clump of earth under our feet, and the skies are a single breath, and all tongues are variants of a single silence—when the eyes of one's brothers meet one's own in the night. I shall learn many *things* of Russia, and there will be myriad things I shall never learn. But after the night of waiting I am close to this Russian human creature, close forever.

It is past midnight. The last samovar is out. Soon the sun will come as the night did, out of Asia. It is very cold. The bearded faces glow faintly in the gloom; the faces are higher vibrances of the darkness—they are the same substance more intensely keyed. From their sad eyes an aura drifts across the pavement. It is the spirit of human suffering abroad in the night. These men have suffered, all their race has tragically suffered. What I feel is not their poverty, not even their past serfdom. The pain that vibrates in their muzhik eyes is more terrible than these. I have no word for it; all I can fix is the sense of a *mortal deprivation*. These are men, and destiny has so far denied them some inalienable, some mortally needed experience of manhood. This explains why the mass about me is like a herd, animal, softly bestial. This explains also the almost superhuman sensibility of these muzhik faces glowing in the dark—glowing in their dark, as if they were still struggling, with the essence of their humanity, with an almost deliriously sharpened wit and will, to become at last human.

I was awakened from a doze; there before me is our friend, the official. He presses two brass keys and a set of tickets in my hand.

"Now, soon, she is coming," he whispers in English. And he explains how he has carried all our luggage to the

pier on the left bank of the Oka—the “Siberian Harbor,” where our boat (he calmly tells us) has been moored since yesterday morning.

“I have a droschke outside. Better hurry. You must board the steamer at the Oka pier. She is leaving right away. You must not get on her here.”

I do not understand. We have been waiting on this street twelve hours. Why not wait an hour more? But the man’s excitement wins me. He sees something that I cannot see; I had better trust his Russian eyes. I rouse Carol, and we hasten over the prostrate bodies.

“Good-by, good journey,” the official presses us into the narrow droschke. I try to place a five-rouble bill in his hand. “Oh, no,” he says with eyes suddenly hurt, and then pitying upon me. “Do you not know you cannot tip a soviet official?”

The whip cracks, the hoofs strike sparks as the horse plunges forward. We begin to bound, toss, tip over the crazy cobbles.

The houses are too sunken in a dream sordid and mystic to give heed to us. We cross a bridge, we skirt the famous Fair-grounds—a ruddy shadowed emptiness in the dim dawning; the wheels leap across unpaved dirt, striking stones, crashing over holes. We dart between low rows of sheds where the Siberian wood is stored and redistributed for Russia. We stop, so suddenly that Carol’s head and mine shoot forward into the broad back of our *izvostchik*. Here indeed is the *Raskolnikov*—and our cabins waiting. I forget in my fatigue and hunger that several hundred other human beings are still sitting or lying on that street and waiting.

This way of doing things may not appear human; but, as I am learning fast, it is Russia. Almost at once our steamer slides away from the low

sheds, and in a few minutes we are in the Volga. Carol, who is an experienced traveler in Russia, has gone to bed. She intends to sleep until there is a chance to eat. But my hunger has made sleep impossible. It is fourteen hours since I ate cabbage soup; it is twenty-two hours since I ate an omelette. And the hours have been filled with a continuous intensity of labor, with all the intricate integration of a hundred thousand percepts by which I am coming to feel close to Russia. My brain cells are bare and shredded, as if drained dry of all their nurturing blood. And every nerve of my body and face sings naked in the raw Volga morning.

I grow aware of a murmur, then a tumult, then a roar, as we approach the Nizhni wharf. The night has gone. From the earth a luminous pall rises; the bodies of the city grow salient within it. I can see the peasants on the pier with whom we waited.

Slumbering no more. The day of waiting is done, the moment of action has come. They are milling against one another like a thousand beasts. They are howling and pressing against the wood stockade that fends them from the river. Gracefully our boat slides in. The narrow gangway is rolled out, the stockade is withdrawn. And then there is enacted the scene of which every landing on the Volga was to be a repetition. I understand why our good friend, the incorruptible soviet official, although he was not loath to let us starve and freeze the whole night through on the river street, had wanted us safe on board before the boat took on the passengers at Nizhni. I saw the possibility that Carol or I might have been crushed to death; the merciful probability that we should have been pushed—merely—into the water.

The entire throng tried to board the narrow gangplank at once. It had

waited twenty—thirty—forty hours; it could not wait another instant! Women with bundles were thrown down and trodden, boxes splashed overboard, children were separated from their mothers whose ululation rent the clamorous air. Men, gray-bearded, leaped on the shoulders of the mob before them and tried to climb the tangle of protesting heads; youths dug down into the knot of legs and skirts, pushed their way subterraneously forward. And there rose a symphony of shouts, howls, oaths, oburgations, grunts, and squeals, while the flimsy gangway groaned. At the ship's side stood two sailors trying to collect the tickets. They were silent, unconcerned, as if this incredible spectacle were customary—which it is.

When the last keening woman had found her child, and the last dripping bundle was salvaged from the flood, and the last ticketless youth (who had leaped aboard to the side of the gang-plank over the gunwale) had been booted, good-naturedly, impersonally, communistically, back to shore; when the huge muzhik body was spread safe along the lower deck, sweating and steaming among the kitchens, the steerage, and latrines, the sailors scratched a cool ear and drew in the plank. We started down the Volga.

IV

I awoke at half-past eight, having slept three hours.

"Good!" I said to myself, "it is late—I'll be able to get some breakfast."

I crowded into my clothes, convinced myself that Carol was not yet stirring in her cabin and, with my tin of tea, stepped into the central hall. There was no one. I went aft into what was plainly the dining saloon. The tables were bare, the samovar on the side-board was cold. I went out on deck. The right bank was rolling hills,

wooded and smiling. Europe. The left bank spread sere from its sands into the low horizon of Asia. I went down the companionway. The entire lower boat was stuffed with peasants. Outside, they slept among packing-boxes, they lay amid cordage, machinery, and anchors. In the hold, they lay on tiers of wooden shelves, and on the floor shiny with oil. Most of them were asleep, and as my senses grew accustomed to the fetor, my eyes to the darkness, I could see their faces—contented sleeping faces. Even the old folks lying on wet wood with a crowbar for a pillow were comfortably resting. A few who were awake were munching apples—rotten little apples, the kind we should feed to pigs.

I watched one woman. She had a score of apples in her lap. She picked up one and without looking at it sank her teeth into the black decay. There was not a sound spot on that apple. Yet the woman's teeth were white and her flesh was firm and her eyes shone blue. I found myself envying the woman who was so free that she could enjoy rotten apples. I found myself questioning the wisdom of my own fastidiousness. Before I knew what I was doing, I thrust a rouble into the woman's hand and pointed to the apples. She arose and in a moment returned with a basketful of the fruit. Laughing, she began to stuff apples into my pockets, into my cap, and the last ones she emptied into my arms. Finally she took a handful of coppers, counted my change laboriously, and slipped the coins into my bulging pocket. I stumbled upstairs to examine my purchase. I had thirty apples, all of them small and most of them rotten. I was hungry and I envied the muzhiks more than ever. But I could not eat the apples.

We were approaching a village. At the embankment a mud road filled with carts and a solid mass of peasants.

On either side of the road, small booths of unpainted wood in which I could see the bearded face of a man or the shawled bland face of a woman. The road swung to the right and mounted the hill. The *izbas* were large with slanting wooden roofs, and always the window frames featly carved. At the top of the hill they spread into a streetless scatter. They were of wood, and gracefully at one with their earth and their sky. But above them rose a church: it was of brick and its onion-shaped dome was gilded zinc. It was a gaunt and hideous intruder, having no kinship with the wooden village or with the wooded earth.

The boat docked to the same scene I was to witness—or to hear in my sleep—each time we made a landing. Before the gangway were massed a hundred muzhiks ready to get off, and a pile of freight that had to be disembarked. On the pier, equally massed, were a hundred other muzhiks, and crates of vegetables, bags of potatoes, destined for Samara or Stalingrad. At once pandemonium. Muzhiks leaving met crates coming on; boxes unloading clashed with muzhiks trying to board. The simple business became a battle. The porters, already heavily burdened, had to fight their way against passengers, and passengers had to use their bodies and their hands against one another and against obstructing vegetables and potatoes. Women were trampled, produce was scattered and ruined. Yet the roaring spectacle was without hard feeling. Men wrestled, pummeled, pushed—with no personal animus against the body or the crate that was their sudden foe. And eventually the newcomers were all on board, and the new arrivals were all landed. The tumult, which had rung like a war to the death, died into a peace that had no memory of trouble. The boat slid again into the Volga.

I reconnoitered the kitchen once more and the dining room. It was ninety-three. Carol, who knows how to voyage in Russia, was still blithely asleep. My stomach had become a flame, white and ravaging within me. I found a mechanic on his way to Stalingrad, a dark, lustful proletarian from the Ukraine who knew some German. He looked at me reproachfully when I told him I was hungry. Of course, there would be breakfast. When? Oh, around noon, perhaps. What did it matter? I found the girl in whose little buxom person was centered the multiple business of waiting on the table, making out bills and collecting money, and cleaning all the cabins. Ilyena was perhaps sixteen, full-cheeked, full-breasted, with motherly blue eyes. I came to admire Ilyena. Her work was ceaseless, and so was her good humor. Not three European women—not five American women, could have done what she did. I told her that I was literally starving, and Ilyena brought me a samovar of hot water.

I sat down in the empty saloon and learned the miracle of tea. Never shall I forget that glass in which, slowly, I poured the fluid, adding my own tea, and a spoonful of coarse sugar. It did not taste good, it did not taste at all: it was a transfiguring force! Once more I was a man with a clear head, with a body that moved as my head ordered. The tea did not dispel my hunger; it made me again a reasonable although hungry person.

I took a knife, peeled, and pruned a dozen of my less rotten apples, and ate them. Now my hunger was a ravaging flame no more; it was a mere sharp blade, cutting my body. All it needed was to be dulled.

At the next landing I let myself be swept ashore with the scrimmage. I stood on the fertile mud of Russia.

I bought a loaf of black bread at a booth, and wandered up into the village. The bread was heavy, damp, sour. It was delicious. It tasted like the village. From the soil a haze rose to the sky, a burden of fertility half loam, half sun. Within the warm mist-substance, and of it, were the village beasts, were the children, were the houses and men and women. Here was a homogeneous world; man and animal and fruit, air and wood and earth, were a simple substance whose parts slowly vibrated round its core—the sun. The Russian village! For ages it had stood like a great tree with its roots in Russia and had grown like a tree and had stirred only as a tree stirs. But now it was doomed. Revolution was uprooting it. I knew why there was this frantic movement of the muzhiks up and down the Volga. The *kolkhoz* (collective farm) and the *sovhoz* (state farm) were fighting the old village to the death. By millions, the muzhiks were being forced into vast proletarianized “works” for the “manufacture” of wheat or potatoes. Last

year they had been forced by violence. Civil war had raged up and down the Volga until Stalin changed his tactics from gunfire to the subtler methods of moral and economic pressure.

How the muzhik felt, I could feel as I stood in the village mud and sensed the organic rhythm of this telluric world—the pulse of earth and beast and man together. And I understood the significance of the scene at each landing. The muzhik was indeed like an animal: he lived rhythmically so long as he lived within the form of his instinctive life. Getting on and off a steamer was not part of his traditional equipment. He was lost in this strange process, as his cow would have been lost without a driver. I began to see the immensity of the task which revolutionary Russia has undertaken. The organic pulse of the Leningrad workers a thousand miles to the west—would it be strong enough to transfigure these muzhiks? Only if it did would revolutionary Russia become an organic body. Only if it did could the Revolution survive.



IN DEFENSE OF MACHINES

BY GEORGE BOAS

SO MUCH has been written about machines and the Machine Age that the very words are taboo in polite conversation. The Machine Age, like Freudianism and War Guilt and Flaming Youth, is a topic of which everyone is sick and tired. But so much that has been said on the subject is muddled or beside the point or both, that one who is interested in the analysis of ideas may be pardoned perhaps for continuing the conversation, even though the audience gets up and leaves when he begins.

It is in a way absurd to discuss any great social movement in logical terms. Social movements are made by psychology, not logic. Yet it is barely possible that if everyone caught in the current would stop and think he might find a way of crawling out on dry land. But as a matter of fact no one to speak of is going to stop and think. Some people stop and scream, like the poor English weavers when the Industrial Revolution began concentrating production in factories or the conscientious objectors during the War. But such screaming is rarely effective because it is bad form. All the more difficult is it for people to stop and think. For thinking is not only bad form but hard. There is, moreover, the possibility that society as a whole, or even its major sub-divisions, gets what it wants, and when large sections of society find that what they want is illegal—as is happening in American cities in regard to alcohol—they simply

devise their own ways of nullifying laws or resisting change. Note the electoral status of the Negro in the South, the success of the Russian Revolution, the survival of Anglo-Saxon culture in England and, for that matter, the absorption of pagan divinities by institutionalized Christianity.

Thinking, therefore, may do no actual good in changing anything but men's minds, but it is at least harmless, which one cannot say of screaming.

To turn, then, to machines. We are first told that though man invented them to be his servants he has become theirs. The Frankenstein motif, as Mr. Stuart Chase pointed out in HARPER'S in March, 1929, seems to be the most prominent theme of the screamers. As Mr. Chase clearly indicated in that article, this argument is a gross exaggeration. Man is no more a slave of his machines now than he has ever been, or than he is to his body, of which they are—as I think Samuel Butler first suggested—an extension. A farmer is certainly as much of a slave to his primitive plow or sickle as a factory hand to his power loom or engine. Anyone who has ever lived on an old-fashioned farm knows how the farmer and his family get up at four in the morning to sharpen their instruments, filing, cutting, nailing, repairing, lest the machines on which their lives depend fall to pieces. I have lived closely enough to French peasants to observe them sweating and groaning over their tools.

When they have no automatic binders and reapers they cut their wheat with sickles and bind it idyllically by hand. Are they who spend endless brutalizing hours in the fields because of the laziness and general inefficiency of their machines more free than our Western ranchmen with their tractors? I have seen milk become diseased and filthy because there was no ice or ice-machine and eggs wasted because there were no incubators and grain rotting because there were no reapers. The machines of primitive men, the hand-looms, the sickles, the wooden plows, the animals—which modern machines have often replaced—tyrannize over their owners not by their power but by their very weakness. Primitive men, with the possible exception of the Bushman who strangles his prey and eats it raw and goes naked and sleeps in the open and has no family life—if there be such a creature—are like the dutiful husbands of professional invalids.

In the second place, so far as I know, no clear definition of a machine has ever been given. A steamboat is a machine, according to Silas Bent—and in his opinion indeed the beginning of the steam age is the beginning of the machine age. But what makes a steamboat a machine and a sailboat a non-machine? The fact that condensed vapor instead of the wind makes it go? The fact that human beings had to freeze and half starve to catch the wind? But after all they roast and suffocate at least to boil the water to make the steam, if it is man-power one is thinking of. Steam undoubtedly produces much of the ugliness and dirt of our cities, but we are not for the moment discussing the æsthetic aspects of the question. Why steam is more mechanical than wind or falling water or muscle-driven hammers is somewhat obscure. A sailboat, a rowboat, an inflated goatskin, a log are all equally machines. A linotype, a hand-

press, a pen, a reed, a charred stick are all machines. They are all mechanical supplements to man's corporeal inadequacies. They differ in quantity of output, in excellence of production, in speed, *i.e.*, in what is usually called efficiency. A stone hurled from a sling at an insolent neighbor is as mechanical as shrapnel hurled from a cannon. It does not kill so many men; it is a worse machine. But man has always relied in part on mechanical devices, although he has dreamed of a time in the distant past when they were unnecessary because of the fertility of the earth, the simplicity of human desires, the general health of humanity, and its blissfully divine ignorance. No one would call the time of Nero a machine age; but read Seneca's Ninetieth Epistle. Machines are precisely what differentiate us from the brutes. Some people of course would prefer that the differentiation be less marked.

When I have pointed this out in conversation with primitivistic friends I have been invariably charged with sophistry. They have always insisted that my definition of "machine" was too broad. My answer is that the only alternative they offer arbitrarily identifies a machine with a bad machine. But any student of "Logic I" knows that either all machines are bad because they are machines or because of something else. And if only some and not all machines are bad, then their badness is not the fact that they are machines. Take the case of the woman who calls a player piano a machine but refuses to call a piano a machine. Yet a piano is a harp whose strings are struck, not plucked. This cannot be done by hand unless little hammers are attached to each finger. A harpsichord is a mechanical harp—that is a harp whose strings are plucked not by fingers but by little pieces of crow-quill or hard leather. The harpsichord does not do much more than

could be done by hand. Does that put it in the class of player-pianos? The answer to this question does not lie in any principle of construction. It lies in what you want to get out of the instrument. People who call player-pianos machines feel that it is better to play a piece of music inaccurately so long as one has maximum responsibility for what is played than to reproduce even the good playing of someone else. People who call all three instruments machines want above all an accurately rendered piece of music. One group thinks of the producing, the other of the product.

But that is not a question of machines *vs.* non-machines. It is a question of whether producing or consuming is better. Romanticists tend to think that activity, doing, originality are the greatest goods, regardless of what one does. Anti-romanticists are likely to think in terms of ends. The ungracious answer is that there is plenty of room in the world for both producers and consumers, and that no one can be exclusively one or the other. As a matter of fact, the present age furnishes amazing possibilities for the producers. There has probably never been a time when artists and scientists were freer to satisfy their desires for creation. Think of the universities and learned foundations which support men not to teach others, not to think of utilitarian ends, but simply to pursue research. The most absurd investigations are sanctified by the superstition that pure research is noble and deserves free maintenance. It is taken for granted nowadays that artists "be true to themselves," and few would dream of minutely prescribing what a painter or poet should produce.

II

In fact the real clash in opinion is probably ethical. We are—a great

many of us—unhappy to-day and, following a long tradition, we attribute our unhappiness to the economic structure of our civilization. But one can find such outcries of woe as early as eight hundred years before Christ in the works of Hesiod. The crop of cynicism and despair which we uncritically think of as modern is simply human. There has often in the past been as profound and as general despair among the articulate members of society. We read more books and essays of our own time than we do of other times. But those of us who know anything about the history of ideas can find the most striking analogues to our contemporary attitude from Hesiod—if not from Homer—down: yearning for the past, which was of course better than the present; yearning for a society without arts, sciences, or crafts, where the earth bears spontaneously and there is neither money, trade, nor private property; yearning for happy islands beyond the seas, praise of noble savages. The Golden Age took the place of the Age of Handicraft, the Scythians and the Hyperboreans of American Indians, pre-Conquest Mexicans, or South Sea Islanders. This unhappiness of ours, which in its literary form expresses itself in tirades against steam, electricity, urban life, manufactures, cannot, therefore, be attributed to machines.

Machines are not the cause either of happiness or unhappiness. They may be present or absent at the time when a man is miserable or blissful. They are irrelevant to what is called our spiritual welfare. Just because a man has a radio is no reason why a man should feel that he has been transported either to Heaven or Hell, unless a man wants to have or to brag of having what his fellows have. The same thing is true of our other possessions. Some of us snooty members of society feel a cer-

tain self-esteem in not having many of the right things to have. As for mechanized industry, it is simply not true that the farmer on his isolated farm in the old days in New England, without radio, telephone, automobile, tractor, reaper, and so on was any happier than the factory hand in Lowell or Lawrence—when there actually was industry in those cities. Some of them were probably happy; others were living a mean, stinted, swinish life, crabbed and thwarted, sickly in mind and body, full of the lowest motives that ever disgraced the human soul. If rustic life was so delightful, why did the rustic fly to the city as soon as he could find a city to fly to and the railroad fare? The pastoralist is usually either a genuine lover of rural things or a city dweller to whom the country means the spring gardens, the old swimming hole, barn dances, and corn husking, rather than winter, weeding and “cultivating,” hauling water, the wood pile, drought, and insect pests.

To be sure factory hands can play a good second to farm hands so far as a dreary life goes. They are as a mass an unlovely lot. In my boyhood in Providence I used to see men, women, and children trudging to the mills at six-thirty in the morning, tin dinner pails in hand—and not so full at that, in spite of Mark Hanna—to return at six-thirty at night. They were pale and rickety, God knows, and nothing for the mill owners to look in the eyes. But that does not mean that their contemporaries on the farms were red-cheeked and stocky, effervescing with vitamins, sleeping late in the morning and going to bed early, delighting in robust rural pleasures.

Who has yet found the key to human happiness? Who knows whether there is a key to be found? We do know that it is not always produced by possessions—though it sometimes is. And, furthermore, we know that a man

who has health is more likely to be capable of happiness than a man who is sickly. Can we attribute modern hygiene to anything other than our various 'scopes and 'graphs? Instruments of precision have been all important in producing modern longevity and health. For it was not unaided brains. The brains have always been there. But the brains could not see without lenses. I am no worshipper of mere hygiene nor am I extolling two-fistedness and red-bloodedness and he-manship. But it simply does not make sense to say that the millennium would set in if we could all relapse into dirt and disease. It would make no difference to some of us, I admit, and doubtless the human race would get used to it in time. But the fact that Occidentals have spent such effort to eliminate the combination is some evidence of its lack of charm. Unless it was done for self-mortification.

This point needs no emphasis, although many of the opponents of the machine seem to think that Oriental squalor is a help to the inner life. There are, to be sure, greater opportunities for a would-be saint in filth than in cleanliness, but that is precisely because human beings dislike it so. But the inner life is not entirely an affair of corporeal asceticism. I venture to suggest that the inner life of a Noguchi or an Einstein is as fine as that of a St. Simeon Stylites. I admit that I cannot prove it. Still one could point to dozens of men and women to-day whose works show as noble a perception of human values as those of their ancestors in a supposed machineless age. We still have mystics, devoted scientists, great artists. Religion, love, creative power, intelligence seem to be no less in evidence to-day than they ever were, and the lack of them no less bewailed in literature. A period which has produced a new religion (Christian Science), seen the

increasing hold of an old one (Roman Catholicism), the rise of pacifism and internationalism, a new physical science, an artistic style in painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and literature has not been deprived of its inner life.

Machines are as indifferent to the inner life as they are to happiness. The inner life—if the term indicates the ability to think and to dream and all that is entailed in thinking and dreaming—is independent of the presence or absence of machines. Introverts have been and still are able to crawl into themselves in spite of factory whistles and automobile horns, and extroverts had no difficulty in finding trees to chop down and men to fight when they could not swat flies or pilot airplanes. One of the best proofs of the irrelevancy of machinery to the spirit is the flood of anti-machine literature. How in the world do these writers find the time to compose their essays and sermons in a breath-taking age dominated by a soul-gobbling Moloch? It is true that many of their productions seem to have required a minimum of reflection. But the Twentieth Century has no corner on unintelligence. If people would only read past as well as present literature, they would understand why President Eliot was able to house what was worth salvaging of three thousand years of writing on a five-foot shelf. But when we think of the past we forget the fools and remember the sages. We reverse the process for our own time.

III

One of the points especially emphasized by the enemies of machines is that they substitute something lifeless for something vital and human. Concretely, this means that a farmer cannot love a tractor or an incubator as he could a horse or a hen. This is

very probable, particularly if the farmer started farming with horses and hens. But it is not absolutely certain otherwise. Machines can be as lovable as animals. Who has not known engineers who literally love their locomotives, or boys who care for their radios, speed boats, and automobiles as if they were alive? People are constantly personifying their machines as they do boats. They brag about their accomplishments as if the machines were able to accomplish things independently of their operators. One can always love that with which one can identify oneself, and a man can identify himself with a power loom or a turbine as well as with a football team, his family, or his wife. Think of a musician and his beloved violin or flute about which so many romantic stories are invented. Some machines are lovable and some aren't. As a boy I used to hate the old coal furnace which I was delegated to feed and water and clean, and it required all the attention that a voracious and diarrhoeic infant might demand. To-day I worship my gas furnace with its exquisite little thermostat and its complete autonomy. It costs as much as a steam yacht, but love is blind. It can go the limit as far as this doting old fool is concerned. Another man might hate it and love the now abandoned coal furnace. The loveliness and hatefulness of these things is not entirely a function of their mechanical nature. It is in large measure a function of the person who owns or tends them. The old debate on the relative merits of cats and dogs as pets is very much like this—and no more sensible. For emotional qualities are in popular speech attributed to the things that arouse them and not to us in whom they are aroused. So we say that a chair is comfortable, meaning that we are comfortable in the chair. And until human beings all react emotionally in the same way on all occasions to

the same things—until women cease to ask, "What in the world could he see in her?"—there is no laying down the law about the inherent loveliness or hatefulness of anything.

Nor is it true that modern machines absorb us and make us part of them more than primitive machines did. A day laborer is as much part of his pick and shovel as the operator of a steam shovel is part of it. If a man is assumed to be his own boss, to be living on a small farm near the Equator, where we shall imagine that he can work or not without either starving or freezing, where there are no malevolent micro-organisms, and food drops from the skies like manna, then of course he can lay down his tools at any time and pick them up at any time, as a woman can lay down and pick up a piece of embroidery. But such an earthly paradise has not existed since Adam ate the apple, and there is no sense in arguing as if it had or could. The Gloucester fisherman out for cod off the Grand Banks is probably living as non-mechanical and primitive a life as is possible for modern Americans. Is he less a part of his boat, sails, and tackle than the factory hand is of his levers and belts and spindles and presses? He makes more different motions and he may find them more interesting—though it is questionable whether the factory hand would—but he is no less absorbed into his tools.

It will be said that the old machines, actuated by human muscles rather than by steam or electricity, at least helped a man's creative power. Friends of the machine are constantly being told that hand-weaving is creative whereas machine-weaving is not. The old French artisan, we are told, lived a life of creativity; he stamped things with his own individuality; he projected his personality into his products. The modern American factory hand is passive; he makes nothing;

his product is standardized. This, within limits, is true of the factory hand. But it was also true of the artisan. He had certain styles and patterns which he reproduced endlessly, as our great-grandmothers reproduced world without end the same old quilting patterns. That man's products have always been standardized is proved by archæology and the history of taste. If there had not been standardization, how could archæologists date works of art by their style, material, and subject matter? There is no more individuality in the cave drawings at Les Eyzies—which are the most primitive works of art we have—than in the photographs of to-day. Yet drawing and painting are practically free of mechanical fetters. Peruvian pre-Columbian weaving is hardly the product of the machine age, yet we see running through it the same standardized weaves, the same colors, the same designs. Artists up to modern times almost always were working on commission; they executed orders; and it is a sheer falsification of history to think of their carrying out in matter the fancies of their dream-life. We have so much evidence of this that there is an embarrassment of choice.

One who knows history knows that the love of the individual, the different, the original is modern, wherever it exists at all. Where we find standardization of taste to-day we find not a product of the machine age but the survival of a long tradition. People in general have always wanted to be like everyone else in their social group—have we not books of etiquette running back to the fourteenth century at least? There are undeniably a great many people to-day—perhaps even the majority for all I know—who still want to be indistinguishable from their fellows. At the same time it is possible, if not always easy, for people even to think differently, whereas a century or

so ago it was literally impossible if one wished to save one's skin.

As one digs into this discussion one finds the instinctive hatred that many people have always had for innovation. We do not hate machines, we hate new machines. A woman will object to buying a dress cut out by machine, but will not object to buying one sewn by machine. The very person who objected to the player-piano had no objections to a phonograph; she grew up with one and learned all the music she knows from it. I find myself fuming at automobiles and yearning for the old bicycles. I can remember old folks shaking their heads over telephones as their juniors now curse out the dial phones. I have heard a gardener in France inveighing against chemical fertilizers which "*violent la terre*," as if horse manure were non-chemical. Sailors in the windjammers railed against the steamboat, and steamboat crews think none too kindly of the johnnies who sail oil-burners. Greek and Roman literature is full of invective against any kind of navigation, for it takes the pine tree off its mountain top and sends men wandering.

Obviously a new machine, like an old one, must be judged on its merits, not on its novelty. But the fact that it is novel should not condemn it. Here are two stalwart platitudes. But think of the fools who objected to anæsthesia, to aeronautics, even to cooked foods, because they were not "natural." The question cannot be settled by the wild use of question-begging epithets. We must each establish a system of values for ourselves or absorb that of our social group, and judge machines by it as we do everything else. There is

no other way of evaluating anything.

As we all know—we have certainly heard it frequently enough—the real question is what to do with our leisure. There is no doubt that we can have more of it now than we ever could in the past—if we want it. If it be true that movie palaces, dance halls, and speakeasies are crowded, that radios are going night and day, and automobiles are whizzing about like whirling atoms, it would seem as if most people had found the answer. It is an answer which displeases the magazine writers. That is because writers are by nature people who enjoy and need quiet and solitude and cannot understand other people's enjoying and needing noise and society. But can they point to a time when the leisure class as a mass was less ignobly amused? We happen to have a very large leisure class. It acts as idle human beings have always acted: the theater, the gaming table, the divan. Did anyone seriously think that it would take to improving its mind or sit cross-legged in rapt contemplation of its collective navel? Leisure is man's one opportunity to satisfy whatever appetites he happens to have. And no one can say that he is forced by lack of libraries, educational institutions, museums, and the like to spend it staring at films or boozing and petting. The fact is that most people are what their cultured fellows would call sots and always have been. And the probability is that in modern times—whether because or in spite of machines—they have more chance to rise from the sty than they have ever had. The machine has neither given them wings nor cloven hooves. In the very nature of the case it could do neither.



HEAVY . . . DOWN

A STORY

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

JOUNCY little Hogan was darning the toe of his sock. He was sitting tailorwise on his bunk behind the central stove, his right foot propped against his left knee, his flat mouth pursed, his galluses loose beside him to give him ease. At every stitch his hands trembled with the entrance of the needle. They were extraordinarily calloused hands; the palms worked as stiffly as rhinoceros hide; and for such a little man they were wonderfully broad. Drilling hands, O'Mory had said as soon as he laid eyes on them; and when they came to Lockport three years ago, back in twenty-two, he had taken Hogan to hold his drill.

The long barrack set up by the contractor to house his Irish gang was lighted by seven lanterns. Along the forty-foot walls were double rows of bunks. Two long tables ran the length of the center, with a stove at each end and the great stove in the middle. They were crackling and hissing, all three of them, with their bellies full of new wood. This year October was early with its frost; and the room was hot and full of the odor of men's sweated woolen.

The gang, except for two groups at each end of the northern table playing sledge and black jack, sprawled desultorily upon their bunks. Eseck Brown had closed his tavern: the Washington House barred Irishers.

A few were gathered close to Hogan to watch his machinations with the needle. It was an interesting process. He darned with the sock on his foot.

"Reach me down the old Hessian, Peter," he said at last.

A lanky boy in a deerskin shirt reached up for the wooden flask, unhooked it from its nail, and gave it to the little man.

Hogan had broken the wool thread and stuck his needle in a plank. He took the Hessian flask in both hands and sucked a mouthful of corn whiskey.

"Hang her up again, Peter, will you?"

He stretched out his foot and admired his toe artistically. The darn was in yellow wool upon a gray foundation. Sighing, he stretched out his leg and lay back on the bunk.

"I wish I was home again," said the young lad Peter.

Hogan raised himself on one elbow. His froggy blue eyes examined the boy.

"Did ye ever come by such good money annywhere in Ireland?"

"No."

"Did ye ever find better whiskey?"

"Just as good," said Peter, surlily.

"Did ye ever find more now?"

Hogan pointed a thick finger. "Did ye ever have whiskey come with ye're pay, and over and above it, too?"

"No."

A one-eyed man with grizzled hair, who had watched the whole darning of

the sock without a word, spat into the sandbox and said, "Is it the priest ye hone for?"

The boy said seriously, "Well, there ain't anny, is there?"

"Pho!" said Hogan. "They sent us out a father from Onondaga whin we set out for here."

"Three years ago."

"Well, what would you say to the father was he here?" asked the one-eyed man with dull sarcasm.

"Nothing," admitted Peter, gloomily.

"That's what's bothering the boy!" exclaimed Hogan. "He misses the girrels. Oh Peter! Ye're right enough. There ain't even anny temptation in these woods. But until we finished the labor ye didn't have anny time to think. Are you going back whome?"

"I haven't anny money," said Peter.

"What have ye done with all ye're pay?" He made a swift reckoning. "With yer sivin hundherd dollars?"

"It come in whiskey," said the boy. "Part of it in money, but it all come to the same thing."

"And ye talk of having no temptations!"

"Water is no temptation, is it? And, by yer own say, whiskey comes to the same thing."

"The thrubble with you is ye're too comfortable."

"That's a fact," said the one-eyed laborer. "If he was unhappy about it, he could feel real comfortable."

"What are we waiting here for?" cried a man down the room. He wore a small pointed hat on the top of his head and a dirty bandage on his left foot; between the two his body had no covering, and his skin glistened darkly in the heat of the stove.

"Put on ye're pants, McCarthy," said Hogan. "Ye're no decent sight."

"What am I going to do next?" demanded the man.

"What do you want to do?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe I'll go out to Ohio," said another man. "They're digging a ditch out there, they say."

"That's an uncivilized country. If ye go out there ye'll be spoilt intirely."

"They're digging another canal by the Delaware."

"They've seen us dig," said Hogan, "so they flatter ye and come over ye, and call ye 'me boy' or 'me lad.' But digging ain't the nat'ral state for anny one of us. Me, I'm going to wait till O'Mory gets whome."

"Where's O'Mory, annyway?" asked a new voice.

"At a wedding?"

"Yes," said Hogan, "at young Collins's wedding. The young carpenter who built the lock-gates."

"And was she the one O'Mory went around with in the spring?" asked Peter. "Her that had red hair?"

"I believe so," said Hogan.

"I thought he had his own hone for her."

"He did so," said Hogan.

"Then I don't understand."

"Him and Collins was friendly," said Hogan. "And what is one girrel more or less to him?"

"What is?" asked a skeptical voice.

"That's what I said," said Hogan, unruffled. "What is?"

"To be sure," said the skeptical voice.

Hogan asked for his Hessian.

The boy handed it down. Hogan sucked noisily.

"Just wait till O'Mory comes back. He'll decide for ye what to do."

"How will he know?"

"He knows the counthry," said Hogan, and he pointed overhead. O'Mory's bunk was above his own, and on a nail over it hung a singular thing. It was a fireman's helmet, scarlet, with a gold badge on which was printed "Phoenix, No. 22."

They all admired it and envied

O'Mory its possession. He had been a fireman in New York City. Sundays he took out the hat and polished its immense high crown and exaggerated brim until they glistened. Then he went out and inspected the week's work of his gang and compared it to the work of the other gangs. If the Irish margin was wide he came back and got drunk. If the footage excavated by another crew came close to theirs he drank sparingly and was surly for the rest of the day. Often and often they had seen him in his red helmet, striding down the new earth of the towpath, while jouncy little Hogan trotted to keep up, and his grin white through his black beard; and they had started work on Monday with redoubled speed, for he kept them conscious of their reputation. He always worked at the head of the gang, drilling and setting the key blasts. In the hot summer sun, with the leakage of the swamp slimy about their knees, they could look up to see his white bare shoulders arch and straighten, arch and relax to jouncy Hogan's chant, "Wa-a-ay Up! Heav-vy . . . Down!" and hear the clap of the twelve-pound sledge on the drill. Among themselves they knew him for the strongest man on the Big Ditch and they were proud of him.

The only gang that ever pushed them had been the black gang. One contractor had gathered a hundred negroes, to work the line of marsh above Clyde. They had failed there—only the bog-trotters were immune from typhus and ague—but they had done tremendous feats by all accounts at Irondequoit; and here at Lockport they had been pushing towards the Irish nearly as fast as the Irish had pushed towards them.

Their foreman was Jefferson Johnson, the biggest nigger in the United States, and a week ago he had threatened to pay a visit to the Irish when the work was done.

The one-eyed man remembered that. "I wonder will Jay-jay pay us a call."

"He hadn't better do that," said Hogan.

"No."

"We've been laid off three days," said another. "What are we waiting for?"

"The cilibration, maybe. So Lockport can take off three hundred hats to Clinton."

Silence fell upon the room. Through it they could hear the stoves, the clatter of metal-ware as the cooks washed up. Hogan got up and went to the door. When he opened it a cold draft swept in.

They all could see him against the night sky. The stars were white, and the old moon silver with frost. The shed stood on the lip of the ridge just west of the locks, and the new timbers of the balance beams shone white as bone. In the cleft of the rock they saw the dipper low down.

"To catch the wather if it comes," said a man.

"When is it coming?" asked Peter.

"Anny day," said Hogan over his shoulder and stepped through the door.

As the little man breathed the cold air and stared across the miles and miles of wilderness, broken only by the line of the canal, it came upon him that that was what they were waiting for. They wanted to see the completion of their work, they wanted to see the water from Lake Erie filling the lock-wells. Not one of them had seen Lake Erie. They knew it lay to the southwest, a body of water endless as a sea, where real ships sailed.

Behind him he heard the boy Peter ask, "What do they want this canal for annyway?"

It was the first time they had ever asked such a question. He had never asked it even of himself. It had been enough for him to shovel, to feel the

blister of the hot drill in his palms, to beat the work of the other gangs.

The door swung to, and he went out to the bridge head over the upper lock.

From there he could see the canal bed behind him in the deep-cloven rock, a monumental work, four miles in length, thirty-six feet deep. The cranes they had made from spruce trees had been taken away. There was just the clay, the black gleaming stone, the trickle of leakage from the marsh, the straight wall of the towpath.

He turned his back and leaning on the rail looked over the lower level to the bend where the channel turned due east. Water came to the lock gates. One boat was tied up, the boat that had brought in their last provisions. On the height to right and left clustered the sheds and barracks. Beyond them the houses of the mushroom-town. There were yellow lights there. There was a light in the house of the resident engineer. He was still making out his accounts. He did not know what the real work felt like; there was no ache in his hands.

Hogan's palms tingled. He would be able to feel the buck of the drill to his last day. He leaned over the rail and spat from his quid.

A man was coming along the towpath. He walked very slowly. Hogan watched the figure idly. It came along the towpath to the foot of the lock and paused before it mounted slowly, almost painfully. Now if it was Jay-jay and his black crew, that would be something different. There would be a chance of shindy, and out here there was not a soul to say stop. In Rochester there had been a chancy meeting, between the gangs, but the townies had brought out rifles on them.

Hogan waited until the stranger had come up to the bridge, and then he said, "Good evening."

The stranger breathed hard.

He took off his hat to wipe his forehead, and Hogan saw that he was an old man with white hair almost to his shoulders.

"Good evening," said the stranger.

He carried a satchel on his back, and by the look of it it was heavy.

"Put down ye're bag," suggested Hogan. "It looks a heavy load."

"It's not as heavy as it should be."

"What have ye got?"

"Articles of God," said the old man.

"What is them?"

"Messages, for all men."

"Oh, are ye a peddler?"

"Yes," said the old man, "I'm a peddler."

The old man did not look like a peddler.

"Me name is Hogan, mister."

"Mine is Smith."

He extended a hand that felt like cloth to Hogan's leather palm.

"I want to trade but I don't want money."

"What do ye do then?" asked Hogan.

"I want to talk about God."

"Are you a missionary, a minister?" Hogan asked incredulously.

"No. I'm a man who has seen the error of his ways. I want others to see theirs."

Hogan felt kindly for him.

"Ye've come a long ways, mister. I wouldn't go in now on the bhoys."

"Who works on this section?"

"I'm one. We're called the Devil's Angels."

"The bog-trotters! I beg your pardon, the Irishmen?"

"The same."

"They're Catholics?"

"As much as anny other thing ye care to name."

"Christians. It is the only sect under the sun, and I am merely a man who has seen the error of his ways."

"Well, these are a damned bad bunch of bhoys. But mister," Hogan

urged him kindly, "don't be bothering them. They're kind of restless."

"I've been restless too," said the old man. "Which is their shed?"

Hogan sighed.

"If ye're set on going, I'll come along, mister."

"I should be obliged. Wait. I should like to make you a present. These are pamphlets, tracts. I have some very interesting ones, and before I go in I should like to make you an especial present, for you have been kind."

"Thank you," said Hogan. "I'd take one, only I can't read."

"It makes no difference," said the old man. "They are comforting things to have. Now here is one on the evils of drink: 'The Ruinous Bargain,' truly expository. This one is 'True Motherhood.' I have here one copy of a very substantial tract called, 'The Life, Earthly Damnation, and *Ultimate* Salvation, of Elizabeth Shepherd.' It is a remarkable story, attested, with a fine lesson, and has instructive pictures."

"Pictures?" asked Hogan.

"Yes."

"I'll take it then, and thank ye kindly, mister."

The old gentleman passed it to him, refilled his bag.

"Do ye know them by the touch then?" asked Hogan.

"Yes," said the old man, smiling.

"Reading is a gift for sure," Hogan said seriously.

The old man snapped the bag.

"Let me carry it," said Hogan. He swung it to his shoulder. It made no mean load; it must have borne down heavily on so old a man. He paused for a moment.

The whole world was still.

Then along the Deep Cut he heard the scrape of boots and, peering into the darkness, he saw the shapes of men.

"Bedevil, it's Jay-jay!"

He felt the old man's hand on his arm.

"Excuse me, mister. It's Jay-jay."

"Who is he?"

"He's foreman of the blacks, the niggermen. He said he would come calling. He's been disputing for three years with us. They claim they do the better work. When they got through they said they was going to prove it."

He started hurrying for the barrack.

"Listen, mister. This ain't a time to missionate. It's no place at all for a gentleman like you."

"Isn't it?" said the old man mildly.

"I should think I had come just in time."

"Well," muttered Hogan, "then I'll look out for ye annyway."

He hurried him through the door.

The Irishers lay around the room as he had left them.

"Boys!" They looked up. "Jay-jay's coming."

Instantly their faces brightened.

"Give me me pants," cried McCarthy. A man laughed.

"What'll we do to them?"

"I wisht O'Mory was whome," said Hogan, anxiously. "But annyway set around nat'ral and easy. Just look like ye'd expected them in for a pot of tay."

He had forgotten the old gentleman. Now he felt a touch on his shoulder and turning, saw him standing with bare head. He had fine features, a soft white mustache, and his deep-set eyes were wandering from face to face.

"Boys," said Hogan, "this is Mister Smith. He's come in to talk to ye about the error of his ways and give ye books." He held up his present, and the boy Peter laid hold of it.

"It's got picters," he cried.

"Now leave it be, Peter," said Hogan. "I'll just put it by till Jay-jay's gone so it won't be damaged anny."

He stowed it away under his blankets, while the boy watched gloomily.

Round the room the men disposed themselves easily. Conversation broke out on the weather, on women. The old missionary was forgotten. A couple in the corner by the door to the kitchen started a song.

Hogan caught the old gentleman's arm and swung him behind the central stove, as the door opened.

"Good evening, Mister Jay-jay," he said, his flat mouth grinning. "Step into me poor house and set down out of the cold. Is it very cold to-night?"

Through the door came the biggest negro the missionary had ever seen. He was not very tall but he was built with tremendous weight. His barrel chest showed through his thin shirt as plainly as if it were naked. It arched from his collar bone to his high thick stomach. His arms were smooth, showing the muscle by their shape. His legs were thin and flat, and for all his weight, he moved lightly. His thick lips, his brown eyes with the yellow whites, his kinked hair, his tight-set ears, and his broad flattened nostrils had an almost aboriginal caste. His neck bulged outward from the base of his ears. With his shining black skin and the flexing of his nostrils, he appeared among the Irishers like a black-blooded stallion.

But when he returned Hogan's greeting, his voice was gentle and husky. "Good evening, Mister Hogan, sir. Is Mister O'Mory here?"

"He is not," said Hogan. "But come inside."

"I've brought along some of my boys, Mister Hogan, if it isn't a bother to you."

"Have them in, Jay-jay."

Twenty of his biggest men trooped through the door. They were black as Jay-jay, and they brought with them an outlandish tropic odor.

Hogan indicated the tables and benches.

"Set down," he invited them, and he

wondered what he should do till O'Mory came.

"I don't want to bother you gentlemen," Jay-jay was saying. "I wanted to talk to O'Mory. I've been promising that."

Hogan had an inspiration. He got up and took off his hat.

"Jay-jay, when you came in we were just going to listen to Mister Smith tell us a few words about the error of his ways."

He made a gesture to the old man and sat down again.

The negroes' eyes rolled round at the old man. They seemed completely at a loss—except for the giant Johnson. He was amazed to see such a man in such a place, but he recognized the quality. He gravely inclined his head, motioned his men to the benches, and sat down himself on O'Mory's box at the table-end.

The old man looked over the room for a moment; for a moment his eyes were helpless. His nostrils fluttered to the smell of sweat and corn whiskey, and his face went white. Then his eyes brightened. He took up his bag and put it before him on the table.

"Gentlemen," he said very quietly, "the Lord has not gifted me with eloquence. It is enough that he has shown me the error of my ways in time for me to do some work for him. I shall not preach. But perhaps we may have a little talk."

His fingers riffled the pages of one of the pamphlets.

"I am an old man, and I am alone in the world. I will tell you a story . . ."

He told his story simply and quickly—it appeared that he had traded negroes, owned a line of vessels. He had been very wealthy; it had never occurred to him to consider as human the people he bought for colored glass and cheap steel. His wife was a saintly woman, full of prayer, but he had spent little time with her at home. His had

been a life of pleasure as the people of his community knew how to live. He had had two children. Over them alone he and his wife agreed. Their pride and love for the boy and girl amounted closely to passion.

His even voice sketched the careers of the children. Through his words the Irishers caught glimpses of a type of life beyond their understanding. The giant Jay-jay alone appreciated the things he heard. He sat with head slightly bowed, slightly turned from the speaker; but from time to time his eyes rolled round for a sidewise glance. When the man described the betrothal party of his daughter, listing the clothes, the coaches, the food, the wine, Jay-jay nodded to himself.

The old man talked well. He called nothing vanity. He merely detailed the facts; what he considered their meaning to be any man could read in the lines beside his fine lips. He stood straight and pale, letting go the copy of the "Debauchees' Accounting." He was looking doom in the eye, but his own eye carried a spark still.

First the boy had been lost at sea in one of his own ships.

His daughter's husband had turned out a waster and spender and worse. He had disappeared with his tender bride—somewhere to the west. Disgraced when he had had to leave, she had chosen to stand by him. Not all the speaker's money could trace them, when after the final blow his pride had melted. The final blow was his wife's death from an incurable disease.

"I was alone that night in my study, gentlemen, when a man knocked on the door. He came in and prayed with me. I do not know who he was or what his face was, but I saw with his help the error of my ways and I was converted. I spend my money now in helping those who need it and in giving tracts to those who in this world can help themselves."

He paused. His face was finely drawn in the lantern light, and his hair seemed even more white.

"I speak to you only from a place beside you. You are new in this country, many of you, and you have a future. You do not have to make money to be subjected to error. I do not ask confessions."

They dropped their eyes. His calm was breaking down, and they knew that he felt it slipping from his hands.

"I will only ask that sometimes you will think of my story, and beware of the vanities of life, of profane words and idle drinking, and the commerce with evil women."

His breath caught, and he continued painfully, "Poor things, they are no worse than I."

"Stop yer sniffing, Peter," whispered Hogan. He wiped his own nose with embarrassment. He had seen many a man beaten but he had never seen a man who felt himself debased.

"Life is not a test of the better man," said the old man softly, "but of the better Christian."

He took up in his hand a small thick book bound in brown leather. It fell open at his touch and he began to read, slowly, haltingly:

"Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face,

But answer lest I die;

Hast thou not built a throne of Grace,

To hear when sinners cry."

He dropped the book and, taking up the pamphlets, walked slowly round the barrack, giving each man one, while his voice continued the psalm from memory.

"My days are wasted like the smoke,

Dissolving in the air;

My strength is dry, my heart is broke,

And sinking in despair."

Jouncy little Hogan put the hard palms of his hands together and poked Peter with the darned toe of his sock.

The boy's finely cut face, so pagan, so dark, was bright with tragedy. The one-eyed man's eye was staring beyond the window.

"My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts, of midnight, howl;
There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl."

He had not preached to them but he had shared his life with them. It was not like the priest at confession. Hogan fingered the callouses. It was a soul shaking hands. And he knew that it was a strong soul, shaken perhaps, perhaps broken, but full of simple courage. The voice was even again.

"My locks like wither'd leaves appear,
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are
Which vanish in the night."

Hogan looked up. Jay-jay was sitting solemnly, staring eyeballs pointed to the little paper in his hamlike hands; and a kind of monstrous politeness sat on him.

And then Hogan's heart patted the inside of his chest. Leaning against the closed door, was O'Mory in his Sunday suit, his boots muddy from his long walk, his bright eyes dry, his mouth closed soberly in his black beard.

He was listening for the end of the psalm, but his attention was fastened on the giant Jay-jay; and Hogan could tell by the way his hands took hold of the inside of his pants' pockets that his friend had been drunk and had brought the devil back with him.

The old man's voice went on:

"He hears his saints, he knows their cries
And by myster'ous ways,
Redeems the pris'n'er doom'd to die
And fills his tongue with praise."

He was facing O'Mory, handing him a book. The black Irishman took his right hand from his pocket and grasped the pamphlet.

"Thank ye, sir," he said in his deep voice, "and thank ye for talkin' to the bhoys."

Hogan's eyes jumped to Jay-jay.

Deliberately the negro turned on the box, his feet scuffing the floor lightly.

But before he could speak, the old man reclaimed their attention. He had taken up his empty satchel and put it on his shoulder.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have listened courteously to me. I am grateful. I hope you will think of the things I have said so poorly and come to some understanding of the truth in them. Good-night."

For the first time, O'Mory's attention was turned fully on the speaker. As he came towards the door, the Irishman put out a heavy hand.

"Where are ye going to spend the night, sir?"

"It is not late," said the old man. "I thought I might get on to the next camp."

"You've had a long walk. Ye'd better spend the night."

The old man's smile was charming.

"I should say you were full-up in here."

"Me and Hogan can double up," said O'Mory, "and if it's crowded, whin he gets to sleep I'll just stick him underneath the bed."

Some of the Irishers chuckled. Hogan grinned. There was going to be something doing in a while.

"No. But thank you. I'll be getting on."

He went resolutely out of the door.

Suddenly Jay-jay was on his feet.

"Robert," he said in his soft voice.

A willowy negro with a crinkle of beard along his chin glanced up from the table.

"Robert, you go along with this gentleman and see he finds his way and introduce him and keep them black boys polite."

"Yes, Jay-jay, but . . ."

"Go along," said Jay-jay quietly.

After one more look at the broad face, Robert nodded and went out quickly.

O'Mory closed the door behind him.

"Well, Jay-jay, I'm glad you've come around, I am. I've heard ye think highly of yerself," he said coming forward, "and I don't wondher at it. No I don't."

Jay-jay swung round to face the table again and placed his great hands together upon it. He seemed to be thinking deeply.

"Take yer time," said O'Mory with mock kindness. "Anny man's entitled to his good thoughts."

He looked round.

"Now the old gent's gone along, ye might bring out some whiskey. I've had a far walk, and it isn't often we've had visitors."

Hogan took down his Hessian and refilled it at a barrel. He placed it between Jay-jay and O'Mory, while Peter brought a couple of thick glasses.

O'Mory poured out liberal doses.

"Here's spit in yer eye, Jay-jay," he offered for a toast. "I believe it's a custom of yer country."

Hogan started. It was an ugly thing to say, and O'Mory seldom said things maliciously. Something was eating the man. It was the wedding, of course; O'Mory had been bottled up the two whole days and he wanted to rouse the negro. Then Hogan saw what O'Mory had seen all along, that Jay-jay was not in the mood for a shindy.

He was still heavily regarding his hands.

"Well," said O'Mory, "if nobody else will drink, bedevil, I will, annyway. I've just come back from putting a boy in bed with his girrel and I find ye all glooming like crows come home to a clean roost."

He held down his beard with his left hand and brought his glass sidewise to

his lips, tilted his head, and swallowed heartily. His lips smacked.

"I'm dhry," he said, and turned his back on the negroes.

"Hogan," he said, "I heard in Newport that they expected the wather to come through to-day or to-morrow."

"No," said Hogan.

"I did."

"Then it might come through to-night. Peter, just run out and take a look to see."

Peter was lying on his bunk with Hogan's book, looking at the pictures.

"Devil take him! Put down that book, will ye!"

Peter got up reluctantly and went outside.

When he was gone, O'Mory said, "They waited I guess till the darkeys was finished before they could let the wather in. The poor bhoys. They never could stand the wet."

The Irishers roared and stamped. Some of the negroes looked up hotly, turning from the Irishmen to their leader. When they saw him a kind of dismay lay on their loose mouths. Jay-jay continued to sit silently. Little beads of sweat were on his forehead, nose, and chin. In the light, against the black skin, they looked white.

"It's truth I'm telling," crowed Hogan, pointing at the drops.

O'Mory snorted.

"They hadn't the strength to stand it, the poor bhoys. I'm not blaming them."

Jay-jay at last looked up.

"O'Mory," he said, "when I come over I brought the best twenty boys I had to lick your best. I'm going to lick you. But I ain't goin' to let these boys fight. I see now it ain't right after hearing that old gentleman eloquenting."

O'Mory's savage grin grew almost friendly.

"Me boy, it's time. I need the

exercise." His eye took in the massive torso. "Maybe I'll get it."

"Maybe you will," said the negro calmly.

His gaze lost its introspective moodiness. He examined the Irishman with an animal objectiveness. In his own way, O'Mory was something to see. He was built leanly. His long arms were muscled hard as whips; under the skin on his forearms the cords moved like strings as he stretched his hand out to grasp Hogan's Hessian with his fingers.

"Here's a glass to ye, Jay-jay. You and yer men wasn't much at the marshes, but perhaps you can fight."

The negro brushed the glass aside.

"I'll drink when I'm done with you, O'Mory."

His voice, still soft, was close-bitten. But there was a greater liveliness in his eye.

"Well," said O'Mory, "dhrink never hurt a man to my knowing. But I wouldn't go so far as trespass on yer religious scrhuples, Jay-jay. It seems a shame, though, the bhoys can't have a limbering on your lads."

"There ain't no need," said Jay-jay. "We're the two best men on the canal."

"Well," said O'Mory, "I'm inclined to grant you that, though that jouncey little Hogan perhaps could doother one of your eyes."

Hogan grinned.

"There ain't anny sense in closing Jay-jay's eyes the way it's colored."

O'Mory downed his drink.

"Idle fighting is good for the liver, Jay-jay, but bad for the sowl. So we'd better have something to fight about. All the world knows the niggers went undher on the Montezuma Marsh."

"How about the bank at Ronde-quoit?" asked a negro angrily. "All the people say that's the biggest work there is."

"They ain't seen the Deep Cut," said O'Mory. "And we finished ahead of you, me bhoy."

"We had farther to dig."

"But ye never come into that hard lime."

Jay-jay stood up.

He remembered the words of the old man. He repeated them: "Life ain't no test of the best man but of the best Christian."

O'Mory slapped his thighs.

"I'll fight ye for that. Ye're a rotten haythen, Jay-jay."

He opened his hand, drew back, and struck the negro a resounding slap on his right cheek. The sound echoed behind the stove and the negro's head snapped back. His neck stiffened. He got up slowly and said, "Do it again." He had turned his face.

"Annything to oblige," said O'Mory, and he struck again. The negro took the blow without a sign, but the crack sounded like a blacksnake whip on hide.

The door opened, and the boy Peter came in.

"I couldn't tell was the wather deeper. It's too dark."

He stopped. Nobody had heard him. And as he stopped, the negro knocked O'Mory down.

There was a roar from the men that made a wind to shake the lantern flames. Tongues of smoke leaped out.

O'Mory jumped to his feet.

"Get me them tables out of the way," he cried. "Hogan, hold me shirt."

The stamp of feet filled the room, the scrape of table legs upon the puncheon floor. But the Irishers were watching Jay-jay with a new light in their faces. No one had ever knocked O'Mory down.

The negro had drawn back a pace before his men. His great closed fists swung by his sides in little jerks. His feet were flat on the ground, his knees

slightly sprung, but his back was straight, and his barrel chest heaved with a quick easy breathing and his nostrils went in and out like the flutter of a stallion's.

O'Mory's shirt was off and his chest shone a lively white through the black mane upon it. The structure of the man showed beneath the skin. His breathing eased again.

When the room was cleared he said, "Whichever one of us two beats the other, leave the black bhoys be." He turned to Jay-jay. "Come on, me bhoys."

He sprang.

His arms cracked in. The two blows were like lightning. They struck like bolts, a flat hard crack to the head, and a dull thud to the belly. The negro met them like a rock, and then he was in motion. So quickly, so lightly did he move that he seemed scarcely to change his place. His feet did not step high and lightly like the Irishman's, but they moved, instead, flat and close to the floor, with a faint shuffling sound, putting him here and there with the ugly swiftness of a bear.

His round smooth black arms were like the pistons of a steamboat's engine. And when his fists struck, they thundered on the Irishman's chest. And when they came away, the others saw that they had left their color on the skin, as if the white could breed to black—octoroon, quadroon, mulatto, black.

O'Mory's body whipped before the blows and his teeth showed in his beard. He seemed far quicker than the negro, with his lithe strides, the grace of his arms, and the snakelike lashes of his fists.

Hogan streamed, "Go afther him, O'Mory! Bhoys! Bhoys! Don't let him grasp ye!"

"Watch his feet," cried the one-eyed man.

"Look out he doesn't grasp yer lip!"

"Mind yer eyes, O'Mory."

A roar of voices swelled. The Irishers were all upon their bunks. The negroes were lining the wall by the doors. They were silent. Their dusky faces made a thread of intensity against the yellow of the planks. Suddenly as the two men came together, one jabbered in an outlandish tongue.

"O God!" shrieked Hogan. "Stand off from him!"

Each had his chin on the other's right shoulder, and out of sight between them their hands interlocked like antlers.

There was not a breath of movement.

Suddenly the Irishman's left hand shot round the black man's waist, slipped down behind his thigh, his foot slid forward. He strained heavily, his muscles cracking. The negro lifted; the flat feet shuffled in air; and then slowly they came back to the floor and the two men snapped apart. The negro had broken the hold; but he spun as he came free and went against the table. With a roar O'Mory was on him and bent him back upon the board. The Irishman's knee pressed into the negro's crotch, keeping his legs vertical, while with both hands reached under the black man's armpits he caught his chin and forced the neck back. The eyes in the black face swelled. The yellow whites became bloodshot. A strange moaning broke from the negroes and jouncy little Hogan began to jibber with delight. "O'Mory, O'Mory, O'Mory, ye darlin'!"

And then the negro's hands drew back, and his foot lifted. The blow seemed futile from that angle but it found the Irishman's chin. The black hand was lost in the black beard, the head snapped back, and the white hands broke from the black chin like limp straps. At the instant, the negro's foot found room and kicked the Irishman away.

O'Mory reeled. The walls swam in front of him, a dizzy line of faces. He heard a shout of warning. He heard a high-pitched kind of moan. "He's butting!" He heard the pad of feet. It seemed to be behind him. He tried to whirl, but the black head caught him on the thigh and he spun away and fell.

As he fell he heard the crash the negro made. He had been hurt, he knew he had been hurt, but he could not feel it. But it was a hurt that gave something into his hands. He wasn't lonely any more. The wedding was out of his mind now and he was a man, and he found that he loved Jay-jay, loved him as a precious object for his hands to destroy. A grin broke his lips apart. His hands found the planks and he was on his feet.

As the negro faced him, O'Mory knew that he also was hurt, and he put back his head and laughed with pure joy, and the young engineer, Roberts, who had come to the door when the hullabaloo broke loose, with the clerk and the cooks, and axemen, and rodsman, understood why someone had called this gang the Devil's Angels. For the rest of them had caught O'Mory's laughter and laughed with him, and the long room heaved with roaring.

But the negro had become a travesty of the human thing. The purpose of the human brain was behind him now, but the face was bestial.

They came together.

"Stand off from him!"

But as though they had agreed to it, they abandoned themselves to their fists.

O'Mory saw the black face before him, the one thing in the world, and his love for it filled his heart with the desire to feel it breaking under his hands.

They traded great blows. They had no notion of defense. They broke each other as they would have broken stone, with the instinct of three long

years in the Deep Cut to compel their arms and shoulders.

O'Mory felt the pain growing in his body like grass. He felt the blades like arrows in his chest and the roots fingering his vitals. But his brain sang as he saw that the negro's blood was red. He swung without moving his feet, again and again and again, until his arms had acquired a rhythm. And through the room which had once more grown silent, he heard the voice of Hogan catching it for him, giving his hands truth. "Wa-a-ay Up! . . . Heavy . . . Down! Wa-a-ay Up! . . . Heavy . . . Down!" Over and over. And the sting in his forearms was like the taste of the sledge. But he was hammering rock that would not break. He knew that it would never break and his heart sang with laughter and he was glad.

All at once he saw in Jay-jay's face a change coming slowly, as if his understanding had been lighted from the same fire. And all at once the broken lips of both men grinned covertly at each other. For a few blows they continued for the pure joy of it. Then, as at a word, they held back their arms, stepped together, and shook hands.

Jouncy little Hogan laughed. He came leaping down on his bowlegs with his old Hessian high over his head. He baptized them both with stinging whiskey and gave them the drum to drink from, first the negro, then the Irishman. As the two men drank, there was silence. And in the silence all men heard a different sound.

It came from the open door, from the frosted night, from the spot where the great dipper was suspended over the cleft in the mountain ridge. It was the sound of water. It was the sound of a small trickle of water finding its way down the tumble bay beside the double flight of locks.

But for a moment the Irishmen and

the negroes did not understand what it could be. It was not until the young engineer who had given their labor form cried suddenly, "It's the water coming through!" that they knew.

But they stood still. They heard his feet pounding down to the bridge head, they heard the broken note in his voice, they saw the rodsman and the axemen and the cooks running after him, but they stood still, with a queer wonder in their eyes.

Some smiled, some simply stood with open mouths. O'Mory put his arm across Jay-jay's shoulders and grinned at jouncy little Hogan.

He knew.

It meant the end of their long initiation. The engineer wanted to see it because of the shape it would have, the form for the picture he had seen in his mind's eye. The rodsman and the axemen, because it meant the end of their stay in this piece of wilderness, the cooks because it meant that they would not have to wash the plates of Irishmen and negroes. To the contractors it would mean profit or loss. To the farmers in Ohio it would mean a decent price for wheat. To the merchants in the east it would mean cheap transportation. Even in New York City it would mean money in the hope chest of Tammany Hall.

His face lengthened.

But to himself and to these wild Irishers, who had chopped at stumps, who had shovelled where half of each shovelful ran back at their toes, who had wheeled barrows, who had had the sun on their backs, the frost in their feet, the cold wet against their bellies, the ague and fever in their lungs, who had had stumps to pull, and piles to drive in quicksand, limestone to blast, and rock to devil which no force but their own could loosen, this water meant the sweat they had dropped in labor, it meant the blood of life in their veins, it meant the end of the job.

He looked round on them. They were staring at him hopelessly. Even jouncy little Hogan was staring at him like a miserable lost dog.

He said to them, "It's finished, bhoys."

The one-eyed man asked over his quid hoarsely, "What'll we do now, O'Mory?"

And he said, "In Newport at the wedding a man said that freight lines of boats were starting up to eastwards. They'll be wanting crews. They'll hire ye on." He laughed. "What more do ye want? Ye've built the thing. It's whome to ye. Me, I've had me offer already. I'm a captin as I stand. Hogan, will ye be a crewman? Ye're short. Ye won't have to duck for bridges."

Hogan's flat mouth opened, stretched, and grinned.

"Have a pull at me old Hissian, O'Mory, Captin, Sir."

O'Mory felt a stiffness in the shoulders under his arm. He felt sorry for the black men now. They were sons of toil. It was the tradition in their blood.

"Niver mind, Jay-jay," he said. "You can lick any man but me. Let's go on out and see the thing."

They walked down to the Deep Cut, and they saw that the canal was more than half full. Coming slowly for the new banks, the water had made small impression till the lock gates dammed it. Then it had risen quickly. It made a black, straight track along the towpath wall, stretching back into the still blackness of the stone. But even in that blackness it held reflections of the stars.

The moon was dipping. At their feet it swam upon the water. And all at once, in the white pool, the men saw a long black shape.

"What's that?"

"It's a fish!" cried Hogan.

"It's too big a fish to be one."

"I saw it, I'm telling you. I saw the tail of it, and the fins of it, and the mouth of it, and the round eye as great as a whale."

The rodsman bent over. He was a man from Buffalo. As he looked the long shape swam across the light again.

"It's a muskallonge," he said. "I've seen plenty since I came out here. They're handsome fish and grow to forty pounds."

"No!"

"Isn't he telling you?"

"How big is this one would ye say, Mister Roberts?"

The engineer, who had drawn off to be by himself, came back. He too knew the fish.

"It's a muskallonge all right. I'd call it over thirty-five pounds."

"Close to forty," the rodsman agreed.

"Think of that!"

"And him coming all the way from the lake, all by himself alone."

"What do ye suppose he's afther now?"

The fish had approached the tumble bay. They could just make him out, estimating the water, and finning backward from it.

"I'll tell you," cried Roberts. "I'll work him through the locks, if he wants to go. O'Mory, you get over on that other gate. Take that lever and pull up, that opens the sluice gate."

He opened the gate on his side of the western flight.

The water sluiced through with a loud, thirsty swish, tumbled over the upper sill. In a moment the new plank of the floor had lost its gleam.

The level began to rise in the inner chamber of the well. The men watched it silently. For the time they had forgotten the fish. They saw the water fingering the walls, they saw the stars borne upon the surface. A pool was made to float a boat, higher, higher, until it rose above the sill, to the level in the Deep Cut.

The engineer leaned on the balance beam of the nearest gate, and O'Mory with Jay-jay to help him opened the other. They swung silently through the water and the moon floated in between, and under the moon went the fish. The men cheered. The gates were closed.

"He knows a thing or two," cried Hogan, delightedly peering over.

Moving slowly the men followed the water down, and through each lock the fish swam composedly eastward, and at the very end he slid out on the Rochester level. He hung for a moment at the bottom of the tumble bay, over which the waste water was already gaining considerable volume. Then he wheeled with a smooth eddy and disappeared. The silent men watched him go.

O'Mory heard a man crying softly behind him. He turned. It was the boy, Peter. He understood. To this boy all the things of beauty in the world were tragic.

He laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"I'll be needing another hand on me boat besides Hogan. Will ye sign on, Peter, lad?"

The boy nodded, and the growing roar of the water on the tumble bay mastered all other sounds.



CATASTROPHE OR SOCIAL CONTROL?

THE ALTERNATIVES FOR AMERICA

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

SOME years ago Bertrand Russell, who hates the capitalistic social order, and Dean Inge, who despises all proposed alternatives to it, agreed that the present order would last longer in America by some fifty years than anywhere in Europe. The fact that it had achieved an obvious success in American prosperity, that the international anarchy which imperiled it in Europe had little effect upon a national economy which expanded upon a whole continent, and that the dogmas and illusions which established it in the hearts of the people had suffered from little of the corrosion at work in Europe since the beginning of the twentieth century, all lent plausibility to such predictions. A social order does not yield easily to either the catastrophes of history or the slow transmutations of time. Any prestige which it may have achieved through early success may help it to maintain itself long after it ceases to function in economic terms or to satisfy the moral sense of the community.

The combined forces of gunpowder, commerce, new learning, and the Reformation required three centuries to reduce the feudal order to ashes. It might be assumed, therefore, that a social system which reached its zenith in America no later than 1929 would last for at least another century among us, even though it perishes catastrophically in Europe or is changed

beyond recognition by gradual process. But there are some reasons for believing that climax and anticlimax will be telescoped in America and that events may move much more quickly than these predictions anticipate.

The chief reason for such a hope and such a fear is that America is part of a world economic system in which the logic of events moves with inexorable force without disclosing itself fully to the American mind or preparing it for eventualities. Our prosperity and our comparative isolation obscure the logic without freeing us from its necessities.

Culturally, Americans are still children of the nineteenth century. All the dogmas and illusions, the convictions and the sentimentalities of the nineteenth century—the faith in progress, the trust in democracy, and the confidence in the beneficence of competitive individualism—are dead or dying in Europe. What was not dead at the turn of the century was consigned to oblivion during the World War. Whether Europe has qualified the nineteenth-century creed of individualism sufficiently to avoid catastrophe in a technological and interdependent civilization is still an open question. But socialism is inevitable in Europe either through catastrophe or by gradual change. In America, on the other hand, the atmosphere of pioneer life, the expanding economy of a virgin continent, and the obvious success of

our technology have given nineteenth-century individualism and optimism and all the expansive sentimentalities of that era a seeming justification against which the logic of a new situation beats in vain. We hold to the creed of the past even though we develop the strategy of a technological civilization more consistently than any other nation. We remain unqualified nationalists even though our wealth relates us in terms of mutual dependence to all the world. We cling to the illusion that competition establishes a wholesome balance of economic self-interest even while power and privilege are centralized in the hands of a few more consistently in our economy than anywhere else in the world. We hold to a democratic dogma, elaborated by agrarian forefathers, long after the dogma has become little more than a façade behind which centralized economic power usurps control of the state, appropriating the doctrines of laissez-faire economics to establish a new kind of mercantilism.

A gradual restatement of the doctrines of the past in terms of new situations is the safest method of providing for social change without social convulsion. Any nation which meets such new factors as a technological civilization has developed with social and political traditions which are almost totally irrelevant to it runs the danger of premature catastrophe. That is the peril in which America stands. The pressing problem of an industrial era is the social control of economic power. If centralized economic power is not brought under control progressively it will expand until resentment against its pretensions and exactions will produce a revolutionary mood which a more gradual adjustment of political policy to economic necessity might be able to avoid. Since the depression began there has been some change in the temper of political

thought in America, and there are some signs of disillusionment in the efficacy and relevance of the creeds of the fathers. But it is doubtful whether these new tendencies in our political thought will achieve significant proportions for some decades to come. After two years of depression they are not powerful enough to create a really dangerous political rebellion in the next presidential election. It even remains a question whether economic discontent is sufficiently widespread to prompt the choice of the Democratic alternative to Republican conservatism, though Democratic liberalism represents only the mildest variation from the toryism of the dominant party.

II

A few well-known examples may suffice to reveal the depth and extent of our political incompetence. For a third winter we have faced the horrors of unemployment with nothing but private charity and municipal taxation to provide resources for the mitigation of the sufferings of the unemployed. The sentimental appeals of the President's commission to "give more than you can afford" have yielded a sum for the relief of more than ten million unemployed only one third as large as Britain raises by taxation for two and a half million of her workless population. We have not learned the very simple and obvious lesson that only taxation coercion can produce the revenues necessary for such a crisis. The supposed glories of uncoerced charity, to which the government and those who wish to escape taxation appeal, result merely in inadequate funds for relief, inadequate taxation for the rich, and confusing sentimentalities which make the ungenerous appear generous in their own eyes and in the eyes of others. Being a little too humane to permit starvation, we do finally resort to

hastily improvised taxation schemes, municipal and even State and Federal, when the social chaos which every sensible observer has predicted for months, finally threatens us. But the nation as such fails to profit by the experience of the past years to initiate a policy of social insurance which the industrial nations of Europe have long since taken for granted.

In the same way we give ourselves to the fatuous hope that large business enterprise will voluntarily abolish the policies which are bound to lead to disaster. Wage cut after wage cut proves that neither economic law nor humane impulse will operate to maintain wage levels when industry has a surplus of labor to bargain with. Nor will the power of organized labor, without the aid of the state, suffice to protect living standards against the tendencies created by technological unemployment. Yet American trade unions still hope to meet the combined political and economic power which the dominant groups possess with nothing but the depreciated power which they hold in the weapon of the strike. Both the workers and the general public still live under the illusion that the political state exists to arbitrate the conflict of interest between various economic groups, whereas a little observation must lead even a casual observer to the conclusion that the political state is always bent to the use of the dominant economic power, whatever the political forms or the pretensions of the politicians may be. This would be true even if the political representatives of labor could check such a tendency in the halls of Congress. But we have a Congress in which only the dominant economic groups have essential representation. It will probably require the labor of several decades to give the large masses of our industrial population even the kind of inadequate parlia-

mentary protection which they now enjoy in European countries.

Meanwhile the industrialists, who might well congratulate themselves upon the freedom of action which they are able to maintain because of the political ignorance of the workers, reveal the depth of their social ignorance by resisting the demands of orthodox organized labor for the organization of industry. Wherever industry is not yet organized, as in public utilities and in the automatic industries, efforts to do so are met with brutal and violent resistance, and the forces of the State are usually made available for the support of the companies. Incidentally, no better proof can be found that power is never checked by the voluntary action of those who hold it but only by raising power against it. Social intelligence may persuade powerful groups to yield under pressure, but it never seems great enough to guarantee voluntary action. In our situation the powerful groups are not intelligent enough to yield under pressure, and the laborers are not intelligent enough to provide the pressure.

The lack of social intelligence in all of our economic groups, therefore, threatens a situation in which economic power will expand without a single force adequate to check the pretensions which power inevitably makes when it is full blown. We, therefore, face the dismal prospect of the continued expansion of power on the part of the dominant groups until its pretensions achieve absurd dimensions and its exactions become insufferable to the community.

Even when economic power is gradually brought under social control by political process, as has been the case in England, it is a question whether the national community can take a final step in the socialization of finance and industry without meeting the resist-

ance of a fascist venture from those whose power is being destroyed. If privileged groups yield some special privileges for the sake of maintaining the substance of their advantages, such a policy gives no guarantee of their action in the moment of crisis when they are faced with the alternative of yielding the last vestiges of privilege or offering martial resistance. Both in Germany and in England there are indications that any final effort to socialize modern industrial society will result in fascist ventures. If this is true in nations where economic power has been qualified over a period of decades, what may one expect of America?

The possibility of gradually bringing our industrial society under social control seems even darker when we consider other weaknesses of our national life, the thinness of our cultural traditions and the lack of self-assurance of our dominant groups. The classes which rule America were not to the manner born. They are frequently recruited quite recently from classes in which there is no tradition of social responsibility and power and they are, therefore, not disciplined by the influences which usually inform the dominant groups and give them a certain *esprit de corps*. They sit rather uneasily in their positions of eminence and, like all fearful men, are, therefore, inclined to brutality. Lacking the robust courage by which better disciplined dominant groups have bluffed their way through preliminary crises, they are in danger of resorting to the kind of violence which begets violence in the first moment of crisis or of abandoning themselves to the confusion of fear. A small army of unemployed which last winter marched upon Washington, creating an incident which would not have caused a ripple in Europe, set the whole capital into a fever of fear and prompted the mobili-

zation of all available police reserves to avert the fancied peril. Just before President Hoover's proposal for a credit pool, the outlook in America was so dark and the morale of the powerful groups so low, that badly scared men in Wall Street ordered their summer homes to be stocked with edibles as a precautionary measure, and men and women speculated in the drawing-rooms on the best kind of poison as means to oblivion from the horrors of revolution. And all this without a hand-sized revolutionary movement on the political horizon of the country! The lack of morale and courage among our dominant groups reminds one rather strongly of Louis XVI and his court in a period of history which may be regarded as roughly analogous to our own.

III

The rigidity of our constitutional system presents a further hazard to the peaceful development of our social order. A written constitution, conceived in a non-industrial age, could hardly be expected to provide for the exigencies which our technological society faces in the twentieth century. Constitutional amendments require a degree of unanimity which it is possible to secure in only the rarest instances. Nor can basic changes in political conceptions be insinuated into the national legislation without constitutional amendment; for the Supreme Court, with its plenary judicial powers, is able to nullify all legislation which is not in obvious agreement with constitutional presuppositions. Our system of elections makes it difficult for any new party to register its strength or, failing to capture the presidency, to use what strength it does register effectively. A minority party in our Congress may be able to obstruct legislative proposals of the conservative parties but it would

hardly be able to effect significant political changes. The social groups which now lack political representation will, therefore, be tempted to seek their ends by other than political means, since they confront almost insurmountable obstacles in striving for their goals through the available instruments of democracy.

Our social danger is increased furthermore by the absence of any deeply rooted cultural traditions among us. All human societies are a compound of political relationships and cultural traditions. Of the two the latter are the tougher and serve to hold a society together long after political and economic relations may have been reduced to chaos by the inexorable march of events. They may at times offer stubborn resistance to the forces of progress but they may also, on occasion, guarantee a more peaceful and gradual solution of social difficulties. But America is a society which lacks this cultural cement. We are held together mechanically by our means of production and communication. Our immigrant groups have dissipated their cultural inheritances, and there has been nothing powerful enough in a decaying puritan tradition to take its place in their lives. We are merely a vast horde of people let loose on a continent with little to unify us by way of common cultural, moral, and religious traditions. If any undue strain is, therefore, placed upon our body politic it may give way much more quickly than in any nation which is more deeply

rooted in the past. Those who are impatient for revolutionary change in our national life may find an advantage in this fact, but anyone who does not hold to the romantic hope that a better social order must inevitably spring out of the chaos of a ruined one will look into the future with rather dark forebodings.

It is not at all out of the realm of probabilities that the middle-class paradise which we built on this continent, and which reached its zenith no later than 1929, will be in decay before the half-century mark is rounded. We may offer an example on a rather grand historical scale of the fate of a house that is built upon sand.

If such a prediction seems too daring—as indeed it may be—we might confine our prophecies to the more imminent future and predict that it will be practically impossible to secure social change in America without the use of very considerable violence. Even if our civilization should not perish catastrophically, it is almost certain that both the advancing and retreating groups in the social struggle will resort to extra-legal and extra-constitutional means to preserve and to achieve their interests in the social order. Lacking the intelligence either to appropriate the experience of more advanced nations or to profit by our own, we shall probably continue to suffer political and social maladjustments until the vehemence of resentment produces the desire for change which intelligence failed to create in time.

The Lion's Mouth



WHY DO SOME PEOPLE GO TO EUROPE?

BY CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER

IN MY day (which was a long time ago) going to Europe was not the casual helter-skelter performance it is now, when people cross "the ferry" at short notice, to play a few games of golf at St. Andrews, take a few dips in the sea at Deauville, and try on a few clothes on the Rue de la Paix. Indeed no! It was a long-anticipated, much-prepared-for enterprise. We studied maps and guides, read Ruskin, pestered our experienced friends for addresses and explanations, and prepared seriously for culture. It was always assumed that those who made that trip had some definite end in view—to study music, to see the great galleries, to undertake an Alpine ascension, to visit shrines identified with years of reading and study. But in the summer of 1930, as I sat among a party of tourists on the deck of an Atlantic liner, it was revealed to me that the days of travel for definite ends were passing.

These modern tourists were not apparently stupid people, at least on the surface. They were well dressed with an appearance of intelligence. Without doubt they could all play a good hand at bridge, which is more than I can do. The younger ones could origi-

nate games, sing popular catchy songs, and chatter vigorously. Consequently it was something of a shock to discover that not one of the party of nearly fifty knew why they were going to Europe, what they were going to see there, or indeed that there was anything to see. Astonishing also was the fact that, except for our own copy, there was not a *Baedeker* in the group. In my young days that book was our first preparatory purchase. Stay-at-home friends made us linen covers, embroidered in cross-stitch, to attach to our belts for trigger use on cathedrals and castles. Not to be thus panoplied was to be set down as an ignoramus. But in 1930 a deck acquaintance opened the leaves of my volume and glanced tepidly at the contents. On my assuming her acquaintance with it she said archly, "Oh, no, I don't go in for that sort of thing. I'm not a highbrow, you know."

What a mine of material for the European cartoonist was the old-time American traveler! Few issues of *Le Petit Parisien* failed to include a picture of an iron-gray-haired American school-teacher with sailor hat perched high on her forehead, poring nearsightedly over the pages of her guidebook, making pencil marks on the margin and slowly deciding whether it was the Winged Victory of Samothrace she was looking at or the Bridge of Sighs. The more dog-eared your *Baedeker* became, the more certain you could be all the rest of your life that you had really been to Europe.

Alas for the comics! There are no more such tourists. Their descendants, to be sure, swarm the continental

resorts, shriek platitudes at hotel tables, polish their nails in the presence of majestic scenery; they crowd buses and museums; but they don't *see* anything; they don't even take the trouble to *look*. They know nothing of the geography of Europe, still less of European history. They never heard of the French Revolution. Is Germany east or west of France? Is Nice north or south of Paris? Yes, these were some of the questions I heard. Even the language filled some of them with mirthful dismay. Why should a waiter say "*Merçi*" instead of "Thank you"?

I was backing away from the purser's window where I had exchanged the last of my American money, and with my hands full of currency, when a voice behind me asked, "What are you going to do with those?" Thinking the owner of the voice was not familiar with the denominations I pointed out to her a five-pound note, a half-crown, a shilling, and sixpence. "Yes, but what are they *for*?" "It is English money," I told her. "They take this in exchange for anything you buy." She broke into peals of laughter. "What do they do that for?" I gave it up.

I had read, of course, of the Nebraska farmer with his "Now, ma, we've got just twenty minutes for Westminster Abbey. You look at the outside and I'll see the inside." And of the returned lady traveler using the label on her suit-case to prove to her husband that they had really been in Florence. I had innocently supposed such people to be figments of a humorous imagination. I was to be undeceived and forced to accept the unacceptable.

On the crest of the impulse I bought a new fat note-book and a sharpened pencil, and as our party percolated through the continent of Europe, that note-book grew in contents and bulk. Pretending to be absorbed in old masters or Gothic architecture, I listened

ravenously for comment by my compatriots.

"These guides are always talking about Pre-Reformation or Post-Reformation. Just what *is* this Reformation anyway?"

"She is spending ten whole weeks in England and Scotland. Now what can she find to put in her time at there? In that many weeks I went into eight countries."

And coming out of the Louvre after what might be called a swift look-over of an hour's duration: "Why, you could spend a whole day in there, couldn't you?"

New and breath-taking examples of sublimated nit-wit-ism met me on all sides. Unlikely as it may seem, Oberammergau offered its quota. On my way through those village streets to the great hall of the Passion Play I was accosted by a most attractive elderly gentlewoman who remarked interrogatively, "I hear this play is rather tragic. Is it?"

One of the most poignant scenes in that stupendous drama and one which I have never heard commented upon follows the bargain which Judas makes with the priests and the elders. The moving fact is that no word is spoken, the emotional effect being conveyed exclusively by attitude and facial expression. The business arrangement has moved to a swift conclusion, the elders turning away toward the Bavarian Alps which make the real scenic background, Judas, apparently well satisfied, in the other direction. After a few steps he pauses, looks at the money and then at the vanishing figures. Doubt begins to color his mind. What will come of this transaction? How will it affect his own position? The mental soliloquy is as plain as if spoken in words. But the elders are disappearing in the distance—too far to be called back. More cogitation. Thirty pieces of silver is a good thing to have

acquired—more than he has ever known before. Why disturb it? So he pockets the coins and goes on his way. But doubt persists. Just before he disappears he again stops, and you see that the full force of what he has done smites his conscience. Wild despair distorts his features. He will pursue the elders and make them take the money back. But they are out of sight. He is alone, and the transaction cannot be undone. Casuistry has abandoned him and delivered him up to the agony of his fate. In that audience of ten thousand not a rustle broke the quiet; the vast hall might have been empty. Suddenly from behind me came a piercingly sibilant whisper inquiring, "Now who's that?"

"Why, that's Judas."

"Judas? What's the matter with him?"

Chamonix offered its contribution to the collection in a remark by an American lawyer who might have been an honor to the bar but whose education in geology had apparently been neglected. On the terrace of the Hotel Montanvert, above the glacier and the moraine, he stood looking down on the ice crevasses and the mass of bowlders at each side. "Now who," he demanded ruminatively, "took the trouble to haul all those big stones up here?" He had come, it must be explained, from flat agricultural Kansas where, if there was a bowlder, it had perforce been dragged there by truck or horse and wagon; that was the only way he had ever known a bowlder to get anywhere.

The canny Swiss, intent on giving and getting the most from tourists, have conceived the plan (renewed each season) of excavating a tunnel through the interior of the glacier where one can penetrate for some distance. A mildly inquisitive lady walked by my side through the chilly arcade with its blue-green glistening walls and roof. "I am disappointed," she said at last, with

that air of gratification which some people assume (especially in Europe) at finding another opportunity to be disappointed. And, peering fixedly at the ice walls that surrounded us, "I thought it would be clear, so you could see through, like a pane of glass." I remarked that most ice was opaque, being mixed with snow, and that it gathered more or less sand and debris in its long slide down from the summit.

"Then they should not call it that," she declared emphatically.

"Call it what?"

"Why, a *glassier*."

"But *glace* is not glass," I attempted to explain; "it's ice." She gave me a long sidewise apprehensive look, moved to another spot, and I saw her no more.

In a print-and-photograph shop in Geneva a most conscientious couple were bent on avoiding the fault committed by returning tourists who displayed pictures of places they had never seen. "We must buy," said the wife (I guessed her to be a bride), "only those places that we have really seen or are going to see." The saleswoman offered the Castle of Chillon.

"Is that in Geneva?"

No.

She laid it aside.

The Jungfrau.

"Is that in Geneva?"

No.

Not for them.

I asked how long they were to remain in Switzerland.

"We came at dinner time last night and are leaving for Paris by the noon train."

Nothing seemed available for their peculiar needs but a view of the lateen-sailed boats on the lake which they must inevitably see in crossing the Pont du Mont Blanc on the way to the railroad station. I was thanked as an inspired guide to the knowledge of the world.

Not all the remarkable remarks which we encountered came from the nit-wit variety of mind. Once it was my table-mate at a Swiss hotel, a doctor, both medical and philosophical, with four modern languages at her disposal. Hearing that I was staying for the meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations, she remarked politely and casually, "Then I suppose you are a delegate." After the subdued gasp of incredulity which spread audibly around the table, I answered her question as I thought it deserved.

"If," I said, "the United States were a member of the League of Nations and had a right to send a delegate and if I were Secretary of State you might perhaps ask such a question." But my sarcasm made not the slightest effect upon her; for when, later, she had occasion to send me back a letter she directed it "*Care of the American League of Nations!*"

Again it was at Geneva that I witnessed the most stupendous example of unenlightenment. We were *en pension* up in the old town, and a member of the party, finding herself dissatisfied with her accommodations, preferred to move down to a hotel on the lakeside which was announced as having an "unparalleled view of the Alps." For several weeks the great peaks of the Mt. Blanc range had been following their immemorial and disagreeable habit of sulking behind clouds. For all we had so far seen of the mountains we might as well have been on Main Street in our own home town. To Mrs. L. it seemed wholly a matter of choice of accommodations, and we saw her depart for the lakeside, our good wishes tinged with skepticism.

That evening at the sunset hour occurred a phenomenon that happens once in a lifetime. I did not see it then, but had seen it not once but several times during my girlhood years in Geneva. It moved even the *Journal*

de Genève to editorial raptures, and that sheet has had, goodness knows! in its century of existence, abundant opportunity to observe that temperamental peak. Sixty miles away, just at dusk, the opaque gray curtain that had obscured the heavens for two weeks rolled deliberately up at the lower edge like a drop curtain at a theater, and in that longitudinal crack, with the leaden gray above and the dark landscape below, shone out a vision of the regions of the blest. Mt. Blanc, a majestic mass of glittering pink ice, glowed in the level rays of the setting sun. Even the home-going Genevese crossing the bridges stood with bared heads to watch the glorious vision.

The next day an insistent telephone message from Mrs. L. urged us to come down where we could "see something" and to come that night without fail. The day, like so many others before it, rose and waned in the same impenetrable cloud, and though we accepted the invitation it was with more than a trace of incredulity.

"You won't see that sunset again to-night," I remarked.

Wouldn't she? Hadn't she seen it with her own eyes? So, in response to her confident hospitality we gathered somewhat after five on the terrace of her hotel on the Quai de Mt. Blanc. Chairs were placed invitingly where we would miss nothing, and we waited. Six o'clock came and passed; half past. Where was her show?

"It is not time yet—you must have patience."

We stayed our restlessness and tried to have faith. Seven came and then eight, and we gave it up. Our hostess was visibly and resonantly disconcerted. It was, she said, only another example of what these foreigners would or would not do to Americans. What kind of municipal management was it that would let such a thing happen? Here she was, paying the highest price

for a room. Was the hotel living up to its printed announcements? It was not. She would cross it off her list of advantageous places of entertainment and warn her friends against engaging rooms. Finally, moved perhaps by my unseemly hilarity, she became convinced that since I was familiar with Geneva, having lived there several years, I was perhaps, after all, the one to be blamed.

Life, they say, consists in a series of discoveries which turn platitudes into actualities. All the way from Mark Twain's "Which is the bust and which the pedestal?" to the man who thought "the League of Nations went to pieces long ago," I have listened to evidences of unenlightenment and denied their possibility. Now, after a long summer of indefatigable study, I know better.



NEW LOW DOWN

BY BERRY FLEMING

WHEN old Kennecott Copper slowed up at 13¼ to wipe the mud out of its eye, Mr. Charles Huntington, Jr. told his wife Angela he was afraid the altitude was a little low for a nurse, and she would have to take charge of the children herself. In fact, his somewhat coppery words were, "This is pretty nearly a perfect time for you to learn that you've got two children; the oldest is named Charles, who is nearly four, and the other is Julia, who is practically two. You might as well be told now as find it out for yourself later."

"What do you mean, Charley? We are intimate. Come here, Julie, and let mother blow your nose. You

didn't know she could blow her nose, did you?"

The nurse left on a fine bright Thursday morning, and Angela, with Julia in the buggy and Charles beside it, both of them obligingly dressed by the cook in dark blue reefers with sundry brass buttons and a pair of berets with sky-colored dogs in front, somewhat uneasily but with fortitude joined the parade of tricycles and bicycles, skates and scooters, perambulators and pups that was already bearing down upon the obelisk of Thutmosis III.

She was passing a line of benches when a familiar voice cried, "Angela!"

"Doris!" exclaimed Angela. "What are you doing here?"

"This is my second day," said Doris.

"Are you nursing too?"

"They say the third day is the worst; after that you don't care. I hope they're right."

"Did you have copper too?"

"Steel, my dear; United States Steel. Would you ever have thought something named after the government like that would—"

"We expected Kennecott to go to 140. We really expected it. I should never in the world have had Julie if anyone had told me—"

"Sit down, darling. Turn them loose. Let them go over and play with that Keep Off the Grass sign."

Angela pulled her buggy to one end of the bench and sat down.

"My dear," she said, "you don't know how glad I am to see you. I was terrified there wouldn't be a soul out here to talk to. Have a cigarette."

"I've got some right here," said Doris, delving into the bowels of the perambulator and extracting a mauled pack from the interior of a milk wagon. "Have one of mine."

"I have to smoke this kind; they have a peppermint flavor. But isn't it too thrilling to find you here! How many children have you got?"

"I've got two. One's four and a half and the other's two and two months. She was born when Steel was—"

"She's just Julie's age. Kennecott went up four points the day I had Julie. Charlie wanted to name her Julia Kennecott Huntington. Isn't it too tragic?"

"Just between you and me, Angela, it seems frightfully stupid that they didn't know all this was coming. You'd think there'd have been *one* man down there with brains enough to feel it. I mean there they were in the midst of all the money in the world, and nobody—I mean what do they do down there all day if they can't learn some of the general principles of the thing. I mean it just seems too stupid that they can go down there day after day, year after year, and still not have the remotest idea when it's about time for it to kick. I mean any woman would have known intuitively that this thing was—"

"Are they all right over there teasing those four police dogs? Oh, Julie!"

"My dear, that's not Julie. That's Doris."

"Have yours got blue dogs on their berets too?"

"Yes. I got them down at Macy's. You know, Angela, Macy's has just been a godsend in all this."

"Oh, do you go to Macy's too?"

"My dear! I get cigarettes at Macy's."

"Do you really? I don't expect to get below Seventy-ninth Street any more until I send the children to boarding school. If I live that long."

"In three or four years they'll be big enough to go with you."

"My dear, after four years of this I'll be sixty-nine."

"Have a cigarette."

"Thanks, I have some right here."

Five cigarettes later, the tide of pups

and prams, scooters and skates, bicycles and tricycles having begun to flow eastward again, they stowed their matches away and descended the path to Fifth Avenue.

"So long," said Angela. "I can't begin to tell you how much fun it's been seeing you. Get in the buggy, Julia."

"That's Doris you've got, Angela. Come on, Doris."

Angela gave the child a frank scrutiny. "But, my dear, it couldn't be. She's got brown eyes like Charley."

"They've all got brown eyes. What did your child have on under her coat?"

"The cook dressed her, I don't know. But I'm sure this is Julia. What's your name, darling?"

"Name," said the child.

"Charles, isn't this your sister? Isn't this Julia?"

Charles walked off.

"Well, this is too ridiculous," said Angela. "But I'm sure she's mine."

"My dear, I'm almost positive you're mistaken."

Then Angela said suddenly, after a pause, "Can Doris blow her nose?"

"Well, not—"

"Look here, darling," said Angela, opening her purse. "Blow for mother."

On the sidewalk the clatter of tricycles and bicycles, skates and scooters, perambulators and pups; down the Avenue the rumble of buses and taxicabs and private cars; over the Museum the hum of a mail plane. But from behind Angela's handkerchief there was no sound.

"Don't be contrary," said Angela. "Blow."

"You see, Angela, that's Doris."

Angela turned to the other one; "Can *you* blow, darling?"

The other one blew.

"Sorry," said Angela. "My error."



Editor's Easy Chair

THE GREAT GAME OF GRAB

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHAT about the great game of grab? Is it so good a game? Is it worth the trouble, the risk, the strain? Kreuger, of Kreuger & Toll, seemed to play it successfully, but the other day there came a check to his proceedings, and he elected to go out of life with a pistol bullet. George Eastman, who had also played it well, finding no more pleasure in making money and giving it away, seriously impaired, no doubt, in health so that living had become burdensome, put a pistol to his head and he too went out of life. "My work is done," he said, "why wait?"

Now these were notable men. Kreuger had a remarkable mind, a remarkable talent. It had not been considered that his enterprises were what nowadays is called anti-social. He subsidized governments by large payments and bought match monopolies. What he did seemed to be openly done. His suicide was attributed to exhaustion. But just at this writing the morning papers tell us that his accounts were wrong, that they had been falsified under his direction to exaggerate the assets and minimize the liabilities of his vast industrial concern. Certainly that is a sad story, and what it seems to tell us is that his game of grab was a sort of devilish that had got him in its tentacles and crushed the life out of him.

As for George Eastman, nothing about his business affairs was amiss. What ailed him seems mainly to have been a worn-out body. In providing photography for the millions and in films for moving pictures he did a service that is rated as useful to his generation and ours. As money goes, his money was clean. There is no complaint about his character. What he gave away seems to have been usefully bestowed, but one wonders whether, as it concerned himself, it was filling at the price.

To make a great money-making machine and then defend it from the encroachments of competition is a perpetual and anxious job. If it is worth doing, if it is an important element in human progress, then no matter about the cost to the individual. The man of all others who seems to have done it successfully is John D. Rockefeller, the elder. He has survived. He is an old man and goes on marvelously in apparent enjoyment of life. He seems happy in what he has done, happy in the disposition he has made of his profits, happy in living. Mr. Carnegie had a pretty good time—a remarkable man but hardly in the class of Mr. Rockefeller. Mr. Morgan loved to spend money, spent a great deal and never got tired of life; but then he had a great variety of interests. Henry Ford has had a lot of fun, has

done what we are used to consider a great service in promoting transportation and road-making, has worked for what he thought to be the happiness of the mass of the people and, so far, maintains wonderfully his energies and activities.

There are others, plenty of them, who have played this game with apparent success, and thousands more who have attempted it but not successfully.

After all, what is money? Power, of course, nothing else—power to command the labor of men, power to produce, to change, to build, to finance all sorts of things including the pursuit of knowledge.

In Russia we are invited to believe, and do believe, that nobody is rich. The effort has been to eliminate this game of grab, enlist talent and energy in the service of the people without this lure of getting rich. What is done in Russia is done with the intention, or at least professed intention, to make the mass of the people prosperous and happy and is planned and actuated by government. And what is that government? Just now virtually a dictatorship, but from the beginning of the present order government of the many by the power of the very few.

But the great game of grab does not stop with individuals; it is and always has been the game of the nations, led and managed, to be sure, by individuals. It is going on now all over the world—in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and even here in the Americas, though not so seriously. The main trouble in Europe is the inability of the nations to get together. The inability rests on fear of each one that the others, or some of them, will get ahead of it. Competition has been said to be the life of trade; nowadays it is likely to be the death of it. Justice Brandeis in the Supreme Court the other day put in a dissenting opinion favorable to a

law of a State that aimed to restrict competition. The Supreme Court ruled against it but Justice Brandeis, as said, dissented.

Our little systems have their day;

They have their day and cease to be.

Is competition one of them and is it passing? We cannot quite think that yet. It is too foreign to the habits of our minds, which will have to be reorganized before we can conceive and construct a world whereof competition shall not drive the wheels. But we may be on the way to that. At any rate, the game of grab as it has been played in our world in our time looks for the moment to be played out. It has brought us to a standstill. It rules at this moment the representative assemblies by will of which our governments must function. It governs cities and does it at great cost, in many cases dishonestly and badly. In its lower levels kidnapping, racketeering, and murder abound. Life is not safe in our country, neither is money, neither is anything. Six thousand banks have broken in the United States in the last three years. Here in this country the deficit is growing. Many of the veterans of the last War, politically powerful by organization, are screaming for a huge bonus to be paid them at once. The Methodists from their citadel overlooking the Capitol in Washington threaten any branch of government that does not meet their wishes in restriction and regulation of other persons' habits. What will happen when the Dry Law goes and the bootleggers are separated from their profitable business? Will they build another citadel overlooking the Capitol and co-operate with the Methodists? It is idle to speak in April of details in an article that is to be read in June; but what we are watching now and what we shall be watching then is the great game of grab working

out to its solutions. They will be interesting without doubt, and they have got to come, for our world and our country in particular cannot go on as it is going now.

LET us recall for a moment some of the recent fiscal performances of our own country. We lent a lot of money and spent a lot of money on the War, but the money we lent for military purposes was spent in this country. One is told that it was stipulated that it should be so spent. It went for everything that supported the Allies—munitions, food, cotton, and everything else. The profits to our country have been loosely estimated at thirty billion dollars. The government got in time a good sum of it back and reduced the public debt; but a vast amount of it remained, so the banks were overloaded with money and made frantic efforts to lend it in Europe, in South America, anywhere for almost any purpose, and were only too successful. Then we raised the tariff to benefit our own industries, which after the vast overstimulation of the War period had begun to languish. We got an overproduction of everything, needed a foreign market, and having raised the tariff, which cut down foreign trade, we did not get it. One reads that what made the depression was the fall in commodity values. Everything from grain to copper was overproduced beyond the ability of markets to digest. The subject is very solemn but it makes one laugh. When the bankers were lending money and were so crazy to get rid of it all sorts of extravagances prospered. The villages got new town halls, the cities got tall towers and anything else they could think of. So that now we have the interesting spectacle of a flustered Congress twisting and squirming to find taxes enough to provide for the expenses of government and pay

interest on our debts. And it is quite a pretty question whether we can do it, and the fact that it is a question keeps down the prices of securities of all kinds.

So that is the situation which confronts the nominating conventions that are about to select candidates for President. What will they do? It is not seriously suggested that the Republicans will nominate anyone but Mr. Hoover, but the field for the Democrats is much more open. A part-owner of a languishing concern that was trying to live through the depression observed somewhat desperately, "Perhaps God will send us a man!" Perhaps the Democrats will have light from the invisible that will disclose to them whom they ought to nominate. Let us hope so. For ordinarily not only are conventions fallible but the judgment of the wisest politicians about who shall be President is liable to error.

And if God did send us a man, how much could he do? Great leadership would be valuable of course, but the situation will have to work itself out no matter who is President. Of course in time it *will* work itself out, but the question of who shall be President is largely one of who shall keep school while we are getting the rest of our instruction. We shall get it whoever is in the White House, and doubtless, though we shall not like it, it will do us good. What was it Franklin said? "Experience keeps a dear school but fools will learn in no other."

One hears that life goes on more gaily in England than it does here. Taxes there are higher than here, but they seem to take them more cheerfully. Perhaps they are more cheerful than we are anyhow and have more faith in the survival of their race and country. Their machinery for getting their affairs into competent hands seems just now to be rather better than ours. They have a coalition government.

We have been watching in the House of Representatives proceedings largely nonpartisan to produce the tax bill. The administration is not a coalition government but in the present pinch it calls for everybody's support and pretty well gets it. Perhaps as we get used to our new circumstances we shall grow reconciled to the long step we have taken from prosperity to adversity and try harder and more successfully to get satisfaction out of life as we go along.

A CORRESPONDENT in North Dakota calls the Easy Chair gently but firmly to account for not showing more spirit about the collection of war debts due to us from Europe. She agrees with Calvin Coolidge that "they hired the money." She says they ought to pay us quite as truly as we ought to pay the grocer. She says that friendship is not a proper basis for the remission of such debts.

In all these depositions our correspondent seems to be right. They did hire the money as Mr. Coolidge is said to have said and, according to the ordinary practice of mankind, they ought to pay it back, and friendship is not a suitable basis for remission of debts of one nation to another.

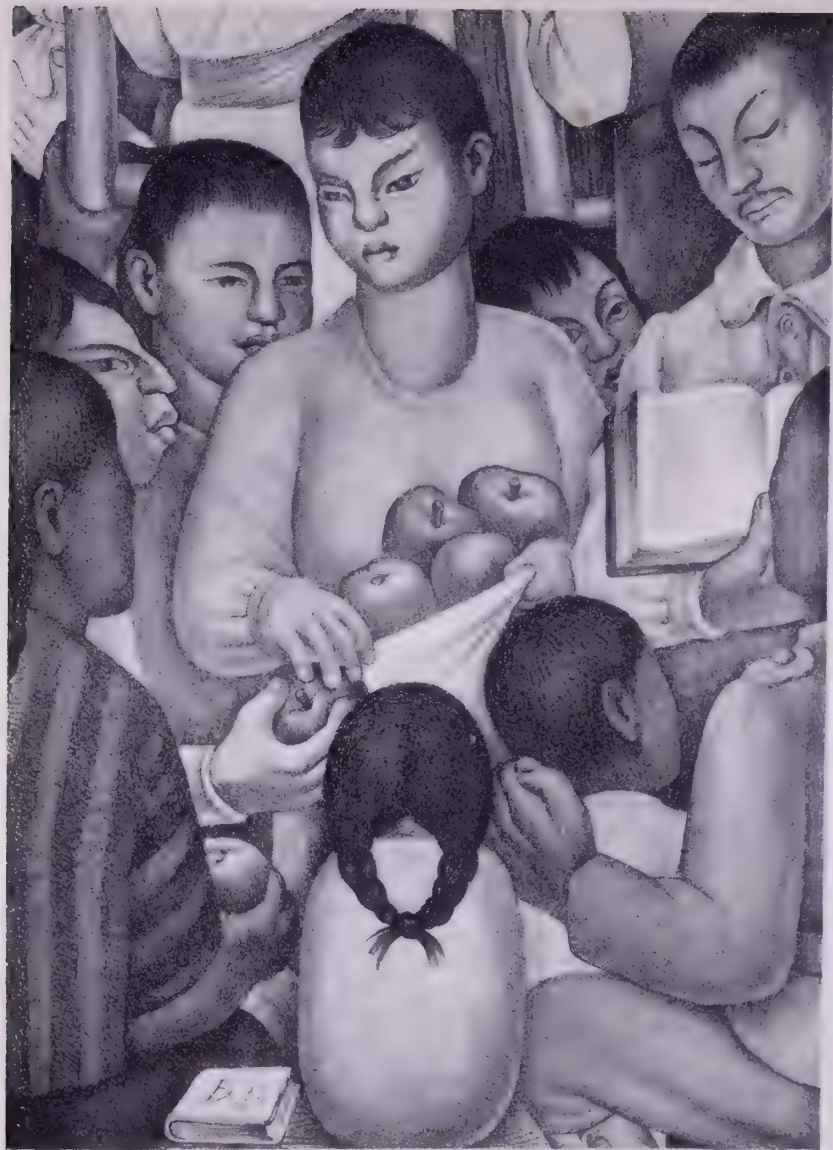
But after all, when the customer falls into insolvency the grocer does not get his money. Middle Europe, including Germany, seems either insolvent or on the edge of bankruptcy. The least excess of earnestness in making collections from our neighbors

there would put the shutters up on their banks, so we are told. France is solvent, British money and British credit are good, but what came to us from these nations came out of reparations received by them from Germany. The reparations are going to stop coming, and probably the payments to us will also stop coming, and if we are not going to get our money back anyhow we have only the choice as to whether to take it sadly or with resignation, not quite to say amusement.

As for friendship, that is not the motive for saying good-bye to the war debts. The reason for chucking them will be that they seem to impede business recovery, and to bring business back to normal is immeasurably more important than to collect those war debts. We are not going to recover by ourselves. Our business is geared to that of the rest of the world. The world has got to come back to prosperity, if at all, as a whole. The reason for loosening demands for war debt payments is that too much ardor on the subject conflicts with things that are more important to our happiness and to our pockets. We want the business world to get back to normal. Even France professes to wish for that, though she does not seem to care for a normality that might conflict with her leadership and control on the continent of Europe. But that attitude can hardly be permanent.

She cannot go on indefinitely as an obstacle to the return of solvency in middle Europe.





Diego Rivera

FRUITS OF LABOR

By Diego Rivera

Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

SOLD OUT TO THE FUTURE

THE MISTAKE OF OUR GENERATION

BY ROY HELTON

VERY few of us, to-day, in this richest country in the world, are prepared to deny that something is profoundly wrong with the way we have lived. Even in our recent years of high prosperity there was among us a widely diffused sense of being cheated by fate. It seemed to innumerable people that in the midst of a great material progress, and indeed as a consequence of that progress, the world had encountered some impalpable obstacle to human happiness. In our present less amiable years the feeling has arisen that this curse extends even to physical and material things, as if some dismal quality in fate threatened the very core of human life.

We are all well aware that this current economic depression is not permanent, but many of us are not quite so comfortable about that feeling of dissatisfaction with the rewards of living

which has led us into so many restless pleasures. Though we share this discontent with other Western nations, we are especially cursed by it. It gathers about every Christmas tree. It goes to and from the schoolroom and to and from our daily labors. It is sharply reflected in our literature and casts its shadow over our domestic lives.

What is this unsatisfied hunger which has dwelt so long in the American heart? What is it that we lack to make life good? What is it that our civilization lacks? Materially and emotionally what is wrong with us? Why do the thoughts of our world have to dwell so constantly upon the possibility of devastating war? Why is our land so visited with violent alternations of depression and prosperity? Why, to-day, is our industry so inert, our iron furnaces drawn and cold, our smelters smokeless and silent? Why

are so many of our great factories now patrolled by a few melancholy watchmen, and our public parks so thronged by shabby men dressed in the fraying remnants of tailor-made clothes? Or, again, why does family life among us yield so little contentment? And why is there such a widespread and contagious disrespect for certain of our national laws? Is there any answer to these problems—any answer beside the surrender in communism of man's love of individual adventure, if that surrender be an answer? Is one thing, or are many things wrong with our attitude toward life and our practice of life?

It seems to me that the chief political, economic, and social discontents of American life and of world life in our present industrial civilization have the one simple and common cause that we have sold out to the future. Disguise the fact as we may, the desire for more control over time than the laws of nature allow to mortal flesh is the chief ill of our present social scheme. Like the lust for any habit-forming drug, that desire creates the conditions which compel a crescendo of evasions from the life of to-day into the life of to-morrow. Nothing is immune to this process. It infects every power of the human spirit and, in the end, defeats every activity of the human body, until our hysterias of depression, lawlessness, and war become its inevitable consequences.

At very few times in human history have men enthusiastically enjoyed their own earth and made the most use of it. Such periods as that in which Periclean Athens so richly supplied the later world with treasures of art and reason have been, in the current of events, mere eddies when neither the past nor the future much troubled the human heart. They have been the moments, however, of man's highest

pride. If, for those who were awake in them, they did not supply a sufficient justification for human life, it is very hard to see what justification ever can be supplied for human life. It sometimes puzzles us to discover by what magic, at a few instants in the long day of man, powerful arts, high thinking, and great persons all converge, not to come together again for long centuries. But such times have one trait in common. They are times of living, and not times of grasping after more than life. They have, so far, been local and accidental times achieved by a few who have endowed us with their created riches. Elizabethan England has so endowed us, and Medicean Florence, and of course that Greece of Plato and Praxiteles.

So far as earthly things can be immortal, these are the immortal ages; and that is curious, for they are the very ages in which men sacrificed nothing in life for any earthly, and very little for any heavenly immortality—as though life showered her favors on those who did not ask of her more than she freely gave. Greece did not pause to flatter us by writing of the destiny of man, but she enriched that destiny by attending strictly to herself and to her own day. She approached fate with open arms, and fate was more than kind.

It is instructive that the greatest modern poet, in the midst of a nobly productive and life-loving age, could spare scarcely one word out of so many to cast across the water to a new land and larger hopes. Shakespeare's England and his hour were enough, but, like all moments greatly lived, his have reached on into a time where he felt no strong need to reach for himself. Men cannot live vividly and perform greatly in a contempt for their own lives, and men cannot face to-morrow as a better day than this without such a conscious or unconscious contempt.

Our own evasion of the present for the future is easy enough to understand. Man's hard evolution, and the very tenderness of his conscious mind made necessary this dream flight from reality. It served as a protective device, during those ages in which we struggled to create the conditions in which our peculiar powers could yield their peculiar satisfactions. The long pioneer life of America revived that necessity in us and gave it an especial validity here. In no other modern nation have the great writers engaged in such sustained flights away from their own world. Irving gave us a few American legends and departed permanently to more romantic themes. Cooper sentimentalized the backwoods and also left us. Hawthorne stayed at home, but for the most part lost himself in moral fantasies. Clemens turned from his racy Mississippi to the Italian villa and the castles of the Rhine. Poe never lived here—spiritually—at all.

The Puritan emphasis on a somber morality was natural enough in a pioneer, a beginning, and highly incomplete social state. The exigencies of our early struggle compelled the repression of any sort of collateral, or pleasure-seeking effort, and developed that future-looking attitude which is always the necessary inner compensation of the crippled, the imperfect, and the disadvantaged. Such an attitude, valuable enough to the pioneer, and leading among pioneers of any climate to much the same sort of self-repression and evasion, becomes a handicap to social life when the pioneer battle is over. There is no evident necessity that modern civilized man needs to live in a world of dreams. His mastery over nature seems quite ample for his needs. Perhaps his present dream flight is an attempt to avoid the labor of putting that mastery to its proper use for human happiness, but the fact of the mastery is unquestionable. The

time has, therefore, arrived—it arrived in fact in the nineteenth century—when the protective device of sacrificing the present for the future is no longer a biologic or social advantage, but rather a thief of life.

Just how it is a thief of life to us in a thousand unrecognized ways, just how this evasion of to-day for to-morrow affects the fortunes and feelings of this twentieth-century world, I can illustrate here only by a few examples from the regions of our greatest discontent. But I must anticipate my conclusions from this evidence by saying that at every point where such a substitution of goals for reality does occur, the one thing it definitely accomplishes is, as always, to diminish man's capacity for making the best use of his own time and to curse the future toward which he dreams or for which he plans and labors.

II

The effect of future-chasing on our morality is obvious enough. Its attempt is to steal the present from the mature. It aims to replace the future-seeking motive supplied by the older religions and to substitute a social for a personal immortality. In doing this we have come imperceptibly to accept the doctrine, not merely that the future will be better than the present and the past, but specifically that our children, who are symbols of that future, are more important than we are. Lowell's dictum, in his essay on Swinburne's Tragedies, that the higher forms of poetry should be characterized by a "maidenly reserve," and his endorsement of the canon that no man should write a line which he would not have his own daughter read, exemplify well enough our widespread idea that the primary function of literature is that of directing the tendencies of the young. "So live that when thy summons

comes—" is the key line of the child-censored labors of our chief American bards. To accept fully such an idea as that of Lowell would of course limit writing to the composition of texts for the unripe and inexperienced, and hold all the acknowledged thinking and feeling of man into lines proper for the perusal of the adolescent. This indeed has been our attempt, and almost all of our nineteenth-century writing was bowdlerized by this ideal. Our American classics are excellent schoolroom reading, which is precisely why so few of us ever turn to them again in later years.

Only in nations, like France, where the young are held in their proper relation to society is literature freely representative of adult living. Curiously enough, the only protection which the mature taste has as yet achieved among us is to permit the young to become so sophisticated that this tabu against the adults having any importance in themselves no longer deprives the grown mind and emotions of their proper diet. But the tabu still operates. We dare not deny our children anything which we wish ourselves to enjoy. Their pleasures are still the authority for ours.

Whenever a high-school dance ends drunkenly, as nowadays they often do, there is one stock defense available for the school authorities. "How," they ask, "can you expect children to be sober when they see their parents drinking at home?" We accept that as a proper palliation of the offense. That we do so shows the location of our ethical base. Quite apart from drinking, there are still, thank God, a few things parents may properly do at home and outside of the home which in an adult civilization would not be proper for the young. One of these things is working for hire, and that, by the way, is about the only one which we feel guiltless in retaining for ourselves.

The censorship of moving picture

shows is almost invariably engaged in "to conserve the morals of the youth of our land." Any censorship of the *attendance* of such shows to permit the young to view only such pictures as are deemed suitable to their tender years would seem wildly impracticable to our child-directed citizenry. In such matters our young are so far out of control that we are compelled to sink to the level of their taste and capacity. Nor have I any doubt that the exclusion of children from the presentation of a film, as has been sometimes attempted with certain mildly physiological shows, gives the attending adults an exciting sense of immorality.

When a certain Philadelphia reformer recently raised her hue and cry against the placing of a St. Gaudens statue in Fairmount Park it was with these words: "We can certainly do something to stop their putting such things around in the open where even the children playing in the park have to see them." Whether the children of Philadelphia will be protected from the Diana of Madison Square, I do not know. But the attempt is in an old American tradition. The impulses of our maturity slink guiltily from the eyes of the young; the mature dare not assert their right to do anything that is not biologically proper for the young, or else, in defense, confuse the young by granting them adult privileges. In morality, as in all other respects, future-chasing inevitably destroys its own goal. With us, it has led to a child morality becoming the accepted standard to which our adult morality pretends to conform, and to the development of a large body of surreptitious practices which are normal for mature people everywhere else. And in the midst of this process we continue to be astonished that our laws are losing their authority.

In recent years this deification of

youth and this preoccupation with the interests of youth have proceeded to astonishing lengths in the more civilized parts of our country. Their symbols are prohibition (which with unexpected rapidity defeated its own purpose), the unwarranted growth in the facilities for higher education, and the assumption by parents of increasingly heavier burdens of support through an unparalleled extension of luxuries to the adolescent. It is now conceded, as a natural law, that youth is the period of enjoyment and that maturity is a period of devotion to youth and not of devotion to itself. As if breeding were the sole destiny of man! Our homes tend to be dominated more and more by juvenile interests and to be less and less places where adult human beings can attain happiness except by remaining juvenile themselves.

We are often tempted to blame this condition upon the radio, the motor car, and the moving picture show. But these devices could not of themselves destroy the old-fashioned serenity of family life. What they did was merely to assist the young in dominating the home. They could do so because, under the spell of the ruling faith, maturity did not dare to assert itself. It is only natural that adults who have a proper love for their own lives and a decent respect for their own avocations should take refuge in childlessness, which is a quite proper defense against our prevailing deification of the future man. The few parental infidels who have wished their children to wear stout and simple clothes and to enjoy stout and simple pleasures go down to inevitable defeat, or exhaust their lives in battle. If, in addition to such heretical conduct, they outrage society by wearing good clothes themselves, or by enjoying normal pleasures themselves, they are in danger of becoming outcasts.

In a recent study of *The Child and His Home*, Dr. H. W. Hurd advises parents to take a sobering look into the mirror and then ask themselves such searching (and apparently damning) questions as these: "Is this home dominated by adult interests? Is it organized to further the child's play? What is the adult play atmosphere? At what do we adults play? Does that include our children?"

Individual psychology, improperly digested, has contributed its terrors to this far-reaching passion, by inspiring parents with a generally quite groundless fear of inhibiting the desires of youth. The prevailing religion of the worship of the next generation gains from this as yet imperfect science a sanction scarcely less than divine. The child is enthroned in his godhead with the *Œdipus Complex* and the *Inferiority Complex*, as twin angels, guarding the entrance of his paradise with flaming swords. The parent kneels and trembles, laying on the altar of the young god suits of clothes with long trousers, in which the lad, hardly old enough for the responsibility of shorts, must strut, and in whose pockets he must finger for the anticipating fag. Electric trains are displayed under the Christmas trees of babes too young to do more than gurgle at the moving lights. There is no pleasure or device of pleasure that is not anticipated for children to such an extent that when the proper moment for enjoyment has been reached, the infant is already so jaded and his present so prepossessed that he must reach on to more and more mature devices, at every age unsatisfied and, like his elders, robbed of any full taste of the flavor of life.

III

The effect of future-chasing on education is particularly baneful.

Professor James Welton of the Uni-

versity of Leeds has defined education as being "an attempt on the part of the adult members of a human society to shape the development of the coming generation in accordance with its own ideals of life." One pauses at the amazing presumption this implies in us, as to our practical wisdom and the solidity of our ideals, and as to the hope that they may become immortal through our offspring. Since parents usually beget children with a vague idea of extending their own power on through time, one should not perhaps quarrel with this ideal too bitterly; but one may at least point out that it is based upon a delusion. Ideals maintain themselves from generation to generation only through the success of the lives of those who hold them. Not by spending three billion dollars a year, as we do, to pass on our ideals shall we be enabled to perpetuate them; we can do this only by demonstrating that they have helped us to lead a good life. That demonstration we are now too busy controlling the future to have any time to make.

"Education," Professor Welton goes on to declare, is good "only when it aims at the right kind of a product," or as Stephen S. Colvin of Teachers College once wrote, "The final aim of education is to adjust the individual to his environment, not only present and real, but future and ideal." This seems all very innocent and splendid, but the fact remains that as soon as education departs from the aim of adjusting children to the present and real and begins to aim at the "right kind of a product" it becomes at once the instrument of a thousand future-directed impulses that play ducks and drakes with the reality of the young. One such attempt at gaining the right kind of product is that of the schools of Soviet Russia, and still another effort toward the future and the ideal is today being engaged in by the govern-

ment of Fascist Italy. In our own country, outbursts of public indignation occur at each discovery that textbooks in history attempt to reconcile the teachings of our schools with the realities of the American Revolution, or of the Civil War. Laws are introduced to purge American textbooks of all derogatory remarks about any of our deceased patriots—no doubt Harding will some day be so defended. Laws are introduced and passed in certain of our States to forbid the use of textbooks explaining the theory of evolution. In my own childhood, school texts on hygiene were packed with obvious and blatant lies about the moral and physical degradation that followed upon the drinking of wine, in no matter what moderation, and about the decay of reason that resulted from the smoking of tobacco. The "right kind of a product" and "the future and ideal" are weapons for the perversion of youth to our political and social whims. Naturally, only teachers of a rather high order of official rightness are much wanted.

Instead of developing in boys and girls all the powers possible to them as boys and girls, and trusting a little to those interior forces which made man a civilized creature, most education persists in laying its emphasis on "future usefulness." This phrase, which is in itself offensive to the self-importance of a person of any age, generates a hostility in its victims which is reflected in the acrimonies of the classroom and in the constant failure of the learning process to carry on into later life.

Few children, for instance, resent the attempt to teach them to read and write. For those accomplishments they feel an immediate use. On the other hand, few healthy children learn grammar without protest. So strong, in fact, is that protest that few ever really learn it at all. The alleged use-

fulness of grammar is almost always futuristic in its appeal. It will help one to write better business letters; it will aid one in acquiring Latin and French; it will train the attention, so that one can more easily master other things that he will need to master, later in life. These glib assurances are the common devices with which instructors, themselves convinced or unconvinced, must urge or bribe the young toward the pursuit of future usefulness.

Languages are commonly taught, not to be spoken with pride, which is what languages were apparently devised for, but to be made the subject of painful and dulling exercises in literal translation and grammatical analysis, with one eye on the training of the will through the endurance of this foretaste of death, and the other on the College Entrance Examination Board; "instilling," as John Milton once said of a similar process in his own day, "their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery; if, as I rather think, it be not feigned."

"Feigned" is a euphemism for what really occurs. The scholastic dishonesty of the young is a subject not too much discussed publicly by our educators. It is seen in that cheating in examinations which keeps a teacher on his toes during test hours; it is connived at by parents in home preparations; and it is evident in a general attitude of children toward school work not very different from that of many adults toward the prohibition laws. If at any definite point in the social life is to be found the source of our current disregard of law, and our contempt for it, surely this corruption of the sense of honor which occurs in the school life of the child must be considered as that center of focal infection. Normal people, children or adult, do not often cheat about learning things which they feel a need to know,

or about doing things which they believe should be done. But whenever activity is directed through a protesting present toward a future goal, dishonesty inevitably results and that goal is insecurely attained.

The insistence of our leading colleges that those whom they admit must possess a certain standard bag of intellectual tricks is no doubt highly convenient for the college authorities. But it forces many secondary schools out of education altogether. Such schools generally give excellent instruction in how to pass the college entrance tests, but their whole effort must be so shaped toward that goal that there is little time left, in the grim business of getting ready for to-morrow, to discover any reality in to-day, apart from the activities of the athletic field and the social calendar. The so-called progressive schools and the progressive educational movement are very ill-named. So far as such schools have a new practice, they should really be proudly called *unprogressive*. The attempt to face young life realistically, as in the work of Marietta Johnson, and in the demonstration by Hughes Mearns that young boys and girls can produce, from their own lives, genuine poetic expression, is a reaction against all educational theories which make of youth a period of preparation and not something worthy and valuable in itself. In most other schools our children are deified, not because of the worth and beauty of their youth, but because of their supposed relation to the future life of the world. Only when considered as beings complete in themselves can they be so trained as to do no harm to a future civilization and our own. Our itch to shape their to-morrows, we had better admit for being what it is—a desire to work on more plastic material than we ourselves provide, and to bring things into the birth of time without ourselves having

to experience the inner pangs of the necessary labor.

In some ways one of the handsomest things that parents can do for their children is to die young. But if they insist on surviving, their offspring deserve the right not to have too many advantages thrust upon them, and to have the chance to create a few for themselves. They deserve training along the lines of their aptitudes, and all the evocation of those aptitudes that can be afforded them. But if part of the enormous sums annually wasted on the adoration of youth were retained for the cultural life of the mature, and the extension of their leisure, children would have a better world to grow up into, more motive for self-improvement, and less need to be prepared for the mad pace led by a future-chasing society. In its sublime confidence that the child is father to the man, our world forgets that the man is father to the child and more important.

IV

Our preoccupation with the future takes other forms than that of submission to the pleasure level of childhood, or the deification of the young, or their use as instruments for the control of to-morrow. It takes many economic forms. One of these—which profoundly affects family life—is the prevalence of the practice of installment buying. This method of purchase projects the family desires into a future in which the new and larger car or the more ample establishment can be comfortably enjoyed. There is no money at hand for the purchase of these desired things, but to-morrow is to be a better day. Why wait for it to arrive? Why be satisfied to enjoy the present facilities of life while laboring to achieve finer things? Why not, instead, anticipate that future state of well being and those future luxuries by

borrowing from next year and the years after that? Under this impulse the family leaps forward on an economic steeplechase, which is now so habitual that we accept it as the proper way to live. Girding their loins with life insurance policies, men rush ahead into a confusion of ever-growing debts, and the resulting irritation prevents family life from disclosing many of its substantial benefits. No longer a refuge from the external struggle, it becomes, in itself, a minor or major battlefield of to-day with to-morrow until, at the end of this process, one finds that he no longer has possessions but only obligations.

This domestic pattern of pursuit, so confusing to our own futures, reflects and is reflected in a larger glass. The weakness of our fabric of finance and industry is a plexus of the weaknesses of individual men. By 1929 America, with the whole Western world, had in its frenzy of to-morrow-chasing so bought and made for its future that, by 1930, it had made more than it could buy and it had bought more than it could pay for. As a consequence our industry was paralyzed. New York, for example, had been, for ten years, constructing huge office buildings beyond any present need, in a competition for the rent money of its future. To-day, building has declined to an almost unprecedented depth. This to-day has no need to build, for its yesterday captured the future of construction. It did rather more than that. With an assumption of superior wisdom, which is the characteristic of all attempts to finger ahead into time, it contracted debts which our sons are some day to pay, for its foresight in providing us with buildings for which we have no immediate use. The skyline of New York is a dynamic and splendid spectacle. It is to be hoped that the next generation will appreciate its loveliness, for

it is they who must dig down to pay for the thing which we have made.

By September, 1930, the great mines and smelters of America had produced a stock of refined and blister copper that was beyond any then-present world need. They had done this in an attempt to stampede manufacturers into reaching farther and farther ahead into time for their supplies of red metal. Most of that great stock is still on hand. Our present has consequently no need for copper mines and smelters, and a great industry is, at this moment, on the rocks. This is only one of innumerable instances of the manner in which boom years in business reach into the future. Depression years, on the other hand, illustrate what tinkering with to-morrow can do. They have no present worth working for. Their present was devoured by the past.

Lest I be suspected of generalizing from a single recent and painful experience, to the conclusion that future-chasing has produced most of our present social and industrial ills, I must quote a paragraph from a monthly magazine of one hundred years ago. "These improvements," said the *North American Review* of January, 1832, "occasioned a good deal of inconvenience and distress among the workmen, and before these evils could be wholly cured . . . a heavier calamity was to happen. The manufacture, aided by the new inventions went on unabated, with increased activity. The disproportion between the cost of production and the price of the manufactured article gave immense profits. Millions were added to the millions already invested in business. The production of raw material kept pace with the extension of the manufacture. At length the supply far exceeded the demand. The warehouses of the world were filled. Prices suddenly fell to half of what they had been before.

Multitudes were ruined. Thousands of families were reduced to beggary. Some manufacturers discharged part of their workers while they retained the rest at reduced wages. Many ceased to struggle with the adverse torrent and discharged all their hands. . . . The distress that ensued may perhaps be imagined. We are not competent to describe it."

Overproduction in 1825, as in 1929, was a capture of to-morrow's right to live and earn its bread. Every such attempt to reach forward into time is in some way capitalized out of the pockets of the future which we wish to control. When an individual borrows in order to anticipate his own prosperity he puts only himself, and possibly his children, into debt for what he believes will be a good thing for him or them. But when a nation, or an industry, reaches into to-morrow, it is often not so moderate, and we are now becoming, for a while, aware of some of the results.

For ninety dollars, at the present market, one may purchase the promise of a great American railroad that the great-grandchildren of the present stockholders will pay one thousand dollars in gold in the year 2000 A.D. In that year these lucky wights must reach into their strong boxes and find there one hundred and eighty-two million dollars to pay to some one else's great-grandchildren for debts contracted in 1925. Before that payment is called for, however, their fathers, most of whom are as yet unborn, must, in 1975, pay out one hundred and six million dollars, and in 1989, one hundred and twenty-three million more, for debts contracted in our own day and for our convenience, by that same railroad. This prospect is perhaps so little liked that the preferred stock of that particular road now sells for about 2. This case is by no means an extreme example of our

present tendency to tie up to-morrow by financing the purchase of our desires out of our remote descendants' pockets. Another great American railroad has paid for its equipment and construction by borrowings which in 1929 totaled about three hundred and thirteen million dollars. Of this sum only a mere eight million is to be repaid before 1940. In 1997 one hundred and eight million will come due, the rest of the debt riding, let us hope, serenely on to be settled on the first days of December, January, and June of the year 2047, on which days one hundred and eighty-nine millions must be dug up somewhere to pay for the convenience and comfort of a time as remote from the ultimate debtors as we are from the days of Bonaparte.

But these are merely mild cases of our eagerness in passing good things along to the distant inheritors of our enterprises and our mistakes. On the bond board of the New York Stock Exchange is listed one noncallable issue of 4 per cent railroad bonds on which the principal sum of fifty million dollars becomes due for payment in the year 2361. These bonds, on a road over which many of my readers make their daily pilgrimage to New York, must be paid for by folk more distant from us in time than we are from the death year of Christopher Columbus, or from the coronation of King Henry VIII. Nor is that the extreme instance of our future reaching: the laying of certain trans-oceanic cables out of New York was financed by the issue of first mortgage 4 per cent bonds redeemable on the first of January five hundred years in the future!

But suppose the men and women of the year 2000 or the year 2361 will have none of our damned improvements. What if they don't want this railroad at all, or perhaps any railroad; if they no longer have any use for our im-

proved corsets, or shaving soap, or our canals, or our wars? In a previous article I have enlarged on this possibility. Future events do not follow the currents of our desires or obey the dictates of our good intentions. We have no certainties about the life of the year 2000. We ourselves have not been over-enthusiastic in paying the bonded indebtedness contracted by our fathers, often even the interest of such indebtedness. We have too many pressing obligations of our own; and our paternal past has given us many devices which we heartily wish were right now in Tophet, debts or no debts.

I have said elsewhere that wars are generated by a conflict in the dimension of time, that they represent a struggle between incompatible dreams about to-morrow, and are, in effect, the effort to prevent one's neighbors' dreams from coming true and to make one's own certain of fulfilment. Not merely is this true of wars of blood, but quite as often of those wars of trade which precede the wars for blood. This economic ritual, which leads to overt battle, the so-called (and now highly ethical) struggle for markets, is of course a direct result of expansion into the future, of a nation's producing more goods than it has any present need for, or market for. It is in fact, on its own account, often a battle of intense cruelty. Neither form of war can ever cease until man renounces the future as an economic or social goal and loves life too much to trade it off for any kind of a destiny, however glowing. That state of mind it is our present fashion to call decadent; but it is the only condition of peace, for comfort and happiness are man's most available instruments to destroy the spirit of war. Many men who now fight for peace are merely fighting for the opportunity of unlimited commercial expansion into foreign lands.

They are really the missionaries of the next conflict.

In 1900 the United States had a public debt of one billion two hundred and sixty-three million dollars. At the end of 1931 we had a public debt of sixteen billion eight hundred million dollars, an increase of thirteen hundred per cent in one generation. That debt, and the similar debts of every European country, are the present burden under which the fiscal system of the world staggers so drunkenly. It represents the cost of killing eight and a half million young men during four exciting and harrowing years. Perhaps, as one gazes over the world at the treasures of peace and prosperity our so recent past has endowed us with, it would seem unfeeling for us to hold that the men of 1914-1918 should have paid for their own war; that having, let us say, defeated the Central Powers, the Allies should have annexed suitable slices of territory, pillaged their cities of gold and portable treasure, and then gone back home to work, dividing the spoils of battle, as our amiable ancestors would have done; and that they should have killed only those men whom they could then afford to kill.

The difference between such a procedure and ours, the difference between the relative mortality of war in earlier ages and now, is due to our increasing tendency and willingness to engage the future to pay for our emergencies. It is due also to our abandonment of the ancient policy of accumulating reserves to pay our national hospital bills when they fall due. It is not that borrowings for future payment are new in principle, but that of recent years we have so expanded our devices for such borrowing and made such intemperate use of those devices, that our civilization threatens to topple forward into an abysmal future.

It is obvious from these considerations how foolish have been certain of our recent attempts to deal with war and with financial and industrial depression. The collapse of industry in bad times ends only when the present recovers its stolen function as a self-producing time. This recovery is generally retarded by the fact that most of the money needed for the purchase of the utilities and luxuries of life has been spent by the past. When the financial machinery has no longer sufficient leverage, in its present, for any further transfer of debt to to-morrow a panic ensues. At such a time there is little available money or credit to purchase the goods which must be consumed to recover the world as a living reality; for the present can be restored to its world only by that residuum of unpromised money. Depressions are sometimes ameliorated by continuing to transfer debt from to-day to to-morrow at a diminishing rate, but such a solution has been possible only when industry, rather than finance, has captured its future. When both have done so, as recently—when not only the industrialists but the bankers have been engaged in to-morrow-chasing—the recovery of the present is necessarily slow.

The obvious remedy for depression, as for war, is in principle very simple. It is for man to relinquish as much as possible of his power to involve the future in the concerns of his own time. Financially and industrially, this can be accomplished by the existing machinery. Nationally, it might also be accomplished. But the change involved would be a change in human attitude; and if that is to occur it must occur first in the individual.

V

Just as any bond which runs for longer than a generation, or any in-

demnity which continues for longer than one cares to maintain a state of open war, is a wholly unwarranted and disastrous attempt to control the future, so too any law which runs on indefinitely into time conceals our intention to discipline future generations to our will, or to make them conform to our practices. Respect for the old laws is traditional with both judge and legislator. Violent efforts are made to prevent old laws from gaining a rehearing. Any enactment which expresses the morality of the past is sacred to us. We maintain that precedent to ensure that the future will, in its turn, bow to our morality.

Instances of laws (other than our prohibition amendment and its enforcing Volstead act) which have effectively tied up the future, either to a habit of law violation or to obedience to the moral code of an earlier time, are almost too numerous for citation. The New York marriage law with its single ground for divorce is one such instance. The Connecticut enactment forbidding the Sunday operation of railway trains between sunrise and sunset—now amended to except trains carrying the United States mails—is another. An outstanding example is the famous blue law of Pennsylvania, which in 1794 forbade “any worldly employment or business whatsoever” to be engaged in on the first day of the week, and also banned the Sunday practice of “any unlawful game, hunting, shooting sport, or diversion whatsoever.” One hundred and twenty-five years after its passage a man was arrested and fined under the provisions of this act for participating in a Sunday game of baseball in Fairmount Park. Such a law, which makes millions of Pennsylvanians violators of the State statutes, cannot apparently be repealed.

To be fair to our children, and to ensure them against unhappy reactions,

every enactment of every legislature in the world should embody its own death warrant and be valid for a stated and not extended term of years. Until this is done, governments will continue to represent, chiefly, the inertia of dead desires and the authority of dead wills exercised over living men.

Philanthropic endowments, however noble and wise their purpose, also often attempt to discipline the labor of living men to the will of the dead, to direct the kindness of the future, to dictate how it shall educate its sons and daughters, and to decide what lines of science and art it shall engage in. To be sure, there are not at the present moment so many men as there used to be who are willing to tie up their names and fortunes in some project of perpetual good will. Perhaps the sad example of Benjamin Franklin's hundred-year trust has had its effect. That fund, on its maturity, was to be devoted to the paving of the sidewalks of Boston and to providing Philadelphia with a water supply from a near-by creek! W. H. Latta's recently devised trust fund, on which interest is to accumulate for two hundred years before it is to be devoted to the public weal, is apparently exceptional nowadays, for many recent endowments—such as those of Julius Rosenwald and James B. Couzens—provide for the expenditure of both principal and interest within a definite term of years. Most educational endowments, however, have not been so limited, nor have some of the great funds set aside by our very recent past been so limited. A recent survey by the Russell Sage Foundation reveals the fact that the invested capital of a few of our larger general endowments, most of it secured as to the principal, totals more than half a billion dollars. Noble as is the purpose of many of these foundations, it is certain that if they cause us to lean on the benevolences of the past, our

responsibility for, and our power over some of the going things of life may easily be diminished.

Great religious foundations have not, in earlier times, notably increased the vitality of religious practice. Whether our scientific, educational, or artistic foundations are to prove a benefit or a handicap, we simply do not know. To-day, the larger of our colleges (that is to say about the top fifth) report a total endowment of one billion, one hundred and thirty million dollars. To the extent of that investment of the past in our education, our responsibility for deciding what schooling we shall provide for our sons and daughters has been assumed for us, and in part the direction of how we shall educate our children has already been assumed for us. Accepting, as a fairly general ideal, the conclusion of Trevor Arnett that a college endowment is a fund to be invested and kept intact, with its income only to be used, and the principal sum never to be touched for any purpose whatsoever, it is clear that the control of the past over our surplus for education is, at least strategically, highly important. Just how such a control can operate was hinted at by a contributor to the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* in 1923. "As respects unrestricted endowments the average American college is relatively poor. The heavily endowed subjects fare well in the curriculum—sometimes better than there is any real need for; on the other hand, some equally important branches of study must perforce be content with less than their proper share of attention."

In times of financial stress this fact becomes more evident. During our current unpleasantness, many universities have found their income declining and have dismissed part of their faculties. But what part did they dismiss? Only the professors and instructors whose salaries were paid from the current

receipts and general funds of the institution. That is, usually, only those of the teaching force whose services were required by present interests, by recent educational and social needs. The endowed professorships of subjects however far removed from the life and necessities of our day were comparatively safe.

"Yale University," said the *New York Evening Post* of January 7, "will make no new faculty appointments for the academic year owing to the stringent condition of the university's finances. . . . Faculty chairs which are privately endowed are unaffected and will be appointed as usual. . . . The economics department in the college has already released eighteen professors and instructors since the opening of the college year."

If endowments, generally, were allowed only a limited life, their wisdom and continuing value, like those of a law, could be put to the test of social benefit. The present would retain a mastery of its own money as it should the control of its own morality. It might then be encouraged to adopt a humane attitude toward the future and set it free to make what good use of life it shall choose. Nowadays it steals from the future what the past has stolen from it, and with compounded interest passes along into time a growing series of obligations.

VI

What to-day most rocks the world's economic and political structure—as it usually does rock it in bad times—is, as I have previously pointed out, our painful awakening to the fact that the future refuses to be controlled to the extent to which we believed we could control it. We now live in democracies of government, industry, and law, but our thinking about those three fields of activity we inherit from a

monarchical past. We had forgotten, for instance, that the only debts a self-governing nation will eventually pay, without the pressure of arms, are debts of acknowledged honor, debts voluntarily incurred, not those of imposed or suspected dishonor like the present reparation debts. We had forgotten that the only laws a democratic people will respect are laws that respect their desires. It is easy enough for a tyrant to abolish vodka, if the tyrant has any authority. But a free people remembers that the law is supposed to reflect its will, whatever that will may be.

This may perhaps seem a very hard reality to face, but it is not quite so bad as it seems. It is, in fact, the saving virtue of the present situation of the world; for it takes most of the satisfaction out of paternalistic legislation, and all of the satisfaction out of going into a war. We may indeed eventually hail as man's greatest social discovery, and as the only sure basis yet found for increasing comity among the peoples of the world, the plain fact that democracy of government, finance, or industry can prevent man from dominating the futures of succeeding men.

How, it may be asked, can one hope that the future will be made any better than the past, which we so deplore and yet so obey, unless we take thought to make it so? The answer to that question is already indicated. The future can never be made any better than the past; only the present can be made better than the past. The future is beyond our foreknowledge, and thus beyond any intelligent control by us. This present is our world. We can improve it as much as we choose. That improvement is our task. It cannot be shifted on into time. The reward of success is our own happiness. We know, perhaps, what that may

consist in. We do not know what the happiness of to-morrow may consist in. We can, therefore, never hope to do anything about it except to let it be free of us—free to pursue its own desires untrammelled.

What Edward Bellamy called "the responsibility for the generations to follow" had better be confined to an effort not to run those generations into debt for our whims about ourselves or them. To control to-morrow always seems simpler than to control to-day; to pass on to to-morrow the payment for our desires seems easier than to meet those payments at the end of this month or this year; to escape into a hereafter, from the issues of our present life, is alike the motive of the utopian and the suicide.

To be called "a man of vision" is commonly accepted as being a social compliment. So far as it implies a penchant for looking ahead in time it is, in reality, a term to be reserved for such citizens as those whose activities have brought our laws, our business, and our family life to the very sorry pass we find them in to-day. Nor is the proper remedy for these conditions that of placing the direction of our affairs into the hands of another set of men of vision of even nobler purpose and higher good will. Nothing would more certainly plunge us into a final cataclysm. Every attempt to control or direct the future course of human events not only damns the future, but damns the time that indulges in it, as we are being damned on both counts at this present moment. At such a troubled hour, what we need most is enough wisdom to accept now the opportunity of our rich earth, and enough generosity to those unborn to renounce, with every energy of life, the desire to be the lords of any human destiny but our own.



VACUUM CLEANERS

A STORY

BY SYLVIA THOMPSON

VIOLET HACKETT sat and reread the end of Mr. Askew's letter and tore the letter slowly across.

. . . I will not have time to return and say good-by to you all as the boat goes Wednesday and there is not another for a fortnight. I enjoyed my time in Louth and wish in many ways I did not have to leave. But this appointment has really more prospects.

My remembrances to Lady Hackett and your father and cheerio to yourself. (I daresay I shall find you settled down when I get back!)

With all good wishes,

Truly yours,

Edmund Askew.

The consciously dramatic gesture expressed a real pain. Through the whole of her large, warm-skinned, corseted body she felt a disappointment that probed and sickened and brought tears to her eyes. She sat there in the conservatory where she had settled to read his letter—plunked on a white bench in a thicket of palms, aspidistras, cinerarias, and ferns, her knees a little apart, her blue dress too glistening and new and too ornate, her high-colored face tinted with a green bloom by the filtered light of blinds drawn across the glass roof—and realized that she had been building on Mr. Askew's intentions; and he'd either never had any or had changed his mind.

Every day he'd come, the last two months. Sometimes only to play whist of course, but still he'd come. Even mother had passed a remark. And then—three weeks ago, at the Leslie's dance. A nice man like Mr. Askew didn't do that kind of thing unless he . . . holding her hand. . . . She remembered the insistent clasp of his fingers, and then the heat of his palm against the back of her neck, walking as far as the end of the garden with her . . . and then . . . kissing her, in "that way" so that she felt all queer. . . . And she'd been so sure he wouldn't, being a gentleman, do that if he didn't mean something by it. She'd counted on his speaking soon, after that; waited, feeling pretty certain (and remembering at night, lying awake, the way he'd kissed her, so that she felt all queer again and turned restlessly to and fro as if she were feverish). Thirty-four she was now. Thirty-four. . . . Of course there'd been several men in the last fifteen years, but she'd refused to bother with them. There weren't many of her sort in the town. None of them had got so far, naturally, as Mr. Askew. She wasn't like a lot of girls in the town—letting men kiss her and carry on. None of them had kissed her. No one since—since Dick—when she was still at the High School and they lived in the old house in Peck Street, and she and Dick used to go down to the docks

and hide about in one of the warehouses or go off to the pictures. . . . That was when her father was making his fortune, and still carrying on in the old house, with Molly doing all the housework and cooking and Dick's people living in just the same sort of house down the street. And then Dad got his knighthood. She'd never forget the day he came in to supper and said to mother, "*Well, your ladyship*"—pulling in his chair and taking several radishes out of the dish.

Sumner stopped the car again outside the next gate. A white gate this time with HAZELHURST painted in black letters on each of the gateposts and a yellow gravel drive beyond flanked by laurel bushes. The drive curved so that the house was hidden.

He got out, locked the car, and went through the gate. It swung and shut itself after him. He walked up the middle of the drive because he had an impulse to skirt the side by the thick ribbon of turf and the laurels. A white notice board started up from the foliage with BEWARE OF THE DOG on it in black letters. (Never "*Beware of the Cat*" although cats were really more treacherous. One was always warned against simple dangers.)

He came in sight of the house. A bulky house of blackish-red brick flanked symmetrically by glasshouses. It looked like a bumble bee, he thought, brooding and formless with translucent wings. The gravel drive widened in front of the house to a semicircle edged by a continuous bed of pink and scarlet geraniums. On the lawn on the farther side of the drive was some rustic furniture with smooth twisted limbs; and a red-and-white sunshade over six feet high rooted into the ground like a toadstool.

Three semicircular steps rose to a Tudor front door in fumed oak. There was a bowl marked DOG on the side

opposite to the shoescraper and a bell-pull with a copper chain and a china handle inscribed PULL in black letters. If Sumner had not been hot and discouraged and secretly convinced that no one really needed a Premier Vacuum Cleaner, he would have amused himself, as he often did, by guessing the inmates of the house. Often after a successful trip he went home and made Jinnie laugh, describing curtains, imitating parlormaid, haughty ladies with dusters knotted at four corners on their heads. . . . But this trip was making him nervous. Only two "P. V. C.'s" sold in the last ten days. People were feeling poor. Either had one, of some other make, or got on without it. Even installments did not tempt them. And if he lost the job . . . The P.V.C. Company had taken him on because he was what old Briggs called a "*Varsity Man*." But mostly now that counted against you. And Jinnie could never be sure of translation work.

The Tudor door was opened by a butler. Sumner put his heels together and leaned forward to hand a card. "*I wonder if I might see the lady of the house?*" The butler, a young man with sparse black hair and a bilious complexion, looked Sumner over. Then he took the card and read it slowly. Then he handed it slowly back, looking at Sumner with the contempt of the professional for the amateur underling. He observed the details of Sumner's clothes, his well-cut gray flannel suit, his cheap shoes.

"*'Er ladyship is out!*"

"*I might wait. I should very much like to show her . . .*"

"*It won't be worth while your waiting.*"

"*Is there a housekeeper I could see?*"

"*There isn't.*" The man stepped back to shut the door. "*And anee-way 'er ladyship won't be interested.*"

A shrill woman's voice interrupted

him from the hall beyond. "Half a minute, Collier!"

The butler stepped back, still holding the inner handle of the door. Sumner saw a girl come forward out of the shadow of the oak-panelled hall. She came with the half-rolling, half-jerky gait of a big female on high French heels. She must have been listening to them. But she said "What d'you want?" mincing her vowel sounds and looking at him with hot pale blue eyes under lids that looked as if they'd been oiled.

"As a matter of fact I've called from The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, as I should very much like to show you our Vacuum Cleaners. There's absolutely no obligation of course. I simply demonstrate on one of your carpets—or upholstery—An unbelievably low price considering the quality . . ."

She was watching his face. She cut him short. "You can come and show me," she said, "as my mother is out." She had come to the front step now and stood full in the sunlight. Her hair was tan color and waved hard and close to her head, fastened with an enamel clip on one side. Her face, dull-nosed, heavy-chinned, had a sort of rich primmed-up beauty. Her pallidly burning blue eyes were redeemed from primal stupidity by the alert and metallic gentility of her expression.

He said, "If you'll excuse me a minute I'll go back to the car and get the contraption."

"The what?"

"The cleaner," he said and turned and ran down the gravel drive. He opened the white gate and got into the car and drove it up to the front door. She was still on the step—her blue silk dress strained to the curves of her body, the buckles of her shoes flashing in the sun. Two minutes in the sun-baked car made him sweat. He wiped his forehead before getting out, con-

scious of her stare on his movements.

"Just bring it in," she said. The butler had gone, and she seemed less self-conscious. "You can just as well show *me*," she said, her hand, with big pale fingers like German asparagus patting at the tan waves of her hair. "Of course mother bosses the show here, but I daresay I shall have a home of my own one of these days."

He smiled amicably on the side of his face near her, while he lifted the cleaner out of the back of the car. "You see, it will fit any voltage," he said, following her into the hall and perceiving deer's heads aloft and smelling a house without fragrance, without aroma, without age—the smell merely of polish and pot-plants in brass bowls.

"We'll go in the drawing-room," she said, and they passed from brownness to pinkness and whiteness and silver frames and windows bridally shrouded in lace. He felt her gaze on him again as he looked around.

"We've just had it changed," she said. "It used to be blue. I like it better like this. Dad's Christmas present to mother as a matter of fact."

"Jolly," he said, peering round the wainscotting for a socket for the plug.

"What did you say the name of the firm you come from was?" she asked, suddenly standoffish.

"The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company."

"Never heard of them."

"Oh, they're very well known."

"You been with 'em long?"

"Nearly two years. . . . They're excellent people."

She was silent while he fixed the plug into the socket beside the marble fireplace. He began:

"The great advantage of these cleaners . . ." He went on; he knew it so that it said itself. If he were ever to be delirious he would say, "And can be easily carried from room to room, packed away into the smallest

possible space . . . etc., etc." A canary in a cage behind the lace curtains gave a sudden chirruping bugle-call. Outside, far across the lawn, the noise of a motor mower began steadily bruising the afternoon. He bent down and switched on the current. Low, steady moaning filled the room. ". . . and you'd be surprised how much dirt is actually sucked up within five to ten minutes from a carpet that you would imagine was being kept perfectly clean. In a minute I will demonstrate to you." . . . He spoke loudly now, spacing his words so that they fell in an even hail through the moaning of the cleaner. All the time she stared at him, at his face, his lips as they moved, his hand as it grasped the handle of the machine. The noise made her seem isolated, like someone near in a high wind. He had an impression of her round pink underlip and the sunburn rash, powdered over, on her collar bones. He wondered what her life could be in this shop-made house, with no books on all the tables and no flowers to arrange, and a butler who was "beneath" her and with whom she felt ill at ease. What were her parents?

He turned off the switch. ". . . and now you see, even in three minutes over a few square feet of carpet one can accumulate an extraordinary amount of dust and dirt." He saw her snap in the word and pronunciation of "accumulate." . . . That must be her father in the large tinted photograph hung over the piano. A shrewd little nut of a man with a glazed collar and ears sticking out. She had his eyelids and the same slightly stuck-forward pose of head. She had it particularly now, standing before him and saying, "It seems pretty good."

He urged, "You'll have no reason to regret ordering one. All our customers are delighted with it." (And only two in the last fortnight.) He added, "I should very much like to

show you our process of cleaning upholstery, curtains, and so forth."

"What is it?" She was ladylike again, rubbing under the tip of her nose with a handkerchief, her other hand resting against her corseted hipline.

He got the nozzle out of the box and began to fit it to the machine. As he did so he said, "I should very much like your mother herself to see this. I suppose she won't be in soon, will she?"

"Not till four thirty, I expect." She was offended. Then she flung off, rather as if it were a coin that he could take or ignore, "Aren't I good enough?"

He did take it, with annoyance.

"My dear Miss . . ."

"Hhhackett," she said, pouting and pursing her mouth.

"Miss Hackett—I only felt that perhaps it was—I was—wasting your time."

"My time's me own to waste, isn't it?"

"Well, if you're so kind." The canary screamed several times. He finished fixing the nozzle.

"Not," she primmed, "that there's too many people round here that you do want to know. Nice people I mean. Of course I was talking to a gentleman at a dinner party only last week and he said, 'It's the same in all manufacturing places. The nice people move out to the country.'"

"Yes," he said. The noise of the mower came steadily nearer to the windows. Between the festooned lace he watched a vista of the garden, tropically bright and green.

"What price are you asking?"

"Seven pounds fifteen complete—or we are quite willing to arrange monthly payments."

"Of course that wouldn't be necessary."

"Of course," he agreed, standing ready for the second demonstration.

She said bruskiy, "I think I'll get you to show me how that works up in my own room. It needs a thorough turning out and you'll be able to test the thing there. Bring it up."

She turned, and he followed her back into the hall and up the oak staircase. She said over her shoulder but without looking round:

"D'you like this job?"

"It's very interesting."

She led him across a thickly carpeted landing into a bedroom furnished with a "suite of gray walnut" hung with lilac silk curtains edged with silver braid. The "Louis XV" panelling of the walls was filled in with a watered silk shading down from purple through lilac and pale pink to a deep rose at the foot of each panel. Over the mantelpiece hung a colored reproduction of Leighton's "Flaming June." The lady's proportions, Sumner supposed, consoled Miss Hackett for her own.

"You might try the Recameer sofa for a start," she said. She moved two cushions from it, and a leggy doll with peroxide wig and kohl-rimmed eyes. "There's a switch just behind it," she added. Standing with her back to the bed and clasping the perverse-faced doll, she looked like a symbolic picture of motherhood by a bad artist. "Progress gives Birth to Perversity" thought Sumner, bending to fix the switch and smiling for a second; for she seemed likely to order one, and that would be something to report to old Briggs and Jinnie. He switched on. Moaning filled the room. He pushed the nozzle to and fro over the sofa, dug into corners and the crevices of the upholstery. She went to each window in turn and pulled the blinds three-quarters down. He saw her saying something. He switched off to interrogate her. In the abrupt quiet she repeated, "I only said the sun would ruin the carpets. The head housemaid's away (her mother's sister

died yesterday), and everything's thoroughlee neglected." She came and stood again between him and the bed. He showed her the dust pocket. "You see how effectual it is."

He prepared to switch on again but she stopped him. "All right. I believe you. It seems pretty good."

He couldn't in the new half-light see her expression, but he thought she was, somehow, at a loss. His hand went to his pocket, for the order book.

"Of course," she said, "I can't decide. But I daresay I could get mother to. She'll do almost anything for me—since Grace went away. (She's my sister. She married last November. A Mr. White. Such a nice man. They live in Bristol now.)"

"I should be most grateful if you could recommend it to your mother. Perhaps I might call again when she's in."

She said, "I daresay." Then, "Look here, it does seem funny, your being in this kind of job. What made you take it up?"

He felt himself redden.

"Partly vocation perhaps." He saw that she didn't understand. She simply went on, "What's your name?"

"Sumner. Richard Sumner."

"You look pretty young."

"I'm thirty-two."

"I liked your voice when I heard it, just now downstairs at the front door. I think voices mean a lot, don't you?"

"I suppose so."

"And faces too. Don't you think? I like people to have refined faces. Specially men." She added, "I'm very particular about men. Some men are such brutes, aren't they?"

"Are they?" said Sumner, wondering how soon he could lead the talk back to vacuum cleaners without offending her.

She gave a rich giggle which ended in a series of high uncertain notes. "Well, some of them, anyway. . . . Sit down for a minute and perhaps

mother'll be along. She ought to be in soon now."

Sumner leaned the cleaner against the brass fireguard and sat down on the sofa. After a momentary hesitation she sat opposite him on the edge of the bed. She disposed the folds of her skirt in various ways, then rubbed her nose with her handkerchief, then remarked once more in her tight voice:

"Of course if I didn't see that you're not quite the ordinary run of traveler I wouldn't be talking to you like this. I don't like travelers as a rule. But I could tell immediately that you weren't the ordinary kind."

"It's very kind of you. But I'm perfectly bona-fide."

"Go on. I know a gentleman when I see one." She added, getting up and walking to the dressing table, "I suppose you *do* it to make a living?"

"Selling these things?"

"Mm."

"Yes."

She looked in the glass. He watched her reflection. It looked queer in the under-water light of the room. Her look met his in the mirror. She simpered:

"You must have a lot of lady clients."

"Women mostly buy the cleaner," he said, elaborately patient.

She turned her back to the dressing table and stood, bulky and irresolute, polishing the nails of her right hand against the palm of her left.

"While their *husbands* are out, I expect."

Her giggle quacked out abruptly. Her face was half in shadow, but he had an impression that she hadn't smiled. The lawn mower started again under the window, drilling into the very nerves of the room, and he raised his voice to ask:

"What time did you say your mother would be back?" and knew himself cornered by "You seem quite *nervous*."

She moved a step towards him. He could have laughed at himself—trapped with this great perfumed cow (if she weren't exasperating him so).

"You aren't nervous of *me*, are you?"

"My dear—Miss Hackett—" She was standing above him now, so that if he were to get up from the sofa they would be close, face to face.

"What did you say?" she shouted. He made a deprecatory gesture.

She bent over him, "*That* mower!"

He turned the order book over in his fingers. She glanced at it, then at his face again.

"If I was to order one of them?" Her words clinked down to him like big sharp coins. "I might even give Dad and Mother one for their anniversary (wedding anniversary) next month."

The mower was retreating now, and he could interrupt in his normal voice:

"I can have one delivered to you within three to five days."

She stood upright now, her head bent to one side, her look slanting down at him.

"I might an' I mightn't," she said.

He shifted to the left along the sofa and got up. She veered to face him.

"Not that I've decided," she was saying—and saying in the same sultry voice. "I like your suit." She felt the sleeve. Her hand moved up his arm and rested on his shoulder. He decided not to retreat. He looked at the bridge of her nose and counted five freckles. She waited. He put his right hand on her waist and felt her constricted body thudding like an electric train in a station.

"You *are* a one," she brought out, with dry-lipped coquetry. He moved his hand round her waist. Abruptly her bulk unstiffened, clamped itself against him with a clumsy exasperated voluptuousness. As her hand pulled against the back of his neck he ob-

served his ironical intention lose its edge, soften into sensation, and harden suddenly into impulse. He kissed her lips, interested by their roundness and innocence of paint, and went on kissing, fascinated by her genteel scent of violet-talc and mild perspiration, by the animalism and intermittent prudery which made her embrace, in that minute or so, a quintessence of feminine courtship. . . . Speculatively and because she was heavy, he drew her down beside him on the edge of the bed. She reacted as he had foreseen. She banged to her feet and began to tidy her hair. He was relieved; and dimly infuriated. He took out his handkerchief, wiped his mouth, and blew his nose while she was saying that he'd "got a nerve."

"And I suppose you think I let any young fellow behave like this," she panted, going to the mirror: and he watched her waggle her behind angrily and stare at herself.

He got up and went over to the cleaner. "I'd better be going," he said. He began to pack it up.

"Is *that* all you've got to say for yourself?"

He looked round. She had blots of powder on, and her mouth and nostrils were twitching. "I'm sorry," he said, controlling his rage. (He'd lost the order and been cornered in an idiotic situation.) He shut the box. As he did so he realized that the lawnmower had stopped and they were in silence. "Well—" he said, taking the box under his arm.

"But suppose I *was* to order one—one of those cleaners?" she said, haughtily, but with a cajoling inflection of voice—"Would you bring it round yourself?"

He decided to lie.

"Of course," he managed. "If you'll be here when I bring it."

She regained assurance.

"I might an' I mightn't."

He felt for the order book.

"Yes," she said. "It won't do any harm to write it down."

He put down the box and wrote:

Miss Hackett, Hazelhurst, Westbury Road.

He picked up the box again.

"I'll see you out," she said, and minced out of the room, twitching her shoulders as she passed him. And as they crossed the hall she said in a "company tone," "So you'll be delivering it in a few days. Come in the afternoon, when I shall have time to see it work."

"Very good, Miss," he said and she stared, holding the front door; and he thought he saw some playful query checked. He went down the steps, and she stood watching him from the threshold, blinking in the mellow glare of the four o'clock sun.

"Well," she said. "So long."

He took off his hat, bowed, and got into the car.

In the road, he got out the order book. Next to Miss Hackett, Hazelhurst, Westbury Road, he put "N.B. Special Delivery by Rail." He looked in the glass above the windscreen and automatically tilted his hat forward. The heat in the car was stifling now. If only he and Jinnie could find somewhere in the country to live—somewhere cheap enough.

He got out and went up to the next gate. It was a green gate with PINEHURST painted on it in white letters.



THE PATH TO THE RIVER

ANONYMOUS

NORMALLY, one turns into it at about my age; or perhaps I should say, one discovers that one has turned into it, that one is off the main road. The point of departure must have been most inconspicuous; I did not notice it. All I recall noticing is that of a sudden I began to miss many familiar sights and sounds of traffic. The sensation was odd; it was somewhat like the sensation in one's ears when a locust stops chirring. It brought a certain pleasant ease, a feeling of liberation and expansion of spirit, leading up to an untroubled interest in the rich and quiet beauty of my new surroundings.

The path is winding; one can only guess how long it is, for one cannot see its end from any point short of its last turn, apparently. Its declivity, so far, is very gentle; one hardly feels it. One has few companions, latterly almost none, and one is content with that. One or two are willing to go the whole way with me, which troubles me a little, and I hope they will not insist. They are young, and taking this journey just for company would break the continuity of their lives, and be but a tedious business, besides. Then, too, since they will some day be taking it on their own, why should they force themselves to take it twice?

My most astonishing realization is that I have lost a great lot of luggage. I cannot imagine what has become of it. I thought I was still carrying almost all I started out with, but as I stop to

count it up, a great deal of it is gone. Evidently one begins life like a person on his first trip to Europe, by loading up with things that one has no use for, and that get themselves left behind unnoticed, here and there. I discover that my interest in many matters which I thought were important, and would still say, off-hand, were important, no longer exists; interest in many occupations, theories, opinions; relationships, public and private; desires, habits, pleasures, even pastimes. I can still play good billiards, for instance, and if anyone asked me, I should reply unthinkingly that I love the game; and then it would occur to me that I have not played for months running into years, and that I no longer care—not really—if I never play again. As an item of luggage, billiards has gone by the board, though I do not know when or how; and many matters of apparently greater importance have gone likewise. Other orders of interest, however, remain intact and, for all I can see, as fresh as ever—I think indeed much fresher, though this may be an illusion. At all events, it is only with these that I feel any longer a genuine concern.

Awareness that this process of unconscious sifting and selection has been going on is presumably final evidence that one is off the main road and well on the path to the river. It is called, rather patronizingly, "the acquiescence of age"; but may not that mean no more than an acquiescence in matters

which have in the long-run proven themselves hardly worth troubling one's head about? "The fashion of this world passeth away," said Goethe, "and I would fain occupy myself with the things that are abiding." If that be the acquiescence of age, make the most of it.

One in my position is expected, I believe, to have a special interest in questions about what, if anything, takes place on the other side of the river, and whether we are likely to have any hand in it. Do we indeed cross the river or do we melt away forever in its depths? I have never had any curiosity about these matters, nor have I any now. Such thought as I have given them has been unaffected, so far as I am aware (and I cannot be responsible for what the Freudians might find going on in my *Unbewusstsein*) by any feeling of personal concern. Perhaps this absence of curiosity and concern may go some way towards giving my thoughts a passing interest for others who are likewise incurious and unconcerned, and I, therefore, write them down.

II

As a very small boy with a lively imagination and a budding sense of humor, I used to entertain myself at great length with speculations on what the human world would be like if we all lost our bodies. I made it out as on the whole a rather attractive picture, except that eating had to be counted out; this seemed an appalling calamity. It was more than balanced, however, by other considerations which were all to the good, such as the doing away with clothes and houses and, above all, the abolition of work. Work was inseparably related to food, clothes, and shelter; and if there were no need for these, nobody would have to do any work, which suited me admirably.

There appeared to be no difficulty

about imagining a distinct human personality existing apart from physical properties, or pervading them, as magnetism—whatever that is—pervades iron. In fact, the most nearly real world I knew, the only one about which I could approach anything like certainty in my own mind, was the world of consciousness. I got at its phenomena directly and was sure of them. I was not so sure of the phenomena of my physical environment, for I got at these indirectly through sense-perception, and my senses were always letting me down in one way or another; I was always having to true up their findings by experience, mostly disappointing, as in the case of plaster-of-Paris fruit or the apparent soundness of tree limbs. Again, a sense of the most intimate phenomena of consciousness—those associated with music, for instance—was quite incommunicable by physical means; yet I saw that it was somehow communicated to other persons, to my father and mother and certain cronies, for they made responses so appropriate as to leave no doubt.

So sense-perception impressed me early, if vaguely, as a rather poor and fallible interpreter of my environment, and as having little to do with establishing my most interesting approximations to certainty. As I grew older and understood better what stringent limitations our dependence on sense-perception does really impose on us, I began to wonder how our actual present environment would appear if one could get oneself in immediate contact with it, and be no longer dependent on the very incomplete and special reports of five extremely imperfect and special faculties, or "senses"; one so imperfect, indeed, as to be almost useless, and another not much more valuable.

Thus it came about that when at the age of twenty or so I read the observations of Professor Huxley and others on the subject of consciousness, they

seemed simple and clear, and not in the least surprising. "The transition from the physics of the brain to the facts of consciousness," said Romanes, "is unthinkable." Just so did it impress Huxley, as not only inexplicable but actually unthinkable. Consciousness exists, and we know it only as existing in association with that which has the properties of matter and force; yet it is clearly not matter or force or any conceivable modification of either; and an interpretation of it in terms of matter and force is simply beyond the power of thought.

By way of illustrating this as simply as possible, Professor Huxley cites the sense of red color. I am now writing by the aid of a lamp done in red lacquer; I look at it and see that it is red. Trace the whole process of this perception; suppose, says Huxley, that you could watch all the light-waves, nervous reactions, molecular motion in the brain, possible electrical discharges, "as if they were billiard-balls," at the end you would be as far from the ensuing fact of consciousness, "the feel of redness," as you were at the outset. The phenomena of consciousness can be to some extent controlled by mechanical means or by some appropriate chemical agent like bhang or alcohol, but this throws no light on the nature of consciousness itself. A color-blind person's testimony about my lamp might not agree with mine, but the content of his consciousness, whatever it may be, is still as unaccountable in terms of matter and force as mine is.

At high noon one day on a crowded street in Berlin, a man behind me hooked his umbrella into my collar, after the manner of Mr. Squeers; and while he was hand-over-handing me in, I recognized him as an old acquaintance who had also recognized me. Just what was it that we recognized? There was not a particle left of the physical structure that either of us had

seen before; we had not met in fifteen years, and our former bodies were all worn out and gone. A resemblance persisted, one may say, and he recognized that. True, no doubt, in the first instance; but he also immediately recognized *me*; and in my turn, instantly getting by the accidents of clothes and physique, I also recognized *him*. One may say, again, that our "personalities" overlived these physical changes, and recognized each other. Very well, but just what is personality, and how does it contrive to do all this overliving, and where do matter and force come in? If personality can overlive three, four, or half-a-dozen bodies and get along so handsomely without them, might it not manage, on a pinch, to get along without any?

In other words, since we know consciousness only in association with matter and force, must we regard that association as intrinsic and essential? Can consciousness persist dissociated from them, either independently as bare "personality," or in association with some unknown quantity which has not their properties? If someone says flatly that it cannot, we must ask him how he knows that. If he says it can, we must ask the same question. The conditions of inquiry being what they are, if he can give a competent answer either way, all we can say is that he is just the man whom a great many people would like to see.

III

Such was the conclusion reached by the best science of the last century, and I have not heard that latter-day science has brought forward anything to invalidate or modify it. One may, therefore, I think, be excused from taking interest in any attempts to reach a "scientific proof" that personality survives death, because these attempts must rest on evidence of the

senses; and in the premises, this order of evidence, as we have seen, is inadmissible. For example, if a person says to me, "You will never see me again after I die," it is open to me to reply, "Possibly; but since I never yet saw you and do not see you now, why should I expect to see you then? I see a body and some clothes, but the body is not the same one that I saw a week ago or that I shall see a week hence. I never saw *you*, never shall and never can."

Or, on the other hand, suppose he says, "I can prove objectively that I shall be alive after death," I might reply, "Why, bless you, you can't even prove objectively that you are alive now." Nor can he. Or, suppose he puts it thus, "Personality survives death; and to prove it, I will cause bells to be rung, furniture to be moved around, photographs to be taken, and messages to be written, all by invisible agencies. I will even cause a disembodied spirit to invade my own physical organism and control it, and give you assurance by word of my mouth." I might reply, "Yes, that is all very fine, very good, but it may not prove what you say it does. It may prove only that you are an uncommonly smart man. Moreover, if I admit your evidence, I can admit it only *in limine*; that is, admitting that the disembodied spirit is there and is alive, what does that prove about a future state for you, me, Tom, Dick, or Harry? Nothing. If the spirit says it does prove something, who knows but the spirit may be wrong? The assumption that it must be right is clearly gratuitous." The *Santissimo Salvatore* spoke with immense philosophical profundity and soundness when He said that "if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." If any conviction on this matter is to be reached, its reason-

ableness must be established by an entirely different method of approach.

This, apparently, is as it should be. Prince Alfonso of Castile is said to have remarked that if he had been present at the creation of the world he would have suggested some valuable improvements. If man were never to progress beyond the first stages of development, we too might suggest some; we might suggest a world in which there should be no pain, sorrow, labor, bereavement, disappointment, hardship. The trouble is that without these any progress in human development is unimaginable; nobody could ever get on. If there were no such thing as pain, if nothing hurt, the race would not last six months; if there were no sorrow or hardship, it could not elaborate any more character than a jellyfish—and so on. When one thinks these matters through to their logical end, taking careful account of everything, one finds it impossible to imagine human development going on as satisfactorily in any other circumstances than those we are in.

Hence it is probably no bad thing that man is held down pretty closely to the consideration of one world at a time. Suppose it were otherwise; suppose that by some miracle he were able to get what we call scientific proof that he would, or that he would not, live after death—cogent, irrefutable proof—it is easy to imagine the utterly enervating preoccupations that would ensue upon him in either case. One cannot say whether they would be more debilitating and retarding in the one case or in the other. The flavor of such preoccupations that one gets from the history of medieval Christianity is enough to intimate the irreparable misfortune that would be brought upon a world possessed by certainty on this point. It is a great advantage to us that by the ordinary standards of analysis we can know no more than we do; that con-

viction alone is admissible in the premises, and that the reasonableness of conviction, whether affirmative or negative, can be made out only by an order of evidence which is distinctly subjective.

For my own part, I have an extremely strong conviction that human personality overlives death; so strong and apparently so reasonable that I have long ceased to question it. This is not the same thing as saying I believe that my own personality will survive death, for I cannot say that; in fact, I doubt it. I have an instinctive feeling that it will, but when I examine the basis available for rationalizing that feeling, I find it too slight to command confidence. These statements are not inconsistent, as I shall presently show.

IV

There are certain orders or categories of human activity which are useful and indispensable, to which, nevertheless, one cannot attach the idea of persistence. As I saw in my childhood's fancies, there is an insurmountable incongruity in such an association; natural truth is all against it. These are what St. Paul calls the *ἐπίγεια*. The King James Version gives the translation, "earthly things"; that is to say, lines of activity which meet purely physical demands, and which cannot be conceived of as going on after these demands have ceased. For example, one cannot possibly imagine oneself manufacturing motor cars "to all eternity," as our phrase goes, or selling bonds, or running a bank. Death would automatically dissociate us from innumerable pursuits such as these, and we can perceive at once that it must do so.

On the other hand, there are categories of activity with respect to which an association with persistence is at least imaginable. Natural truth, if

not flatly affirming this association, is at least not flatly against it. In the light of natural truth there is no absolute, violent, even ludicrous incongruity in the suggestion, such as instantly appears when we attempt to contemplate the idea of persistence in the other categories just mentioned. For example, when the Greek mathematician said that God "geometrizes continually," his conception strikes us as not precisely unimaginable or precisely ridiculous. Natural truth goes along with it far enough at least to intimate that despite philology, geometry is not quite one of the *ἐπίγεια*. It has a differentiating quality. As much may be said of the Aristotelian *πολῆσις*, and of the exercise of certain virtues and affections. Even the clear and lucid perception of the later Greeks saw here no actual collision with natural truth. The last words of Socrates, both to his friends and to his judges, the elegiac lines on Plato's young and gifted successor, the Master of the Portico, show conviction open either way; natural truth asserts no jurisdiction. It is only in the association of persistence with the practice of love that we first see natural truth legitimized in the parentage of a profound conviction. Heliodorus and Diogeneia, the devoted lovers, died within the same hour; and their friend Apollonides declares that death is no bar to their felicity, but that they are now "as happy lying in the same tomb as they were when lying in the same bed."

As I have already said, I could not possibly prove, even to myself, by the accepted standards of scientific analysis, that I am alive at this moment. *Cogito ergo sum* takes one but a precious little way, as has often been shown. Yet I know I am alive, I have an unshakable conviction about it, built up in this way: In the realm of the *ἐπίγεια* there are certain disciplines, mostly very rigorous, such as

the discipline of hard physical work, the discipline of business and its competitions, the various disciplines prescribed by the social order. Engagement with any of these is attended by a keen sense of *life*, and the closer the engagement the more abounding and exalted the sense becomes; and this sense gives rise to strong conviction and supports it. Our vernacular has terms that reflect this experience. A hard set of tennis, for instance, makes one feel "all alive," and so does a fast bout at commercial competition, or leading a forlorn hope in an attack on sales-resistance. Thus too do we speak of the "live man" or the one who is "alive on his job."

Conviction on this point, then, appears to be pretty strictly the fruit of experience. Now, leaving the *ἐπιγεια* and going over into the categories where natural truth is not so peremptory about its findings, one meets with a precise parallel to all this. Here, too, are certain disciplines; the discipline of pure mathematics (to touch again the matter already spoken of), the discipline of the *ποίησις*, the discipline peculiar to the successful practice of certain virtues and affections, such as the affection of love. Here, too, the occupation with these disciplines is attended by a strong sense of *life*, but life of a different order, corresponding to the order of experience that excites this sense. Here, too, the more one does with these disciplines, the harder one works at them, the stronger this sense becomes; and when it becomes strong enough it leads to conviction—sometimes, as in my own case, impersonal. I am sure as one can be of anything in this highly uncertain world that *some* will survive death, but my own practice of these disciplines has been too weak-willed and fitful to give me any assurance beyond this; it does not assure me that I shall be among them.

The point is that in both sets of categories alike the sense of life and the conviction proceeding from it are matters of experience alone. Conviction is conditioned by experience; it is practically impossible to entertain a conviction that experience does not to some degree back up. Hence it is not to be wondered at that a conviction of the persistence of personality is relatively uncommon at the present time. Both in the realm of thought and action the general tendency is towards an exclusive preoccupation with the *ἐπιγεια*; take the *ἐπιγεια* away, and practically the whole of our experience disappears with it; there is nothing left with which we can associate the idea of persistence. It is impossible to make conviction transcend experience; hence the effort to relate persistence to the only kind of life that we have ever experienced results merely in the consciousness of a wholly inadmissible anomaly.

The fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians is one of the few passages of Scripture that remain at all generally well known; we hear it read at funerals. We may have remarked how impatiently and perfunctorily St. Paul runs off his arguments for persistence, or as he calls it, "immortality," and that in the midst of his arguments he drops in the apparently irrelevant quotation from Menander, that "evil communications corrupt good manners." There is no irrelevance here, however; the quotation conveys the whole point of what he has to say. The civilization of Corinth, like our own, was wholly made up of mondanities; and the gist of the passage is as if he had said, "Here are your arguments, but I might about as well save my breath. You cannot take them in, not because they are unsound, but because of your evil communications; you cannot transcend your own experience. The only kind of life you know anything about is not worth

being immortal, and you cannot help being aware of it."

One may not overpress the point, of course, yet it is worth remarking how persistently the Biblical writers relate the idea of *life* to the practice of special disciplines in the second set of categories that we have been noticing. One such discipline "tendeth to life"; in the practice of it "is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death." Another discipline, vividly personified, declares that "whoso findeth me findeth life." Of another it is said, again, that whoso followeth it "findeth life." Of another, that its admonitions "are life to those that find them." The great exponent of these disciplines is said to have come that they "might have life." His precepts go forth, "and they that hear shall live." A concordance will show the almost unfailing regularity with which this association occurs; and while, I repeat, too much may not be made of it, one may observe in it, as far as it goes, an interesting correspondence with the suggestions of experience.

V

Unquestionably, too, as one studies the order of nature, one gets certain intimations of purpose. One must speak of these with great caution, for theologians and poets alike have monstrosously exaggerated their evidential value. Nevertheless, they are not, I think, to be flatly disregarded; natural truth invests them with a plausibility that is doubtless slight and vague, but is yet sufficiently definite to keep them in view. Nature appears to be very wasteful and to "make for righteousness" by very roundabout ways; yet on closer inspection her most conspicuous wastes turn out to be made in behalf of some highly interesting economies. The most one may say, perhaps, is that under her regime nothing

is going to be saved, finally, that is not worth saving. Whether all that is worth saving will be saved is, of course, another question. Still another question is, how far our present estimate of what is and what is not worth saving will be found in the long run to accord with her inscrutable economy.

For my own part, I could not hold it as any count against the order of nature if my own personality did not survive death. On the other hand, my intimations of purpose in nature, vague as they may be, are distinctly affronted by the suggestion that certain other personalities do not survive death. If Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Rabelais do not survive death, then, as all my intimations lead me to see it, the order of nature is a most inglorious fizzle. My intimations bear the same testimony, too, in behalf of equally eminent practitioners, such as we have all seen and revered, who have passed their days in humbler stations and whose eminence, therefore, remains unknown to the world at large.

I see no reason why the great majority of mankind should survive death, because experience and the intimations of purpose in nature alike present the idea of persistence as an achievement, as a matter of diligent and progressive adaptation to environment; and here, too, the analogy with our physical life seems close and orderly. Von Humboldt says that no one could pass from Siberia into Senegal without losing consciousness; one could not expect to survive a sudden change into an environment wholly alien to one's adaptations. To all appearances, then, in respect of adaptation to any other than a purely secular environment, the vast majority are so dead while they live that one may suppose they stay dead when they die. It is quite conceivable that a person's body might outlive his faculty for adaptation; in

other words, that his soul—if for convenience one may so designate that faculty—may die before his body does. Quite conceivably his soul might die without his knowing it. Quite conceivably, too, on the other hand, he might have enough vitality of faculty to stand the actual transition into an alien environment, but not enough to enable the process of adaptation to go on; somewhat like a consumptive who has been too dilatory about measures which, taken in time, would enable him to rebuild himself after moving into a favorable climate.

It is thus, then, that I view the matter; and as I have said, as far as I am aware, I view it without prejudice, and certainly with no sense of personal concern. Experience, the intimations of purpose in nature, and the largest available understanding of nature's economies, all, I think, suggest this view as at least permissible; the view that—

the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—
only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, *and that hardly*, to eternal life.

VI

My adventures on the main road were uncommonly many and diversified. I sought them with ardent curiosity, turned them inside out, and got all kinds of profit from them, except money and fame. Yet I can think of none that I would wish to repeat, nor do I ever find myself looking back upon any of them with any sentiment except that of thankfulness that almost all of them were good. They were good, I have had them, I am sincerely thankful for them, but now that their time is past, I seldom think of them at all, and never desirously or with regret. Nor

am I ever tempted to throw any inquiring glances forward into the future, not even upon the fact of death. One rehearses for it so many thousand times on going to bed at night that one is unlikely to get stage-fright over the full-dress performance. The most beautiful figure in all human history, meditating in his encampment "among the Quadi, at the Granua," told himself with hard common sense that "he who fears death either fears the loss of sensation or a different kind of sensation. But if thou shalt have no sensation, neither wilt thou feel any harm; and if thou shalt acquire another kind of sensation, thou wilt be a different kind of living being, and thou wilt not cease to live."

Among the many keen interests of the present there are one or two little undertakings that for my own satisfaction I should like to complete, or at least to carry farther forward. I hope the path will remain peaceful and easy enough to permit me to work at them while I am still able to work. But I am not aware of any anxiety even about this, for these conditions are not in my control, and if they went against me I could find no reason to complain. My state of mind, so far as I know it, is that of one who regards himself as

a citizen of this great state, the world: what difference does it make to thee whether for five years or three? . . . Where is the hardship, then, if no tyrant or unjust judge sends thee away from the state, but nature who brought thee into it? The same as if a prætor who has employed an actor dismisses him from the stage: "But I have not finished the five acts, but only three of them." Thou sayest well, but in life the three acts are the whole drama; for what shall be a complete drama is determined by him who was once the cause of its composition, and now of its dissolution; but thou art the cause of neither. Depart then satisfied, for he also who releases thee is satisfied.



MOTOR TOURIST, 1903 MODEL

BY JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER

IT IS a spring morning in the year 1903. Mr. Wigmore is about to depart on a five-hundred-mile motor tour. His wife, fluttery and on the verge of tears, clings to him. "Promise me you'll be careful, Tom," she pleads. "Do promise me you'll be careful. I shan't be able to sleep a wink."

Mr. Wigmore silences her with a solid, husbandly kiss. "Of course I'll be careful," he says. "Anyone'd think I was going to Borneo. There's not the slightest danger." He puts on his motoring cap, blue serge with a patent leather visor, tightens the straps at the wrists of his ankle-length linen duster, and strides to his car.

Though impatient to be off, he moves deliberately. It is only six o'clock, but neighbors are watching him from behind curtained windows, charitably hoping something will go wrong. Mr. Wigmore is still so new to the sport of mobiling that he needs to check off mentally the steps incident to starting the motor. First the spark must be retarded and the throttle opened a few notches. The levers are beneath the steering wheel, on the right-hand side of the brass column. But which is which? It is important not to confuse them. He has already done that once and narrowly escaped having his arm broken by the crank handle when the motor kicked. He pictures himself in the act of driving, recalls definitely that the throttle is the lower of the two levers, and sets

both in the starting position. Next he throws the ignition switch, a black-knobbed strip of copper at the front of the wooden coil box on the dashboard. After that it is necessary to turn on the fuel valve and tickle the carburetor. As the gas tank is under the front seat and the single-cylinder engine is slung horizontally amidships, Mr. Wigmore has to squat down and attend to these matters by the touch system. Presently the scent of raw gasoline dripping into the dust tells him the motor is ready for cranking. Through a hole in the frame he engages the business end of the twenty-four-inch crank handle with the dogs on the engine flywheel. Then he stands up, takes a deep breath, and gives the handle a mighty heave . . . three mighty heaves.

"Touff," coughs the motor. "Touff, touff, touff." Flinging the crank handle into the tonneau, Mr. Wigmore scrambles into the driver's seat. Obeying the dictum of the instruction book to do nothing suddenly, notch by notch he advances the spark and notch by notch closes the throttle. In a few moments the motor warms to its work and settles down to steady firing. Mr. Wigmore can now afford to relax a trifle—outwardly. He isn't under way yet and knows that if he isn't careful with the low-speed clutch he may stall the engine, which will mean cranking all over again. But as he adjusts his goggles and pulls on his gauntlets he assumes an air of nonchalance. "So long, m'dear," he says. "Phone

Harry I'll be at his house in ten minutes. And don't *worry*."

Tripping the latch of the brake pedal, he steps on the low-speed pedal and chugs down the driveway to the street. After a little, when the car has gathered momentum, he releases the low-speed and pushes forward the high-speed lever, which projects from the body, convenient to his right hand.

His friend Harry Osgood, who is to accompany him on the tour, lives only a few blocks away, much less than a normal ten minutes' drive, but the local speed limit of eight miles an hour is strictly enforced. Driving for any distance at so slow a pace in a one-cylinder car is tricky business, for if you remain in low gear your motor will overheat; whereas high gear will carry you too fast, or stall your engine. Using a method of his own, which sends his machine along in a series of erratic spurts, Mr. Wigmore manages at length to reach his friend's house.

Having driven alone only four times previously, he is quite relieved to have completed this portion of the journey without mishap. He is going on the club tour largely to gain experience, so that on his return he will be able to call himself a full-fledged motorist, with five hundred miles under his belt. Meanwhile—to repeat—he is glad to have reached Mr. Osgood's without having hit anything; and to signalize his safe arrival he blows several sharp toots with his horn, which has a large rubber bulb and sounds alternately like a child in pain and a goat with bronchitis. Dogs bark. Citizens in adjacent houses thrust their heads out of bedroom windows and condemn him and his horn and his auto and everything that is his. Appearing not to hear them, Mr. Wigmore walks leisurely around the car, stooping to examine the tires, which so far still have good smooth treads, undefaced by cuts or blisters.

At length, valise in hand, Mr. Osgood steps down the path. He, too, is enveloped from throat to ankles in a duster, though his is of gray mohair instead of white linen. He shakes hands with his friend, opens the door in the rear of the tonneau, and appraises its contents with a practiced eye. Mr. Osgood is a post-graduate, who has already driven over a thousand miles. The only reason he is accompanying Mr. Wigmore, instead of piloting his own car, is that the latter still shows the effects of having been wrapped round a tree. "Well, Tom," he says, "you seem to have thought of just about everything—but suppose I just get a few odds and ends that might come in handy." He goes to his barn and returns laden with tarpaulin, shovel, axe, oil lantern, and a coil of half-inch rope.

"I have a tow line," observes Mr. Wigmore.

"Of course," says the other. "But this rope is for times when we may perhaps be stuck with no one to tow us. Often by tying one end to a post or tree and winding a turn around the wheel hub, as on a winch, one can make a car pull itself out of a hole. That," he adds, "is one of the things you have to learn through experience."

"Ah," says Mr. Wigmore, mollified. "Well, better get going, eh?" He adjusts the spark and throttle levers, throws the switch, and fishes out the crank handle from the tonneau.

As a starting place for the tour, the club has chosen the vacant circus lot on the outskirts of town. When our two entrants reach this rendez-vous, upwards of a dozen machines are already on the field, drawn up side by side in a line, with half the town loafers and small boys clustered about them. An official with a white armband signals Mr. Wigmore to park alongside the nearest car, and he tries to do so. But his judgment of speed and distance

is unreliable, so that it is only through the vigilance of Mr. Osgood, who seizes the wheel, that the car is prevented from ramming the end one amidships. As it is, several moments of excitement ensue, for Mr. Wigmore, rattled by the crowd, forgets how to stop. However, his friend cuts off the ignition and, in the interests of general safety, suggests that they push the car into place. This done, the two are free to examine some of the other machines.

Next to his own Cadillac stands a Locomobile steamer, of the Stanhope model, for four passengers. It has tiller steering, and but for that and the absence of shafts, and the box at the rear covering the machinery, it looks exactly like an ordinary carriage with a fringed canopy top. These Locomobiles are generally considered to be practical and efficient machines and, like the Whites and the Stanleys, have attained no little popularity, especially in hilly regions, for they climb like cats.

Next in line is an Autocar, a compact and sturdily built product of Pennsylvania, in appearance somewhat similar to his own machine. It has a tonneau with rear entrance and with rectangular wicker hampers slung along the sides. The upholstery is of gay red leather. Like the Cadillac, it has a small bonnet in front of the dash, for the sake of appearance and as a cover for the water tank; and the engine, of the two-cylinder opposed type, is placed horizontally below the body. The steering column is vertical and surmounted, instead of by a wheel, by a short handle-bar, with grips. The gear levers protrude through slots in the front seat, a very neat arrangement.

Then comes an Oldsmobile, one of the best known and most popular of American runabouts, a graceful little car with tiller steering and a curved dash. With its spidery wire wheels,

it seems fragile compared with its neighbor to the right, a four-passenger Winton, which has a folding seat for two in front of the driver's. But all the machines of domestic make look crude and frail in comparison with the foreign cars, of which there are three: a Panhard, a Mercedes, and a Fiat. These belong to wealthy members of the Automobile Club of America, first of the motoring organizations, who have come down from New York to show the boys how a proper tour should be conducted.

Naturally, the imported cars are centers of interest, for Europe, particularly France, is far ahead of the United States in automobile engineering and design. All three of these cars have vertical four-cylinder motors, mounted in front, protected from rain and dirt by metal bonnets above and splash aprons underneath. They differ from the domestic machines in other respects, too, having sliding-gear transmissions, instead of planetary, dual driving chains instead of single, magneto as well as battery ignition, mechanical engine lubricators, hand pumps to feed fuel under pressure on hills—in short, a host of improvements and innovations which will appear on American models later in the year. From headlights to tail-lights they glisten with brass and copper. Their steering columns, levers, clocks and speedometers, dash oilers and switches are made of one or the other of these metals, while their luxurious side-entrance bodies, richly painted and varnished, are brass-trimmed even to the floorboards.

"How much does such a car cost?" inquires Mr. Wigmore, indicating the Panhard.

"All told," says his friend, "including duty and lamps and magneto and everything, between six and seven thousand dollars. Thinking of ordering one?"

"I'm not quite that crazy," replies Mr. Wigmore. "I'll learn to drive my thousand-dollar one first."

"You fellers are all crazy," mutters an elderly bystander. "You and your new-fangled stinkpots! Scaring horses and decent folks out of their wits. If I had my way I'd clap the lot of you in jail."

"That Mercedes is a handsome car too," says Mr. Wigmore. "Wasn't it in a Mercedes that Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr. did the mile in thirty-nine flat at Ormond this spring?"

"Yes. Beat Henry Ford's record by two-fifths of a second. Nearly eighty miles an hour, Tom. Think of it."

"Believe I'll get me a real fast car some day," murmurs Mr. Wigmore dreamily.

II

At ten o'clock the chairman of the tour committee gives the order to get ready. Officials bustle about, elbowing the knots of loafers, shouting instructions. For the hundredth time, drivers peer into fuel, water, and oil tanks, measure their contents with sticks, and scrutinize their tires. Steam-car owners turn up their main burners, pump air and watch their pressure gauges, while the gasoline contingent tighten ignition terminals and inspect coil vibrators. Though the actual start is half an hour away, many drivers, Mr. Wigmore included, crank up their motors, in order not to be left behind because of last-minute balkiness.

At last the chairman takes his place beside the driver of the Panhard and waves his hand. The great car, its muffler cut-out open, roars across the lot and takes to the road. One by one the others follow, some belching clouds of steam, others streamers of blue smoke. Shivering with nervousness, Mr. Wigmore awaits his turn. When

it comes, he presses on the low-speed pedal and opens the throttle. The car shudders and strains, but the motor dies.

"The brake," shouts Osgood. "You forgot the brake." The little man dives into the tonneau for the crank handle. "Now then. Spark retarded? No. Not that way; the other way. All right." He cranks the engine and hops into his seat.

This time, to the accompaniment of jeers and catcalls from the onlookers, the car begins to roll. It has lost its original place in the line but, thanks to Osgood's quick action, only two others have nosed in ahead. On the move at last, with the cool air blowing in his face, Mr. Wigmore recovers his composure. The road is dusty, but level and fairly smooth. The car bowls along like a live thing. "This," says Mr. Wigmore, "is the life."

"If it doesn't rain," amends the other, squinting at the western sky, where fleecy clouds are banking. Mr. Osgood has been over the route before, on an occasion when it did rain. He knows there are hills ahead and stretches of sand and clay. He remembers having skidded into one sink-hole from which it took five cars and twenty men two hours to extricate him. Part of the game, of course, but not exactly fun.

For two hours the run is uneventful. The pace-making Panhard sets a steady speed of sixteen miles an hour. At twelve-thirty the leaders turn off the road into a field, followed by the rest of the procession. They have reached the midday control, where they will eat lunch and replenish supplies of fuel, oil, and water from stores sent up in advance by the club. The period of steady driving has given Mr. Wigmore confidence, so that when his turn comes to park he accomplishes the feat with admirable sangfroid.

Everyone is in high spirits and loudly

enthusiastic over the sport. Hampers are opened and their contents devoured. And there are bottles of beer, too, warm and foamy, but thirst-quenching. Soon, however, all scatter to their respective machines. They have tanks to fill, nuts to tighten, joints and bearings to oil, leaky tires to pump up. Mr. Wigmore has barely crawled out from beneath his car, oil can in hand, a smudge of greenish-black grease between his eyebrows, when the order is given to start again.

But now comes his first real setback. Harry Osgood, poking about in the tonneau in search of the crank handle, cannot find it. Suddenly he has a flash of horrid memory. "Jumping Judas," he cries, turning gray. "We haven't got it."

"We what?"

"We left it behind. I left it behind. Back at the starting field. After you stalled the motor. I jumped down and turned her over and climbed in again quick. I turned her over and dropped the handle. Never gave it a thought. On my car you don't have to. The handle just hangs there. Oh, my Lord—"

Fortunately the driver of the car alongside is a man of resource. "Lost your crank handle, eh?" he says. "Don't let that worry you. Put your high gear in, hitch on to my car, and I'll tow you till she starts. But don't feed her too much gas, or she'll be climbing up my back."

And after starting Mr. Wigmore's motor in this extraordinary fashion, the good Samaritan gives him another useful hint. "In case you get stalled on the road," he says, "and there's nobody else around to tow you, just jack up one of your rear wheels, put your high gear in, and crank her by turning the jacked-up wheel."

It would be pleasant to be able to describe Mr. Wigmore's homecoming as a triumph. The truth is, however,

that going down a steep hill he loses control and lands in a ditch; he is obliged to ship his machine home by rail.

III

The year of Mr. Wigmore's debut, 1903, was important in two respects. According to *Motor Age*, it "established long-distance touring as one of the most attractive forms of automobiling. Extensive club tours, tours of individuals over all sections of the country, tours to the arctic circle and the crossing of the continent by three automobile parties and by a motor bicyclist demonstrated the fitness of American cars for rough, hard work." It was in that year too that the making of motor cars really took root as an industry, Detroit alone turning out some eight thousand machines, a production figure which placed her well ahead of her many rivals throughout the Middle West and the East.

At this time, and for several years thereafter, every man who bought a car hastened to join his local automobile club; or, if none existed, helped to form one. Membership in an organization was not only desirable as affording pleasant contacts with kindred spirits, but was a practical necessity. It is difficult to-day to realize how bitterly the advent of the automobile was opposed by the majority in all classes of society. Even among the well-to-do, from whose ranks came virtually all the early purchasers, there were those whose antipathy to the horseless carriage amounted to fanaticism. Mr. George Haven, for instance, who not only closed his Lenox estate to motors, but tried to induce all the clubs at that fashionable resort to bar them from their grounds. It was among the people in general, however, and farmers in particular, that motorists met with the most violent opposition. And since in those days

politicians were even more subservient to the rural vote than they are now, it was not long before the prevailing sentiment was reflected in the attitude of office holders, from legislators down to country constables. With the people and their representatives aligned solidly against him, the motorist was forced to organize in self-defense. "We must all hang together," ran the slogan of the Massachusetts Automobile Club, "or we shall all hang separately." Thus when a driver was haled to court, for exceeding the speed limit or frightening a horse, he could turn to his club for bail, legal services, and moral support. Through club membership he obtained other benefits also, such as reduced rates from accredited garages for supplies, towing and repairs, special consideration at official hotels, and information as to routes and road conditions. Mapping and marking highways with adequate signposts were among the most useful activities of the early clubs, the largest of which for years maintained field crews engaged in such work.

In fact until the clubs—followed by commercial ventures such as the Blue Books—began gathering it, highway information simply did not exist. Unless he knew someone who had already made the trip, the New York motorist, say, wishing to visit his brother in Ohio, had no way of telling in advance how long the journey might take, how much it might cost, what conditions he might expect to encounter en route, or whether to go by way of Buffalo or Pittsburgh. His only course was to make a start in the general direction of his objective and make inquiries every few miles, trusting to luck to find here and there well-intentioned persons with a knowledge of local geography plus the ability to communicate it. For every native who would give him information in a spirit of helpfulness, he could count on half a dozen others

who would deliberately misdirect him just out of spite. This is one explanation of the popularity of club tours, the routes of which were surveyed in advance.

For this purpose a Pathfinder was sent out some time before the starting date, to blaze the trail. As a rule two men were assigned to the pathfinding car. It was their job to drive over roads that few, if any, automobiles had ever before traversed, mapping and photographing them and taking notes on their condition. Upon the intimate knowledge of the terrain thus gained, the club officials would chart the itinerary, fixing the length of each day's run according to the nature and topography of the lanes and turnpikes, the facilities for garaging the cars and housing and feeding their occupants.

The success of club tours in 1903 led to the promotion of many of these events the following year. Among them was a run from New York to St. Louis, scene of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. This tour proved so enjoyable to one participant that at its conclusion he announced that he would donate a permanent trophy, to be competed for annually in long-distance touring contests. He was a Boston sportsman who had broken into the news the year before by crossing the Arctic Circle in his car and his name was Charles J. Glidden. For several years the tours he inaugurated shared with the Vanderbilt Cup races the center of the American motoring stage.

While racing as a means of arousing interest and testing cars had many advocates, Mr. Glidden believed that emphasizing speed merely supplied the enemies of motoring with ammunition and led to a tightening of restrictions already far too stringent. To save the motor from being legislated out of existence—as had been the fate of steam road coaches in England many years before—it was necessary

to stress its qualities of endurance and utility. Consequently Mr. Glidden stipulated that foremost among the conditions governing his projected tours should be the requirement that entrants must adhere to schedules laid down in advance. There would be penalties for arriving at a given point late, but also for arriving ahead of time. The victory would go to that driver whose car had earned a perfect score by covering the route without being penalized for lateness, or earliness, or for any other violations of the rules.

Already most of the motor clubs of the country were members of the American Automobile Association, a central body controlling virtually all contests. It was, therefore, under the auspices of this national organization that the Glidden Tours were to be run. In his deed of gift their originator laid down the broad principles of his plan, appointing a committee to work out the details. The contests were to be open to members of any American club affiliated with the A. A. A., or any club in the world recognized by it. The individual club would have custody of the trophy. The distance of each year's tour should be not less than a thousand miles, of which not less than five hundred were to be covered in one week. The contest was to take place on the regular roads of the country in which the trophy was held. Only fully equipped touring cars might be entered. The owner of each was to be a passenger, whether or not he actually drove. In the event that he did not drive, the driver of his choice must meet with the approval of the committee.

The circuit of the first Glidden Tour ran from New York, via Springfield, Boston, and Portsmouth, to Bretton Woods in the White Mountains; thence to Concord, N. H., Worcester, Pittsfield, Poughkeepsie, and back to the starting point. It was well chosen,

combining the rigors of hill climbing with the compensations of magnificent scenery. Indeed, the visiting motorist to-day, wishing to carry home characteristic impressions of the New England and New York landscapes, could scarcely do better than to follow it. The distance is slightly less than a thousand miles and can now be covered easily in three weekdays, even with stops for sightseeing. The Glidden tourists were allotted twelve days in which to complete the run, their daily stint averaging a hundred miles, more or less. But the schedule makers had allowed for causes of delay such as the present generation of motorists never encounters: climbing steep grades in reverse, for instance, so that the gasoline would flow to the carburetor, or stopping to throw cold water on burning brakes, or perhaps to generate steam pressure in the boiler.

I propose to digress here, for a moment, to air a stubborn personal conviction regarding steamers. As anybody who ever drove one will testify, they were sweet-running machines, with amazing acceleration, power, and ease of control. It seems to me a pity that the preponderance of automotive brains and capital should have been diverted from the development of steam cars to that of the newer, more mysterious—and, therefore, more fascinating—internal combustion motor. Engineers are still trying to endow the latter, which is essentially a constant-speed mechanism, with the quality of flexibility that is inherent in the simple, two-cylinder steam engine. Millions of dollars have been and are being spent in an effort to mitigate the curse of clutches and gearshifts, neither of which the steam car ever needed. The old-time steamer had faults, but I believe thought backed by money could have eradicated them. In the last Stanleys built, some twelve years ago, many of those faults had been overcome; but

the makers could not weather the post-war depression. The steamer died and I, for one, still mourn it, for it was a delight to drive. And though I be called a wild ass braying in the wilderness, I still maintain that steam cars could be built, minus the defects of their predecessors, that would eclipse gasoline cars in performance, ease of handling, and cost of maintenance. Though not perfect, of course, they would have the cardinal virtue of silent, flowing power, applied and controlled through the simple mediums of a throttle and a brake. I do not suppose another steam car will ever be placed upon the market (fifty million engineers can't be wrong), and if one is it will certainly not be because of any word of mine; yet I shall continue to hope some day to see headlines reading: New Season's Models Driven by Steam—Industry Goes Back to Simple Principles, Says Expert. You never can tell. It might happen. Experiments are now being carried on with two-cycle motors again—motors such as were used long ago in the Elmore. And Sir Dennistoun Burney's recently introduced "tear drop" design, the most advanced example of streamlining yet produced, relegates the motor to its oldtime position at the rear of the chassis.

This detour has taken me far afield, so by way of getting back onto the main road, I shall add that for several years, on account of their power and dependability, White Steamers were used as Pathfinders for the Glidden Tours. To be chosen for this exacting service was almost as high an honor as being declared winner of the contest. For that matter, there was honor for the motorist in merely completing the trip, as driver or passenger. "The Trophyists making this tour," said *Motor*, "will have accomplished somewhat over a thousand miles, which will admit them to that—to motorists—

sacred fraternity of long-distance tourists and give them an enviable reputation as such."

IV

On the first Glidden tour drivers were privileged to start each morning between six and ten o'clock, but neither before nor after those hours, except with the penalty of a discredit mark. To retain a perfect score, each car was required to register before nine o'clock at the night stop. Not only on this, but on subsequent tours, the cars were closely guarded overnight, for the dual purpose of preventing drivers from making adjustments or repairs, which were allowed during running time only, and to prevent inquisitive outsiders from tampering with the machines. Regardless of fatigue, few of the tourists felt justified in sleeping late, for one could never be sure, no matter how steadily a motor had been running the day before, that it would start without a struggle in the morning. There was always a scramble to be among the first checked out; and it was a common sight to see drivers come to an abrupt stop, a few moments after being officially cleared, and crawl under their machines. Whether repairs or adjustments were necessary or not, it was desirable to be as near the head of the procession as possible, for the leaders met better road conditions and had to swallow less dust than those bringing up the rear.

Most fortunate of all, from the standpoint of priority, were the official confetti layers, who started every morning about half an hour before the tour proper, to mark the route at intersections and forks. On some occasions their work was nullified by the winds, or by natives who thought it a good joke to sweep up the confetti and watch the tourists guess which turn their guides had taken. On one tour, having exhausted their supply

of colored paper, the confetti crew substituted white beans, to the edification of the roadside poultry, which ate these trail marks before the tourists came along.

Many and varied were the Gliddenites' experiences. In Leicester, Massachusetts, eight contestants were fined fifteen dollars apiece for violating speed laws on the way through. On the return trip, as a protest against this inhospitable treatment, the whole caravan hired a band and proceeded through the Leicester streets at snail's pace, to the accompaniment of a dirge. That was during the 1905 tour, which ran smoothly, all things considered, and was voted a great success.

The following year the route was harder—to Bretton Woods again, but from Buffalo via Montreal, Quebec, Jackman, and Rangeley, Maine—and the A. A. A. committee in charge came in for a good deal of criticism for their handling of the arrangements. At Three Rivers, for instance, having found the local hotel too small to house the two hundred-odd motorists, twenty-three of whom were women, the committee had chartered a river steamboat for sleeping quarters. But they had overlooked the fact that the boat had no catering facilities, and that the little hotel could serve only a few meals at a time, so that the hungry horde, driven to forage for themselves, dined for the most part on crackers and cheese. At one stop in Maine many malcontents revolted upon learning that the committee expected them to pay five dollars a head for the privilege of sleeping in tents, plus an additional sum for the garaging of their machines, also in tents. Since their cars had stood in the open all night at Three Rivers, they saw no reason why they should pay for sheltering them under canvas here. They did not use the word "racket" but they voiced the suspicion that the committee and the

tent firm were in cahoots—and went off to find bed and board in neighboring farmhouses. For a considerable part of the distance the tourists had encountered terrible roads, some of planks bordered with loose dirt, others of shifting sand, others on which the dust clouds became "so dense that a searchlight was necessary," still others so rocky that cars bent axles and broke springs. But despite these conditions and despite dissension, the tour was far from a failure. Out of forty-three contesting cars, thirteen finished with perfect scores, a remarkable record considering that to earn them they were required to check in on time at controls located twenty-five miles apart all along the route.

The spirit of drivers who kept on for the fun of it, even though hopelessly penalized, was really amazing. So was their ingenuity. In fact it almost seems as though they should have been rewarded, rather than punished, for making repairs. On an execrable detour chosen by the confetti layers because of washed-out bridges on the main road, one car sustained a broken steering spindle and bent axle. The driver made a new spindle at a blacksmith shop, straightened the bent parts, and set forth again in six hours. Another, whose gasoline tank had been punctured by a stone, soldered the hole and went on again in twenty-three minutes. In the 1907 Glidden, as the result of a broken steering-arm ball joint, one car spilled its occupants into the Ohio State Canal. No one was hurt, and after the driver and his companions had had the car fished out and drained of surplus water, they rigged ropes from the tie-rod to the emergency-brake lever and steered with that. Another case was that of a driver whose motor sustained a broken connecting rod. Instead of withdrawing, he took down the engine, removed the piston from the affected cylinder,

and finished the trip running on the other three. The commonplaceness of such proofs of engineering genius and rugged determination makes one wonder whether the early motorist was of tougher fiber than we are to-day. I do not think he was. What he did we too could and would do—if we had to, as he did. But we don't have to, thank God.

The rules imposed heavy penalties for buying en route parts or material needed for repairs, so that owners were faced with the puzzling question as to what spare parts to take along and where to carry them. Inexperienced or pessimistic drivers went so far as to include spare pistons, cylinders, springs, and even entire axle assemblies in their dunnage. And as the rules required also that each car carry its full complement of passengers, machines were sometimes so overloaded that they could not run uphill unless the passengers got out and walked. Seasoned drivers were usually somewhat fatalistic. Knowing the impossibility of foretelling what might break, they took few parts, or none at all, relying on a plentiful supply of bicycle tape and stout cord with which to bind up such injuries as their cars might sustain. A cracked frame could almost always be made to last through a tour by lashing wooden splints on it—as a surgeon bandages a fracture—and so could broken springs and wheel spokes. If wire were needed the resourceful tourist could cut a length of it from a farmer's fence. Many men of neat habit took delight in devising hidden drawers and storage compartments inside their car bodies, so that when touring they would not need to drape the car with odds and ends of hardware which looked unsightly and scratched the paint. Emergency tanks for fuel, oil, and water—very necessary in those days—they cleverly concealed behind choice examples of cabinet work.

"Last, but by no means least," said *Motor*, "is the bottle or two of real rye so necessary in chilly or very wet weather, for chills and the like, and one bright man has brought out recently a small buffet to be carried on the run-board, easily accessible in event of illness and amply large for all pressing needs."

The third Glidden tour, from Canton to Pittsburgh, via Chicago, was in many ways more strenuous than the first two. Its participants encountered not only dust and mud, but had trouble with the natives to boot. The run of one hundred and sixty-six miles between Toledo and South Bend was a hard grind through hub-deep slimy clay. Cars were constantly skidding and leaving the road; one driver being ditched four times in as many days. Near Waterloo the inhabitants, hoping to reap a golden harvest, had piled dirt on the road and wet it down; but the tourists managed to avoid this artificial morass without recourse to the waiting horses. At Hammond, a native tried to wreck the party by laying a telegraph pole across the highway. Near the Ohio-Pennsylvania border, one of the cars was fired on and hit, but its occupants went unscathed.

Tire trouble, of course, was a major cause of delays. One of the most heartbreaking cases was that of a driver who had completed two-thirds of a tour with a perfect score, only to have a series of six punctures within twenty-five miles. In 1908 the Glidden rules were amended to permit tourists to make tire repairs without incurring penalties, provided they kept their motors running. This was a sensible change, for tire failure was as likely to delay the best of cars as the worst. Even after the adoption of demountable rims, introduced in 1907, tourists were obliged to carry spare inner tubes, together with patches, cement, French chalk, sandpaper, and

an assortment of tire irons. Blow-out patches, for internal or external application to casings, were in every man's kit. It was common to see cars with prominent bulges on all four tires. On one tour an unfortunate driver who started with three new spares was forced to cut one into sections to make blow-out patches for the rest. Tire development lagged far behind that of motors and running gear. Even as late as 1914 casings were guaranteed for only four thousand miles.

The Glidden regulations were progressively altered and complicated, until by 1910 the competitions had become different from their originator's conception of them. In that year the tour was open only to certified stock cars. At his own expense, each entrant was required to furnish an observer, who rode in a different car each day, as directed by the referee, and whose duty it was to record all repairs and adjustments made. Before the start, all working parts of the cars were examined and officially sealed and stamped. Extra parts and tools, also sealed and stamped, were placed in the custody of the observer and, therefore, could not be used without his knowledge. At the end of the run the cars were examined again and scores were computed on an elaborate system of penalties and allowances. Like the preceding one, the 1910 tour was a makers' rather than an owners' event and in consequence owners lost interest. The following year attempts to promote a Reciprocity Tour, from Washington to Ottawa, failed for lack of entries, and it seemed for a time as though the Glidden would never be run again. In the autumn of 1911, however, a modest run from New York to Jacksonville was organized under the old simple rules, without observers and with penalties only for lateness at controls. This tour was a success and temporarily revived the famous classic.

The official Pathfinder made the trip of 1,490 miles in ten days' running time. Nowadays one can drive from New York to Palm Beach, 300 miles beyond Jacksonville, in less than thirty-six hours, without traveling dangerously fast or driving after dark. But on one 182-mile stretch of the route in 1910 there were toll gates every five miles; and of the stretch between Lake City and Jacksonville the Pathfinder reported that it was "a lonely, puzzling drive, a mere trail through the pine woods and cypress swamps."

Despite the success of this tour, however, the end of the Glidden contests was not far off. They no longer held the center of the stage. The Munsey Tours and scores of other similar events had stolen some of their thunder. Not only that, but motorists were losing their taste for traveling en masse. It was no longer necessary. Roads were being mapped and marked, oiled and tarred as fast as the money could be appropriated. Chambers of Commerce and hotel associations were actively promoting family touring. The Granite State Tour, the Ideal Tour, the Empire Tour, the Capital Tour, the Cape Cod Tour—these and scores of others were being advertised in a vast campaign of merchandising local scenery and capturing the tourist's dollar.

As for the hostility of the general public—that had become a thing of the past. The burning question in the minds of most people was: "How can I manage to buy a car?"

V

Much has been written about the courage and vision and genius of the pioneer motor makers. It is true that they did display courage and determination and that their fame and fortunes were dearly earned. In giving them due credit for their accomplishments, however, we should not forget the men

who made their successes possible: the men whose cash—paid at the time of ordering—kept the factories running; the men who spent freely of time and money and endured hardships and obloquy in the cause of motoring; the Mr. Wigmores and their fellow-tourists, without whose faithful support in the critical years the manufacturers would have had no demand to supply.

It would be merely an act of decent

gratitude, it seems to me, if the motor industry were to erect in Detroit a suitable memorial to its early patrons. Such a memorial need not be expensive or elaborate. A plain granite pedestal bearing a bronze replica of an automobile of 1903, with a goggled driver at the tiller and a goggled companion at the starting crank. For an inscription I suggest these simple words—To the Unknown Tourist.

MISSISSIPPI NIGHT

BY PATRICK D. MORELAND

THE gray owl dreams beneath the moon
Balanced on a starry limb;
Crickets chirr, and nightjars hiss
A tune to him.

A rabbit lifts a drooping ear,
Bending silver leaves of grass.
Carp sport in the pool and break
The mirrored glass.

Without a sound the owl is gone;
Rabbits dart beneath the brush;
Crickets cease malingering;
Nightjars hush.

Sniffing through the sparkling grass
Like a huge and black buffoon,
The old hound lifts a blunted nose
And greets the moon.



THE NEW PATRIOTISM

BY VISCOUNT CECIL

PATRIOTISM is love of one's country—one of the manifestations of that deeply implanted human instinct which the French call *esprit de corps*. Philosophers have attempted to analyze and explain it—with what success I cannot say. But, explicable or not, there it is—one of the basic facts of human nature. It is—if one is to judge by its political manifestations to-day—a force essentially non-moral and of great power. Can it become a force subject to the Moral Law? That is one of the great problems and tests of our generation, symbolized by the struggle now in progress at Geneva to prevent the ugly rivalry of armaments from enslaving and destroying mankind.

Patriotism is capable of producing wonderful results. Under its influence a man will sacrifice all else that he holds most dear, even life itself. It has been the motive for tyranny and murder no less than for devotion and self-sacrifice. *Raison d'état*, *Realpolitik*, sacred egoism, all alleged to be founded on patriotism, have been fertile sources of public and private crime, just as national enthusiasm, military honor, and even family feeling have produced acts of heroism for which the whole world is the better. Its essential feature is the merging of the individual in some corporate body so that the ordinary motives of his action are modified or suspended.

When Dr. Johnson said that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoun-

drel he conceived it as "the cloak of self-interest"; and only too numerous are the loud-mouthed patriots who have enriched themselves by war or by the unscrupulous sensationalism of national newspapers. But leaving aside that aspect, the phenomenon which we have most to fear is not so much personal selfishness masquerading as patriotism as the state of mind in which the ordinary rules of conduct no longer hold. It may clearly furnish an excuse, genuine or assumed, for almost any atrocity. If the maxim my country right or wrong be unreservedly accepted, it will justify any crime.

Patriotism must not be compared with nationalism. The one is natural, the other artificial. The former is a healthy instinct, the latter, in its modern form, is something consciously and deliberately inculcated. It is a profound mistake to regard it as one of the permanent features of human nature which we cannot hope to change. What has been its history? Perhaps it may be well to recall some of its main features. It is, I believe, a combination of immoral statecraft and the inordinate emphasis on the principle of nationality as the factor which must determine frontiers. For whether the evil with which we have to contend is the idolatry of the sovereign, the idolatry of the people, or the idolatry of the nation, it all comes back to the notion that the acts of the state are not subject to the laws of natural justice and Christian charity,

the notion of which Machiavelli's book *The Prince* is the textbook. Here is what John Wesley says of that baneful masterpiece:

. . . I weighed the sentiments that were less common; transcribed the passages wherein they were contained; compared one passage with another, and endeavored to form a cool, impartial judgment. And my cool judgment is, that if all the other doctrines of devils which have been committed to writing since letters were in the world, were collected together in one volume, it would fall short of this; and should a Prince form himself by this book, so calmly recommending hypocrisy, treachery, lying, robbery, oppression, adultery, whoredom, and murder of all kinds, Domitian or Nero would be an angel of light compared to that man.

The idea that the nation can do no wrong is even more dangerous than that other slogan that the king can do no wrong; for the weapon of popular rebellion is always there to deter the adventurous monarch. Certain it is that whether we regard nationalism as a political system, a religion, or a business enterprise—and it is all three—it has certainly been the most fertile cause of war during the last century and a quarter. It is possible to count no less than fifty-four wars and rebellions during that period directly caused by the advancement or the suppression of nationalist aspirations. During that last tiny fragment of the known history of our race, all the astonishing inventiveness of the human spirit has, in the hands of nationalism, been turned to mutual destruction. The steam engine, electricity, the internal combustion engine, all have been seized upon by the national state to provide the monster battleship, the treacherous submarine, and the horror of aerial bombardment for use against its neighbors. The new developments of transport and communication have made it possible to mobilize

the manhood of a nation for war within a matter of hours, and have helped to clamp the curse of conscription upon the neck of Europe.

Nor is it only mechanical progress which nation has impressed into use against nation; the very mind of man is now a conscript. Education itself in the hands of the state has in some countries become a means of furnishing national cannon fodder. Schools there have been since the dawn of civilization—in ancient times the personal circle of disciples of some great master; in the Middle Ages the universities and the glory of the churches; in later centuries the foundations of individual benefactors or the achievements of private enterprise. It was, I believe, the Constitution of Massachusetts that first established education as an integral part of the framework of a state; but in France eleven years afterwards was founded, by the Constitution of 1791, the system of compulsory education as the buttress of the national polity, which, with sundry variations, covered the whole civilized world in less than a century. The object of that early venture was "to preserve the memory of the Revolution, to develop the spirit of fraternity among all citizens and to attach them to the constitution, the country and the laws." This example has been followed and improved upon, sometimes for good objects, and sometimes for purposes of that type of nationalism which consists not only in inculcating the merits of its own country, but even more in dwelling on the defects [and worse] of others. From 1794 education was the slave of the state in Prussia and had soon become the handmaid of Prussian militarism; from 1871 to 1914 la Revanche was sedulously preached in many of the schools of France. There was much that was admirable in the nationalist revolutions of Italy, of Greece, and of Ireland

which they owe to the schools; just as the states newly carved out of the Austrian Empire—owing their origin very largely to political schoolmasters and university dons—have used the schools as the means of preserving the principle of their own self-determination. But in some cases the most fervent admirer of these movements would admit that nationalist excesses have resulted from an exaggeration of that education which should have enjoined self-control and a respect for the rights of others. In Manchuria it is an ominous sign that the Japanese are said to have banished the Chinese history books from the schools and substituted textbooks and readers filled with pro-Japanese sentiments.

As to the manipulation of history to glorify the nationalist ideal at the expense of others, one could parallel from almost every country what Professor Carlton Hayes of Columbia University in his illuminating *Essays on Nationalism* quotes with admirable candor from the committee on Studies and Textbooks of New York City in 1922: "The textbook must contain no statement in derogation or in disparagement of the achievements of American heroes. It must not question the sincerity of the aims and purposes of the founders of the Republic or of those who have guided its destinies." Almost pardonable would be Pilate's question before such a spectacle "What is truth?" And that author is right in his conclusion, "Better an illiterate nation than a nation taught to hate and exterminate others."

The difference between such nationalism and real patriotism is as great as that between love and lust. The true patriot desires the greatness and prosperity of his country in its largest sense. He is not satisfied with mere material wealth. He wishes to see his country in the van of intellectual and moral progress. He

desires to see her lead the world in all good ways. He believes that to hope for continued riches without this spiritual health is futile and worthless. He conceives of his country as the trustee of all her wealth and power for the benefit of mankind. In other words he recognizes no difference in the ethical principles applicable to the individual or the state.

The nationalist takes a narrower view. To him the only test of greatness is physical and political strength. If he is a Briton he gloats over the extent of the map of the world which is colored red. He glories in the statistics of population and acreage in the British Empire. He sings with fervor the aspiration that her bounds may be set "wider still and wider." All this leads him to distrust foreign countries. How indeed can British boundaries extend except at their expense? Is it not true, as one of the nationalists wrote, that war is merely intensified peace, since even in the latter unrestricted competition is the normal and healthy condition of international life? It follows that anything like organized international co-operation is anathema to him. At the best, it can only give a passing and insecure intermission of war. At the worst, it means involving his country in the difficulties and disputes of others, with a great increase in national responsibilities and, blessed word, "commitments."

Such a creed leads inevitably to international hatred and suspicion. Rejection of the principle of international unity and mutual responsibility is not easily distinguishable from international hostility. The man who asked if he was his brother's keeper turned out to be his murderer. Nations are nowadays brought inevitably into such close relations with one another that they must either love or hate.

II

This is not merely theory. A look round the world will prove it to the hilt. In every country the Nationalist section stands for a narrow conception of national interests and a hatred of the foreigner. The hard times through which many nations are passing because of the economic crisis and the financial aftermath of the War have produced conditions only too favorable to xenophobia in all the great industrial countries—England, Germany, France, America, and Japan, while the doctrinaire nationalism is aflame once more in Ireland, drives moderate men to despair in India, and has reduced Central and Eastern Europe to restless discontent. The victory of Hindenburg has somewhat restored our belief in the common sense of the German people: but thirteen million votes for Herr Hitler are a formidable indication of nationalist strength. The creed of the Nazi is not very precise but it stands for the crudest interpretation of the slogan “Deutschland über alles.” German interests mean to him the recovery of German hegemony, the old policy of blood and iron. He hates the League of Nations because it stands for the maintenance of treaties and the union of all nations. He has no use for disarmament. What he wants is the re-armament of Germany. No wonder that the princelings and junkers and all those who delight in war rally to his support!

The same is true of France. You have only to read such organs as the *Echo de Paris*, *Figaro*, and *l'Ami du Peuple*—not to speak of such demoniac outpourings as may be seen in the *Action Française*—to perceive that Hitlerism is not an exclusively German product. There is in fact little or no difference between the principles of French and German nationalism. “Pertinax” is passionately anxious

to maintain that continental hegemony which Hitler aspires to seize. Both hate and despise the League of Nations and for the same reasons. The collective maintenance of peace obviously limits national aggrandizement. Internationalism must ever be the foe of nationalism. You cannot hate the foreigner and at the same time cordially co-operate with him for the common good. Disarmament is as repugnant to the French as to the German chauvinist: both desire to keep or increase their own armaments and to diminish those of others.

One can see the logical outcome of nationalism in the recent proceedings of Japan. Here is a country which by incredible exertions and enterprise has advanced from a semi-barbarous feudalism to a degree of civilization comparable with that of the foremost nations of the world. Starting with the revolution of the 1860s, the brilliant group which displaced the Shogun and restored the Mikado labored to raise their country in every way, culturally, socially, industrially, and politically. Their success was phenomenal—in no department more remarkably so than in that of foreign affairs. Here they had to reverse the tradition of centuries, to open their country to foreign intercourse, to encourage foreigners to trade with them and to dwell in their midst. Gradually the Japanese became accepted as the equals in all respects of foreign states which were proud to negotiate treaties and even make alliances with them. One principle governed their foreign policy, which was the strictest adherence to their international obligations. I remember talking to a British statesman in 1906 who expressed to me his warm admiration for Japanese international methods. Comparing them with a great European country, he said that they were greatly to be preferred for their modera-

tion and trustworthiness. Naturally, therefore, when the League of Nations came to be formed, Japan was recognized as one of the most important countries in the world and asked to become a permanent Member of the Council. In that capacity she did excellent service. Her representative could always be relied on as a supporter of peace and the strict observance of international obligations. Viscount Ishii in particular has left behind at Geneva a fragrant reputation as one of the Elder Statesmen of the League.

Latterly indeed there have been certain disquieting symptoms of a change of attitude. More than once in recent disarmament discussions the Japanese attitude has seemed to be dictated by rigidly militaristic considerations. The truth is that there is one weakness about the Japanese and that is their imitativeness. If they have copied the science, the industries, the political institutions of the West, they have assimilated also the evil views of Western nationalism. Rabindranath Tagore was right when he told the Japanese at the height of the Great War—and it must have taken some courage to say it in Tokio: "Where the spirit of the Western nationalism prevails, the whole people is being taught from boyhood to foster hatreds and ambitions by all kinds of means—by the manufacture of half-truths and untruths in history, by persistent misrepresentation of other races and the culture of unfavorable sentiments towards them. . . . Are we to bend our knees to the spirit of this nationalism, which is sowing broadcast over all the world seeds of fear, greed, suspicion, unashamed lies of its diplomacy, and unctuous lies of its profession of peace and good-will and universal brotherhood of man? Can our minds be free from doubt when we rush to the Western market

to buy this foreign product in exchange for our own inheritance?"

The Japanese are said to have taken the British Fleet for their naval model, and there can be little doubt that their military system is largely inspired by the old German, or rather Prussian, precedents. The control of the army and the direction of military policy seems to be very largely taken out of the hands of the civil government and put into those of military experts, who appear to think that political considerations are beneath their notice. That at least seems the best explanation of Japanese policy since last September. It is unnecessary to go through the events of last autumn and winter in detail. The main lines of what happened are clear. Either the military authorities deliberately planned to overrun Manchuria and disjoin it from the rest of China as a prelude to bringing it more directly under Japanese control—and in that case a purely nationalistic policy has been carried out in complete disregard of the principles of the Covenant and of the Kellogg-Briand Pact, not to speak of Japan's explicit assurances in September and December of last year—or else one event has led to another, and at each stage the nationalistic and military solution has been adopted, until a result has been reached which has given to Japan all the supposed advantages which would have accrued from a definite and well-considered plan. As to the Shanghai incidents, they may have been largely fortuitous, though there are circumstances which make it difficult to accept this explanation. In any case the drastic Japanese military action has been defended by arguments of a purely nationalistic character. The murder of one monk has been made the excuse for a policy which led to wholesale slaughter and devastation.

What then are the results of Japanese policy? I write when the conflict over the entry of the League's Commission into Manchuria has begun, and when it is obvious that much more may happen before this article is published. But at present Japan has occupied the principal towns in Manchuria, and has set up various puppet Chinese rulers supported by Japanese bayonets—a position likely to prove as uncomfortable politically as it sounds to be physically. The pre-existing Government has, of course, been destroyed, and the three provinces appear to be a prey to banditry. Whether that is a good result for Japanese trade and industry I do not know, but I think it is not irrelevant that Japan's adverse trade balance for the first two months of 1932 has been 93,000,000 yen as against 6,000,000 in the equivalent period of 1931. It is at any rate very bad for the peaceable inhabitants. What will happen next? According to all historical precedent Japan has to face an inescapable dilemma. Either she will leave the Chinese puppets to shift for themselves, in which case their existence as Japanese nominees will be brief, or she will continue to maintain them by force of arms, in which case she will be driven to a heavy and probably sterile expenditure. In any case she will have created at the doors of the three or four hundred million Chinese outside Manchuria a *China irredenta* which will be a perpetual apple of discord between the two peoples. Worst of all, at the bidding of a blind and narrow nationalism, she has lost for many years her international reputation for fair dealing and reliability.

The evil fruit of nationalism is clear enough in these cases. French and German nationalism play into each other's hands, and are forever wrecking the hopes of real peace in Europe, with which is bound up the prosperity

of both nations. Japan appears to be committing a kind of moral suicide. What of Italy? That country seemed a year or two ago to be the prey of nationalism of the most extravagant sort. Even now there are a good many articles quoted from the popular press which are difficult to defend. But it must be admitted that authorities in Rome seem to have appreciated the dangers of unlimited nationalism, and to have put the brake on. The recent international policy of Italy has been uniformly on the side of sanity and restraint, and the nationalists in that country have been kept strictly under control. I think it is the one case in modern times of the discipline which produced the saberrattling of nationalism being converted into a discipline of peace.

III

What of ourselves? Are there no nationalists in England or America? I wish I could say so. In my country they are more blatant than they have been since 1919. That is partly the result of internal politics. The Labor Government was strongly in favor of a sane internationalism. When it was overthrown last autumn with a resounding crash, for reasons which one must admit had nothing to do with the conduct of foreign affairs, all of its policies were shaken. It is quite true that Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin, not to speak of the two Foreign Secretaries since the change, Lord Reading and Sir John Simon, are convinced and outspoken supporters of the League of Nations and all it stands for. But on the benches behind them there are a good many vehement reactionaries who hanker after the days when George III was King and it was regarded as the first duty of a patriot to hate the foreigner like the devil. Then there are a num-

ber of extreme Imperialists who for some obscure reason regard the League of Nations as a danger to the Empire. It is a strange opinion—the more curious as it does not appear to be shared by any of the leading statesmen in the Dominions. But I believe that at the bottom it is just a kind of extended nationalism. Imperialists of this type have allowed themselves to be hypnotized by the size and population of the British Commonwealth. Their ideal is a self-contained Empire exactly like the “Autarkie” which has become a slogan of the Nazis in Germany. Free Trade within the Empire is only one version of their creed. If they cannot get that (as seems indubitable), they would be satisfied with any and all measures which would cut us off from entanglements or even intercourse, so far as possible, with other nations. They conceive of a British Empire standing in splendid isolation from the rest of the world, minding its own business and leaving others to mind theirs. The policy seems to have two defects. In the first place it is impossible. No nation can live unto itself any more than can an individual. As far as we are concerned, since the days of the Roman conquest we have always been more or less part of Europe, and no amount of thinking imperially can alter the historical and geographical facts that make us so. The same is true of other parts of the Empire. India is part of Asia, Canada is part of America, the Union is part of Africa, and Ireland, whether she likes it or not, is one of the British Isles. A policy that does not take account of these obvious considerations is simply silly.

But apart from all this such a conception of Empire seems to me utterly unsatisfying. I have no doubt that if Burke were alive to-day he would say of the relations of the British Empire to the world community what

he said to the political ancestors of such imperialists in his great speech on conciliation with America: “Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom: a great Empire and little minds go ill together.” Sometimes we see individuals whose only concern is to make themselves as rich and comfortable as they can; who admit perhaps a certain duty to look after their wives and families, but beyond that take no interest in other men and women, save so far as they minister to their own well-being. Such people we call self-centered and egotistical. We think them narrow-minded, and we generally find that their restricted outlook on life makes them uninteresting as companions and useless for anything except mere money making. If that is true of an individual, it is far more true of a state. For the amount of power for good or evil that each man has over the lives of others is usually small. But in the case of a powerful state it is immense. Deliberately to refuse to exercise that power because it may cause national inconvenience or even risk is an abdication utterly unworthy of a great nation. I am in my own sense an imperialist. I believe and rejoice in the greatness of my country. I know that its influence in the counsels of the nations is considerable. I hold that on many occasions it has exerted that influence for worthy causes and with good results. To imperialists who would cut themselves and their country off from these responsibilities I would say with Kipling: “What do they know of England who only England know.”

Still there they are, these Little Empire men, and they have recently become very vocal in my country. Are there any such in America? It is not for me to say. Are there any who announce that the whole end of American policy should be to keep the coun-

try clear of international difficulties and responsibilities? Has that policy proved practicable in experience? Is it really consistent with the self-respect and dignity of a great people? Does it in the end conduce to the formation of that national character on which the prosperity and greatness of every nation depends?

These are questions which my readers can answer far better than I can. But I should like to draw their attention to one rather remarkable accompaniment of this world revival of nationalism of which we have been witness in the last year or two. Journalism has played a great part—and not always an inglorious part—in furthering national causes for a century past. But there are now in many countries great press amalgamations which have become, as it were, the high priests of the nationalist idolatry. Thus we have the Beaverbrook group in England; in America there is Mr. Hearst; in Germany there is Herr Hugenberg; in France there is M. Coty and the Comité des Forges; and no doubt there are many others. Now these men have certain traits in common. They are all rich; most if not all of them are closely connected with big business; they are all vehemently nationalist; they are all strong opponents of the League of Nations, and they were all either supporters of Japan in the recent crisis or at least strongly opposed to any attempt to coerce her into peace. Why? What is the common bond among these men? I will say only this. These men (so they tell us) are moved by the deepest and purest patriotism. They desire only the welfare of their countries and the happiness of their compatriots. They believe that the pursuit of material prosperity is the whole business of patriotism. They seem to find this doctrine a paying proposition, if not for their nations,

at least for themselves. But in the long run I am sure they are wrong.

It is an old observation that, for the individual, enlightened love of self leads to the same result in conduct as enlightened love of others or enlightened love of God. True, no doubt; but enlightened love of self must be very enlightened to attain this goal. Normally, experience shows that if a man is governed solely by love of self he will have a despicable character and will do little good in the world. So it is with nations. If they merely pursue their own advantage they will gain little and be generally despised. It may well be true that the reason is that they have a poor conception of what is national advantage; that they leave out from it all the things that in reality and truth are best worth having. Charles I's abandonment of Strafford, Napoleon's murder of the Duc d'Enghien, Bethmann Hollweg's speech about a scrap of paper were all thought by their authors to be in the best interest of their cause and country. Yet in each case they were largely contributory to its defeat, not immediately but ultimately, because they deprived their causes of those imponderables—sympathy, trust, good reputation, and so on—on which success depends.

If then our patriotism is to be worth having, if we are to love our country intelligently and to good purpose, we must not merely seek what are usually called her interests. Or rather we must recognize that her interests stretch far beyond her immediate growth in prosperity and power and include the acceptance of responsibility for such things as the maintenance of world peace and the support of international justice.

IV

I have called this article the "New Patriotism," for it is not enough to be

negative to exorcise the nationalist frenzy of the last century. It is not enough to speak of the brotherhood of man and to declare that all lesser allegiances are wrong. This may seem a solution desirable enough to those who have studied the rapid growth of this disease which has enslaved man's intelligence and threatened once more to make men become wolves preying upon one another. But it is not true. The principle of patriotism, the principle that man owes a duty to the group to which he belongs, the body of which he forms part, is a fundamental truth of his nature. However great the excesses committed in its name there is something in it which commands our respect, both because of its origin and its effect upon the state. Nor can it be hoped, even if it were desirable, that the citizen of the civilized state will ever again cease to read and hear about international relations. The newspaper and the radio have seen to that.

The citizen is inevitably nation-conscious nowadays, inevitably conscious too of the reaction of foreign and international events upon his purse and his larder, his home and his employment. Man is more and more identified with his country and its fortunes. Is there then a philosophy of international life in which patriotism—this identification of the man with his country—has its part? For that surely is the new patriotism which we must seek. I believe there is. It is a complete misreading of all sound internationalism to believe that patriotism, love, and even devotion to your own country are inconsistent with the ideal citizenship of the world.

I see no future for the organization of world peace unless it can be based upon patriotism in the best sense of the word—the patriotism by which a

man instinctively sets the highest standard for his nation's conduct, the sense of the Christian patriot who shrinks from the spectacle of his government pursuing cynical or dishonorable policies toward other countries, as much as a son would shrink from the spectacle of his father bullying or cheating a neighbor. Scott in *Rob Roy* describes a Scotsman as living in the center of a number of concentric loyalties—first his family, then his clan, finally his country. The new patriot will retain all these and add to them a loyalty to humanity. When Woodrow Wilson declared to the League of Nations Commission at Paris that the time would come when a man would be as ashamed of failing in his duty to humanity as he now was if he failed in his duty to his country, he not only thrilled his audience by his oratory, but he disclosed the ideal of the new era. If and when that ideal becomes a fact, it will not debase patriotism. Scott's compatriots are not less devoted to their family or clan because of their well-known and burning love for their country. On the contrary, the greater loyalty includes but does not diminish the lesser. Only in one respect there must be a change. Recognition of the reality of human brotherhood makes xenophobic nationalism impossible. The Briton will remain as fervent a Briton, the American as fervent an American, the Frenchman, German, Russian as great patriots as ever. But the new patriotism will carry with it a desire that the patriot's country shall deserve well of humanity, and there will be a noble rivalry between the countries as to which can do most for the welfare of mankind. The New Patriotism will not be different in kind from the old but it will be larger and more free from the sordid jealousies and suspicion which now defile international life.



MARRIED TO NIOBE

A STORY

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

IF THEY'D only talk right out, talk right along, not let him be a gloom, but take him naturally . . . Damn it, hadn't he had kids himself? Didn't he know the kind of things you did with them on a half-holiday? Weren't those thoughts running through his head whether anybody said a word or not? You'd get the old bus out; that's what you'd do, first thing. You'd get it out not because it needed any overhauling, but because a youngster, any normal youngster, liked tinkering with a lot of tools, liked being smeared with gudgeon grease and thinking that he'd been the one to figure out the trouble. And there'd be walks. Mud. Lots of mud to plow through at this time of year. Along the swollen edges of a stream there'd be wiggling pollywogs to be scooped up, and last year's tattered nests to find before the leaves got any bigger. There'd be pockets to be stuffed, no matter if you thought their treasure was a lot of tripe. Yes, and a plot in the backyard where you could show that you could drop a curve across home-base and still knock out a mean, hot grounder.

But as surely as he went into the club car and made a fourth at contract, Ned Waring knew there'd be an awkward moment. It wouldn't come at first. The men would keep to the safe, solid ground of stocks and politics. But later, while someone dealt the

cards or added up the score, one of the others, looking through the window at the sliding scene outside and eager for the afternoon ahead, would start to talk. "Say, you know that boy of mine is growing like a weed. . . ." Below the table, a swift kick would finish that, or the man himself would break off short as though he thought you didn't wish a kid to grow. Let them all grow if they had the luck. Or it would be, "You know that boy of mine's the pluckiest little devil. You should have seen him . . ." Then decency, courtesy, some infernal law of etiquette would forbid him to go on. Couldn't these men guess, couldn't they know that what you wanted was to trail along and listen in? Hadn't they ever seen old Charlie Chaplin in the trenches, reading home letters over everybody's shoulder, nudging up close to get a word from anybody's home just to know such places did exist? Why, it was an instinct to save sanity that made you want to know that normal life was going on.

There, waiting for the train to start on its trip from the city, was the big, grinning negro porter in his neat white linen jacket that ran horizontal creases from its buttons. He'd been the first real coal-black darkey Junior'd ever seen. And Junior'd been perplexed, as perplexed as he had been at anything they'd just seen in the Circus. But at the Circus he had fired a million ques-

tions. Queerness in a person, he had sensed, demanded silence. It had been some deep instinct of politeness in the little fellow that had made him hide his curiosity and fright.

Well, no one to-day was going to glance down at his small, firm paw to see if any black had come off to the touch. The porter was talking to a man, stout, rosy, sure of all good things in their abundance.

"Hello, Waring," he was saying, "Coming in? Care to join us in a rubber?"

"No, thank you, not to-day. Ask me again some other time."

Had he been rude? He hadn't meant to be. It was only that he liked the sense of swarming life which went on in the common coach.

For here, where bags and bundles bulged into the aisle, he could be any kind of sentimental, natural ass he liked. "Car'mels, salted peanuts," came the hawker's cry. He could buy and share a bag. He could give up the cherished place beside the window. No fat Jewess, no Italian mother with a swarthy, brown-eyed brood to huddle into place was going to notice his black tie or the band on his left arm. Here, ten to one, nobody'd notice anyhow. And if they did, there were a lot of things you didn't see in commuters whom you sat with day by day. To shut out other thoughts, you tried to size them up, thought you knew their lives, could spot their types. There was the young salesman who cut quite a dash. One after another he tried them out, his pick-ups, the sort of girls who'd ask for "chicken salad, please." He didn't have the sense to know that the advertisements had got the whole thing wrong; that he'd better make a go of it, and while he was still young, with someone as unsure of everything as that. Yes, and across the way was the poor devil who had never said a word all evening, and

who'd got hell from his wife for it.

But had he really? If anyone should look at him—Ned Waring—and try to figure out just why he always chose the sunny side where a darting beam was brightening up a square of dingy, crimson plush, what would they make out of it? Or if they saw him opening up the *Evening Bulletin* to the full-page display of modern fashions, the chances were that they would think that he was getting old and senile, was the kind of fellow who'd gone soft and rotten till he'd come to get some kind of kick from women's lingerie.

They'd never believe him if he told them that, more than the backyards which ran down to the railroad tracks, these cheap and sleazy papers held the spring. Shrubs could put out their buds and leaves for all he cared. But "beige." Whatever color that might be, it sounded soft and pleasant to the eye. And "cornflower blue, primrose, Chanel red, navy with a scarlet piping, grass-green, wheat green . . ." Even in cheap department stores there were women out like honey bees, coaxed out by the first warmth. There were women decking themselves out, obeying instinct and forgetting caution, knocking their meager little budgets to cocked hats, overspending their allowances, exulting in extravagance, doing this because it bought them what was bright and gay to please some man. It didn't do to think of where that led to in your case, and it was funny . . . You'd think a fellow would get used to black, that months of it would make him color-blind. He ought to get accustomed to its flat, dull look, to its shivery touch, to its faint, stale smell of dye so that they weren't repugnant to him. It was ridiculous to let a thing like black get on your nerves. Only when he thought of Marian's big closet stuffed with it, its hangers trailing dresses that had no surface for the

play of sun, he was glad that she had given him a separate room. To want to leave that room and to go back, he had to think of days when what she wore had caught the light.

She'd been a different woman then all right. Not that to-day she didn't spend more time and thought and money on her clothes. They looked just alike to him. He hated every one of them. But so far as he could judge from bills, black was infinitely more expensive. It had, she said, to be cut right. It had to have some style. It demanded the best dressmakers. And she refused to see that he was not the sort of man to give a hoot about the cost if cost could give her any comfort. But at least there'd been a time when a closet was worth diving into. It hadn't been a dark and somber place, a catacomb that killed desire. There'd been a little yellow dress that she had made herself when expense had been a thing to reckon with. "A flop" was what she'd called it. But when he passed a florist's window now he stopped. A pot of stubby tulips could warm up his mind. They made him think about a dress that he had wanted to be close to, that had offered intimacy, called for it and provoked it, and had a kind of gaiety about its yellow frills.

He was thinking about that when his eye was caught by the big captions. "Black In Vogue This Spring."

God, what a sell on Marian! If she'd known that every little "steno" in the town was going to take to it, what would she have done? Cornered the market if she could, stacked great ware-houses to bursting so that not another soul might have a shred? As it was, what would she do? Retreat farther and farther into crepe? When it came to being badged with mourning, he would bet on her against the world.

Pretty thoughts to be having of one's

wife. Still, if he'd really been the kind of brute he seemed, there'd been a lot of things he would have done. Gone to the mat with her, made her see he had his side to it. True, there'd been arguments that he had put up for her good; for what had seemed to him her good. But a mother's grief went deeper. It was deeper and more sacred. The closeness of the bond was something that no man could hope to understand. His idea, for instance, that the one sane thing for them to do was to start right over, was to have another family, nature being willing. . . . That, it seemed, had not been merely gross. It had been an insult which had proved her point. If a man could ask that of a woman in her grief . . . if he could ask that of a woman singled out for lightning which struck twice . . . That went to show that men had children from pure vanity. From pure vanity and nothing else.

But somehow when he'd thought of noisy life again about the house, he hadn't felt a sharp disloyalty. If disloyalty had entered in, he wouldn't always have this sick and dizzy feeling when the train drew near to Cos Cob. At this time of year there was a haze, a film of leaves on the old, bristling willows. But New York could spread as much as it damned liked. It could rear apartment houses to the river's edge. But it could never blot out a white sheet of ice that had been grooved by skates. Where the swift, dark current flowed between the muddy banks, he could always see a little boy, surprised by death, meeting it alone, with not a soul to help.

Was it, Ned Waring wondered, the mere fact of that aloneness that had made one memory acute; the lack of it that let the other grow so dull? Was it because he had been numbed, surprised and numbed, had not had time to get his breath when little Sis's

death had followed? Or was it because in her case he had been allowed to spend a fortune, and would have pitched away another gladly? Did the memory of nurses, doctors, doctors by the dozens, act like some sort of drug? When he had had both children and had taken them for granted, little Sis had really been his pet. He'd spoiled her and he hadn't cared. Time and time again he'd let her off, really been amused by things he'd had to straighten out with a firm hand when it came to a son. But the plain truth was that now she might be any little girl among a million. She had simply faded out.

Strange that when Junior had gone first, he knew he could still pick him out first shot among a raft of other youngsters; he'd still know him anywhere. Even from the back, there'd be the set of his brown head upon his pipelike, little neck, the way his hair grew from his collar, the curve of his ears that gave them such a brisk alertness. And if he turned, there'd be his ruffled hair that wouldn't keep a part and was never brushed for mealtimes. There'd be the freckles spattered on his nose, the brace on his front teeth that was going to be a damned expensive business, his eyes that had made impossible a shade of adult truth that was less clear than those round pools so like the clearest water. A homely little cuss, he used to call him. Then, thank God for the homeliness that the months had not wiped out, that still made him seem so possible, so near.

The train was pulling into Stamford. Well, here he was. Men were crowding out of the Club car, some asking why he hadn't joined them. As he came down the steps, there were children diddling up and down as they waited on the platform; and from parked cars more children waving frantically. Women were moving over from the steering-wheels amid a jumble of old coats and sweaters. Doors were

being slammed and engines started up. The mid-afternoon was on. Marked by its neatness and its emptiness, there stood his limousine. Ready in attendance, there was Barstow, his chauffeur.

If it weren't for Barstow he would stretch his legs by walking up the hill. But he felt sorry for him, honestly. To have to go about day in, day out in a black uniform. . . . The man ought to charge a lot for wearing it, for sticking round at all with not a kid in sight to interrupt his work with questions, to beg for the front seat, to get in the way and make himself a pestering little nuisance. There must be lots of other places that were overrun with youngsters. But Barstow wouldn't stick for long. He'd feel important and mysterious until some healthy instinct got the best of him. Then, "I'm leaving, sir," he'd say. "No, I've nothing to complain of." He'd end up by being like the maids. If they explained at all, they said that "wearing black was one thing in the afternoons, but every morning, sir, it seemed to take the heart right out of you." And so it did. Those maids they had right now—he hoped they went out necking in the evening, necked in scarlet by the roadside somewhere. . . . For even in the dark scarlet would feel different to the touch.

Anyhow he could give Barstow what was left of the spring afternoon to fill up as he liked. As they turned in the gravel drive, he spoke.

"I shan't be going out again. You put up the car and shoot off home."

But it seemed that Barstow'd had his orders to fetch the car around by seven-twenty. Mr. Waring was dining out this evening. He was going to the Dixons' with Mrs. Waring and her house guest. Who? Some lady who'd arrived an hour ago. Where were they now? Out in the garden, looking round, till tea-time, and Mr. Waring was to join them. The lady wasn't

one whom Barstow recollected; but judging from her luggage, she seemed intending something of a stay.

The garden. As he got out and started on his way across the lawn, Ned Waring was remembering the time when they had moved, had felt they ought to move out to the country. How little they had asked of it—just air fit for a child to breathe. Yet even at that first little house that had had friendly neighbors on both sides, he'd said he wished to be the typical commuter, to pitch right in and show what he could do, and have a patch of earth that he had spaded up himself. In those days he'd felt a rival's pride about the curly, light-green leaves of lettuce, the outspread palms of carrots, the red spears of beets that had actually done their darndest and had sprouted for him. Then right through the neat rows, there'd been the telltale footsteps of "a guy who'd had to shack a ball." Or there had been a gap where some connection had been made between his lettuce and the warm, pink, quivering noses of white rabbits. Queer, to think that those instinctive acts had been cause enough to get into a stew about; a real reason for thinking up a punishment that had cheated you, yourself, of a half hour of company. Looked back at now, his garden hadn't been a great success.

Anyhow, if it had only been the best he could afford just then, it had been better than these things they called herbaceous borders. It hadn't called for landscape architects, poor to chin with, solemn about planting, and dead-set on sticking in a lot of gloomy looking evergreens that were like the funeral plumes upon old-fashioned hearses. If by a miracle, a marigold had blossomed in his first garden, the great thing had been its blossoming. It hadn't mattered that it cussed at zinnias that were a flaming red. It had been a swell place for a buttonhole

bouquet, too big, lopheavy, snapped off too close and gathered by a hot, moist hand for him to wear to town in days when he had had to foot it to the station. Yes, and on muggy summer evenings, it had been a swell place to whisk the cooling spray of hose upon a pair of bare brown legs that had dared him to a sprinkling. But it hadn't been a show-place for a lot of women offering sympathy by dropping in and wandering along its borders and going to such trouble to call the plainest and most ordinary flowers by their long Latin names.

A show-place. Wasn't that what Marian had turned it into? Not the house exactly. That had been his business. There he'd spread himself to prove that, even saddled with a family, he was going up the ladder quicker than some other fellows. Still, if he'd enjoyed it in the past, had induced anyone to go through it who wanted to, he'd always known that there were other houses, bigger, more expensive, more worth a ticket of admission. The plain truth was that, more than anything, he'd meant to beat the future to it, when it came to needing room. . . .

No, you couldn't tag the house. And with all its swank, you couldn't tag the garden. Not exactly. There were others more worth looking at than this that he had taken as the sign of a new, healthy interest. But if you liked the performance which it put on, this was a show-place after all. That was the reason why men had the common, ordinary decency to keep away from it. It was bad enough to have to see a fellow who was licked. But it was a darned sight worse to have to see one who made a parade of being so. Women it was—like that woman standing with his wife—whose kindness covered an unholty curiosity; who when it came to tragedy kept a play running, crowding into all the front row seats.

For a man would step right up, shake hands, get off a lot of guff to help you out. He'd take the plunge so that he wouldn't have to watch, not as the woman there stood watching. For far more interesting to her than Marian alone, was Marian in dusky black coming sadly towards the man who'd been the father of her children, being sweet and patient with him, yet letting anyone with half an eye see that they weren't man and wife—not in the real sense any longer. She had given him the kind of kiss he didn't want because it was no kiss at all.

And "Miss Sutton," Marian had said, "I'm going to leave you to my husband while I see if tea is ready. Ned dear, Miss Sutton has been good enough to spare a little of her time to us."

Vague recollections of a name. At some time he had heard it. But, as host, he should have been tipped off again and not have to blunder round alone to find some talking-point. It was Miss Sutton who had found one.

"This is a lovely spot."

He'd almost said, "God wot, ferner grot," for Miss Sutton looked so like the sort of woman who'd be sure to know that poem and to think God walked here. Yet flowers didn't seem to be her line, or if they were, they seemed to serve some special purpose. They were where they were for mass and grouping, for effects of light and shade, for balance and for rhythm, to make a composition and to lend a background. There were several places that she must come back to; and even then it would be some remark he dropped, some little thing he said that would help her to decide. Decide on *what*?

In the meantime she was walking by his side and saying something to him.

"Your wife must find such consolation in her gardening."

"She does."

But, hell, why should she? He hadn't meant his bitterness to seem abrupt. Yet surely he hadn't asked for much, for no more than Marian had felt that she could give under the circumstances. . . . If it was coarse to want a little warmth, new life, young life as its result, why men were coarse—not that he hadn't stifled his own wishes. But when it came to consolation, why turn to gardening that demanded warmth, sun, new life—yes, and manure? Why not turn to someone who had lost out too? Why not let him know that having been a father wasn't just a wash-out?

But the woman with him had let him know that he was something else. His black band was the band that made her privileged. He was the tourist-guide to Marian's grief.

For what had she said? "To keep that special place set off, to keep it just exactly as it was the day her little daughter left it . . ."

Well, tourist guides were hired, kept in their jobs for lying well, for playing up. But no one, no complete and utter stranger could have been more surprised than he, when he'd first taken in that spot that they were passing. For days he had come home to find gardeners moving shrubs and planting evergreens. He'd always liked a level, open stretch of lawn, but Marian could cut it into ribbons if she wanted to. It was only when he'd seen a space set off, set off and fenced with a white-picket railing, that he had asked what was the great idea.

And even when she had explained that while he might forget, she couldn't; that right here was the very place where little Marian had always played, he'd thought about the child as she'd come popping out of the least likely corners—out of the dumb-waiter in the kitchen, over the neighbor's fence, from anywhere and everywhere. Great

Scott, that you couldn't leave her to herself two minutes, not with any safety—that had been the great complaint. And granted that she'd been the sort of child who'd been content to play for hours on end where she was put, there were other things about this spot. A sand pile melted flat with rain. To be a little Alp, it had to be heaped up again. A wooden shovel weathered, rotted out in the course of a winter. It had to be replaced. A tin pail, rusted, ought to rust. To be as spick and span and neat as those before his eyes, someone had to see they were replenished. He had often wondered when and how.

Thinking about that, he found it hard to pay attention to a voice that had the softest question in it.

"Your little boy—I suppose he had his very favorite nook, his special lair, somewhere where you think of him as being."

There was no sense in telling any woman that "it was a kind of sissy thing to do to stick on your own place, that other fellows' yards were always more exciting."

"I guess you would have found him almost anywhere—or nowhere."

He'd been polite enough. But he'd meant his tone of voice to show he wasn't going to talk of Junior; that when it came to him a person could keep off the ground.

Yet Miss Sutton went right on:

"I seem to see him sailing all his little boats across the pool, launching them across the water in the sun."

As though a boy who'd ever built a raft and poled it on a pond could ever go back to the limits of a concrete pool.

At any rate, Miss Sutton could keep her own ideas. Marian had called from the house that tea was waiting. In the long living room the curtain had been drawn against the yellow sun as though a single beam of it would be an outrage. But here he could pass plates,

ask Miss Sutton if she took two lumps, help out the maid, add courtesy to service. He had become an expert.

But if Marian *only* wouldn't have her tea things placed beneath the lighted, full-length portrait of a little girl so neatly dressed in white that didn't spot and crumple, in black shiny pumps that never got scuffed out or scratched; the portrait of a little girl who wore a bright blue sash that matched her eyes and all the bright blue flowers around her, who'd never crash a party, tease or beg for cake until she had to be packed off, who was forever poised before a sand-pile, standing there between the white posts of a picket fence.

It was that picture, though, that gave Marian the opportunity she wanted. As he moved about with one thing and another, he could hear her spin her story—how she had had nothing left, absolutely nothing but a photograph; how she had waited, prayed and waited for an artist who would have the feeling and imagination; how she had been led to one who was the answer to her prayer; how they two had toiled and talked and toiled and talked until she, herself, the child's own mother, had been startled by the likeness; how sometimes coming by herself into the living room, she could still be taken by surprise. For a moment—well, perhaps, for just the fraction of a second—she could have the blessed feeling that her little girl had been restored.

"That is the artist's great reward."

But though Miss Sutton seemed so sure of it, Marian was saying that this wasn't like the ordinary portrait, done from life. In the way the mother helped with it, why there was something really mystic. True, the artist had come here to live, had had to live right here for weeks to get the tone, the background, the whole atmosphere. But working here and from a quite good photograph, at that, he couldn't

hope to catch the spirit of his subject. Even Tirrocchi—who to do this had delayed his sailing—had given up in a complete despair until he found that while he painted if she sat by his side and talked . . . Day after day she had sat close by his easel and—well, almost pretended . . . If he'd listened to this once, Ned Waring knew he'd heard about the miracle a million times.

But somehow this time it was different. Whether he was tired, fed up, with all his nerves on edge, he was aware that his wife's words had touched a spring that left him facing the unvarnished truth.

That portrait had been done when he would have stood for anything that could give comfort and distraction. But it wasn't merely that it wasn't Sis, was no more Sis than if he'd snipped it out of some advertisement. If he'd forgotten how she looked he'd not forgotten how she'd wriggled from his arms when he had used to pick her up because she was so irresistible. He could remember the feeling of a compact, squirming little body that had mostly hated kisses as an interruption. Smudgy, she had often been, and sometimes downright grubby. At her best in khaki bloomers and a jumper. At her worst and naughtiest when she'd been rigged up for parties. There were a raft of facts that he could tell himself about her. But the reason that he couldn't see her, that she'd simply faded out, was because of that confounded portrait. As different from her as could be, it was just enough alike to get between.

Yet what was it Marian was saying?

"So you see, Ned, this time it will be *you* who'll have to help. I mean by thinking up his ways, the kind of thing he used to say, and how he looked when he was serious and thoughtful. You see, Miss Sutton's going to start

in painting a companion portrait. Why, yes, of course. She's going to start in doing Junior."

The hell she was! Not if his father knew it. Memory might be a damned poor substitute for life. But what it kept, it kept. For what it lost it didn't offer candy substitutes that falsified.

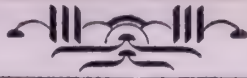
How he'd ever got away and reached his room he didn't know. But on his dresser was a leather frame that held a faded snapshot. The only one there was, thank God! Since his baby pictures, Junior'd always been at the wrong stage for any photograph to give his parents any pride.

Yet that was the way he'd looked in his play shirt, open at the throat, and wearing his rough knickers. There was his ruffled hair that was never brushed for mealtime. There were his ears, alert and pointed like those of a wild creature listening. Impossible to see the spattering of freckles on his nose, but all the same, shown by his grin, there was the gap in his front teeth that was going to be a damned expensive business. Yes, and though they squinted in the sun, there were his eyes that expected things to be so really so, if grown up people said so. Just the same, not a day older, not a day changed, there was the little beggar to the life.

How long he'd sat there in his room, Ned Waring didn't know. When a discreet knock at the door had brought him to himself, the light had almost faded.

"Dining out this evening, was he? All right, he would be down in time; he'd started in to dress."

From his second drawer he had taken out an evening shirt, had begun fitting into its tight buttonholes, his jet-black onyx studs. But before doing that, slowly and deliberately, and without looking at it, he had taken a small snapshot from its leather frame and had torn it into bits.



HAMMERSTEIN THE EXTRAVAGANT

BY GILBERT SELDES

AT THE beginning of his great pamphlet on Napoleon III, Karl Marx quotes Hegel's remark that "upon the stage of universal history all great events and personalities reappear in one fashion or another," and then Marx adds that "on the first occasion, they appear as tragedy; on the second, as farce." One reason is, of course, that the first appearance of a personality is original, the second is imitative. Napoleon I was the first Napoleon; Napoleon III was the hundredth, or perhaps the hundred-thousandth, who fancied himself Napoleon. By some force of character or circumstance a man impresses or imposes himself upon a generation as the great soldier, the typical poet, the masterful lover, the lavish spender, and these individuals become powerful influences because they set the pattern to which the lives of thousands of other people are cut. The pattern becomes sanctified, like a toga for statues of statesmen. Political parties are still happy if they can suggest that the career of their candidate runs from the towpath to the White House, although the towpath has long ceased to exist, and the very idea that to be poor is to be righteous is looked on with suspicion. Political parties, of course, lag behind the average intelligence, but even the average man is profoundly affected by these original living statues. Men wear beards and collect paintings and smoke cigars and recite limericks because generals and financiers and presi-

dents have done these things. Because of the fame of Diamond Jim Brady, rich men still come to the nightclubs in New York and buy champagne for dancing girls as he did; they may never have heard of Brady, but he has become part of a mythology, a demigod more real than living men. Because of Geraldine Farrar and Lillian Russell, thousands of girls study singing and dancing and spend depressing days in the waiting rooms of booking agents. A varied, energetic character like Theodore Roosevelt creates half a dozen pictures in the common mind; he does more because images must be destroyed, as well as created. What Roosevelt destroyed was the picture of the Harvard dude and the tenderfoot and the tennis-playing "sissy" as a figure of fun.

Oscar Hammerstein was one of these profoundly influential originals. Because he existed, it is natural for Roxy to turn from the presentations of a movie cathedral, take charge of a theater in Radio City, and threaten to dominate grand opera in America; and dozens of other men who manage concerts or own a few theaters see themselves in the light of Hammerstein's extraordinary career. The influence passes beyond the operatic field in which Hammerstein made his mark because the general lines of his life conform to the myth of the immigrant boy who rose to fame and fortune; in those lines he may have been influenced by some shadowy forerunner, or by the

vast myth which brought millions of Europeans to America. And where he deviates from the myth by the force of his own character, by the special form of his activities, he creates a new myth for the succeeding generation.

If one couldn't be born an Adams and be a diplomat, a scholar, and a President of the United States, one could still be typically an American of the last fifty years by being what Oscar Hammerstein was. He was an immigrant, an inventor, a developer of real estate, an inspired master of vaudeville, and a devoted lover of music who revolutionized the production of grand opera in America. He said once, "My life has been one of romance," but this was perhaps the only under-statement he ever made. His life was one of wild extravagance, as an ideal American life should be; his thought—what there was of it—his speech, which was fluent, and his actions, which were magnificent, were all excessive in tone; what others did by units, he did by the half-dozen; what others suffered occasionally, he suffered continually. He built eleven theaters, ran several opera companies and, having a passion for litigation, was once involved in forty separate, but simultaneous, lawsuits. His versatility (which we also like to think of as being typically American) is deceptive; there was no lack of constancy in him. He was a musician before he became a cigar maker, and he remained a cigar maker long after he became an impresario; his inventive genius and his passion for grand opera were the two bounding lines of his career. But he was not a "split personality." He made money out of inventions which put an end to the sweatshop and the tenement work-room in the cigar industry; and he made money out of grand opera which shocked the Metropolitan out of its fusty lethargy. It was natural to him

to make and lose fortunes and, while he considered grand opera "after religion the most elevating influence in modern society," he saw no reason why it should be the special property of those who were willing to enjoy it merely as a costly form of social exhibitionism. Yet with all his success he remained a homely figure; his German-Jewish accent stuck to him all his life (although he once made an effort to please the English by talking like a Piccadilly nut); his stocky form could always be seen in the lobby of the opera house with the special properties which became dear to the cartoonist and the impersonator—the high shiny topper, the cigar, and the goatee, and the large flat gold watch which lay in his hand as curtain time approached; the more people joked about these, the more he emphasized them, until he seemed to be impersonating himself, like many a Western senator.

He was born in Berlin in 1847, and in his later life he used to reproach his father for brutality. What he objected to was the method of education; knowledge was pumped into him, so that by sixteen Oscar knew chemistry, French, and English in addition to his native tongue, and played the piano, the flute, and the violin. The musical education was of prime importance, and when the boy skipped violin practice in order to go skating, his father whipped him. He ran away, sold his violin, and with the proceeds went first to Hamburg, then to Dover, and finally worked his way to New York in the winter of 1865. His first job (at two dollars a week) was cigar making, a tedious, dirty, and diseaseful process at the time. Within a few years he made the first of his many inventions, applying machinery to this work; he found a new way of stripping tobacco and a way of applying air suction to making cigars. Out of his first invention he made six thousand dollars, and the American

Tobacco Company, which bought it, began its march to fortune. These, and a few other of his inventions, made the process of cigar making so much swifter and cleaner that the foul sweatshop disappeared under economic pressure. In a few years Hammerstein was the first expert on the tobacco trade and editor of its journal. He continued to invent long after he had gone into other fields and took out a total of over one hundred patents, including a process for making barrels and an automatic window shade. To the end of his life he preferred to make his own cigars on a little machine which he kept in the bare little room on top of the Victoria Theater where he lived.

Five years after he landed in America he was part owner of two theaters and impresario of one. He had attended the old German theaters in downtown New York even when he had barely money enough to live on. His first investment when money began to be easy was in the Thalia Theater; then he became affiliated with the Germania and wrote for it three one-act comedies, including the music for one of them, and in 1870 he took control of the Stadt Theater. We see at once that his artistic and his practical interests were not at war. He financed theaters because he liked the theater; he wrote for the theater because he was financing it. Although he went into real estate, he had too much intelligence, or too much integrity, to consider the theater as real estate. Each of his interests ministered to the other. For his first setting he went far uptown into Harlem.

At the beginning of the 1880's the houses on 125th Street were still wooden shacks; above that street not more than two hundred houses existed on all the West Side. Hammerstein saw an opportunity. Characteristically, he built not two or three, but a dozen apartment houses and about thirty private dwellings. One of the

apartments on Seventh Avenue ran from 136th to 137th, and there was some complaint because Hammerstein put a statue of Kaiser Wilhelm, after whom the block was named, on the cornice. There was, however, no population. By a peculiar logic, the builder decided that what Harlem needed was a theater to attract people, even if there were no people there to support a theater. So he built the Harlem Opera House. Modjeska and Joseph Jefferson were so hesitant about going that far uptown (and so correctly informed about the theater's prospects) that he had to guarantee them ninety per cent of the gross receipts. Hammerstein lost enormously; to recoup he engaged the popular Theodore Thomas orchestra at two thousand dollars a week; it played to a gross of seven hundred dollars. In desperation because no one would play in the house at New Year's (when bookings elsewhere were profitable), he engaged Kellar, the magician, and a troop of lions. Six patrons appeared in the orchestra on New Year's Eve; confronted by the lions, they moved to the balcony. So at the beginning vaudeville failed to finance the arts.

"Having lost so much money," said Hammerstein, "I reached the somewhat curious conclusion that what Harlem needed was not one theater, but two theaters." This time he was right. He built the Columbus Theater on the East Side, and its immediate profits financed the Harlem long enough to establish that house as well. The first period of Hammerstein's spectacular operations was beginning. He was done with real estate; in the next ten years he built and operated seven theaters.

His imagination was always grandiose. Because Koster and Bial were making a success of a small vaudeville house, Hammerstein felt sure that he would make three times as much if he

rolled three music halls into one. The result was the Olympia. For a single admission of fifty cents the patron could hear, at the opening performance, Yvette Guilbert in one auditorium, Fay Templeton in another, and a concert in the smallest of the three. Hammerstein's analysis of public psychology was totally wrong. After the opening, when he could afford only one headliner and filled the halls with midgets and flying ballets, the crowds would not admit that the star alone was "worth the price of admission." They felt that something unworthy was being foisted upon them. Hammerstein lost \$2,000 a week. To recoup himself, he produced "La Poupée" with Anna Held and lost \$3,000 a day. When the mortgage was foreclosed he had lost \$1,000,000. For years he crossed the street rather than pass in front of the theater and he cherished a childish hate against the life insurance company which had held the mortgage. It was not like him, for usually he laughed off his losses. (His instinct for real estate was good; the building stands to this day and is occupied by three vaudeville and picture houses.)

The Olympia was, in a sense, given over to the art of the music hall; the Victoria definitely was not. Good vaudevillians came and went, but the Victoria thrived on another type of headliner. Hammerstein picked them from the newspapers, the heroes of adventure and the heroines of scandal. By the time the Victoria reached its height and was earning a quarter of a million dollars a year, Hammerstein had lost interest in it; the control was in the hands of his son, William, but the policy remained the same. It may be summed up in the well-attested episode concerning an untalented performer engaged because she had been involved in a scandalous shooting. When she asked on Saturday night whether she was hired for a second week, Oscar or

William answered, "Not unless you shoot a second man."

II

He was already approaching the central purpose of his life, and in 1906 he gathered his moneys and his powers and began the four years of war which rocked the dismally smug Metropolitan, brought the modern opera repertory to America, made Mary Garden famous, and ended in a spectacular defeat which Hammerstein, more spectacular than ever, turned into a triumph for himself. He opened the Manhattan house conventionally enough with "Aïda," as if to show that he could do the Metropolitan repertory as well as anyone. But before he was done Hammerstein had produced "Thaïs," "Louise," "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame," "Herodiade," "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "Elektra." He had brought over a style of operatic singing and acting which the Metropolitan had totally neglected—the style of the French; he had Mary Garden and Lina Cavalieri not only as stars on the stage, but as blazing personalities in the news. While Mary Garden was rehearsing "Salome," Hammerstein announced that, in order to spare her energies, he had put his new star, Lina Cavalieri, into "Thaïs." Miss Garden announced to the press that if he did she would scratch out his eyes. Madame Cavalieri was equally temperamental. Miss Garden complained that her impresario treated her like a chorus girl; he replied that "Miss Mary Garden, the distinguished song bird, is a loafer." Under this artful pretense of a row between temperamental operatic stars Hammerstein was preparing the great sensation of Mary Garden's "Salome." The timid Heinrich Conried, whom Hammerstein had brought over from Germany years before as stage manager, was then di-

recting the Metropolitan and ventured a single performance of "Salome," choosing it, of all things, for a benefit. "This specimen from the pathological museum of Messrs. Wilde and Strauss" was not exactly well-received and, although Conried half-heartedly announced further performances, the directors refused to allow them. Hammerstein knew that the spearhead of offense was the dance of Salome, and he took the spearhead into his bosom. Olive Fremstadt had sung the role at the Metropolitan, but had discreetly retired to let a ballerina do the dance of the seven veils. When the time came for Mary Garden to withdraw, she went forward and did the dance herself. The shock of surprise, multiplied by the intense interest which Hammerstein had concentrated on Mary Garden's personality, distracted from the moral shock while it left the impropriety of the proceedings a livelier topic of controversy than ever.

Hammerstein had opened the opera with an advance sale of only thirty thousand dollars; when he announced his second season, his advance sale was ten times as great. In his first year he made a profit of one hundred thousand dollars, and each of the next two years nearly three times as much; and all the time he thought he was creating a rival to the Metropolitan, which had been losing money for years, and was hardly aware of the fact that he was establishing an *Opéra Comique* to stand beside the official opera, as it does in France. The repertory was fresher, the acting more realistic, the singing less florid—except for Tetrizzini, Hammerstein never had any vocalist in the great Italian tradition, never found or developed a second Caruso. The directors of the Metropolitan also were unaware of Hammerstein's actual accomplishment; they did not see that the new style might exist side by side with their own. After badgering Conried for

allowing Hammerstein to engage a single good star "when Conried had all the money in the world" and after ruefully considering their losses (most of them were also involved in the ghastly failure of *The New Theater*), they decided that Hammerstein must go. They bought him out. For a million and a half dollars Oscar Hammerstein agreed not to produce grand opera in New York for ten years, and would forfeit a quarter of a million if he did. The Metropolitan celebrated; Hammerstein went to bed. He was given to these psychological illnesses. He had lost the one thing he cared for most in the world, and so for four days he played sick. On the fifth he decided to build an opera house in London and rose from his bed alert with interest and health.

The London venture drove home the lesson first announced at the Manhattan, and it was characteristic of Hammerstein that, although he boasted of everything else he had done, he never took pride in his greatest achievement, which was not defeating the Metropolitan, but re-creating it. The directors of the Metropolitan were equally dull of perception. They thought they had driven Hammerstein out; in reality they had taken him and all he stood for into their hearts. The Metropolitan never succeeded in making grand opera as interesting, as exciting, and as popular as Hammerstein had made it; but after 1910, with Gatti-Casazza in the place of Conried, the Metropolitan extended its repertory to take in the modern French, became more hospitable to mild innovations, and no longer went to sleep with "Norma" and "Il Trovatore," to waken with "Tannhäuser" and go to sleep again with "La Traviata." The resurrection of the Metropolitan was Hammerstein's greatest work, and neither he nor the Metropolitan ever took much pleasure in it.

Against the slow-moving English background Hammerstein's pace seems more "typically American" even than it had in New York; the measure of his audacity is best taken in contrast with the timidity of the English. The whole conception was audacious. Sir Thomas Beecham, installing himself in the old Covent Garden Theater, had lost half a million dollars in a vain effort to make the English like grand opera. (Sir Thomas' father, the manufacturer of the famous pills, supplied the only note of hustle to this enterprise because, unofficially, the advertising slogan of the pills was applied to the opera: "Worth a guinea a box.") Hammerstein's whole plan of campaign was to startle the public into consciousness of his enterprise; he was preparing, as he always did, to present something both sound and brilliant, but he did not rely on these qualities to make the English aware of him. Fresh from New York, where he had only to tip his hat at a strange angle in order to get a front-page story, Hammerstein found the indifference of the London press unaccountable and mortifying. He broke down all resistance; affably, but with determination, he sent announcements of his plans—they were thrown into the wastebasket. He began building a new opera house in Kingsway—the choice of site was a challenge, since merely not to be at Covent Garden was against all the traditions. When the director of Covent Garden went to the newspapers, asserting that he owned exclusive rights to all the operas Hammerstein could produce, he opened the way. Hammerstein's reply was that every brick in his new building was a British brick. Wireless was fresh and new, and he put a wireless station on the roof so that one could order seats from midocean and—double advertisement—from New York. For some strange reason it pleased him to draw the water used in the building from an

artesian well under its foundations, and this also made its way into the press. Slowly Hammerstein became a personage; he irritated, but he did not offend, society; by the time the opera house was ready to open, every newspaper in London had a reporter assigned to cover Hammerstein. He repaid them by inserting three- and four-column advertisements and for his climax took an entire page in the *London Times*. It still seems miraculous that the *Times* accepted the advertisement.

He was always willing to shock if he did not have to abandon his own principles of good business and good opera. He did not like the system of selling programs and gave his free and, a much more perilous enterprise, he attempted a democratic opera which depended altogether for success on the patronage of the aristocracy. He said, quite correctly, that all previous opera houses had been built for the comfort of the rich; the poor might hear, but they could not see. In his new house the sight lines were correct for every seat. At the same time he handed over the actual seating arrangements to a committee which assigned the boxes so that "members of different social sets would not be placed in embarrassing proximity." Thus reassured, no less than thirteen duchesses attended the première.

They experienced more of Hammerstein's calculated audacities. One of the decorative motifs on the façade was a mask of Oscar, and it appears that only the persuasion of the architect had eliminated his silk hat and cigar. On the stage within he presented "*Quo Vadis*," with a burning of Rome, which must have been rather like a Coney Island sideshow, but which struck the London critics, accustomed to dim and dreary productions lagging far behind the Continental standard, as "the real thing." As for singers, Hammerstein had so bedazzled his audience that

they, the most loyal of all people to stage favorites, hardly noticed that, with the exception of Maurice Renaud, all the principals were strangers. Further impertinence, he brought not well-known American stars, but unknown ones—Orville Harold and Felice Lyne. Harold had been in a vaudeville team at the Victoria, and Hammerstein sent him abroad for two years to study. Felice Lyne came from Kansas City and had never been heard of before Hammerstein made her the sensation of the year. Even when he was giving the Londoners a familiar work, he managed to startle them; into "*Les Cloches de Corneville*" he interpolated three songs of his own composition which were sung in English.

He said when he came to London that producing opera gave him pleasure and that, although "he was infallible" with opera, he was not "looking to make money." He was right on both counts. He got his pleasure; as a symbol of his delight in England he took to a monocle, tea, and what he assumed was an English accent. As in America, he was a favorite subject for impersonators in the music halls. He was famous, but the season was not a success. He played to houses sometimes of a hundred people, and even the production of a native opera by Lord Howard de Walden failed to bring in the crowds. At the end of the second season a syndicate was formed to finance a third. On the final night Hammerstein insisted upon telling the London public what he thought of its refusal to come to his house and grew so insulting that the syndicate disbanded. On arriving in New York Hammerstein said, "I'd rather be dead than alive in London."

From that point his career is disorganized, fruitless, and sad. He had grandiose schemes—a chain of twenty opera houses from Philadelphia to New Orleans to San Francisco, with identical

buildings, identical dressing rooms, stage, and scenery, so that he could move whole productions rapidly from one to the other. Only one house was actually built—the one in Philadelphia. There was not much push behind it, and the project was involved in litigation. Oscar's heart was still in New York. He went to the directors of the Metropolitan and, promising to hold loyalty to his agreement, begged permission to cultivate the field they contemptuously neglected, opera in English. It was an innocuous proposal, but the Metropolitan had had its experience with Hammerstein; there was no telling what he might do even in this despised medium. The directors refused. Hammerstein promptly began to build a new opera house on Lexington Avenue, announcing that opera could succeed only at theater prices—a three-dollar top. Instantly an organization never heard of before or since announced opera at two dollars. Hammerstein accused the Metropolitan of instigating this attack; he wrote endless letters to the press; he cried out for justice; his publicity was becoming hysterical. He announced that he would produce operas in French, German, and Italian, as well as in English, and the Metropolitan got an injunction against him. Hammerstein, as usual, fell ill, recovered to quarrel with his family, tried to sell the profitable Victoria to finance himself, and sent a lawyer to Congress to invoke the Anti-Trust Law against the Metropolitan. He was coming to the breaking point.

The actual opening of the Lexington in August 1, 1914, was pathetic. Between one act of "*Aïda*" and one act of "*Faust*," he showed a hastily created war film, "*The Last Volunteer*." At the end of three months he closed the house and, still fighting for his illusion, gave as his reason that the public was getting tired of the movies. There-

after he built no more, and the zest of producing had left him. He lived on for five years, drifting out of public notice, wearying himself with lawsuits and illnesses. He had always suffered from temporary fits of melancholia which lasted a day or two, usually at some lull in his work, and then disappeared the moment something interested him. Now they became frequent and prolonged. His energy left him, and his heavy body wasted away. In his last months his wife carried him in her arms to move him from room to room, pathetically followed by a little dog to which Oscar had been devoted. He knew he was dying and did not want to die; he had always refused to have flowers in his rooms, asking, "Why should I care to have anything around me that is dying?" He died in 1919.

III

Hammerstein is the only impresario mentioned in the portion of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times* which covers the Rooseveltian era, and with good reason. Except for Roosevelt himself, who had the inestimable advantage of being President of the United States, Hammerstein appeared more often in the newspapers than anyone else, more often than Vernon Castle or James Hazen Hyde or Thomas W. Lawson or the Nature Fakers or Andrew Carnegie or John McCormack or Harry Thaw or William Travers Jerome or Hugo Münsterberg or Alexander Dowie. Hammerstein was such good publicity that he could even communicate to his associates the secret of instantly capturing the public mind. It is a familiar story that Mary Garden bet the publisher of a conservative newspaper that she would appear in his columns for thirty-one consecutive days and, having achieved thirty, disclosed the wager in order to win it. Barnum is the only other business manager of

musical enterprises who became a national figure, but Hammerstein never needed a museum. Belasco is the only other figure in the arts of the theater and he lived into the day of intensive publicity.

Hammerstein made his way into the papers because he naturally *was* news, not because he deliberately *made* news. That is his prime distinction and it is an important one. We live in an era of "build-ups." It is almost impossible to penetrate through the layers of publicity to reach the actual character of public men in business or political life. The negativism of the methods of Ivy Lee are as bewildering as the flaring stunt publicity of the late Harry Reichenbach. Mr. Lee's skill re-creates a figure of the elder Rockefeller, correcting the "bad publicity" of the early years of Standard Oil, and creates his shadowy successors by eliminating their persons from the news. The publicity of the Republican Party labors vainly to humanize President Hoover, who fights doggedly against the process, obviously embarrassed and a little ashamed to think that the President of the United States, in a time of unparalleled crisis, must receive boy heroes from Colorado and be photographed with a fish. Publicity builds up painters and senators and gadget manufacturers by the process of inflation. It is a series of promises having no relation to the character of the man or to his work.

It seems to me that Hammerstein, essentially incorruptible, would have looked with contempt upon these balloons. It was not that he minded appearing greater than he was (it is hard to imagine anyone speaking better of him than he spoke of himself), but what he gave to the press again and again was the accomplished fact, and even when he was most picturesque and spectacular he was himself—a man interested in his work. I have mentioned

his victory over the press in London; except for a few trivial items, every element in it came out of the building of the house or the presentation of the operas; a few humorous grace notes of temperament were added, as when he asked for police protection because an infuriated tenor had challenged him to a duel.

He appreciated temperament in others. "In handling *prima donnas*," he said, "there is no precedent; each is a law unto herself. The women stars are bad enough; the men are often worse." So he stood by while Tetrazzini dropped a dagger three times to the floor, because if it stuck each time she knew she would sing well. Emma Trentini refused to go on unless Hammerstein handed her a quarter of a dollar just before her entrance—and she kept the quarters, to Hammerstein's delight. But his greatest satisfaction came in the fulfillment of the contract with Regina Pinkert which provided that she was to receive a thousand dollars in gold before each performance. It was Hammerstein's enormous pleasure to jingle a bag of twenty-dollar gold pieces as he solemnly paid the salary. The oddity of others never offended him, provided they were those of genuine talent.

The same solidity underlies his American publicity. One of his earliest "stunts" was to write an opera in forty-eight hours on a bet. It sounds like the invention of a press agent, but it came from his leaving the theater at the première of Gustave Kerker's "Venus" before the end of the performance because he did not like the score. When Kerker accused him of not knowing anything about music, Hammerstein replied, "I could write a better opera than that in forty-eight hours." The bet was made. To prevent Hammerstein from palming off any opera he might have written, the subject was dictated—the theft of the

Kohinoor, followed by the arrest of everybody in the street (for plenty of chorus work) and a crowd at the Old Bailey when the diamond is recovered. Hammerstein went to work in a hotel room. Kerker engaged three organ grinders to play outside the window. Hammerstein threw furniture and all the movable objects at them and called a foul. The noise in the streets brought in the newspapers, which were presently getting out extras to report progress. Legitimate so far, the publicity proved itself over again when the opera he composed, "The Kohinoor," ran for four months in New York. When he went to Paris to recruit stars he enchanted the French press by nailing to his door a sign conveying the simple truth: "French not spoken here." When he engaged the vast auditorium of the Chatelet for his auditions the French put it down to American extravagance, but it happened to be the best place for hearing voices. When he learned that the Sultan of Sulu was out of funds he sent him a cable offering him twenty-five hundred dollars a week to appear in a music hall; this is regular stunt publicity, only a little more legitimate in Hammerstein's case because he probably saw no reason why the Sultan should not accept.

But the major publicity—when he worked in grand opera—always rose out of the opera and always concentrated attention on the opera. He seldom bothered to deny rumors whether they were favorable to him or not. The story that he heard, or heard of, Tetrazzini's great success in San Francisco and then spirited her out of the country so that she might make a triumphant appearance in London and then be brought here as a new star was not true. But of course it did Hammerstein no harm to let it run because it was "typical" of him, as people said. He did often discover stars in odd places. Mme.

Gerville-Reache was discovered by him in a café in Paris. But Tetrazzini had already made her reputation and was beginning to dwindle after a South American tour in which she had become careless of her voice, when she was heard in San Francisco. It was one of the few cases in which Hammerstein was caught napping. Covent Garden engaged Tetrazzini, and the story of her being spirited away grew out of an open visit to Mexico. At Covent Garden, Tetrazzini's success was sensational. The story is that she had had little publicity and that society stayed away from her opening night. Even the first-line music critics were not there. But at the end of the first act of "Traviata" people began rushing to telephones to call their friends, and by the time the third act began all the right people were present and primed for enthusiasm. As soon as he heard of this event, Hammerstein sent a messenger to London with what Madame Tetrazzini calls "a white paper"—that is, a contract with blanks left for her to fill in her salary. She wrote in twenty-five hundred dollars a performance—an astounding sum for the time, but Hammerstein was justified in paying it. She was his one great star in the old tradition.

For all that he was a figure, Hammerstein drew no publicity to himself. He merely used himself as a signboard for what he had to sell. This was easier to do in his time than in ours, since he lived before the days of intimate confessions, tabloid gossip, and publicity in which the religion of any public man is at least as important as the amount of candy he eats and his handicap at golf. Yet I think that even to-day, when he would be the pet of Broadway reporters, Hammerstein would escape self-exploitation. He had a genuine passion for solitude; he boasted that he was never seen on the street with a companion and was furious if anyone

accosted him on his walks. His marriage, his divorce, and his second marriage were all known through the press, but they remained private events; his relations with his children came out only when his extravagance or his delight in litigation brought them into the foreground. He seemed to live without the benefit of society; although he was not stingy, he had no house and gave no parties, because a house and parties would mean that he would have to have people about him. At the height of his career his sons created a luxurious suite of rooms for him over the Manhattan Opera House; he moved in by the simple process of depositing his hat, slept there two nights, and returned to his garret. He had no stenographer; his office was on the front steps of the Victoria.

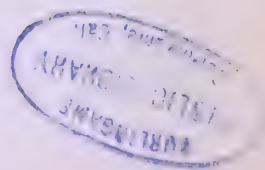
Men who are so hostile to society are usually absorbed either in themselves or in their work; Hammerstein was absorbed in both. For the first, he was a great egotist, not a profound one. His belief in himself was largely hostility to other people. He said, "I was never grateful to anyone in my life. I do not remember anyone who ever did anything for me without a selfish object," and he imagined that his own calling was "to use my God-given gifts to afford other people pleasure." He despised Carnegie and Rockefeller because they gave only "their idle wealth," while he gave something he knew to be much more precious: "I am giving my mind and my very life . . . my talents—genius, if you will, for I have it." He went to no one for counsel and rejected all advice; "my own taste and judgment are my sole arbiters, and if they are wrong all is wrong." He backed his own taste even against his own interest, hissing a singer at one of his own houses on one occasion and on another dissuading people from buying seats to see a show he had himself produced because

it was so bad. He said he was afraid to go to heaven because they would have a chorus there he had not picked.

His passion for the opera may not have been greater than his passion for himself, but it was purer. Certainly he wanted the opera to make him rich and famous, but he plowed fame and fortune into the ground again to enrich the yield of the next year. He wanted nothing for himself. And this, I think, accounts for the exceptional circumstance that he became a dominating personality—one of the dozen or two persons who are "inspirations" to others—in spite of his failure. If you begin drawing out the separate threads of his life, you see that in the ordinary sense he was not a success. The fabric falls to pieces the moment the bright spectacular threads are taken out. He did not destroy the Metropolitan opera, he did not conquer London, he did not produce twenty operas simultaneously all over the United States, he did not die rich. I think he wanted to do all of these things, but he wanted more to do the one thing which he did do—that is, create grand opera on a scale that was actually grand. He

gave off the exhilarating air of success because he was happy, because he had endless energy, and because he seemed to himself to be dictating his own course. And I think he was considered a success by Americans, even in the limited commercial way, because through the greater part of his life he thought in millions and actually disposed of hundreds of thousands. Great sums of money passed through his hands—and this may be nearer the American ideal of success than merely dying rich.

On the night that the Manhattan opened—the night he knew to be the successful climax of his life—Hammerstein took a street car from 34th Street to 42nd Street, ate, alone, an oyster stew at Childs, then went up to the cubbyhole in the loft of the Victoria where he had two chairs, a narrow bed, a cheap table, a hat-rack, and a piano. Rolling himself a cigar in his little machine, he was perfectly happy living over his satisfaction in his work. His religion of grand opera was not meant to bring him any other pleasure; it did not include anything grandiose for himself.





THE CASE FOR INFLATION

BY STUART CHASE

DURING the past two and a half years of disastrous economic tailspin our sometime leaders—bankers, big business men, politicians—have concentrated on just one thing: how to get by; how to hold out until the cyclical upswing starts. Their influence, so far as they have any left, has been directed to:

1. Holding the right thought, in publicity confidence drives and anti-hoarding campaigns.
2. Deflating wages.
3. Attacking the Wall Street bears.
4. Arguing passionately for government economy and a balanced budget.
5. Intoning the virtues of deflation to the bitter end as the "natural" way out. Antagonism to inflation, devaluation, or tampering with the gold standard.
6. Supporting the banks with government credit.
7. Supporting bond and mortgage holders with government credit, particularly railroad securities.
8. Making credit easier by open market operations on the part of the Federal Reserve Banks.

The last three contradict the fifth, to be sure—for one cannot both have government props and allow nature to take her course; but such paradoxes disturb the Elder Statesmen not at all. Paradoxes are obvious only to thoughtful minds. Every item on the program is *negative*, with the possible exception of the first—which seems to fall more under the head of constructive magic—and perhaps of the last. The idea

of the whole program is either to encourage the cycle to become worse, and get the downswing over with, or to maintain the status quo well down the chute. There is no constructive intelligence, no wish to experiment, no boldness, no sense of the imperatives of economic trend, no understanding of the modern world to be found in any part of it, unless perhaps in the open-market campaign of the Federal Reserve Banks. In brief, our leaders offer no leadership; only incantations, chiefly survivals from their nineteenth century and pioneer traditions.

Mr. Hoover has provided us with a marvellous demonstration of misapplied psychology. Recognizing—quite correctly—that fear is a leading factor in deflation, he sought to check the fear, without concurrently checking the physical deflation. Fear does not start a depression, it appears afterwards, with an appreciable lag. Exorcising fear with optimistic statements is a useless gesture, for it does nothing about the falling price level which caused the fear. Time and again, from the first Pollyanna pipings in the fall of 1929, the American public has been lulled to a false and spurious hope which has bewildered it, shaken its morale, caused many business men tangible extra loss by encouraging ill-advised expansion, and destroyed confidence in Mr. Hoover and American leadership generally. It takes bolder action than Couéism to check a world deflation in its megatherian stride.

The great drive led by the bankers—and opposed officially by Mr. Hoover—to liquidate wages in 1931 was equally futile. When deflation gets really under way, wages have to come down like everything else. Unemployment, full and part time, begins almost immediately to undermine the total wage bill. Wage rates become a secondary consideration, but sooner or later they too must fall in those industries which simply cannot support the level after making all other possible economies. The point to grasp in the premises is that the action, while it may prevent bankruptcies here and there, *does not check deflation*. By further reducing purchasing power, it leaves us no better off. Touted, as it was, as a major movement toward industrial recovery, it comes, like holding the right thought, under the head of witch doctoring.

The spirited attack on the Wall Street bears of early 1932 was a very human attempt to find, in personal terms, the devil which plagued us. As a matter of fact, the bulls (of 1929) had a good deal more to do with the deflation than the bears. Bears, in simple minds, particularly those of farmers, are the sinister creatures which pull down prices of wheat and cotton. (Sometimes, to be sure, they do.) But bears in Wall Street were no more responsible for preventing industrial recovery than bears in Alaska. To regulate them intelligently is undoubtedly a sorely needed reform—but that is quite another story. To imagine that a world-wide price collapse can be reversed by driving to cover a thoroughly frightened and enormously attenuated short interest is the most naïve of animisms.

We come now to more serious matters—the alleged necessity of government economy and balanced budgets. Here we have animism on a grand scale. You and I, when the cycle

begins lopping off our incomes, have to cut expenses. Business houses, even great corporations, have to do the same. In such times no individual's credit is very good, and no choice remains but to retrench. What is more logical than to conclude that governments must do likewise? But the animistic logicians forget that the government is in a *totally different category*. The government is *not* held to the limitations of the money medium; it is above them, for it *makes* the money medium. In the last analysis, money is anything the state declares it to be; it can double the money or credit supply if it so elects or halve it. It is perfectly true that reckless inflation or deflation is a dangerous business and should be strenuously avoided, but in an emergency the government can borrow, as no individual dares to borrow; can expand public works; can defy its budget; can, as a last resort, devalue the dollar or increase the currency and inflate—if public welfare demands it. Indeed, I do not hesitate to say that in a nation as largely self-contained as is the United States—and I think Mr. John Maynard Keynes would agree with me—the government could in a few months' time break the back of the deflation.

In short, the program of the Elder Statesmen, from holding the right thought to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, has not worked, and I am convinced it will not work. Deflation has roared past every section of it. The witch doctors have chanted their incantations for nearly three years—in England for a decade—and the economic stomach-ache is worse than ever. It is time for real surgeons to put in an appearance.

II

Before we turn to an examination of the surgical operation which to me, and

to many others, seems mandatory before the year is out, it is necessary to exercise our minds a little upon economic theory. There is no escape from it. If you and I are to understand what is happening to us to-day, and to plan for that urgently needed flow of purchasing power which seems to be the key to the enigma, we shall have to master the major principles of inflation, deflation, and the gold standard. If in learning to do so we lean pretty heavily upon the broad shoulders of Mr. Keynes, it is because he comprehends these ghostly matters perhaps better than any other man alive.

Money is important only for what it will buy. A change in the value of money, which is the same thing as a change in the price level, is important only so far as its incidence is unequal. If the price of *everything*—commodities, wages, interest rates, foreign exchanges—doubled over night, we should wake up exactly where we were the evening before. Nothing serious would have happened. The trouble is that the incidence of price changes, as a matter of practical fact, is always unequal. Certain prices move sharply in respect to others, and established relationships are upset. The faster the change, the greater the disturbance. In the nineteenth century changes were neither great nor rapid, particularly in Europe; since 1914 changes have taken place with unprecedented violence, affecting both internal prices in a given country and the world prices of foreign trade. Home markets have been rocked, foreign exchanges all but knocked cold.

Let us try again. Stable industrial conditions depend upon fixed relationships between the prices of raw material, finished goods, wages, interest rates, rents, foreign exchanges. If one of these factors starts to move briskly, the whole adjustment is shattered, and the men who have been counting on it become confused. Psychologi-

cal reactions are set up, the business man buys more cautiously or more recklessly.

When the available supply of money and credit begins to outrun the available supply of goods we have inflation. A dollar is worth less in terms of wheat, and the price of wheat goes up. The most obvious way to bring about inflation is for the state to use its printing presses, paying paper money for its obligations with no gold redemption clause back of it. The paper gets into general circulation, and, if there is enough of it, prices begin to rise. If the presses continue to labor long enough prices will rise to infinity, as they did in Germany and Russia. Inflation may be brought about also by manipulating government bonds and by stimulating bank credit.

Deflation is the reverse process, where the available supply of goods outruns the available supply of money. When the inverted credit pyramid stands on a gold apex, deflation threatens when goods are produced faster than gold is added to the apex. If, over a reasonably long period, the technical arts forge ahead of the gold supply, prices are bound to fall. Repeatedly in the nineteenth century this threat became imminent, but the discovery of new gold fields always saved the day. Deflation can be caused also by a lack of balance in the economic structure. If industrial capital (factories and new processes) has been accumulating rapidly in anticipation of a wide consumer demand, and the demand is not forthcoming, prices will be driven down. The usual reason for the failure of demand is not that money and credit are not plentiful, but that they are in the *wrong place*. The distribution of the national income has been faulty, not placing sufficient purchasing power in the hands of those classes numerous enough to be potential customers for the

products of the new factories. What is needed here is not just more money, but money in a strategic location.

Inflation, then, is a general price movement upward, more money than goods; deflation is a general movement downward, more goods than money. The causes of inflation and deflation are not always easy to find, but once either process starts we know pretty well what will happen and who will be hurt. Both go into a vicious spiral, and unless remedies are soon applied, a tremendous psychological impulse tends to drive both to extremes. Inflation, when it gets under way, stimulates business, reduces the burden of debts and costs, boosts profits in dollars, and fills men with a marvellous and unreasoning optimism—a veritable shot in the arm. Deflation decreases profits, increases fixed charges, induces first caution, then fear, and ultimately blind panic. A natural cause which might be responsible for only a little deflation may turn into a psychological cause which spirals downward in wild deflation.

Who is hurt and who benefits? Inflation, unless it goes to astronomical heights, tends to benefit the following groups—for a time:

1. The active business men. Selling prices and inventory prices go up faster than costs. Wage increases lag behind price increases. Interest rates, rents, and often salaries being fixed, their burden relatively declines. In a period of rapid inflation most business men cannot help making money. They are often branded "profiteers" at the time, but the term is not altogether fair. If prices go up rapidly and costs stay put, or go up slowly, the margin of net income must expand. Many of our so-called war profiteers were not gougers, but were simply allowing nature to take her course.

One may object that if prices rise people cannot buy so much, sales will

be contracted, and greater profits will not be made. Perfectly true, when the volume of money remains constant. If all business men got together and agreed to raise their prices twenty per cent, this is precisely what would happen; the physical volume of sales would shrink, and nobody would be a penny the richer. But by definition, inflation means pumping more money into the economic mechanism relative to the supply of goods. In these circumstances larger dollar profits can be, and are, made.

2. The farmers. They secure a better price for their product; their labor costs increase more slowly; and, best of all, the burden of their mortgages declines, for mortgages are made at a fixed rate of interest.

3. Labor. Its real wages tend to go down, which is bad, but this is more than compensated for by the increase in *employment*. The happy business men start hiring right and left, both for current operations and for extension of plant.

4. The government. Taxes flow in, the debt service is reduced relatively (because three per cent does not mean as much in goods as it used to), the budget is more readily balanced, popular unrest is allayed, crowds around the soap boxes drift away. Mr. Keynes observes with shrewd force that no government will decree its own downfall so long as it has a currency to inflate. It is mighty medicine.

5. The rent payer, the householder with a mortgage, the debtor class generally. The load of their fixed obligations begins to grow lighter. Five per cent or six per cent does not mean so many shoes or loaves of bread or suits of clothing as it used to.

And who gets hurt? The vested interests, the creditor class, that new grand division in business which grew up during the nineteenth century, the

prudent and respectable investor. He gets it in the midriff. Having loaned his money at fixed rates of interest or rented his property on a long-term lease, he finds his income, in terms of wheat and shoes, shrinking, shrinking. While he has as many dollars as before, they will buy less and less. The French rentier who had loaned twenty cent francs before the War, was paid back in four-cent francs a few years later when his government devaluated the franc—a type of controlled inflation.

In general, inflation tends to wrench away the dead hand of the vested interests, and to give the underlying community, and particularly the active business man, a new deal. "Each generation disinherits, in part, its predecessors' heirs." The debtor advances as against the creditor. In due time, of course, the creditor becomes discouraged, and savings and new investment tend to decline.

At this point, we begin to see the almost hysterical objection of bankers, bondholders, and solid citizens generally, to all programs in the current depression looking toward inflation. It is a blow first against their pocket-books, and second against their nineteenth-century religion of savings and prudent investment. One peculiar aspect of this righteous storm is that so many active business men join it. They have not yet learned to be class conscious; they are too confused to know where their own interest lies. Reasonable inflation is as good for them as it is bad for their creditors. Yet with a strange, dumb loyalty they line up with their creditors.

In deflation, of course, the whole process is reversed, the creditor class gains, its dollars are worth more and more in terms of wheat and sugar and suits of clothing; the active business man, farmer, laborer, rent payer, the government loses. It should be noted,

too, that men on salaries gain in deflation—until their salaries are cut—and lose in inflation. In deflation, unemployment is the curse of the wage worker; his rates of pay, as a rule, do not fall as fast as prices, but his job goes out from under him.

Deflation, if continued long enough, finally undermines the initial gains of the investing class by drying up the industrial sources from which its income springs. As the pace of business becomes slower and slower, bond interest is defaulted, and then the bonds themselves; leases are broken; mortgages are repudiated; banks begin to fail, carrying with them the investor's savings; life insurance companies begin to sway. A certain amount of deflation is good for the creditor, but in the end it becomes his nemesis. The United States in 1931 obviously dropped below the point where deflation benefited creditors as a group. The goose which laid the golden eggs was all but dead.

To summarize: inflation defrauds the creditor class of its property; deflation deprives the worker of his job, and if carried far enough threatens universal bankruptcy. Both, carried to extremes, are bad, but deflation is the worse. It affects adversely a far larger portion of the community and discourages industrial activity and enterprise. It progressively freezes the economic body. If inflation overheats it, I prefer the quick to the dead. When we solve the problem of distribution some day we shall probably have neither—certainly not in their present lethal forms.

III

Four or five thousand years ago civilized countries gave up shells, cows, or straight barter, and settled down to gold, silver, and copper as their mediums of exchange. The My-

cenæans put gold in first place, as did Byzantium, but, generally speaking, silver reigned up to the beginning of the industrial revolution. Then came bimetallism, with silver and gold sharing the honors, and finally gold forged to the front. For the fifty years before the War it was king almost the world around—but fifty years is a short period in the total history of money.

Generally speaking, gold has been too scarce to serve as a standard. A modern liner could carry in her hold all the gold dredged and mined in seven thousand years. The present world stock is a cube about thirty-six feet square, the size of a large, but not a very large, house. Freud tells us that gold satisfies subconscious desires; its glitter, its texture, its ruddy color have a profound appeal to human beings. It has often gone over into the field of mysticism and been worshipped. The words "buried treasure" light a lamp in our imagination; they stir the blood. Gold is not only a yellow metal, it is, like the cross or the flag, a symbol. It cannot be handled, even by respectable gentlemen in frock coats and high hats, without prejudice and emotion.

Before the War gold, especially in Europe, was frequently used as coin; it was employed widely in the arts; in a tin box it formed, in thousands of households, the hearthstone ikon. The War changed all this. Patriotic citizens gave up their little hoards, gold was largely withdrawn from circulation and the arts. Indeed it went back into the earth from whence it came; into the deep, dark, electrically guarded vaults of the Central Banks. No one sees gold any more; it has gone from sight, and become more than ever an abstraction. The Central Banks, with a gravity worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan, case it and pass it solemnly around from hand to hand. Lately

even this stately exercise has been largely abandoned in favor of "ear-marking," in which all parties agree that the Bank of France owns so much gold, safely below sea level, in a Federal Reserve dungeon in New York. The intrinsic value which gold possessed when it was visible has all but melted with invisibility. The whole phenomenon verges more and more on the occult.

As money, gold has now two major uses. It is employed to settle commercial balances between two nations. When the supply of goods and services furnished by one falls short of goods and services furnished by the other, gold normally makes up the difference. Second, it is used as the basis for the "gold standard" within a given nation. The state which is on the gold standard guarantees that it will exchange gold at par for its paper money—at least for its gold-secured paper money. Any citizen with a hundred-dollar bill can go to the Treasury or to the banks and get so many grains of gold for it if he desires. To support the guarantee, the state and its banks keep on hand at least a certain percentage of the outstanding paper circulation in gold. As the legal ratio seldom exceeds forty per cent, it is obvious that if all holders of paper descended on the banking system at once the state would be out of luck. By the law of probabilities this does not happen—any more than all policy holders die at once, their heirs demanding life insurance. Every now and again, however, pressure for gold becomes so great that reserves are threatened; and rather than allow them all to be drained away, the state "goes off the gold standard," refusing to exchange metal for paper. This happened very generally during the War, and happened in England—followed by many other countries—in the fall of 1931. To-day, the United States and France,

alone of the great nations, cling to the gold standard. It promises to be a very uncomfortable embrace. When a country falls off, inflation ensues, industry is stimulated, operating costs decline. The United States and France, with their prices yoked to gold, must suffer a severe penalty in their export trade. "On them," says Keynes, "will fall the curse of Midas."

For countries on the standard, the amount of gold on hand establishes the reserve. The reserve establishes the upper limit of paper money in circulation; both tend to limit the upper limit of bank credit and money in the form of checks. The latter is not rigid; for bank credit can shift up and down in large volume on the same gold apex, but it cannot expand indefinitely. If the gold supply remains constant, it follows that the total money supply is limited. Purchasing power can go so far and no farther. This may be satisfactory if production remains constant. But if clever machines are pushing production upward, sooner or later there is bound to be a jam—unless more gold can be poured into the apex. The nineteenth century avoided major jams by finding new gold fields. The twentieth century has not been so fortunate. A shortage of gold in relation to the capacity for production is one of the causes of our troubles to-day.

In this impasse many are calling for bimetallism, the addition of silver to gold as legal reserve for paper money. This means establishing a fixed relationship between the value of a grain of gold and that of a grain of silver (hark to the echoes of 16 to 1!), an arbitrary and reasonably dangerous thing to do. Silver production can be vastly increased under the pressure of demand; all sorts of complications may ensue. Others are calling, and with more intelligence, in my opinion,

for what they term a "managed currency," which means the end of the metal standard as such, the end of laissez-faire in the whole structure of money and credit, the end of alien and "natural" causes generally, and the deliberate control of the money supply in line with the volume of production, invention, and the requirements of purchasing power.

With gold governing the money supply and no new gold fields, with nations falling off and climbing on the gold standard with bewildering rapidity, with gold out of sight in the vaults of the Central Banks and becoming ever more symbolic and mysterious, with deliberate inflation and devaluation on a huge scale—small wonder that the last fifteen years have shaken the monetary stabilities of the nineteenth century to their foundations. We are almost ready to go back to barter—indeed the Sovereign States of America and Brazil not long ago swapped surplus wheat for surplus coffee without benefit of cash.

Our lesson in theory comes to an end. The learned professors will call it elementary, but perhaps it is all we can absorb for the moment. Inflation, deflation, and gold are no longer quite the mysteries to us that they were. It is helpful to remember, furthermore, that their complicated gyrations have taken place in a largely functionless economic system, choked with the remains of laissez-faire. When we really begin to ask ourselves what an economic system is intended for, and act accordingly, we can eliminate the whole dizzy merry-go-round. It is a paper circus; there are no real animals in it. Money, now that its intrinsic value is gone, is almost pure convention. We change our bridge rules, golf rules, football rules, in the teeth of the Tories, and improve the game. We can change our money rules.

IV

Now to apply the theory to our present pressing problem. If the United States Government borrowed or inflated for a bold program of public works which absorbed two or three million of the unemployed directly—thus feeding a huge new stream into the river-bed of purchasing power—thus stimulating industry—thus causing more of the unemployed to be absorbed as food and clothing workers—thus adding to purchasing power again—thus checking the domestic price fall—thus strengthening the banks . . . we should come close to the situation found in the upswing of the business cycle. The federal budget, left to go hang to-day, could be balanced out of the taxes of a revived nation to-morrow. "The idea," says Keynes, "that a public works program represents a desperate risk to cure a moderate evil is the reverse of truth. It is a negligible risk to cure a monstrous anomaly." And again: "To bring up the bogey of inflation as an objection to capital expenditure [by the state] is like warning a patient who is wasting away from emaciation of the dangers of excessive corpulence."

Mr. Keynes was directing his remarks to the gentlemen of the City of London in their tightly buttoned frock coats, but all the solemn nonsense they have uttered in England since 1921 finds its counterpart in Wall Street and Washington to-day. "Sound" bankers are much the same the world over. In 1924, Sir Harry Goschen of the National Provincial Bank—one of the Big Five—delivered himself as follows. It is an excellent sample of the Elder Statesman philosophy, both here and abroad:

I cannot help thinking that there has lately been far too much irresponsible discussion as to the comparative advantages of Inflation and Deflation. Discussions

of this kind can only breed suspicion in the minds of our neighbors as to whether we shall adopt either of these courses, and, if so, which. I think we had better let matters take their natural course.

In other words, let us drift to ruin mutely and respectably.

To repeat and emphasize again: The state can do what no individual or private group can do. As tzar of the nation's money, it can expand or shrink the supply, rising above the limitations of the individual who must live within the rules. Governments make the rules. If the state desires to check deflation it can check it; to create employment on useful and worthy projects, it can create it; to augment purchasing power, it can augment it. Nobody else can do it. Fire engines are for conflagrations too great for the householder to extinguish. The bankers and their friends want to keep the fire horses safe in their stalls while the world burns down. A difficulty with this proposal is that the engine house may burn down too. "If we carry 'economy' of every kind to its logical conclusion, we shall find that we have balanced the budget at nought on both sides, with all of us flat on our backs starving to death from a refusal, for reasons of economy, to buy one another's services. Economy is only useful from the national point of view in so far as it diminishes our consumption of imported goods. For the rest its fruits are entirely wasted in unemployment, business losses, and reduced savings."

One parting shot, before we leave this monstrous animism. The Elder Statesmen say that the state should embark on no extensive public works because it takes capital away from private business, and the state—according to the doctrine of *laissez-faire*—is notoriously inefficient. This assumption is packed with nonsense. To begin with, it presupposes a fixed

loan fund; the more the state gets, the less for private enterprise. There is no such fixity; the credit pyramid, as we have seen, can shrink and expand within wide limits, even on a gold apex. Second, it assumes that private capital *wants* to expand. If there is one thing which private capital will not do in a depression it is extend its facilities. The incentive is all in the direction of getting out of debt, rather than borrowing more. If there is expansion to be done, the state must do it, for nobody else in his senses can afford to. Third, whether the state is more or less efficient than private enterprise is an excellent subject for college debating teams, but has nothing to do with this particular emergency. "Even if half the public works program were wasted, we would still be better off." Why? Because, in the end, it is either public works or the dole; and with the former, you at least secure something for your money. Think of the useful and necessary things which the state can do—and which private enterprise, even under "normal" conditions, will not do—highways, grade crossings, water ways, parks, playgrounds, afforestation, slum clearance, education, research, regional planning. (If you want to see a really superb exhibit of what can be done with public funds in the direction of convenience, beauty, and efficiency, examine the work in the last decade of the Westchester County Park Commission in New York. By "government," we mean state, county, and municipal units as well as federal.)

Mr. J. Lawrence Laughlin, one of the most classical of our economists, combines with Sir Harry Goschen in advocating deflation to the bitter end as the "natural" way out. (Letter to the *New York Times*, February, 1932.) What is so natural about uncoun-
ted families on the brink of starvation and mountains of wheat in storage

escapes me altogether. It seems a most perverse and unnatural course. The nineteenth century had its cycles and recovered, and the nineteenth-century-minded lean up against this historical analogy as though it were the Rock of Ages. They may be warranted—for one more cycle at the most; but because a patient has recovered from five attacks of pneumonia, is no earnest, a doctor assures me, that he will recover from the sixth. I think the medical analogy is just as safe to lean upon.

The great advantage of allowing nature to take her course is that it obviates thought. Men fear thought, says Bertrand Russell, as they fear nothing else on earth. There is no need to think, no need to take concrete action. Just sit and wait with folded hands. The second advantage is that if recovery arrives before matters have gone too far, the creditor class scores a neat victory on the debtor class, and transfers a very considerable additional slice of the national income to its own not inconsiderable share. When the banking structure began to wobble in 1931 it was fairly obvious that matters *had* gone too far. At the present time the creditor class, with its *principal* imperiled, probably stands to gain more by inflation than by further deflation. The third advantage is that marginal and inefficient business units are weeded out in a depression, leaving production in the hands of the more able business men. In view of the fact that one of the causes of the slump was the advanced state of technical progress, we should help the present situation not at all by clearing the decks for still greater production, advisable as this might be in a functional society. How far up the margin do you propose to go, Mr. Laughlin; how many businesses do you advise ruining; and how much more unemployment do you think it desirable to provoke? There is always the chance that the

"course of nature" in this particular attack of pneumonia is the ultimate death of the system. If it can be destroyed by too much inflation on the Lenin formula, it can as effectively be destroyed on the Laughlin-Goschen formula of deflation—pushed far enough.

V

The sovereign need at the present time is to put men to work. The troubles of creditors, the woes of banks, the griefs of stockholders are all subsidiary to, and dependent upon, a greater volume of employment.

How can the unemployed be put to work? By inaugurating a financial call for their services. (Some, to be sure, can be put to work by providing them with land on which to feed themselves; but this proposal, admirable as it may be, cannot be organized on a large enough scale to be of more than minor assistance in the present emergency.)

How can a financial call be made sufficiently mandatory? By creating new money and pumping it to strategic locations.

How can it be created, and where are the strategic locations? The state can create it, as it did in the War; the strategic location is in the hands of those who will spend it immediately for consumers' goods, and emphatically not in the vaults of banks or the pocket-books of large bondholders. We want primarily round dollars which will roll—to retailer, wholesaler, farmer, manufacturer; not square dollars under the Doric pillars of banks and trust companies. To date, square dollars have been the only output.

How can the state create money? The easiest way is to print it. Amid the quivering horror which arises from this plain statement, I hasten to add that there remain more seemly ways, if appearances must be preserved. The

government can issue bonds which may be deposited and notes (paper money) issued against them. The effect is the same, except that a more cumbersome machinery is necessary, and the government has to pay an interest charge. "Open market operations," whereby Federal Reserve Banks buy government bonds, tend toward a mild inflation. The issue of notes by Federal Reserve Banks, in exchange for government bonds deposited with them by member banks, does the same. Both these measures are now in operation but their effect has so far been small. Valuable at the beginning of a deflation, they now come too late. Stronger pumps are demanded.

In one way or another, preferably by use of the Federal Reserve System's credit, the government must stand ready to put at least five billion dollars in ultimate consumers' hands during the next few months. Such an amount in such a place has an excellent chance of definitely ending deflation.

Who shall get this money and why? The groupings most discussed at present are:

1. The unemployed—who shortly must have Federal assistance or thousands will starve to death. This is the dole, naked and unashamed.

2. The unemployed—who shall be employed by the government to construct necessary public works. This is a labor contract—thirty dollars a week, more or less, for useful work.

3. The veterans—who seek to convince politicians that the dangers they ran fifteen years ago entitle them to preferred consideration to-day. Many of the veterans, of course, are unemployed. The majority are not. It is safe to assume that a considerable fraction of the bonus would be saved by those employed, and so aid the pull of purchasing power not at all.

4. Government employees and sellers of supplies to the government. The

budget could be "balanced" by paying government expenses by an issue of currency. An alarmingly large fraction of this dispersal would not go to swell purchasing power. Government employees have jobs already, by definition, and sellers of supplies are not ultimate consumers as such.

All four methods add to purchasing power to a degree, but the first and second are more potent in this respect than the third, and far more potent than the fourth. Class two is the obvious choice. Here the government finances useful labor, not in competition with private business. Unemployed men are put to work which is far more gratifying to their self-respect than to be put upon a dole. With their first week's wages in hand, they can start to buy: food, boots, shirts, house rent, milk for the children. This demand goes echoing back through the corridors of industry until the remotest factory hears the sound. Presently more of the unemployed are finding new jobs in canneries, textile mills, house repairing, a hundred occupations. A nation hitherto paralyzed is beginning to use its magnificent industrial equipment to supply its wants. The paradox of slow starvation in the midst of plenty is resolved. Not resolved for all time, be it carefully observed, but for the moment liquidated. Only a managed currency supplemented with a trenchant program of economic planning, can provide a permanent remedy.

In a sense, this is not inflation at all; or, better, it is only technical inflation. New credit is advanced to finance new wealth. The United States, we proudly claim, is a government of the people. What is the people's credit for if not to finance the end of a people's misery and desolation? Mr. Hoover and his friends seem to regard government credit as private property to be doled out to bankers and railroad bondhold-

ers. The very mention of the people of America benefiting by their own credit, throws them into a paroxysm. "Better," I heard a banker say, "universal bankruptcy than one dollar of inflation." These brave boys on burning bridges may stand a moment too long. . . .

What is a people's credit for? When war is declared, credit is flung about like a drunken sailor's wages—twenty billions for the late unpleasantness in France. Why should it not be used to scotch a more sinister foe? The twenty billions were wasted. The five billions here proposed create tangible wealth; and at the same time stimulate industry, strengthen banks, and, best of all, enormously reduce unemployment. The most serious risks involved are apoplexies in leading citizens due to moral shock, and the quite remote possibility that the government will not have sense enough to cease issuing new money when industry is on its feet again. As all need for inflation will then have passed, only a lunatic would continue to throw unwanted currency about. Apoplexies we shall doubtless have—though many of us will strive to hold our tears; a wild and really dangerous inflation is almost inconceivable.

I follow those who propose accordingly, five billion dollars for financing public works, specifically highway construction. A certain amount will have to be devoted to the direct Federal relief of the unemployed for the interim period while constructive forces are building up.

I specify highways because I happen to have seen an exceedingly careful and detailed plan whereby 1,800,000 men can be put to work on the highways almost immediately with due regard for highway developments already blueprinted and on file; with due regard for State laws, seasonal conditions, available engineers, the character of

the unemployed as to their fitness for manual work, the proximity of the proposed work to the places where they are now living—or existing. Four billion dollars distributed over twelve months' time will keep them all at work and buy the necessary cement, steel, lumber, and other supplies, together with engineering supervision. A billion more will be demanded for direct relief. This plan, incidentally, was developed by a very able and public-spirited industrialist—nor is he in the cement business. I do not doubt that other good plans are available. This happens to be the most carefully prepared and statistically impressive plan which I have seen. It is a sample of what can be done when the public works idea is advanced from theory to blueprint. Mr. Morris L. Cooke, the distinguished Philadelphia engineer, given a competent staff, could doubtless work out an equally good program for rural electrification. An architects' committee could prepare a useful housing program on very short notice. Probably the attack should proceed on a number of main fronts.

Five billion dollars need not take us off the gold standard, unless possibly a panicky public, misunderstanding the nature

of our predicament, should lose its confidence in our national credit. We have about three billions of free gold in the country and about four billions of paper money tied thereto (gold certificates are not included). On a forty per cent coverage, we could issue 7.5 billions of currency, allowing a leeway of 3.5 billions above the present circulation. Foreign nations might not let us keep all the gold, but certainly a wide margin now exists. The stimulation which the program would give to industry might act quickly enough to make the full use of the margin unnecessary.

Even if we were forced off the gold standard, what of it? More apoplexies in Wall Street, and a greatly improved export trade. The gold standard is all very well when everybody is on it, but when nobody is on it but yourself and France it is a lonely and uncomfortable promontory. Our exports cannot stand the strain, as their pitiful drop in the past few months bears witness.

Whatever the technical method employed, bold and deliberate inflation is the way out of the immediate crisis. The *only* way out, in my opinion, unless God in his mercy swings us around the corner. I think that God is tired of the folly and shortsightedness of men.





BOCK BEER DAYS IN ST. LOUIS

BY LUCILLE KOHLER

IT WAS Easter Sunday morning, and my sister Hulda and I were dressed for Sunday school. Already we had found our hidden nests of colored eggs under clumps of grass on the front lawn. Now, with a clamor for nickels for the collection box, we wanted to be off to the place where we would hear how many eggs other little girls had found and help ourselves to such assorted mysteries of the day as the *Deutsche Evangelische Kirche* had to offer.

"Wait once," said mama. "Papa has been up since five o'clock making nests for you children. Now he should have his enjoyment, too. You have first time to go to the saloon and get him *bock beer*."

"Bock beer!"

How these words wove joy into our spirits, how they rang like music in our shining ears! Here was a point in the onward course of our childhood from which a few succeeding days would shoot like stars in the firmament. Here was an epoch!

We knew that while bock beer lasted the *eltern* would be gayer, kinder. We knew that while bock beer lasted pretzels would be free at all beer saloon counters, and patrons, moved to song, would grow hoarse in *saengerfests*. We knew that while bock beer lasted there would be many who would marry, some even for a second time; and second weddings were twice as much fun. We knew that with bock beer and pinochle the grown-ups would let the evenings

stretch and give us our fill of games and peanuts.

For bock beer was the dark and ripened beverage with which the breweries of old St. Louis hailed the Risen Lord and the end of the Lenten season. All the saloons had it on Easter morning.

Mama took a quart pail from the pantry shelf and filled it with cold water at the hydrant outside the kitchen door. When she had made sure the lid was tight down she went to her handbag.

"Only one beer chip left," she said as she shook up the change in the purse. "Here is a silver dollar." She turned to Hulda, for Hulda was the older. "Buy twenty-four chips from Herr Klein. We shall need that many while he has bock beer. Be sure you bring home twenty-three."

We took the bucket between us and started up the street. "Mind that you ask for bock beer and keep the water in till you get there so the vessel will stay cool," *mamachen* called after us.

In Hermann Klein's saloon Hulda and I stood on the rail and swung our bucket up to the counter. Here we could see well what was going on behind the bar.

Herr Klein, quite as tall as papa and with more waist, was busy hanging dozens of fresh pretzels from a bread basket onto a wooden rod. I nudged Hulda, my mouth watered so. Frau Klein, his wife, had made a border of Easter eggs around the back bar and

was now admiring them as they doubled themselves in the mirror.

"*Morgen, kinder,*" said Herr Klein.

"Bock beer," said Hulda.

"*Ach mein Je, mein Je!*" wailed the saloon-keeper as his hands went into the air. "It did not come this morning!"

Hulda bit her lip in silence. Then my foot slipped on the polished rail and I went down to the floor.

"For shame on you, Hermann Klein," cried the saloon-keeper's wife as she hurried to our side of the bar. "Always must you tease the children till they won't know how to take you." But the fall and her words were nothing to me, for as she brushed from my clothes the fresh sawdust in which I had lit, my hand was already reaching for the fat pretzel Herr Klein held over the counter.

Hulda had sidled down the bar toward the taproom. Suddenly her face grew bright as she pointed at the brass spigots over the drip pan.

"There you have bock beer!" she exclaimed.

"Where?" asked the saloon-keeper, still trying to be stupid.

"In that new tap," Hulda made known with triumph. "Other days you have but two taps and this morning there are three."

Herr Klein laughed heartily. He poured the water from our pail and handed her a pretzel. His hand was on the spigot, ready to release the magic stream, when Hindenburg stepped around the corner of the taproom and into the drip pan.

"Back again, you loafer!" shouted the saloon-keeper, shaking his fist. The large brown rooster paid no attention to such comment but dipped his beak deep into the drippings. Hulda and I screamed with joy, for we had heard much of the antics of this pet, when, on special occasions, he was permitted to drink from the beer pan.

"He acts like a Hessian this morn-

ing," laughed Herr Klein. "Already he has had one jag on. But what should I do when he finds bock beer? Lock him up?"

Hindenburg went on with his own affairs. His comb stood up red and crisp as he tossed his head back to swallow. When his drinking slackened he eyed my sister and me with contempt. Slowly his feathers rose. Then with a quick movement he flew at the red buttons on Hulda's new shoes. She raised her hands high, holding her pretzel above her head. Otherwise she did not budge.

Herr Klein seized the rooster and buckled down his wings.

"Where you think you are, mister, in the hen yard?" he scolded. "Here you act like a gentleman or out of my saloon you go."

The rooster lowered his tail. When Herr Klein put him on the floor again he remained quite cowed.

"Now march, I tell you, march," the saloon-keeper commanded. The order was repeated several times, "Von, two. Von, two." Hindenburg puffed out his feathers once more. He blinked as if to make sure of things and then raised one foot drowsily and held it under his body. When he set it down the toes were stiff and wide apart. The other foot went up, then down the same way.

Hulda and I laughed until our sides ached. Hindenburg was marching!

"That's just like I used to march in the guard back in Baden," said Herr Klein proudly. "I taught him. See how well he does it on bock beer?"

This reminded us that papa and Sunday school were waiting, so we asked for our pail. Herr Klein touched the spigot again, and the dark, mellow scud flowed gently into the bucket.

"Ja, ja," breathed the saloon-keeper as though watching the foamy stream were reward enough for his exertion. "There is no beer like bock beer. Not even what the Kaiser

drinks. And nobody should know that better than me, Hermann Klein." How he chuckled. "Was it not some of my regiment stole the Kaiser's beer once and drank it in the Schwarzwald!" he added.

We were only two little girls in bob-tailed dresses, but we hurried toward home as though on us empires were waiting. Papa would have his Easter morning beer without any of the foam lost. But such was not to be. In our haste one of Hulda's supporters broke. This stopped us abruptly.

We set the pail down on the sidewalk, and while Hulda was fixing, I lifted the lid and peeped in.

"How dark it is," I ventured. "Do you think papa would mind if we tasted?" With everyday beer I should not have dared this suggestion to Hulda, who was always custodian. To-day was different, and Hulda did not know what to say. After she had peeped she looked at me solemnly.

"You may taste if you will stop when I pinch," she instructed. I raised the pail, and after one full gulp Hulda tweaked the flesh of my arm.

"Um, good!" I answered. "Now you taste and I'll pinch."

Hulda had had her lips to the brim long enough, and just as I made ready to pinch, an intervening hand reached for the bucket.

"So here you are, your noses in your papa's beer."

"Bock beer," said Hulda, releasing the pail and looking up for mercy.

There stood Professor Dietrich, who gave us our music lessons.

"Bock beer?" he repeated. Without saying more he looked into the pail, blew back the foam, and drank. My sister stared in horror as she watched the point in his thin neck move up and down many times.

Pinch him, pinch him, I gestured at her frantically, but all she could do was stare.

Our agony seemed unending, and then the professor made the aspirate sound of satisfaction. He reached for the lid and clapped it back on the pail.

"Tell papa he is a lucky man. Easter and two fine girls to bring him bock beer while he sits at home in his slippers." The professor patted my cheek and hurried on.

Hulda's eyes were filled with tears and her lips quivered as we stood before papa in his great chair. When I saw her sorrow a sudden eagerness to snatch the burden from her loosened my tongue.

"Papa," I said, "Hulda and I only tasted, but Professor Dietrich swallowed much of your beer."

"What!" papa exclaimed, leaning forward and weighing the bucket. "Dietrich drank of my beer? Has the man no honor? First he teaches my children to doodle on the piano and ruins my peace at home and then he waits for Easter to steal my bock beer!" Here papa stopped to take a long drink himself.

Mamachen hurried in from the kitchen.

"Ah, I have it," papa went on from behind the pail. "I will make him pay. Mama and I will go over there this afternoon. The Schmidts will go, too, and the Rahrs. He shall play for us, play all the music I have needed since Christmas.

"And you two tasters," papa added, winking at mama, "practice your scales while we are away, and maybe to-night it will give games and something sweet."

Because there was no school on Easter Monday, we were allowed to attend an afternoon performance at the Lyric Theater with other children in the neighborhood.

Hans Knabe, Marta Jaeger, and Carl Kunz stood wide-eyed in our kitchen while mamachen explained the play we were to see, "Uncle Tom's

Cabin," as it said in the papers. "A woman crosses a river filled with chunks of ice with a young child in her arms," mama was saying. "The woman must pick her way with care, yet she must hurry, for men and police dogs are after her. There is a little girl in the play about Hulda's size. She is called Little Eva. Watch it carefully and learn, for there are those who say this play had much to do with the Civil War."

With mention of the Civil War we were anxious to be off, for that we knew all about. Had not General Carl Schurz won it!

A block from the theater Hans, who was oldest, collected our dimes so he might buy all the tickets. "The window is high," he said.

In the lobby we found many of our schoolmates. It was like Saturday morning at Turnverein Hall. Large pictures of greatly colored scenes from the play stood in easels and hung on the walls.

"See, they are all about Little Eva," cried Marta. Sure enough, in each scene a little girl with yellow hair was right in the middle of things. This seemed odd to us who so often heard our *eltern* say that children's place was to be seen when needed and heard when called upon.

"But look," said Hulda, solver of all perplexities, "in the end she goes to heaven. They let her be the whole show because she was going to die."

We found our seats in the dark balcony, and miles away on a stage not too well lighted the play was on. Hulda and Marta and I were moved almost to jealous tears by the splendid acting of the full-voiced Little Eva.

Then the curtain went down on the second act and Little Eva came right into our midst to sell her picture. Here was end to illusion.

"*Ach mein Herr Gott!* look at her," groaned a woman in the row ahead of us.

"As big as Hulda! She's as big as a brewery horse," whispered Hans.

The play went on, but without its audience. Little Eva had thrown herself away. The last act took her to heaven without a quiver of sorrow going with her from our hearts. Dressed as an angel, she stood on her perch beckoning to Uncle Tom, who remained below. The curtain fell. Quickly it went up again, and down. There was no sound but the bump of the curtain pole hitting the stage.

Up. Something then happened that made the playhouse rock with clapping and shouts. The actor had taken off his wig and was wiping his head with a handkerchief. In his other hand was a large tin pail.

"Eva, Eva," he called. "For God's sake come back and get me bock beer!"

A stepladder was shoved from the wings, and Little Eva climbed down, took the pail, and fled.

An early season of warm weather followed Easter and the advent of bock beer. This meant added pleasures, for after supper until dark we might follow a Little German Band from beer saloon to beer saloon in our neighborhood, listen to the singing, and reap pretzels and soda water. With the *eliern* we attended charivaris, pinochle and *klatsch* fests, a concert at Liederkrantz Hall, and never did we see our beds before nine, even ten, o'clock.

Then came the day when the bung went out of the last keg of this melowed brew at Hermann Klein's saloon. The breweries had sent out warning that bock beer was near the end of its season, and Herr Klein made his ritual.

The first twelve steins he gave away with flourishes that frightened Hindenburg out of the drip pan. Then he put out a steaming lunch that was the end of two days' cooking for Frau Klein. He hired the Little German Band for all afternoon and evening and

himself led the singing of all the slattern verses of "*Ja, Das Ist Ein Schnitzelbank*," so Uncle Heinrich explained to papa that evening as together they left for the pinochle contest that was to end Herr Klein's festivities.

All the men in the neighborhood had gone to the saloon but Hans' papa. Herr Knabe was getting along in years and his rheumatism gave him no peace.

Out of doors we children shouted and played with all our might. Marta skinned her knee, and Hans tore his pants in a game of "touchings." He tried to make out that this worried him, but we knew better, for he was fourteen and all winter long had been bragging about the long pants he soon would wear. Then came a long, low whistle from the Knabe porch. We knew what that meant. Hans would be sent for bock beer, and we would all go along, we agreed. We saw Herr Knabe hand his son the pail and chip.

On the way Hans showed us how he could swing the pail around, lid off, and not spill any of the water it held. How we admired him. At the saloon he went in alone, for all of us tracking through might disturb the men at their card playing. We stopped for drinks at the pump in Herr Klein's yard and then started down the street again. We had not gone far when a tall, shambling boy, already in long trousers, passed us.

"See the Dutchies rushing the growler," he remarked slightly.

Hans reached out to cuff him, but the boy dodged and took to his heels.

"Take this," Hans shouted at Hulda and me, thrusting his papa's beer pail at us.

Before we knew what to make of it all we saw Hans was chasing. Marta and Carl followed, then Hulda and I, holding tight to Herr Knabe's bucket. Past the saloon once more we tugged. Two blocks melted behind us. Ahead

we could see that Hans was gaining on the miserable one. They turned a corner. Faster we ran.

"Watch out, the beer is slopping," screamed Hulda.

Carl took my place on the handle, and we reached the corner.

"Hans has him!"

No, the boy had broken away and was cutting across an empty lot. Farther and farther we ran, losing sight of the chase now and then but always finding it again. Dusk was coming on when the boy turned abruptly down an alley. Our breath was giving out and we were frightened, but we must follow.

The turn into the alley was the end of our run, for there was the boy sprawled on the ground and Hans on top, pommeling.

"When you have enough, say so," we heard Hans shout, and we shouted too.

But the return home was long and silent. What would our folks say? What would Herr Knabe say? Apprehension took the soul out of victory. Hans was breathing hard and was tired. Hulda and Carl still carried the bock beer. This, at least, was homage.

Suddenly Hans stopped us.

"Listen, all you," he ordered. We listened.

"Don't one of you dare tell papa I got in a fight. Did you hear?" We heard.

"Cross your hearts and say, '*Soll niemand es wissen als Jesus allein.*'"

We crossed our hearts and repeated, "*Soll niemand es wissen als Jesus allein.*"

A block from home Haus took the pail. Herr Knabe was pacing up and down on his front porch groaning with his rheumatism and worry.

"Hans, Hans, my boy, where have you been?" he cried. "My bock beer! The last night I may ever have it! Let me see!"

Hans walked up with the pail. The rest of us stood back.

Herr Knabe lifted the lid, nervously. "No foam," he shouted. "Flat! All flat."

Frau Knabe, hearing the commotion, hurried to the door with troubled face. "What is it, papa?" she cried. "Is Hans run over?"

"Run over!" he moaned with contempt. "Such a boy like ours would never get run over. The last night of bock beer, and he lets mine go stale. Look, mama, no foam."

"Wait," said Frau Knabe. In a flash she returned with another bucket. Herr Knabe held the two pails and poured the beer back and forth from one to the other in an effort to work life and foam back into it.

"That the Good Man in heaven should give me such a son!" the old man went on. "Have I not always told you to go by yourself to the saloon to make you hurry?"

Hans stood back silent and sullen.

"To think I can't even trust my own son to get my bock beer when I myself can't get around." Herr Knabe was now sad.

At this what we would have last expected happened. Hans was crying. And because it seemed strange to us that big Hans should be whimpering, we all slipped away.

It took the passing of a half decade before Herr Knabe was to learn why his bock beer went stale that night. Hans had left high school to go to France to fight for America in the Great War. The old man turned feeble over night. Always he called for Hulda, now half-grown, to come over and sit by his chair and tell him about the little boy "Hansie" used to be.

One day when Herr Knabe was lower in spirits than ever before, Hulda uncrossed her heart and told him of that evening in bock beer time when we skimmed over city streets and alleys to follow Hans, who must avenge an insult.

That same afternoon mama called Hulda and me to the front window. She could not conceal her astonishment. "Can I believe my eyes?" she said. "There goes Herr Knabe up the street on his cane. Why, he hasn't been out of his chair for six months!"

Sure enough, there went our old neighbor doddering up the street. Later we learned that he could not contain himself after Hulda's story. He must go himself to the saloon, where he had not been for years, and tell it. Tell how his bock beer got flat because his Hansie, now fighting for America across the waters, had smashed a smart aleck's nose for insulting a good old German custom!

From then on Hulda must take time each morning to go over the whole story with him again and each afternoon he trusted his cane to get him to the saloon to repeat it to anyone who would listen. When there was no other audience he would call for Hindenburg, and the aged rooster, with eyes half closed, stood at the old man's feet and heard.

The time never came for Herr Knabe when he could not tell his story in Hermann Klein's saloon. He was carried to his grave two months before Herr Klein was forced to sell his fixtures and cancel his lease, and with Frau Klein and Hindenburg moved up to Canada.



LAND!

AN ANSWER TO THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

BY JOHN CROWE RANSOM

HUMANITARIANS are much concerned with relieving the unemployed, in the sense of finding money and handing it to them to live on. That is the least we can do for them at the moment. But economists are concerned with restoring them to livelihood and making it unnecessary to resort to philanthropic drives for their relief. More employment for the unemployed, less employment for the humanitarians.

Let us conceive the economic problem of our society in its simplest sense as an occupational problem: how to find occupation for those who have none and how to find remunerative occupation for those whose occupation has become only a formal or waiting one. The chief desideratum of any political economy at this moment is to assign a really economic function to every member of the economic society.

We are an overproductive society. Our productive plant on its capital side is overbuilt and has too many owners to support, and on the side of working personnel it is overmanned and has too many employees to support. I do not mean necessarily that our overproduction is an absolute one, a production of more goods than people need or more goods than people will some day, under happier conditions, be able to buy. But it is an effective one, since we evidently produce more goods than we can make the money to buy!

How this paradoxical situation can be is a puzzle, and I shall not waste a moment in offering my analysis when the best economists are not agreed in theirs. I shall only suggest that one occupation is quite available for those of us who need it, and that, in fact, it is where we are least likely to look for it, or right under our noses.

Before naming it precisely, I should like to ask the question, From where did all these superfluous men, now squeezed out of their nominal occupations, originally come? The number of them is large, but they are the excess of workers in a plant that is huge. This plant produced in 1928, the last full year of our prosperity, something like five times as much as its nearest competitor. It had expanded to these proportions rather rapidly, making tremendous drafts as it did so upon a manpower somewhere that it needed for operation. It recruited from several different sources. There was first of all the "natural increase" in the given industrial population. But this was far behind the rate of increase which the expanding plant demanded. There was immigration, which recruited from European populations on a very large scale. Even so, the immigrants who entered the American labor market were not, after a certain point, the chief source of supply and, as a matter of fact, they finally ceased to be needed at all. After the World

War we legislated immigration nearly out of existence. Already we were feeling crowded, and the problem of occupation was presenting itself. Another accession of personnel was that made by the negro. In increasing numbers the negroes left the South and entered the industrial occupations of the East and Middle West. They made a considerable item.

But the chief source of manpower for our scheme of production was unquestionably the native American population that had been living quietly and a little bit primitively on the farms. The accession made by the negroes belongs really under this head, for they came out of country life. It was because the old-fashioned farmers of America went industrial, and migrated in a steady stream to the towns, that the capitalistic community was finally swamped beneath a personnel greater than it could assimilate to its economy. That, I think, is a fact worth pondering when we study the grievous failure of occupation to-day.

In theory the farmers were well within logic in making the move. It promised to increase their own personal fortunes and, incidentally, the wealth of the nation at large. Industry is more productive than old-fashioned farming. But unfortunately it sometimes proves too productive; it steps up production faster than it can develop its market. Capitalistic society has not learned how to operate its productive plant smoothly, but is subject to dislocations and stoppages that cost the economic lives of many of its members. The old-fashioned farmers in joining this society were gambling a secure if modest living against a precarious prospect of wealth, and for some of them it now definitely turns out to have been a poor gamble. There was room in the productive plant for some of them, but not for all who crowded into it. They taxed its ac-

commodations, and presently it broke down under the strain.

But let bygones be bygones. The question is, What will these unwanted industrialists do next?

II

It is only on its present scale, of course, that the occupational problem is a new one. It used to be easy for the man whose occupation failed him to fall back upon another one which made all comers welcome and which he could reasonably count upon to support him. What was the admirable occupation which was always ready in this manner to save the economic society from its own mistakes? Nothing more or less than agriculture—the common occupation, or the staple one, even in a society which had developed many; and by long odds the most reliable one, or the stable one.

Let us imagine the old-fashioned country community of size enough to make a fairly self-contained economic unit. The bulk of its population consisted of farmers, who took their necessities from the land for immediate use. They found it too laborious, however, to practice a perfect self-sufficiency, and so they developed a capital city, or a county town, to which they sold some of their produce, and from which in turn they bought the services necessary to complement their own labors. We speak of self-sufficient farmers, but we must understand that never in American history, at least since the earliest pioneer days, have the farmers been entirely self-sufficient. Nobody wanted them to be. In addition to feeding themselves, they had to feed the business and professional populations of the towns. They made the staples of their own living, but they made some money crops besides and sold them. They took their stuff to town, and with the proceeds of sale

they secured their law and government, their professional needs, their tools and machine-made articles, the sugar and coffee and spices or other primary products which they could not take from their own soil; and they even made transactions with one another in the native products of the region. Some of these services had to come, of course, from larger towns elsewhere and from remote countries, and implied the national and international economic order, which was a money order. But the national and international order was fairly subordinate to the agrarian or community order in that the main reliance of the citizens was upon their own home-made products; and in a pinch they could manage with these alone.

Suppose now that a bright farmer felt it to his taste to stop farming and set up as a merchant in the town. He would be abandoning his self-sufficiency in favor of an economy in which he must live by trade and patronage rather than by the direct fruit of his labors; he would become a social creature rather than an independent. But the town with its friendly human relations was not foreign to him altogether. He was throwing himself upon the mercy of a small homely society, not a great impersonal one. Nevertheless, the town might not really need another merchant; in which case he would struggle for a time, doing damage meanwhile to the other merchants, but eventually might have to admit failure and give up his business. Where would he go? There is no doubt that the community would expect him, and if necessary assist him, to go back to farming; and the land, when the prodigal returned to it, would be as kind as if he had never left it. So far as America is concerned, there always was land enough for him to till; there was no such problem as overpopulation. The sons of the landed aristocrats, who were sometimes numerous, might not

inherit as much land as they wanted, and some of them were rather expected to go into business and the professions. But when they failed they could always return to the land in some sort of capacity. They could go to the frontier and take up large areas of free or cheap land if they felt so ambitious; but it was not necessary to feel too sorry for them if they went home into a humbler status. Many professional men played both ends of the economic game, and did not know whether they were professional men and, therefore, retainers of society, or independent planters. The commonest kind of intuition, reinforced by the voice of tradition, told them they had better not get too far from the land. It was a landed community.

The country towns of an older generation—the English used to refer to them very accurately as “market” towns—have changed beyond knowing, which is to say that they have about vanished from the American scene, the casualty of a great economic “advance.” The farmer who now goes to town to start in business does not set up his own store so often as he accepts employment with a national chain or a big concern whose business is national though its plant may be situated in the town. Big business has succeeded little business, and the town is caught up into the cycle of the national economy, prospering as it prospers and going down when it has a depression. It has scarcely any control over its own economic life. It is only an outpost of empire. And no farmer moving to town to-day will be making himself a member of a kindly, independent, and shock-proof society. He will fail in business when everybody is failing, and the day when the failures came one at a time and could be absorbed by the community has gone perhaps forever. Let us not take the time to mourn for the lost town.

But the land is with us still, as patient and nearly as capable as ever. This brings us to the query: Why is not the land perfectly available to-day for its ancient use as a refuge individually for those who have failed in the business economy, when such a refuge is needed as never before?

III

It is still available. That is the answer, though nobody is prepared to believe it. We no longer think kindly of the land when we think as economists, and we would look almost anywhere else first for our economic salvation. That is because we have seen the landed life in our time degraded and its incomparable economic advantage disused and nearly forgotten.

There is just one thing that town men know for certain about the contemporary farmer: that he has the most underpaid occupation in our whole society. The farm owners stagger under mortgages and produce crops often in spite of the fact that the prices they receive will not pay the cost of production. Their employees are lower than the robots of the cheapest factories in the wage scale, lower than the women in the sweatshops. But behind this condition is a price of ruinous economic folly.

The American farmers in "going productive" did a thorough job of it; they went in more senses than one. Some of them, as we have seen, made a clean break with the land and went into the factories and offices of the towns. But even those who stayed at home ceased to farm in the old self-subsistent way, by which they had made a living first and a money crop second; now they began to devote themselves exclusively to their money crops, expecting to take the money and buy themselves a better living out of the stores than they could have made

with their own hands. Think of farmers buying hams and bacon, garden stuff, eggs and butter, jams and pickles and preserves, and labor to whitewash their fences, prop up their porches, and prettify their lawns! Townspeople have always bought such things, but it is a novelty for farmers. Nothing less than an economic revolution swept over the American farms. It consisted in the substitution of the capitalistic or money economy for the self-subsistent or agrarian economy. The change, like the migration to town, required a period rather than a single date; it was under way when the War began and it was virtually complete when the world settled down to peace.

The capitalistic, or money economy, is "efficient" on the farm as it is in the factory. It implies specialization of function rather than the completeness and independence of the individual, each function contributing to the whole and taking its remuneration in money. When applied to farming, it assigns to each piece of land its special use, equips its farmer with the best tools to work it regardless of expense, and expects him to devote himself with perfect concentration to obtaining maximum output in the specified product. If a nation is rather short in its supply of land, capitalistic farming will make the most of what there is, and old-fashioned agrarian farming cannot be tolerated because it is wasteful. The old farmer, whose object was first of all to supply himself, and only then to cater to a market, was a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, like some strange producer who had elected to run a one-man factory, and consumed his own production. That is not the scientific or modern theory of business, which means essentially big business, and is based on the willingness of everybody to forego producing his own independent living and to produce something strictly

to sell to others, even at the risk of disaster when his particular product cannot be sold. The difference in efficiency between the two economies on the land is such that the following is scarcely an exaggeration of facts already exhibited: the same land might support a million self-subsistent farmers, or it might support a society of twice the number if farmed properly for money, and yet require only five hundred thousand of them to live and work on the land, leaving the other million and a half to perform the more industrial functions in the towns; and the latter society would be not only richer in the aggregate, but richer in per capita wealth. That is a familiar type of argument and lies either as an intuition or as an open theory behind our whole capitalistic development.

But it would be miraculous if every new member of the capitalistic society should fly unerringly to his proper economic station and live there and prosper forever. There are a great many mistakes made in assigning the occupations in so intricate a society, and a great many persons get hurt. The ex-farmers who went to town know all about that. But what happens now to the farm population that is left, reduced though it may be, when it repudiates the old way of farming for independence and security and applies the money economy finally, and rigorously, to the land itself?

Farming exhibits now a greater percentage of failures, or a greater excess of personnel, than any other large American occupation. Farmers are not able to go to the stores with money jingling in their pockets to buy freely of the comforts and decencies of life. Their houses are tumbling down in a manner which would have mortified their grandfathers, because with all their money-cropping they have not made the money to hire the carpenter and the painter. They furnish their

tables in a style quite unworthy of the tradition of farmers' plenty. They worry themselves to death over their unhappy relations with the bank or the loan company that holds the mortgage, and the hardware firm that equipped the farm with modern machinery. And all this was true in 1928 as well as in 1931. Ever since the farmers became money-makers they have had nothing but unsuccess. We were reading about the farmer's sufferings long before the papers began to fill up with news of a depression for everybody. The farmers have complained of their situation, naturally, and loudly, and there is plenty of sympathy for them, or was at least before everybody had troubles of his own. But every reform movement which they advocate, or which their economist patrons advocate for them, is only another artificial and privileged way to make more money than they can possibly make under the natural operation of economic laws.

There is a simple reason why farming as money-making, or as an industry conceived in terms of capital and income, cannot flourish in America. This industry is overcapitalized and overproductive from the beginning; all the tillable land is its capital, and its productive capacity is two or three times greater than its market. Under these circumstances an excess of farm products, and therefore an excess of farmers, is not the exception but the rule.

The capitalistic doctrine, nevertheless, swept all before it in America, including at last the farmers. It was perhaps not so strange if farmers grew envious of the quick wealth it created, tired of their home-made security, and trekked in ever larger numbers to the city; or even if, where they stayed on the land, they applied to it at last the capitalistic technic and farmed it exclusively for money. But it was also

not strange if, when they had made a capital instrument out of their land, they found it so unprofitable that their migration cityward was accelerated; economic compulsion was behind that. Almost any other occupation looked better than farming to the amateur capitalistic economist.

IV

At this moment, however, an alteration has come over the economic landscape. The money-making farmers, who are making no money, are looking as usual at the other occupations to see if there is no room for them somewhere else, while the other occupations are looking back at the farmer and wondering if there is really no chance on the farm, with neither party finding the slightest ground for encouragement. There is no migration from the farm to the city because the city has no more occupation to spare. And there is little enough migration in the opposite sense; yet there is a little. Some eccentric persons move to the country to escape from an overcompetitive society and make a primitive living in comparative peace. More important than that, proposals are heard now and again in America for the relief of some local unemployment by colonizing the unemployed on the nearest unoccupied land; precisely the thing which the Austrian government is said to be doing, and some of the unemployment committees of the German municipalities, though land is rather scarce in Germany.

In just such a movement as this lies, I think, our readiest and surest economic deliverance provided we will conceive it on a large scale and work it hard. We shall not be making much use of it so long as we think of it as a make-shift measure which for the time being will furnish the needy with some wretched and uncomfortable sort of

subsistence that is better than starvation. I am afraid that it is felt that a man reduced to raising his own potatoes and chickens has about the rating of the cow turned out to pasture; which is rather ridiculous considering the generations of men who, till quite recently in the world's history, lived in what they often regarded as comfort and dignity on the soil without the use of a great deal of money for purchasing goods upon the market.

We have unsuccessful men of business to-day, but we have always had them. We have more of them, for reasons not subject to their determination; but that does not matter. Such men used to go back and be reabsorbed in the landed occupation they had come from. It is precisely what they should do to-day. It is hard to say why they do not, in numbers sufficient to make a movement, except that they, and we who might be helping them, now understand the landed occupation in an improper sense. But that misunderstanding, though it is general, can be remedied.

I venture to suggest to the patriots and economists that they try to re-establish self-sufficiency as the proper economy for the American farm, and thus save the present farmers; and at the same time try to get back into this economy as many as possible of the derelicts of the capitalistic economy who are now stranded in the city. I suggest an agrarian agitation, sponsored by people who may speak with authority, and leading to action on the part of people who are already on the land or who may return there.

V

I have defined a general proposition briefly, and I shall add only a few remarks in detail. But I mean economic remarks strictly. It is tempting to write like a poet, philosopher, or hu-

manist about the æsthetic and spiritual deliverance that will come when the industrial laborers with their specialized and routine jobs and the business men with their offices and abstract preoccupations become translated into people handling the soil with their fingers and coming into direct contact with nature. There are virtues special to the landed life that will always appeal powerfully to certain temperaments. But there is enough merit in an agrarian movement if it will perform the pure economic service of restoring the superfluous men to livelihood.

I remark first that the new agrarian farmers will be the most innocent and esteemed members of the economic society because they alone will not injure one another through crowding and competition. If there is land for all, they cut nobody's throat by farming it in this way; and in America there is land for all. Any man who temperamentally cannot bear to hurt his needy neighbor by holding on to his own economic function had better take to the agrarian way of living, and any political economist who deplores the inevitable inhumanity of the competitive scramble at such times as these might well approve a movement which is capable of enlisting an indefinite fraction of the excessive productive personnel and planting it in an economy which is not essentially competitive.

VI

We shall always have a capitalistic, or money-making, community, herding for the most part in cities, even though this fraction of the population may be due for a permanent reduction. The members of this community will attend to their respective specialties, and they will have to buy food and farm stuffs, which means that in the future, as in the past, the farmers will sell their country wares in the city and buy

capitalistic products with the money. In other words, whether farmers are on the capitalistic or the agrarian basis, they will sell produce and make money. But probably they will be able to sell about the same amount of stuff one way as the other. Though they turn and spend all their time on their money crops, they do not as a class sell any more, as the event has abundantly proved. This is a fact for farmers to ponder both individually and collectively.

Nearly every economist in prescribing for the present distress of farmers feels obliged to advise that they reduce their acreage and cut down a production which is always an overproduction. Both experience and logic would suggest that this advice is thrown away; it cannot be taken so long as farming is conducted for money alone. You cannot ask some of them to go out of business and commit economic suicide in order that the others may prosper. The only way to reduce production is to get them to do something else instead which it would pay them to do. This something else, according to an agrarian theory, is the business of supplying just as much of their own living as they reasonably can. It is an undertaking that would be progressive as they learned to secure new articles of food and new conveniences of living of the homemade kind. Having this sort of occupation in the first place, the individual farmer would reduce the volume of his market production with advantage to himself; and in the degree that the agrarian doctrine spread there would be just that cut in national farm production which the economists covet.

A better job of agrarianism ought to be done to-day than formerly, because the technic both of farming and of living has advanced. I am not content to use the "argument from our grandfathers" which is to the effect that if our grandfathers could wrest their

living from the soil, so can we. We should improve on them. To go agrarian may yet become for many people the regular alternative to starvation, but it will scarcely arouse enthusiasm if it means that they must live like primitives, or frontiersmen, or even grandfathers.

The difference lies in the advance of the industrial revolution, and the almost universal distribution of its benefits. Most occupations are less laborious because of new machines and processes, and domestic life is furnished with new conveniences. There is no reason why the farmer should not take some advantage of the improvement. It is true that modern equipment for his farm and his house will hardly consist in articles which can be homemade; they are the products strictly of capitalistic industry, and cost money; and the agrarian farmer will always have less money at his disposal than a man of equal intelligence and zeal in some capitalistic occupation. The commodities that the farmer will want to purchase are such as electricity and water supply, truck and pleasure car, radio, modern farm machinery. It would be arbitrary to say in advance that all of these commodities are out of his reach. It is only necessary to say that he must go slowly, not expect to get everything at once, do without any item that he cannot afford, and *try to keep out of debt*. Indebtedness for indiscreet purchases of modern products has doubtless been the ruin of as many farmers as the deliberate adoption of revolutionary farming theory. When a farmer is deeply in debt he is obliged, no matter what his theory of farming may be, to think about increasing his money crops in order to pay out and keep the title to his land; though the likelihood is that he will thereby lose it.

Mr. Ford is an indefatigable amateur

economist as well as a master professional capitalist. He has expressed himself about the farm problem, as all economists do sooner or later, and his proposition is that the farmers may expect to prosper when they not only raise their crops in the growing seasons, but work in factories in the winter. It is a good proposition to lay down as a basis of discussion, and I shall compare it briefly with the agrarian proposal.

It implies in the first place that a farmer's crops do not give him a year-round occupation, and do not afford him a sufficient income. Mr. Ford is thinking of money farmers, and for that kind of farmers the point must be granted. He would supplement their farming with industrial occupation in the hope that by having two alternating occupations they could be fully occupied and in receipt of an appropriate income.

The proposal that farmers go agrarian contains a similar implication. They do their money crops very well indeed, and it is hard work while it lasts, but it leaves them with insufficient income to go through the winter on. But if the farmer does not stop with his money crop, or does not even start there, but produces whatever he can for his own consumption, winter consumption included—if he is his own carpenter, painter, roadmaker, forester, meat packer, woodcutter, gardener, landscape gardener, nurseryman, dairyman, poulterer, and handy man—then he has a fair-sized man's job on his hands which will occupy him sufficiently at all seasons. His hard work will come in the spring and summer, but if his work slackens after that, no confirmed lover of nature will begrudge him a little leisure time for hunting, fishing, and plain country meditation. Though his factory occupation might bring in a revenue equal or even superior to buying those services which he would otherwise supply with his

hands directly, it would present the objection that it would be altogether different from his normal occupation and possibly distasteful. He would be partly a farmer and partly an industrialist, which would seem to be tending to an unnatural disintegration of his personality.

But the conclusive argument against the Ford farm plan is that it does not relieve but aggravates the present economic situation, of which the distressing feature is unemployment due to overproduction. In what factories would the farmers elect to labor? Hardly in the Ford factories, for Mr. Ford is periodically obliged, like other owners, to lay off a great many of his own men. An agrarian movement would aim not only at providing for the farmers without increasing their production or decreasing their number, but even at taking superfluous or unemployed men out of the industrial community and off the consciences of their former employers. Mr. Ford would save the farmers only at the expense of his own or somebody's factory employees, but an agrarian plan would expect to save the farmers and the Ford employees too.

A last remark—about America and her future. Is there no relation between the economic destiny of these States and their peculiar natural resources? We have a large population, but an area more than large enough for it, and well blessed in soil and climate. The acreage in fact is excessive if we intend to put it to work producing foodstuffs and

raw materials scientifically and capitalistically like a factory; on that basis the country population which tends to be overproductive and the victim of insufficient occupation in the strictest economic sense. But nothing could be more absurd to the bird's-eye view of some old-fashioned economic realist than the phenomenon of men actually sitting down to unemployment in the country; though he might expect some unemployment in the cities, which have grown like mushrooms. What, then, is our land good for? Is it for picnics and camping parties, is it for scenery? Is it for Boy Scouts to play on? It used to be thought good for homes. Unfit for intensive money-making, because of its very excellence and abundance, it is ideal for homemaking. That happens to be the very thought which inspired the fathers to found the colonies, then the Union, then one by one the successive new States. It is remarkable that an admirable and obvious thought like that should ever have slipped out of our notice, but it will be as good as ever if we will entertain it again. There is nothing the matter with it. Perhaps we shall like it better when we set it beside the thought that not all the nations have such a brilliant opportunity as we do. In Britain, for example, they cannot afford agrarianism; they have not the land to provide homes for all that need them; and I, and most people, are sorry. In America we may realize an economic destiny more secure than has generally been allotted to the peoples of this earth.



GAL YOUNG UN

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

PART II

BY MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

A WARM winter rain thrummed on the roof. The light rush of water sank muffled into the moss that padded the shingles. The sharpest sound was a gurgling in the gutter over the rain-barrel. There had been no visible rising of the sun. Only the gray daylight had protracted itself, so that it was no longer dawn, but day. Matt sat close to the kitchen stove, her bulk shadowy in the dimness. Now and then she opened the door of the fire-box to push in a stick of pine, and the light of the flames flickered over her drawn face.

She could not tell how much of the night she had sat crouched by the range. She had lain long hours un-sleeping, while Trax breathed regularly beside her. When the rain began, she left the bed and dressed by the fresh-kindled fire. The heat did not warm her. Her mouth was dry; yet every few minutes an uncontrollable chill shook her body. It would be easy to walk up the unused stairs, down the dusty hall to the back room with the rough pine bed in it, to open the door and look in, to see if anyone was there. Yet if she continued to sit by the fire, moving back the coffee pot when it boiled, surely Trax would come to the kitchen alone, and she would know that yesterday no woman had come home with him. Through the long days her distraught mind had been

busy with imaginings. They might easily have materialized, for a moment, in a painted girl, small and very young, in blue kid slippers.

Trax was moving about. She put the frying pan on the stove, sliced bacon into it, stirred up cornmeal into a pone with soda and salt and water. Trax called someone. He came into the kitchen, warmed his hands at the stove. He poured water into the wash basin and soused his face in it. Matt set the coffee pot on the table. The girl pushed open the door a little way and came through. She came to the table uncertainly as though she expected to be ordered away. Matt did not speak.

Trax said, "How's my gal?"

The girl brought her wide eyes to him and took a few steps to his chair.

"Where your shoes, honey?"

She looked down at her stockinged feet.

"I gotta be keerful of 'em."

He laughed indulgently.

"You kin have more when them's gone. Matt, give the young un some-thin' to eat."

The thought struck the woman like the warning whir of a rattler that if she looked at the girl in this moment she would be compelled to lift her in her hands and drop her like a scorpion on the hot stove. She thought, "I cain't do sich as that." She kept her

back turned until the impulse passed and she could control her trembling. Her body was of metal and wood. It moved of itself, in jerks. A stiff wooden head creaked above a frame so heavy it seemed immovable. Her stomach weighed her down. Her ample breasts hurt her ribs, as though they were of lead. She thought, "I got to settle this now."

She said aloud slowly, "I'll not wait on her, nor no other woman."

The girl twisted one foot over the other.

She said, "I ain't hungry."

Trax stood up. His mouth was thin. He said to Matt, "You'll wait on her, old lady, or you'll git along without my comp'ny."

She thought, "I got to settle it. I got to say it."

But she could not speak.

The girl repeated eagerly, "I ain't a bit hungry."

Trax picked up a plate from the table. He held it out to his wife.

She thought, "Anyway, cornbread an' bacon's got nothin' to do with it."

She dished out meat and bread. Trax held out a cup. She filled it with coffee. The man sat down complacently. The girl sat beside him and pecked at the food. Her eyes were lowered. Between mouthfuls, she twisted her fingers in her lap or leaned over to inspect her unshod feet.

Matt thought, "Remindin' me."

The paint had been rubbed from the round face. The hair was yellow, like allamanda blooms. The artificial curls that had protruded from the pert hat had flattened out during the damp night, and hung in loose waves on the slim neck. She wore the blue silk dress in which she had arrived.

Trax said, "You eat up good, Elly. May be night 'fore we git back to eat agin." He turned to Matt. "Lantry boys been doin' all right?"

"They been doin' all right. Them's

good boys. I heerd 'em come in a hour back. But they needs watchin' right on. They'll let the mash go too long, spite of everything, if I ain't right on top of 'em."

She hardened herself.

"You jest as good to stay home an' do the work yourself. I ain't goin' near the outfit."

"They kin make out by theirselves," he said easily.

He rose from the table, picking his teeth.

"Come on, Elly."

The girl turned her large eyes to the older woman, as though she were the logical recipient of her confession.

"I forgot to wash my hands an' face," she said.

Trax spoke curtly.

"Well, do it now, an' be quick."

He poured warm water in the basin for her and stood behind her, waiting. She washed slowly, with neat, small motions, like a cat. Trax handed her the clean end of the towel. They went upstairs together. Trax' voice was low and muffled. It dripped through the ceiling like thick syrup. Suddenly Matt heard the girl laugh.

She thought, "I figgered all thet owl-face didn't let on no more'n she meant it to."

In a few minutes they came down again. Trax called from the front room.

"Best to cook dinner to-night, Matt. We're like not to git back at noon."

They ran from the porch through the rain.

She walked after them. She was in time to see them step in the blue sedan. The high-heeled slippers flickered across the running-board. The car roared through the live oaks, down the tracks among the pines. Matt closed her eyes against the sight of it.

She thought, "Maybe she takened her satchel an' I jest didn't see it. Maybe she ain't comin' back."

She forced herself to go to the upstairs bedroom. The drumming on the roof sounded close and louder. The bed was awkwardly made. The shabby handbag stood open in a hickory rocker, exposing its sparse contents. A sound startled her. The cat had followed, and was sniffing the unfamiliar garments in the chair. The woman gathered the animal in her arms. They were alone together in the house, desolate and lonely in the rain-drenched flat-woods.

She thought of the Lantry boys under the palmettos. They were careless when they were cold and wet. They might not put the last five hundred pounds of sugar under cover. Shivering in the drizzle, they might use muddy water from the bank of the branch, instead of going a few yards upstream where it ran deep and clear. She threw Trax' corduroy jacket about her and went down the incline behind the house to oversee the work.

She had decided not to cook anything for the evening. But when the mist lifted in late afternoon, and the sun struck slantwise through the wet dark trees, she left the Lantry boys to finish and went to the house. She fried ham and baked soda biscuits and sweet potatoes. The meal was ready and waiting and she stirred up a quick ginger cake and put it in the oven.

She said aloud, desperately, "Might be he'll be back alone."

Yet when the dark gathered the bare house into its loneliness, as she had gathered the cat, and she lighted kerosene lamps in the long front room and a fire, the man and girl came together as she had known they would. Where she had felt only despair, suddenly she was able to hate. She picked up her anger like a stone and hurled it after the blue heels.

"Go eat your dinner."

She spoke to them as she would to negro field hands. Trax stared at her.

He herded Elly nervously ahead of him, as though to protect her from an obscure violence. Matt watched them, standing solidly on big feet. She had not been whole. She had charred herself against the man's youth and beauty. Her hate was healthful. It waked her from a drugged sleep, and she stirred faculties hurt and long unused.

She sat by the clay fireplace in the front room while the pair ate. They spoke in whispers, shot through by the sudden laugh of the girl. It was a single high sound, like the one note of the thrush. Hearing it, Matt twisted her mouth. When the casual clatter of plates subsided, she went to the kitchen and began scraping the dishes to wash them. Trax sat warily in his place. The girl made an effort to hand Matt odds and ends from the table. The woman ignored her.

Trax said to Elly, "Le's go by the fire."

Matt cleaned up the kitchen and fed the cat. She stroked its arching back as it chewed sideways on scraps of meat and potato. She took off her apron, listened at the open door for sounds from the Lantrys, bolted the door, and walked to the front room to sit stiff and defiant by the blazing pine fire. The girl sat with thin legs tucked under her chair. She looked from the man to the woman and back again. Trax stretched and yawned.

He said, "Guess I'll go down back an' give the boys a hand. I ain't any too sure they run one batch soon enough. I got to keep up my stuff. I got high-class trade. Ain't I, Elly?" He touched her face with his finger as he passed her.

The woman and the girl sat silently after his going. The cat padded in and sat between them.

The girl called timidly. "Kitty!" Matt turned savagely.

"Keep your hands off him."

The girl laced her fingers and studied the animal.

"Do he scratch?"

Matt did not answer. She loosened her gray hair and combed it by the fire with a side-comb, plaiting it into two thin braids over her shoulders. Inside the childish hairdressing her face was bony and haggard. She went into the adjoining bedroom, undressed and got into bed. She lay reared up on one elbow, straining for every sound. The fire popped and crackled. Once the juice oozed from a pine log faster than it could burn. It made a sizzling, like boiling fat. A chair scraped and Elly went up to the back bedroom. Her high heels clicked overhead. Matt thought with satisfaction that the girl had no light. She was floundering around in the dark in the unfamiliar house.

In a little while the front door opened and closed softly. Matt heard Trax creak cautiously up the stairs to the back room.

Trax was sleeping away the bright March morning. Matt made no effort to be silent about her washing. She dipped noisily into the rain barrel. When the soft water was gone she drew from the well, rattling galvanized buckets. Elly sat on the bottom step of the rear stoop, scuffling her bare toes in the sand. She wore the blue silk dress. Beside her was a handful of her own garments in need of washing, a pair of silk stockings and two or three pieces of underwear. Matt passed in front of her to go to the clothes line.

Elly said, "Trax give me this dress."

The woman did not seem to hear her.

Elly continued. "Reckon it'll wash? It's spotted."

Matt did not answer. She hung flour-sacking towels on the line. The girl picked up her small pile, looked

uncertainly at the tub of soapsuds, laid down the clothes. She went to the tub and began rubbing on the first garment she drew from the suds. It was one of Matt's gingham aprons. She rubbed with energy, and Matt towered over her before she noticed that the woman had left the line.

"Take your dirty hands out o' my tub."

The girl drew back, dripping suds from her thin arms. She turned her hands back and forth.

"They ain't dirty," she protested.

Matt laughed shortly. "Mighty simple, ain't you?"

An obscure doubt brushed her, like a dove that wavers to a perch and is gone again without lighting.

"Who do you figger I am?"

The girl faced her across the wash-tub. She said gravely, "The lady lives in Trax' house."

"Trax' house? Well, he lives in mine. Never heerd tell o' no sich thing as his wife, eh?"

The girl hesitated. "Trax jest said the old woman."

Matt breathed heavily. The girl took her silence and her questions for a mark of interest.

"Trax said you'd romp on me," she offered confidentially, "but you ain't." She wrapped one bare leg around the other. "I been romped on," she went on brightly. "Pa romped on me reg'lar."

"You got you folks then!"

"Yessum, but I don't know where he is. He run a blacksmith shop an' garage offen the hard road, but he closed up an' goed to Georgia with a lady. Then I lived with another lady down the road a piece. Trax sold her liquor, that's how come him to know me. She moved off, an' he takened me with him from there. Now I'm gonna live with him," she finished, adding with studied tact "—and you."

Trax came yawning to the rear

stoop in time to see Matt walk toward the girl. Elly stared uncomprehending. He jumped to the sand and caught the woman's muscular arms from behind.

"Don't you touch her." He cracked his familiar whip over her. "You hurt that gal young un an' you've seed the last o' me."

The woman shook free from him in the strength of her rage.

"You git out o' here before I hurts her an' you, too. You take yer gal young un an' git."

He adjusted his mind slowly. Inconceivably, he had gone too far. Bringing the girl to the flat-woods had been dangerously brazen. It was done now. He understood that his hold on this place had become suddenly precarious. He had the car and he could move the still. Yet the lay-out suited his needs too exactly to be relinquished. He could not give it up. If the gray-headed woman was done with her infatuation, he was in trouble.

He said boldly, "I got no idee o' goin'. Me an' Elly'll be here right on."

She said, "I kin break ary one o' you in two with my hands."

"Not me, you cain't. Leave me tell you, ol' woman, I'm too quick fer you. An' if you hurt Elly"—his dark face nodded at her—"if you crack down on her—with them big hands o' yourn—if you got any notion o' knifin'"—he paused for emphasis—"I'll git you sent to the chair, or up fer life—an' I'll be here in these flat-woods—in this house—right on."

He pushed the girl ahead of him and walked into the house, lighting a cigarette. He said over his shoulder, thickly between puffs, "An' that'd suit me jest fine."

She turned blindly to the wash-tub. She soaped the blue shirts without seeing them, rubbing them up and down automatically. Her life that had run

like the flat-woods road, straight and untraveled, was now a maze, doubling back on itself darkly, twisted with confusion. The man stood with his neat trap at the end of every path; the girl with her yellow hair and big eyes, at the beginning.

She thought, "I got to settle it."

Trax and Elly came and went like a pair of bright birds. The blue kid slippers, scuffed by the sand, flashed in and out of the old house. Matt watched the comings and goings heavily, standing solidly on the hand-hewn pine-board floors.

She did not go near the still. Her absence did not make the difference she had imagined. The Lantrys had the work well in hand. Trax paid their wages, and their product was satisfactory. Often she did not hear them come to their work through the pines and past the hammock. A northwest wind sometimes brought the scent of the mash to her nose. The storekeeper brought in sugar and meal by a lower trail, and she seldom saw him. Trax was selling all his liquor at a high urban price, and local patronage dwindled away. The woods were quiet day and night.

Then Trax and Elly were back again, talking of hotels and highways, of new business, the talk pierced through now and again by the girl's single-noted laughter. She eyed Matt gravely, but the woman felt that the girl, oddly, had no fear. Trax was insolent, as always, his eyes narrow and his ways wary. Matt cut down on the table. She cooked scarcely enough for the three to eat. Elly ate with her catlike slowness, taking twice as long at her meager plate as the others. Matt took to rising and clearing the table as soon as she and Trax had finished. She picked up the plates casually, as though unaware that the third one still showed half its food uneaten.

Trax did not seem to notice. The girl sometimes looked hungrily after the vanishing portion. She made no protest. Once Matt found her in the kitchen between meals, eating cold cornbread. Trax backed her up in her curt order to Elly to keep out.

It enraged Matt to see Elly feed the cat. Elly saved bits from her sparse helpings and held them under the table when she thought herself unobserved. Occasionally when the girl held the animal in her lap, and Matt ignored it, Trax stroked him too, because it was Elly who held him. Matt knew they sometimes had food in Elly's room at night. She began to hear a soft padding up the stairs and on the bare floor overhead, and knew the cat went up to join them. In the morning he was smug, washing his whiskers enigmatically. His desertion was intolerable. She shut him out at night. He wailed for hours at the door, accustomed to sleeping snugly inside the house.

Suddenly Trax was not taking Elly with him any more. The village had become accustomed to the grave childish face beside him when it disappeared. Casually he left her behind with Matt in the flat-woods. He drove away one morning and did not come back that night or the next.

Matt took it for a taunt. It seemed to her that he was daring her to trap herself. Elly watched the road anxiously the first day. She accepted, hours before Matt, his solitary departure. At their first breakfast alone together, she said hesitantly:

"I had a idee Trax was fixin' to go off alone."

Matt thought, "The fool don't know enough to keep quiet about it."

After the second day, Elly devoted herself to exploring outside the house. Trax had kept her close to him, and the hammock had been only a cluster of

shrubs and great trees through which they came and went. The Spanish moss was hazed with green by the early spring, and she discovered that the gray strands were alive with infinitesimal rosy blossoms. Matt saw her sitting at the far edge of the hammock, pulling the stuff apart.

The woman thought, "She better git herself out o' my sight."

Elly roamed through the pines as far as the road, staring up and down its silent winding, then scampered back toward the house like an alarmed squirrel. She walked stealthily to the palmettos where the Lantrys worked the still, and watched them for hours, unseen. Except when Matt stared directly at her, her round-eyed gravity lifted into a certain lightness, as though she felt newly free to move about in the sunlight. She seemed content.

On a rainy afternoon Matt, ironing in the kitchen, heard a steady snipping from the front room. She stole to the door and peered through a crack. Elly was cutting pictures from an old magazine and making an arrangement of rooms and figures of men and women and children. She was talking to herself and occasionally to them. The cat was curled in her lap, shifting lazily as she moved forward or back.

Their meals together were silent. Matt became aware at dinner one day that the pink oleanders in a jelly glass were not of her picking and placing. She had always a spray of flowers or greenery on the table. Because Elly had brought in the blooms, she snatched them from the water and stuffed them in the stove.

She allowed the girl a minimum of food. Once when she took away the plates before Elly had fairly begun, the girl reached after her desperately and said "Matt!" Again, when Matt moved from the table, leaving a plate of biscuits behind, Elly pounced on the largest and crammed it into her mouth.

She began to laugh, poking in the crumbs.

She said, "You ain't romped on me yet."

Matt decided that Trax had put Elly up to goading her. She spoke for the first time in days.

"Don't you let Trax put no notions in yore head. I got no idee o' rompin' on you. That ain't what I'm fixin' to do."

For the most part, the girl was uncomplaining and strangely satisfied. The immature body, however, was becoming rapidly emaciated.

Trax was gone two weeks. He came in for an afternoon and loaded up with twenty gallon-jugs concealed under the large rear seat, and went hurriedly away. He called to the two women who stood watching on the piazza.

"Got a order."

Matt nodded grimly after him. She thought, "You got you one more chance, too, if you on'y knowed it." She turned to observe the girl beside her. There was apparent on the young face a faint wistfulness and no surprise. Matt thought, "She's got her orders jest to set tight."

Trax came home for the following week-end. He slept most of the time and was sulky. He paid no more attention to Elly than to the older woman. At no time in the two days or nights did he go to the upstairs room. When he was about, Elly followed him a few steps. Then, as he continued to ignore her, she dropped behind and took up her own simple affairs. Matt told herself that if he left this time without the girl, she was ready. On Monday morning, after loading, he went alone to the car.

She said carelessly, "I might take a notion to go some'eres or do somethin'. When you comin' back this time?"

He laughed insolently. "Steppin' out, Matt?" He was sure of himself. He was too quick for her. What-

ever futilities she was planning, it would surprise her most to return on the day he named.

"Be back Sat'day."

He drove off smiling.

Matt was nervous all week. On Saturday morning she surprised the Lantry boys by appearing at the still. They had come and gone without contact with her for some weeks.

She said, "Boys, I jest got word the Pro-hi's is comin' lookin' fer Trax' outfit. Now I ain't quick as you-all, an' I want each one o' you should go down the road a good piece an' stay there all day, watchin', one to the north an' 'tother to the south. I'll tend the outfit, an' if I hears a whistle I'll know what it means an' it'll give me time to smash the jugs an' git to the house."

The boys were in instant alarm.

"Must be somebody's turned Trax up," they said.

Matt said, "Mighty likely. Somebody's likely got it in fer him. Trax hisself done tole me a long ways back, if anybody had it in fer a man, that was the way they'd git at him."

They nodded in agreement.

"That's about it, Mis' Matt. Git him tore up an' git at him that-a-way."

They hid several demijohns in near-by cover and hurried anxiously the two ways of the road. They reported later in the village that they heard no sound for an hour or so. Toward noon their straining ears caught the crash of an axe on metal. There was the high thin splintering of glass. The isolated crashes settled into a steady shattering of wood and iron and copper. A column of smoke began to rise from the vicinity of the still. The Lantry to the south skirted the road through the pines and joined his brother. They cut through the woods to the village and announced that the Pro-hi's had come in from the west and were tearing up Colton's outfit. The word

went out to avoid the flat-woods road.

The Lantry boys were waiting for Trax when he came through in late afternoon. They flagged him down. They drove with him as far as their own place, telling him what they knew.

"When we lit out we could hear 'em maulin' on the barrels an' purely see the smoke. Things is tore up an' burnt up all right."

They conjectured who, of his numerous enemies, might have betrayed him. He drove at a spring-breaking clip over the root-filled ruts of the sand road. His face was black and frightened. When he let the boys out of the car he had said nothing about the week's wages. They looked at each other.

One said, "How 'bout us gittin' ten dollars, anyway, Trax?"

"That's it. I ain't got it. I on'y got five myself. I was fixin' to turn over this lot quick."

"We hid out 'bout twenty gallons, if they ain't found it," they informed him eagerly. He listened tensely to a description of the location and was gone.

He drove into the yard and stopped the car in gear with a jerk. No one was in sight. He ran back of the house to the palmettos. A ring of fire had blackened palms and oaks and myrtle for a hundred feet around. A smoldering pile of bricks and barrel hoops and twisted metal in the center marked the site of the still. He began a frenzied search for the hidden jugs.

Matt peered from a window in the front room. She ordered Elly upstairs.

"You stay there till I tell you different."

The woman hurried into the yard with a jug of kerosene and a handful of papers. The sedan was twenty-five feet from the house, but the direction of the wind was safe. She soaked the hood and seats of the car with oil and piled papers on the floor. She tied a bundle of oil-soaked paper on the end

of her longest clothes prop; touched a match to it. She lowered the pole to the machine. The oil caught fire. When the blaze reached the gas tank, the explosion disintegrated an already charring mass.

Trax heard the muffled roar up the incline behind him. The demijohns were where the Lantry boys had indicated. They were broken. He left the stench of over-turned mash and spilled alcohol and ran to the house. He could not for a moment comprehend that the twisting mass of metal and flame was the blue sedan.

Matt stood on the rear stoop. He looked at her in bewilderment. His stare dropped from her straggling gray hair down the length of her frame. Her apron was smudged and torn. Her hands were black and raw. He came back to her implacable cold eyes. He choked.

"You done it yourself!"

He burst into spasmodic curses, then broke off, overcome by their futility. The sweat ran into his eyes. He wiped it out and gaped about him in loose-mouthed confusion. He shuffled a few feet to the stoop and sank down on the bottom step. The woman looked down at him.

"Better git goin'."

He rose, swaying.

"You ol' . . ."

His obscenities fell away from her as rain washed from the weathered shingles of the old house. She towered over him. The tall house towered over him. He was as alien as on the bright day when he had first come hunting here.

He plunged up the steps toward her, his head low between his shoulders.

"Better git back."

His outstretched fists dropped at his sides. The fingers fell open. The woman lifted the shotgun.

"Better git—"

He shook his head, unbelieving.

His eyes clung to the dark cavities of the pitted steel. He moved one foot slowly to the next step.

The woman aimed carefully at the shoe, as though it were some strange reptile creeping into the house. She fired a trifle to the left, so that the pattern of the double-ought buckshot shell sprayed in a close mass into the sand. One pellet clipped through the leather, and a drop of blood sank placidly into the pine step. The man stared fascinated. His hand jerked to his mouth, like a wooden toy moved by strings. He stifled a sound, or tried to make one. The woman could not tell. He lifted a face dry with fear and backed down the steps.

It was necessary to walk widely to the side to avoid the heat of the burned car. He threw out his hands hopelessly and hesitated. The sun slanted orange and gold through the hammock. Beyond, there were already shadows among the dark pines. It would be twilight before he could be out of the flat-woods. He found voice.

"Matt," he whined, "how'll I git to town?"

The woman wiped her streaked face with a corner of her apron.

"Reckon you'll have to git there on foot, Mister—the way you come in the first place."

She turned her back and went into the house. The girl had come down the stairs and was flattened against a wall. Her face was brushed with a desperate knowledge. Matt jerked her head at the open front door.

"All right. I'm thu. You kin go on with him now."

"Matt—"

"Go on. Git."

The girl did not move. Matt pushed her headlong to the door. Elly took hold of the big arm with both hands, drawing back, and Matt struck her away. She went confusedly down the steps. Trax was leaving the hammock.

He struck wildly through the pines. The girl took a few steps after him, then turned toward the woman watching from the doorway. Matt called loudly:

"Go on. Git."

The man had reached the road and was plunging along it to the north. The girl ran three or four paces in his direction, then stopped again, like a stray dog or cat that would not be driven away. She hesitated at the edge of the hammock. The small uncertain figure was visible between the twin oaks beyond the high porch. Matt turned into the house and closed the door.

She was strong and whole. She was fixed, deep-rooted as the pine trees. They leaned a little, bent by an ancient storm. Nothing more could move them.

The car in the yard had settled into a smoking heap. The acrid smell of burned rubber and paint filled the house. Matt closed the north window to keep out the stench. The glass rattled in its frame. The air was gusty and the spring night would be cold. There were swift movements and rattlings among the oak boughs above the roof, as though small creatures were pattering across the floor of the wind.

Matt shivered and kindled a fire in the front room. She looked about for the cat. The noise and disorder of the day had driven him to distant hunting grounds and he had not yet ventured to return. She drew close to the fire in her rocker and held her smudged hands to the blaze.

She thought, "I've lit a bait o' fires to-day."

That was over and done with. There would be no more 'shining among the palmettos; no more coming and going of folk; no more Trax and his owl-faced girl. She was very tired. Her square frame relaxed in its exhaustion.

She leaned back her head and drowsed deeply in her chair.

When she wakened, the fire had burned to ashes. The moon rode high over the flat-woods, with clouds scurrying underneath. The room was silver, then black, as the moonlight came and went. The chill wind sucked through the pines. There was another sound; the sobbing of a lighter breath. Suddenly Matt knew the girl was still there.

She rose in a plunge from the rocker. She wasn't done with them yet. . . . She opened the door a few inches and listened. The muffled sound was unmistakable. It was the choked gasping of a child that has cried itself breathless. It came from the edge of the hammock. Where the pines began she could distinguish a huddle on the ground that was neither stump nor bushes. She closed the door.

Trax was gone—and Elly was here.

He had flung away and left her behind. She was discarded, as Matt had been long discarded. He was through with Elly, too. For the first time the woman was able to conceive of them separately. And the one was gone, and the other was here. She groped her way stupefied to the kitchen, lighted a kerosene lamp, and made a fire in the range. She wanted a scalding pot of tea to stop her shivering. She split a cold biscuit and fried it and sat down with her plate and tea-cup. She breathed hard, and ate and drank mechanically.

"He was done with her a long ways back."

He had driven off alone in the blue sedan, not to infuriate, but because there was nothing else to do with the girl. Matt chewed her biscuit slowly. She laughed grimly.

"I give him too much credit fer smartness."

A flash of anger stirred her, like a spurt of flame from an old fire, that Elly should be now at the edge of the hammock.

"Trax wa'n't man enough to take off his mess with him."

She sipped her cooling tea.

She remembered grudgingly the girl's contentment. The shadow of the man, passing away, left clear the picture of a child, pulling moss apart and cutting paper dolls. Rage at Trax possessed her.

"I'd orter hided him fer takin' sech a young un along his low-down way."

In a burst of fury she conceded the girl's youth. Elly was too young . . .

"I'd orter been hided. Me an' Trax together."

Matt rose from the table and gathered up the few dishes. She stopped in the act. She looked at her hands as though their knotty strength were strange to her.

"Snatchin' off a young un's rations . . ."

She leaned heavily on the table, pondering. Emptiness filled the house—a living presence—appalling—still.

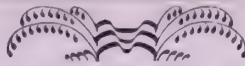
She strode abruptly out the door and through the hammock to the pines. The moon had swung toward its setting and the rays lay long under the trees. The girl lay crouched against a broad mottled trunk.

Matt said, "You kin come on back."

The emaciated figure wavered from the ground on spindling legs. It tried to crowd close to the warmth of the woman's body. As they moved toward the house, the girl stumbled in the run-over slippers.

Matt said, "Here. Gimme them crazy shoes."

Elly stooped and took them from her bare feet. The woman put them in her apron pockets. She went ahead of the girl into the front room and bent down to kindle a fire.



THE UNBRIDLED FRONTIER

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

BY MERRILL DENISON

THE completeness of the American's self-centered indifference toward the affairs of other peoples is demonstrated by nothing more revealingly than by the general ignorance which prevails south of the Canadian boundary of the life, work, and attitude of the people who live to the north of it. Canadians are perpetually astonished at this ignorance. During the summer months American automobiles roll along the provincial highways in the ratio of one or two to every native car. There is an annual influx of more than five million tourists from south of the border. Nearly three billion dollars of American capital are invested in Canada. A large proportion of Canadian industry is conducted by American subsidiaries, the growth of which has gone on more rapidly since the passing of the new Canadian tariff which has placed emphatic restrictions on American products. For decades there has been a constant flow of Canadians into the United States and of Americans into Canada. Yet in spite of these contacts a majority of educated Americans seem at sea as to whether Ontario is a lake, a province, or a city. Many think it is another State. Many seem to believe that a mongrel French patois is the language of everyday usage in Canada. Remarks on the climate imply that the glacial period cannot yet have run its course north of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude.

And if the notions of Canadian geography are hazy, the ideas of her political status are grotesque. Canadians grow weary explaining that their country is as independent, for all practical purposes, as the United States, that they do not pay taxes to support King George, that there is no throne room in Ottawa, and that they contribute nothing to keep the British Navy in oil.

From Americans who pretend to know Canada, the Canadian frequently receives an impression of his country as a district mainly important for the excellence of its salmon fishing, the handy abundance of its moose, the stirring qualities of its scenery, and the sensible amenities of its liquor laws—in short, a kind of glorified out-of-doors drinking, game, and motoring preserve, happily within striking distance by pullman.

When a Canadian shows his annoyance at these disclosures, he often receives an ingenuous apology more damning than the affront of ignorance. The apology runs something like this, an American speaking pleasantly: "Personally, I'm afraid I don't know much about Canada. We have the friendliest feelings toward you Britishers up there, of course, and we all know how splendidly the Canadians did in the War until our boys got over, and I think that you people have handled this liquor question in the right way, but as for Canada itself, we don't seem

to get much information about it in our papers."

While this indifference toward Canadian affairs, accompanied as it is by a genuine friendliness toward Canadians, could be interpreted as the acme of international good manners, and should satisfy Canadians that their national bugaboo of annexation is a myth which need trouble them no longer, its effect is rather to arouse a vague resentment and to increase those feelings which find expression in the use of the word "American" as a term of opprobrium.

In its search for markets both for capital and goods, three billion American dollars have found their way into Canada. Each year twenty-five million copies of American magazines force Canadians to see the world through American spectacles; comic strips and cheap syndicated features from the south dominate her newspapers; her theater is owned in New York; her talkies are made in Hollywood; her half million radios are tuned in nightly to red and blue networks. Surely these vast tides of economic and cultural influence might carry on their floods the flotsam of a greater curiosity about the home-life of America's best customer, closest friend, and severest critic.

To show such curiosity would seem but an act of neighborly courtesy, and would be worth while if it did nothing more than remove some of the resentment aroused by taking Canada too much for granted. But, if from no loftier motives than self-interest, Americans would be wise to inform themselves more intelligently about their neighbors.

II

Attached to Great Britain by sentiment, and to the United States by seventy railroads, Canada is pursuing an experiment in independent nationhood from which the United States will reap

great benefits; greater certainly than Britain, and greater possibly than Canada herself. The character of this emerging nation will be less British than American, but it will contain more than America does of those British elements on which the United States set the seal of its approval when it adopted its restricted immigration quotas. From this Canadian nation will come distinctive contributions to the continental culture. It will continue to send to the United States, as Canada has sent for sixty years, an unending stream of highly trained technicians, engineers, doctors, educators, writers, and artists; it will seek and find a solution, in experiments behind its own frontiers, of many social, industrial, and economic problems common to both countries; it will express, in various forms, a temperament more conservative, more stable than is developing south of the border; and, by virtue of the relationships that exist between Canada and the United States geographically on the one hand and between Canada and the British Commonwealth sentimentally on the other, it can be the means of maintaining for American industry markets which retaliatory high tariffs are swiftly closing to American products.

While few actions of the United States throughout her history have been to Canada's advantage, save to strengthen her independent spirit, there is virtually nothing that Canada can do that does not react to the advantage of the United States. Embracing a restricted immigration policy at a much earlier date in her history than did the United States, Canada appears determined to maintain the predominance of the British strain in her population. Exaggerating, possibly, the seriousness of the problems bequeathed to the United States by the open-door policy, and indifferent, apparently, to the fact that services and communica-

tions have been built up to care for a population of twenty-five million within her borders, Canada will accept from Europe annually but a small percentage of the immigration she receives from the British Isles. With population her avowed need, she asks from Great Britain immigrants it cannot send her, and refuses from Central Europe many who are anxious to come. Thanks to this policy Canada will be sparsely settled until such time as the teeming population south of the border becomes forced to seek new fields for settlement.

Many Americans prepared for novelty in Canada find the ordinary a revelation. They imagine Canada to be a British country differing in many of its customs, manners, habits, and flavor from their own. They find instead an extension, if not of their own United States, at least of their own America. Save in French-Canada, where the English-Canadian is also a stranger, the American finds little to suggest that he is in another country. Even in Quebec the moving picture and the radio, good roads and cheap motor cars are disintegrating the ancient customs of the French-Canadians and are imposing on them an external similarity to the rest of the continent.

The American is as much at home in Toronto, Winnipeg, or Vancouver as he is in Cleveland, Seattle, or St. Paul. The post boxes are painted red, and the policemen wear different hats, but these are about the only differences. The Union Jack flutters against the sky in place of the familiar pattern of Old Glory, but one sees more Stars and Stripes on the face of a single department store than British flags in five American States. North of the unbridled frontier life flows a little more deliberately; business manages to get along with fewer conferences; smugness replaces boasting; high-pressure

methods work at lower pressures; competition, if just as ruthless, is less spectacular. Fish, Book, and Mother's days arouse less enthusiasm—in short, the theme song of daily life is heard to the accompaniment of an orchestra with strings muted rather than to that of a full brass band.

The people speak the same language, understand the same idioms, and use the same slang. If the coffee is poorer, the tea is better. In Quebec the American can buy his liquor at a corner grocery store just as he does at home. The women look the same, live the same, and wear the same New York-Paris clothes. The men avoid the same neckties, join the same luncheon clubs, and wear the same American-cut clothes. *Life* and *Judge* are sold on the street corners, while *Punch* reaches the more exclusive clubs by mail. The newspapers feature Wall Street closing prices, Babe Ruth's latest circuit clout, and the same murders. The streets are filled with standard American cars which create the same traffic problems but which cost the Canadian consumer forty per cent more than the American manufacturer claims they are worth at home.

In the same prodigious hotels the American finds the same standardized service he has been trained to demand. If he is a Rotarian, Kiwanian, Lion, or Shriner he learns that the Canadian is as devout a joiner as George F. Babbitt himself. If he belongs to the A. F. of L. he finds affiliated with it local unions whose strikes are often directed from across the border. If he is a communist he notes that Canadian police methods in dealing with heterodox free speech are those in vogue north and south of the Mason and Dixon line. Abhorrence of one hundred per cent Americanism has led to something less than forty per cent Canadianism being taught in the public schools, where, because they are cheaper, American

textbooks are sometimes used. American fraternities flank the campus of the excellent universities where the American ideal of vocational training is rapidly supplanting the English ideal of a cultural education, but where football is not yet the publicity arm of higher education. The same churches face the same problems; and if the more northern latitudes seem to produce less sensationalism in the pursuit of religious fervors, it can be recalled that Aimée Semple McPherson was one of Canada's greatest gifts to the United States.

In governmental forms and practices there is less difference than is generally supposed. The Canadian form is less complex, more flexible, and more responsible, and probably suits Canadian needs better than the American suits American needs. But if the Governor-General were elected instead of being an appointee of the Crown, or the President's functions were confined to signing documents and establishing social precedence, each country could adopt the other's form of government without changing any of the essential results to the ordinary man. The party system works in Canada as it does in the States. In federal matters the Liberal party is in theory low tariff and the Conservative party high tariff; in practice both trim their sails to the pressure put on them. The division of powers between the Provinces and Ottawa is in principle diametrically opposed to that between Washington and the States, but this concerns chiefly the lawyer and the politician. In the provincial governments party designations lose what little meaning they have in the Dominion House of Commons. Ontario, a stronghold of public ownership, has returned a Conservative government at every election save one in twenty years; Quebec, the paradise of private interests, has had a Liberal government for forty years.

Quebec is run by conservatives who call themselves Liberals and Ontario by liberals who call themselves Conservatives.

That the lawful sale of good liquor north of the border is preferable to the unlawful sale of bad liquor south of the border few persons deny save those to whom prohibition is a profession or a mania. Many American observers, and not a few Canadian, have credited Canadians with superior common sense and wisdom in reaching a reasonably stable solution of the difficult problem without much bloodshed. Without belittling this wisdom or common sense, much credit should go to the French-Canadian who never embraced prohibition, and the protection of whose minority rights by the British Parliament has guarded the Canadian constitution from impulsive tinkering. In the minority rights of three million French-Canadians Canada has a leaven of tolerance, reasonableness, and sanity in legislative enthusiasm forever denied the United States.

That the Canadian respect for law, principally criminal law, and order, is more profound than the American is evident to anyone who has lived in the two countries. Criminals are brought more speedily to justice; police corruption, while not unknown, is not the national pastime; gang rule has never threatened any Canadian city. The Canadian system of appointing judges for life instead of electing them is usually offered as an explanation of this superior aspect of Canadian life. The explanation is to be found rather in the Canadian temperament and character. It must be remembered that the first English-speaking Canadians were Americans whose departure from some one of the thirteen original States was due to their devotion to established institutions and to their loyalty to constituted authority in place of loyalty to the rebellious group. Where the

United States has its foundations in revolt, those of Canada rest on obedience. Since then the fundamental tendency of each country has been reinforced by the immigration which, having the choice of either, sought settlement in one in preference to the other. This has been particularly true of Canada, whose material inducements could never compete with those of the United States, and whose new citizens chose Canada in order to remain within the Empire.

This fundamental difference in the character of the two peoples may also explain the varying degrees of corruption in municipal politics north and south of the common border. Although "city-hall gangs" exist in Canada, they are but wan shadows of their American prototypes, and have never developed that rapacity toward the public purse that has been a phenomenon of municipal government in the United States. However, it might be well to remember that at present Canada is a relatively poor country, and that the plunder offered has been less attractive; there have been instances in national affairs where as great a talent for corruption has been shown as that disclosed south of the border.

A unique genius of the Canadian people is seen in their ability to develop and manage publicly owned enterprises efficiently, honestly, and successfully, a feat apparently impossible across the border. The Canadian National Railways, the Provincial Hydro-Electric Power Commissions, the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, the Toronto Transportation Commission, and the Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta telephone systems are all examples of vast enterprises owned and operated by the public as successfully as private ownership and management conduct similar enterprises in the United States.

III

While these differences are interesting, they are less obvious than the million and one similarities. Recognition of the latter is inescapable; the differences must be sought. Thus many European observers have concluded that the Americanization of Canada is complete. Her soul, if not her body, is mourned as lost. But if "Americanization" means anything it means a whole-hearted, unbridled enthusiasm for the United States, her ways and deeds. Any such enthusiasm is noticeably lacking from the Canadian heart and mind. While colonials, imperialists, and nationalists do not see eye to eye on many matters, and while French and English Canadians have few sentiments in common, all gaze through the same periscope when looking southward. If Canada wanted to join herself politically with any country on earth, the United States would be her last choice. This fact is the flaw in the thoroughness of Canada's Americanization. Since this lack of enthusiasm toward the United States has been the most important single factor in maintaining Canada's independence, it is a sentiment toward which long-sighted Americans can feel no possible resentment, since if anyone is to reap material benefits from that independence it will probably be they.

In view of the essentially American character of Canadian life, the anti-American feeling seems astonishing, and it is impossible to determine with any exactness its nature and extent. So many are the contacts, so profound the affinities, so intermingled the blood strains of the two countries, that any examination of the prejudice leads one into a maze of nuances or into amiable platitudes about the unfortified frontier. Evidently it plays a role of slight importance in the contacts between the two peoples. The individual relation-

ships springing from these are determined by personal and not national character. An American may live out his life in Canada and, unless he chooses to enter politics, experience no pressure to make him change his citizenship. Every Canadian province is campaigning to attract American tourists, and it is a matter of public concern that these tourists should be impressed by the warmth of hospitality they receive while in Canada. Whatever concern imperially-minded Canadians may feel about American ways, the mass of the people accept them because they are their ways and they know no other.

The United States is regarded by Canada less as a foreign country than is Canada by the United States. The international boundary is extolled more often for its imaginary virtue than damned for its tariff realities that make of it a tourniquet constricting the natural flow of products throughout the body of the continent. High-pressure patriotism has never distorted Canadian history to create a chauvinistic nationalism. So feeble are the patriotic uses made of history in the schools, that many Canadians, possibly a majority, knowing that the United States is an English-speaking country, believe that it should be a British-thinking country also, and because of this belief were never able to appreciate the reasons that kept the Republic out of the Great War until 1917. In Canada, as in every country, there are those people who find much satisfaction in believing that all Americans are vulgarians, but these are in the minority and, like their Anglophile American counterparts, winter at Palm Beach and easter at Atlantic City.

Impressive though the sympathies may be, one has only to follow Canadian newspapers for a few weeks to sense the antipathy. It appears in editorial quips where punditry gives way

to wit. It expresses itself in comments on the American scene. It is heard in the words of politicians whose clairvoyance detects prejudices of which concrete evidence is often difficult to find.

This antipathy seems to be the lowest common denominator of Canadian political thought. Flick the right prejudice anywhere from Halifax to Victoria, and the same antagonism is noted. Based in part on the realities of the past, in part on imperial sentiment, and in part on the feelings of a proud but numerically weak people toward a swaggering neighbor, there lurks a conviction in the mind of the Canadian that the relations between his country and the United States are similar to those enjoyed by Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf.

The widespread nature of the belief in this myth of annexation comes as a surprise to Americans, aware that no similar thought is held at home and that nothing in recent American history points to any wish to assume more territorial responsibility. Canadians tactfully explain their attitude toward political union with the United States by the fact that they love not America less but Britain more. This is the popular belief, but the facts of Canadian policy since the War lead one to suspect that the warm affection existing between the various parts of the far-flung empire may be largely due to the great quantities of water which keep them apart. The warmth of Canada's feelings for the mother country is thus nicely graduated between those of Ireland and of Australia.

In the "commonwealth" relationship defined by the Imperial Conference of 1926, in Canada's establishment of her own diplomatic representatives in Washington, Paris, and Tokio, in her refusal to accept any British unemployed to the detriment of her own workers, in the British embargoes on Canadian cattle, in the prolonged mar-

keting duel between Canadian wheat growers and British milling interests, and in the refusal by Canadians to make any sacrifice that might help solve many of Britain's post-war difficulties, one finds evidence that the affection for Great Britain is no more allowed to interfere with business than is the antipathy toward the United States.

Which of these opposed sentiments toward the two countries with whom she is most deeply concerned is the more influential in molding Canada's growth in the direction of independent nationhood is difficult to determine; but the popular indifference to events which seem to point clearly to a loosening of the imperial ties leads one to believe that the Canadian would accept a final dissolution of the commonwealth arrangement with greater equanimity than he would political union with the United States. It is very likely that fear of the second is active in preserving the first.

IV

To understand how this attitude toward corporate America can survive the whole-hearted acceptance of American ways and practices or the cordial everyday relations that exist, one must realize that during the youthful period when her prejudices and loyalties were being fixed, Canada was less a British colony than an estranged American colony. The first British settlers, in any numbers, were Americans who brought with them a bitter rancor against the people and the country they had left. Reinforcing their sentimental attitude was the realistic attitude of the French-Canadian, to whom the Quebec Act of 1774 guaranteed his civil laws, his religious practices, and the free development of his racial identity, and who feared that the loss of these rights would follow union with the United States.

No conscious act on the part of the

United States was ever designed to lessen that early prejudice. Twice the United States tried to capture Canada by force of arms: twice raids on her soil were launched from American territory. A bill authorizing annexation failed to pass the House of Representatives in 1866, but hastened confederation of the Canadian provinces. In the same year the refusal of the United States to renew the reciprocity pact of 1855 helped to strangle Canada's economic development for a period of forty years. In both the Maine and Alaska boundary disputes, Canadians feel that territory, of much greater value to the Dominion than it ever can be to the Republic, was sacrificed on the altar of British-American relations. The closing years of the nineteenth century were a period to breed envy and jealousy and to nurture a feeling of inferiority. The people of the United States were completely indifferent to Canada. Enthralled by the splendor of their own tremendous development, they cared no more about Canada than they did about the Sahara desert. While population and capital poured into the United States, Canada's net increase was less than the natural increment, and she was forced to find among her own people the funds to build the railroad that was to hold her scattered provinces together. Between 1871 and 1901 population crept upward at less than sixty thousand a year because, in that period, well over a million and a half Canadians left for the United States. While development south of the border raced madly forward, to the north it plodded on stubbornly, slowly. With everything against them and nothing much in their favor save their unwillingness to quit, and their ignorance of the stupendous nature of the task ahead of them, less than five million Canadians struggled to develop an area greater than the United States.

In the first decade of the present century came Canada's first taste of real prosperity. Settlers and land speculators poured into the west; capital and new industry into the east. For the first time British capital moved freely to the assistance of the loyal daughter. From 1905 to 1911 boom conditions prevailed, and it seemed that Sir Wilfred Laurier's prophecy that the twentieth would be Canada's century had already become fact. In 1911 Laurier, in negotiating a reciprocity pact with the United States, accomplished what every government had tried to do since confederation. In the full flush of the greatest prosperity they had ever known, the Canadian people turned down reciprocity. One of the most potent factors in its defeat was President Taft's statement that reciprocity would mean the virtual annexation of Canada.

With the War the first signs of a national consciousness emerged in Canada. The victories of her army made people suddenly realize that her young strength was as good as the best. For the first time, too, Canada went about her business indifferent to what the United States did or thought or felt. For the first time she felt superior to the great people to the south. An inferiority complex of one hundred and twenty-five years' standing seemed broken in 1918 when in the last one hundred days of the War, with the entire world engaged, four Canadian divisions met and defeated forty-nine separate German divisions.

With the emergence of a national consciousness, all save hereditary reasons for an anti-American prejudice ceased to exist. The past had created in the Canadian mind two separate compartments in which were kept distinct sets of ideas about Americans and America. With the entrance of the United States into the War the wall dividing these two compartments

weakened and for a short time broke down.

Following the Great War, however, both the attitude and conduct of the United States made the Canadian, out of his respect for his own accomplishments, again raise this wall and place America and Americans in separate compartments. Accepting as typical of the American spirit only those of its expressions which he personally finds the most objectionable, the Canadian has made the natures of these two compartments more opposed than ever before. That reserved for opinions of the individual American is a repository of friendship and good-will; in that set aside for Americans en masse lurk prejudices, disapproval, and distrust.

A great post-war influx of American capital and American industry enlarged the close and satisfactory contacts among individuals; the increase in wealth among Canadians took thousands south each winter to know better the American on his own hearth rug; good roads and the motor car brought annually millions of tourists into Canada and thousands of Canadians into the States. But with increased liking for the individual went an increased dislike for the country. The Fordney tariff dealt a severe blow to Canadian agriculture. Fiction, articles, and films, vaingloriously boasting of the part the United States played in the Great War, roused deep resentment in Canada. The vacuities of the "who won the War?" argument rekindled the old prejudice. The attitude of the United States toward war debts, its repudiation of the League of Nations created by its wartime president, the hypocrisy of its liquor legislation, its inability to cope with lawlessness in its great cities are some of the things which have helped to strengthen the old prejudice first established by the United Empire loyalists. At no time in Canada's history have her people been so

of one accord in saying: "Thank God, we are not as they."

Since this feeling in no way affects the cordiality of personal relations, Americans may as well accept it philosophically. Thankfully, in fact, for should Canada completely lose this attitude of mind toward her most powerful protector, nothing could prevent the union of the two Anglo-American peoples. The United States would find difficulty in avoiding such a union, and since it is more to the material interests of the Republic than it is to either those of Canada or Great Britain that the Dominion not only maintain her independence of the United States but her association with the British Commonwealth of Nations as well, Americans should welcome those misinterpretations and misunderstandings which help preserve the existing relationship of the three Anglo-Saxon peoples.

Canada is essentially a creature of sentiment. She is the outstanding example of the triumph of mind over matter. She was founded by dreamers to whom the fantastic improbability of ever making a unified country, in the face of the obstacles imposed by geography, counted for nothing against the sentiment that they desired such a country. At various times in her history when faced with a choice between sentiment and material gain she has chosen the former. She toys with the belief that she is destined to play an important role as an interpreter between the United States and Great Britain when these two now understand each other better than she does either. With population her avowed need, she prefers racial purity to economic security. An offspring of the most conglomerate people of Europe, God's-chosen—the British—she views with horror the processes of the melting pot. Ready to pour out her life blood in time of war, in peace-time her fealty to the old land seems to amount to nothing

more than sending greetings at Christmas, Easter, and on Mother's Day.

Her deep-rooted aversion to union with the United States apparently means as little. The wastage of her natural resources is welcomed when effected by American capital; and having rid her soil of the curse of bootlegging, she invited a new epidemic by making illegal, on the suggestion of the United States, the export of liquor to that country. If any other word than "American" could be found to describe the continental culture, Canadians would adopt it enthusiastically.

In the unique position of occupying the world's most elaborately defended country, since the world's two most powerful navies are theirs without benefit of taxes, and with no conceivable threat against their territorial integrity, ten million sentimentalists shrewdly, ably, and solemnly carry on their prodigious task of conquering half a continent.

It is fortunate for the United States that the self-centered indifference of corporate America toward Canada has been the most potent force towards the creation of a Canadian national consciousness. As in the past the Republic has unconsciously helped maintain Canadian independence, so in the future she should be consciously the most interested guarantor of its continuance.

American industry, seeking to conquer world markets from behind her own unscalable tariff barriers, has already found in Canada's friendly trade relations with other countries the key to doors it cannot unlock alone. By duplicating its plant across the frontier, but with the same executive control, it is able to penetrate any beneficial trade arrangements that Canada may make with other countries or that must inevitably be developed to protect and foster trade within the British Empire. To American capital and industry Canada opens a back-door

entrance to a debtor world made hostile by reparation payments and by tariff barriers that have made these payments well nigh impossible. Through this door American imperialism, differing from older imperialisms in that it no longer conquers to exploit, can go about its world business in a Canadian disguise, and in this very fact, cynical though it may appear, may lie a far greater protection to the peace of the Anglo-Saxon world than naval understandings, English-Speaking Unions, or Pilgrim's dinners can ever hope to bring about.

Among Americans there seems to be an enforced awakening of interest in the affairs of other nations, notably those in Europe. It would be well if this new interest included a more intelligent curiosity concerning the nation to the north, particularly on the eve of an Imperial Economic Conference which has been called by Canada to discuss with other parts of the British Empire the possibilities of developing intra-Imperial trade through mutually beneficial tariff preferences. While such tariff preferences, for some mysterious reason, may never be described as retaliatory or discriminatory, Americans need not seek far to discover the source of inspiration of any new device designed to cripple international trade.

The Conference meets in Ottawa during July. If it is reasonably successful the first step will have been taken in the establishment of the British Empire as a self-contained economic unit. The success of the Conference will depend on whether the various Empire units come to Ottawa prepared to buy as well as to sell, to make sacrifices as well as to demand concessions. It will test, as no event has before, the strength of Imperial sentiment and particularly Imperial sentiment among Canadians. It should clarify for Canadians their in-

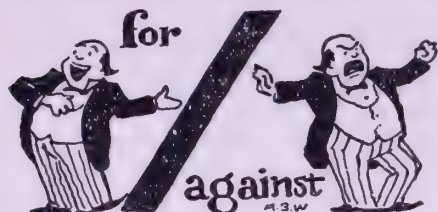
ternational outlook and demonstrate to them whether Canada is essentially a British or an American country. If Canada is a British country, as most Canadians fervently insist, then the success of the Conference will be furthered through the sacrifice of some of those secondary Canadian manufactures which have been laboriously fostered by protective tariffs inspired by the example of United States. If Canada is an American country, as detached students are inclined to believe, then the Imperial Conference will be wrecked on the rock of that same narrow economic nationalism of which the United States is the chief exponent.

Two months before the Conference, no ponderable opinion can be discovered as to whether or not those loyalties which found expression during the War in the outpouring of millions of lives and millions of money will find a parallel in a spirit of willingness to sacrifice immediate economic advantage for the good of the Empire as a whole. In Great Britain high hopes are held that the larger vision will prevail. In Canada, the protected industries are warily waiting to learn from whom the sacrifices will be asked.

The Ottawa Conference holds forth a great promise to the world at large. American interests are vitally concerned in its success or failure. With three billion dollars invested in Canada, they can exert an appreciable influence on the Canadian attitude at the Conference, and it is to the ultimate advantage of those American interests that the Conference succeeds. That American interests should be in a position to exert such influence is only another of the ironic complexities of the modern world; that those interests have never given the slightest promise that they will exert their influence with some slight degree of enlightened selfishness is among its major tragedies.



The Lion's Mouth



THE WHICH OF AND/OR

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THE enrichment of the language proceeds apace. The best of our words are the words that have not yet got into the dictionaries. The words that have got into the dictionaries are more or less worn out; those that haven't are fresh and shiny.

The enrichment comes from all sorts of sources. The other day I received a letter from my old friend Jones in New York. Jones is a corporation lawyer who has spent most of his life writing trust-deeds. He maintains that the writing of a trust-deed is the highest form of literary expression, since the nature of the thing is such that each and every sentence must not only be capable of bearing the meaning desired by its author (or authors—it is usually a composite work) but must also be incapable of bearing any greater, lesser, or otherwise different meaning. A good trust-deed, he often tells me, is the only perfect literary work; it is the only one which absolutely completes what it sets out to do, leaving nothing whatever to the supplementary efforts of the reader's imagination.

Jones's letter was brief and, from the literary point of view, not particularly

interesting except for one sentence.

"I am coming up to Montreal," he wrote, naming a date, "to have a chat with you and a few drinks of good sound Scotch and/or Canadian whiskey."

I wrote back, "The liquor stores do not seem to keep Scotch and/or Canadian whiskey. What is its other name?"

To which Jones replied, "They have no other name. Don't you understand plain English?"

To which I replied, "How can Scotch and/or Canadian whiskey be plain English? Please translate."

Jones's answer to this request was very lengthy and somewhat abusive, but the essential part of it was to the effect that "and/or" was a new conjunction, which was introduced by the writers of trust-deeds, and which anybody with any sense ought to be able to understand without further explanation. It enabled one to treat the propositions connected by it as being either alternative or cumulative, a facility which he had found particularly useful in legal documents and which he thought I ought to find useful in writing poetry.

After a few hours of consideration I felt obliged to admit that the advantages of the new conjunction over the plain old "and" and/or the plain old "or" might be considerable. So I wrote him a special delivery letter (for the date of his arrival in Montreal was drawing near, but I did not dare to telegraph because I did not know what the operators might make of the diagonal line in the middle of the new word)

which said, "Delighted to join you for chat and/or drinks. Consider yourself engaged for lunch and/or dinner on date named for purposes named and/or any other purposes. Self and/or wife will meet you with car."

But Jones replied, "Your proposal for chat and/or drinks not satisfactory. Neither chat alone nor drinks alone will meet the specifications laid down in my letter of such-and-such date. Unless you can guarantee both chat and drinks must respectfully decline your offer."

I could see that he was right, so I telegraphed, "Delete quote or close quote between quote chat close quote and quote drinks close quote stop bring pajamas."

Jones and his pajamas duly arrived, and over a couple of glasses of Scotch and/or Canadian whiskey he expounded to me the immense benefits conferred upon the English language by the inventor of the new hybrid, compound, couplet, composite, doubleton, or whatever it may be.

Owing to the lack of such a word, Shakespeare, he pointed out, had frequently been led into the use of expressions which could not be properly applied to all the contingencies to which he had reference. The Hamlet soliloquy, for example, should have read:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and/or arrows of outrageous
fortune.

For it was quite obvious that outrageous fortune might elect to annoy the unfortunate victim with slings only or with arrows only or with both together, and a careful writer should make full provision for all these varying contingencies.

Swinburne, too, had been betrayed into many incautious catalogues of epithets, linked by the inclusive "and," which it would have been much safer, and at the same time more sonorous,

to join with "and/or." Take, for instance, the famous passage from "Hymn to Proserpine"; how much better if it had been written:

Goddess and/or maiden and/or queen,
be near me now and befriend.

Thou art more than the day and/or
the morrow, the seasons that laugh
and/or that weep;

For these give joy and/or sorrow; but
thou, Proserpina, sleep.

But poor Swinburne had no and/or; the trust-deed writers had not donated it to the language at the time when he composed his verses. How he would have welcomed it! How readily it would have worked itself into the lilt of his flowing line!

By the waters of Babylon, and/or somewhere else.

And how almost every other poet of the nineteenth century would have appreciated it, all except Walt Whitman, who never used any connectives anyhow, and would not have needed any except "and" if he had, for the simple reason that he was always adding everything together to make one magnificent total.

But the utility of the diagonal line obviously cannot be limited to the single expression "and/or." There must be scores of other combinations for which it is urgently needed. Several such have already occurred to me, although I have not given the subject more than a few days of thought. The most useful one that I can think of is a duplex preposition for enabling public men, investigating commissions, etc., to express their attitude towards some contentious proposition with accuracy and despatch. The neat little word "for/against" seems to me to fill a long-felt want. Imagine the satisfaction with which a presidential candidate would be able to assert, in terms of pellucid clearness, that he is for/against prohibi-

bition, or a Senator that he is for/ against cancellation of war debts, or the president of a company that he is for/ against the passing of the dividend at the next meeting. The necessity for making up one's mind on these and similar embarrassing subjects is the chief reason for the nervous strain of modern life. Our ancestors did not have to; they took one side or other of the question on somebody else's authority, that somebody else usually being dead, and let it go at that; and they lived long, happy lives. Now that nobody takes anybody else's authority any more, everybody has to be for or against everything by his own decision, because the language does not provide any neutral ground. Most of us would vastly rather be for/against things than either for or against them, and we ought to be given a chance. I am not against for/against, I am strongly for it.



MENACE WANTED

BY ELMER DAVIS

WHAT this country needs, my fellow-citizens, is a good menace.

I do not say that is all it needs; we could use a number of other things, including some prosperity. But all that anybody can think of to bring back prosperity has been done, and there is nothing more we can do about it just now but wait and see if it works. While we are waiting, nothing would be so good for the national nervous system as a genuine blown-in-the-glass menace.

For this is a year of apathy, mental

and spiritual. Most people spent the first year of the depression waking up to the fact that it had really happened. Then, in the second year, came the search for remedies; that was the year of economic plans. To the conservative any proposal for a thorough reform of our business system was a menace; to the planners the stubborn stand-patism of business leaders was a menace, so for some months everybody had a good time defending society against the menace embodied in his opponents.

But now the planners have fallen on hard times. The stand-patters have retired to a second and much stronger line of defense, as the prohibitionists had to do a little earlier. Before the wets could gain a hearing for their argument on its merits they had to win the right to make an argument at all; and in that struggle they worked up a fine glow and were able to feel that they were standing for age-old rights of free thought and free speech. At last it was tacitly admitted by all but the most fanatical dries that men had a right to disapprove of prohibition and to offer suggestions for something better—and then arose the question of what that something better was going to be, and whether it would turn out really to be better after all. The wets have managed to harmonize their various programs pretty well, but now the burden of proof lies on them when it used to be on their opponents.

So with the planners. They are no longer denounced—in public, at least—as enemies of the republic. Their opponents merely sit back comfortably and say, "So you think you have something better to offer? Well, what is it? See if you can agree on something, and then let's see whether it looks as if it might work." As yet the planners are nowhere near agreement; and the workability of any plan

they might agree on is another and higher hurdle which they have still to jump.

Besides, the object of an economic plan is to prevent the next depression; what the average man is worrying about just now is the cure of this one. He has seen the President and Congress, the Republicans and the Democrats behaving unexpectedly well this past winter, working together to try to get the engine started again; but it will be months before we know whether they have succeeded or not. Meanwhile the man who can do nothing about it is mentally unemployed; and he might be a good deal better off if he had a good menace to worry about.

You may say we have menaces enough already. What about organized crime? What about the depression itself? Ah, but those are not menaces. A menace, says Webster, is an "indication of probable evil or catastrophe to come." There is nothing probable or future about crime and the depression; here they are, present and indubitable facts; everybody thinks the same way about them but nobody knows what to do about them. Whereas a menace, as that term has been used in American history and especially in the Golden Age lately ended, is a more or less probable catastrophe that may be averted if only some vigilant citizen sounds the tocsin in time.

Happily for the welfare of the Republic, somebody always does. Not infrequently the menace becomes the meal ticket of the tocsin-sounder; he organizes a society to combat the menace, and persuades people whose names count for something to serve as honorary vice-presidents and non-directing directors, without pay. Then he elects himself executive secretary, with pay, and thereafter sounds the tocsin with one hand while he rakes in the money with the other.

Usually he earns his money, even if his activities do not particularly promote the welfare of society. The value of a menace, like that of a sun bath or a cold shower, lies in the reaction it sets up. Let the tocsin be sounded and the news broadcast that the republic is in danger, but can be saved if all good citizens do their duty. What happens? Why, every good citizen feels his heart beating faster and his adrenal glands working at maximum capacity. He rallies round the flag, joins the organization, pays his dues—and presently the menace no longer looks menacing and he goes home with the conviction that the republic has been saved by his personal effort. So everybody is happy but the executive secretary, who now that the dues are no longer coming in has to sit down and think up another menace.

Most people, unless they belong to the Klan or the D.A.R. or some kindred organization, will admit that the professional tocsin-sounder does more harm than good, like a sun bath or a cold shower too long continued. But you get all the tonic effect and very little of the harm out of a spontaneously recognized menace. The years from 1922 to 1929 were happy years. Because we were all making money? Well, partly; but also because in our spare time we were all busy saving society from some menace or other. The effect on the liver and the circulation was admirable, whether the menace had any reality or not.

Never were the woods so full of menaces as in those happy years, and most of them were double-action affairs—issues in which each side could regard its opponents as enemies of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. The Pope was a menace, or the Klan, according to your point of view; but you had to be a very apathetic person not to get excited about one or the

other. It was pretty hard to find a political menace when the nation was so overwhelmingly conservative, yet it was done; in 1924 a great many earnest patriots got themselves excited over the prospect of an indecisive election which would throw the choice of a President into the House of Representatives—where, by some diabolical machination that the faithful found a little difficult to explain, Wisconsin was going to have more votes than the other forty-seven States. This was about the most ludicrously synthetic issue in American history; yet it helped to maximate the ego of many a worthy citizen who felt that by voting for Coolidge he was saving the country from the red ruin that would be brought down on it by a vote for J. P. Morgan's lawyer.

You could wake up every morning, in those happy days, with the cheering certainty that there was a good fight going on somewhere and that you could get into it right after breakfast. Menckanism was a menace, and everybody except Mencken was a menace to the Menckenites. The Babbitts were a menace to the intelligentsia and the intelligentsia to the Babbitts; irreligion was a menace to the clergy, and the power of the clergy to the irreligious; the morals of the younger generation were a menace to everybody except those felicitous enough to belong to the younger generation. Every branch of human activity had its menace—except business. There we had entered into a new economic era; few and negligible were the citizens who saw in installment-plan prosperity any indication of probable evil or catastrophe to come; and when they tried to sound the tocsin they found that the bell had been cracked by previous tocsin-sounders, and its tinny note was no longer audible in the general uproar.

Those wars are over now, and the

economic determinist finds an easy explanation for the cessation of hostilities. People cannot get excited about God or Sinclair Lewis or the younger generation, or even about prohibition, when they are wondering where the next meal is coming from. Well, no doubt there is something in that argument; menaces as the nineteen twenties knew them were luxuries, and most of us are cutting out the luxuries this year. But I suspect there is more in it than that. All things were inflated in the twenties—personality values as much as security values. The last three years have left most of us rather doubtful if there is any man in this country big enough to be much of a menace. Mr. Sinclair Lewis, in his day, was one of the most active and successful of the tocsin-sounders. In 1930 the Swedish Academy gave him a louder bell to ring than he had ever had before, with an amplifier that would carry its clangor all over the world. But the Age of Menaces was over; Lewis did his best to find a menace to American art and thought, but could find it only in Henry Wadsworth Longfellow who died before Lewis was born.

Other people who have tried to find a menace since then have failed no less pitifully. A disgruntled and unsuccessful playwright who happens to hold a seat in Congress lately tried to find a menace to the republic in the New York dramatic critics; but nobody took him seriously except other disgruntled and unsuccessful playwrights. And if anybody pauses, nowadays, to cast an aspersion at Mencken, or Bruce Barton, or any other of the favorite targets of the Golden Age, about the only emotion he stirs up in the onlookers is a mood of melancholy reminiscence—as if you heard the bittern booming in the weeds around the broken arches of St. Paul's.

It seemed for a time that our President might render an unexpected service to his country, and appear as the menace that we needed to get our circulation going again. There he sat, doing nothing but emit recurrent statements that the depression was over, and blocking such endeavors as the Democrats made to help it get over a little faster. But after twenty months of waiting for the Lord to provide, Mr. Hoover suddenly determined last summer to try to do a little providing himself. His hymn to American individualism in his Indianapolis speech seems to have been the swan song of the old Hoover; thereafter he swallowed his own words and went into a program of collectivism for almost everybody but the man out of work, who is still left in his rugged individual reliance on the charity of the neighbors.

Neither Mr. Hoover nor anybody else knows how well his program is going to work; but so far as it goes it looks like about as good a program as anybody can think of at present. It might well go a good deal farther, but at any rate the past year has pretty well disqualified him as a menace. And Congress has disqualified itself too. The average business man used to look on the opening of the long session as an indication of probable evil or catastrophe to come; but this year Congress has done a good deal more for business than business has done for itself. American public life has reached, for the moment, a sort of dead center; what can be done has been done, and till we see what comes of it people who like to worry about the state of the nation are going to be hard up for something to do with their spare time.

A menace would admirably fill the void—the right sort of menace, which requires no organization with dues and an executive secretary to combat it; a menace illusory enough to be laid

aside, as were the menaces of the nineteen twenties, whenever something really important comes along. Whoever can invent a menace like that and sound the loud distracting tocsin will have deserved well of his country.



GLASS PLUMS

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

SONIA patted the backs of her hands with synthetic lily-of-the-valley and touched it to the lobes of her ears, then hung the latter with long earrings of imitation rhinestones. They looked quite as well as real rhinestones, she decided, turning her sleek head right and left to enjoy them. Dripping like that almost to her shoulders, they made her feel that her name really was Sonia, as Numerology had decreed, and not the plain, dull sound which she had been christened.

The bed on which she had been resting was folded back and became once more a door. How Larry had laughed at those two doors, side by side, when they took the apartment! He had wanted to go off into some dreary region where they could have a bedroom and a living room and a dining room, simply because he had been brought up to have them. It was hard to make Larry keep abreast of the times, adjust himself to a new order of things. When she had brought home the bowls of paper-white narcissus six months ago he had been at first funny and then quite cross. They came up out of pebbles as naturally as possible and were all in bloom at once, as they never were if one tried to raise

them from real bulbs; but even when she put a drop of perfume on the petals, Larry was not reconciled. She took a hat brush to them now, delicately; she could never dust them or the purple-glass plums of their dining table without setting Larry off. If he could only look facts in the face he would realize that these new flowers and fruits were rather handsomer than real ones as well as cheaper and easier.

Sonia had made the room quite lovely with fabrics that looked like silk; she had covered the windows with golden gauze, so that by day one could imagine the sun was coming in. After noon, when the neighboring wall cut off that illusion, her lamps spread a rosy glow, as of firelight. The tea service always stood in readiness by the hearth, although no one ever came in for tea. Michael was coming in at five, but he would not want tea.

The drink that Michael liked was synthetic, like her lily-of-the-valley, and quite as satisfactory. Sonia got out some biscuits that looked and tasted as though they were spread with caviar and closed the door of the cupboard that served as a kitchenette. Larry's dinner was already prepared, and as odorless as the narcissus. She never bought food that had to smell beforehand. Five was striking, so she turned a switch that put a glow of fire into the coals in the grate, and lighted a concealed taper that sent a breath of pine woods curling about the room. Larry said it smelled like a drug store—just because he knew that it was not pine woods. He had no imagination.

At Michael's ring Sonia was pleased to find that she started. She put her hand over her heart, as though to find the place, but nothing was happening there. Still, there was an undeniable twitter somewhere. She had to open the door herself, for no one had invented anything that looked like a

servant in uniform; but she made it a pretty gesture of haste and welcome. Michael was short and rather fat, but he bent over her hand as a cavalier should and kissed the very spot that had been prepared for him.

"Sonia!" He made a long breath of it, and Sonia gave back a similar "Michael!" It was Michael who had told her about Numerology and so released her from her dreary name. He himself had escaped into Michael from something better forgotten.

In the magazine stories which were Sonia's favorite reading, she had noticed that man and woman of any real class always talked about "the latest books." That phrase could absolutely be counted on in the beginning of the affair: the latest books discovered them to each other and set things going. So Sonia made a point of having a latest book in readiness on the table or beside her on the couch, and what she had read of it combined with the review that Michael had read to make a very cultured effect. To-day it was a slim volume of verse translated from the Chinese, and Sonia had it open at the only page she had had time to read.

"Oh, have you seen this?" she exclaimed. She had always an air of running to him with her discovery. "Do listen!" She read in a rich whisper:

"In the garden of Mei Ling a little bird is pecking at a seed.

Why do you ask for more?"

She let it sink in. "Isn't that—complete?"

Michael expressed it by thumb and middle finger delicately touching to make a circle. "The whole thing—there!" he said. "Oh, perfect!"

"I knew you would feel it," she said. "Some of the others are interesting but they haven't the—the bare quality of that one."

"Sparse," Michael contributed.

"That is the word! Sparse!" She rejoiced in his understanding. "'A little bird is pecking at a seed.' Michael, why is that so wonderful?"

"Ask why life is so wonderful? It is all of life. 'Why do you ask for more?'" he murmured, absently refilling his glass. Usually he took only one.

"The garden of Mei Ling," she sighed. Then she closed the book. That would do for culture. "Well, Michael? Do you like me to-day?"

"Those earrings make a very good line, Sonia." Michael carved out a line in the air with a curving thumb, as interior decorators are apt to do. He never missed one of her new effects, while Larry only saw that she looked pretty or that she looked tired. Positively that was all he ever said.

"It is worth while to do things for you," Sonia admitted, drawing out the "you" as they do in popular songs—"for you-ou."

Michael looked as significant as a rather chubby face allowed. "Will you do more than that for me—some day?"

Her smile was subtle. "'Why do you ask for more?'"

She expected a laugh, but Michael was in a new mood. Perhaps the second glass had something to do with it. He set it down, empty, and deliberately pulled his chair over beside hers. This was startling. There had always been five feet of rosy firelight and Pine Drift between them.

"I want a lot more," he said crudely, and put a hand over hers.

Sonia felt a dreadful disappointment. She was as desolate as though someone were taking away her earrings and her narcissus. That agreeable twitter, as of a subterranean doorbell, was quenched.

"Oh, no!" she cried.

Evidently they always said that, for Michael was steadily coming on. She could hear his heavy breathing, also an intimate creaking, as of strained braces, and suddenly, violently, she hated him. She wanted her purple plums to be glass! She wanted to look like lovers, not to be lovers!

"Alonzo!" she said sharply.

He jerked back, lowering, hostile.

"Etta yourself!" he hurled at her.

The sound of Larry's latchkey delivered them from each other. It was a homely, practical sound, overwhelmingly real.



WITH CONVENTIONS IN PROSPECT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

JUST at this writing our world is hanging by the eyelids, so to speak, wondering what will happen before the 4th of July. The candidates for President will probably have been selected. At present one observes a disposition to disparage all of them by way of making the conventions livelier. As for the Republican convention, to infuse speculative characteristics into that seems quite hopeless, and indeed, though there is some talk at the moment about General Dawes, support for Mr. Hoover increases, even from Republicans whose best hopes he has not yet begun to realize. But the prevailing disparagement of all the Democratic candidates may be an advantage to him in the political picture. Alfred Smith, standing up in meeting and an active figure in various primaries, has undoubtedly cast shadows on Governor Roosevelt but has not at this writing brought about more than a partial occultation of his candidacy. A runaway Congress has somewhat impaired Mr. Garner's luster. Various writers, including Mr. Oswald Villard, have furnished disparagement of Mr. Baker. Governor Ritchie goes along about the same—more objectionable to the Drys than is Governor Roosevelt. Mr. Young, not at any time an active candidate, has given formal notice that he could not accept a nomination.

Just at the moment there are a good many Democrats who do not particularly want to vote for any candidate so far offered. They would like to have a superman and they cannot see one in the line-up. There won't be any ready-made superman. The most one can hope for is that whoever is chosen to run for the Democratic party will develop superman qualities out of the needs of the situation. Not one of the candidates named, Mr. Hoover not excepted, but has valuable gifts. We are not threatened as yet with any candidate who carries visible catastrophe on his person. We shall get somebody to vote for, and most of us will vote, though many voters may wait in doubt to see what happens between June and November.

And, of course, a great deal may happen. We think the selection of a new President is the most important job in sight, but is it? Quite or almost regardless of election, certain operations must go on, especially the care of the unemployed and the feeding of the hungry. We shall need the people now living to operate our plants of production and distribution as soon as the wheels in them begin moving again. That will go on, whoever is President. The efforts to attain to a more economical operation of our affairs will also go on. A Congress practiced in distributing billions has got to come down to

hard pan, and so have tax boards, state, city, and county all over the country. Our drunken-sailor period of distribution is out of date, whoever is going to be President.

IN CONSIDERING current affairs the minds of observers usually run to processes. They have to, because processes are practical answers to the needs that clamor. The great trouble with the world is the lack of love and a large oversupply of suspicions, jealousies, competitions, and animosities. We ought to be loving one another to get along, helping one another out, thoughtful after one another's needs. And, of course, we are to a considerable extent, and lots of people are to a very great extent. The job now being done in this country to take care of the temporarily destitute is enormous, though apparently not yet adequate. We have fellow-feeling enough but it is mostly outside of politics. In Congress at this moment of writing there is a constant wrangle between representatives of States whose local interests conflict with this or that plan of taxation, and constant assaults on the Treasury by organized voters. We have not yet come to the point where the lion lies down with the lamb. Perhaps we are on the way there and shall get to it before Europe does, but at the present rate it will not take long to find out. Meanwhile the development of hatreds and messes goes on quite prosperously. De Valera in Ireland is stirring up such snakes as evaded St. Patrick. Gandhi is poking up India. The Japanese are active in Manchuria and China. The great scandal of Honolulu has filled the headlines of the papers. Russia rumbles, surges, struggles on about as usual. France sees Continental Europe escaping from her control. Nobody quite sees the way out. Reparations are likely to go; the War Debts are likely to go. The Ver-

sailles Treaty and the Polish Corridor seem heading in the same direction, and things would look more desperate if one did not realize that, after all, all these concerns are processes, and if one did not have down inside of himself a confidence that in due time the human race will emerge, spiritually renewed and commercially and politically sane again.

We may be pessimistic about details but we had all better be optimistic about the main chance. Some scientist professor has computed that if the glaciers melt we shall have a flood up to about the thirteenth floor of our tall buildings in New York. But perhaps in that case the upper floors would get tenants—which are much needed in many of them,—and the subway question would disappear, and we should be relieved of many anxieties and, incidentally, perhaps of some elements of population that are of doubtful value. One must look on the bright side even if the glaciers melt, of which it must be admitted there is no convincing prospect.

People, however, are not optimistic unless they are fed, and this matter of feeding is the big job. We are probably heading for another bad winter, but we have six months to get ready for it and at the same time provide for the continuation of our formal government; so it looks like a busy summer.

France seems to be running into the depression. Whatever happens to the world, France has got to be kept in commission. It is a country with qualities that are not elsewhere duplicated—very valuable qualities. Perhaps if France shows some lessening of power to accomplish her own exclusive salvation she will become again in a greater degree an object of solicitude to the neighbors.

The strongest going concern for the moment is the British Commonwealth. Those persons who incline to the opinion that it will form the nucleus around

which other nations will gather to accomplish world recovery have a good deal on which to back their expectations. And yet the English, though they are getting on, have only moderate confidence in their present leadership.

ONLY a handful of people even think they understand much about the fundamental principles of finance. The House of Representatives as a whole is not included in that number. It passes preposterous bills, often under the influence of various groups of organized voters like the Legionnaires. We count on the Senate to check the vagaries of the House, with the assistance of the President at any serious pinch. Members of Congress, as a rule, want to hold their jobs with the salaries connected with them, and success in that effort depends upon the emotions of their home communities. They vote for bills that will bring them votes for re-election, and whether they are beneficial or detrimental to the general situation does not seem to matter. Nevertheless, the House knows that what can be done to check the depression and restore activity to business must finally be done, if not before the election then afterwards.

One matter that engages the attention and efforts of the experts is the value of the dollar relative to the present prices of commodities and stocks. We are told from many respected quarters that our dollars are now too high, that the debts which they represent really stand for about one-third more value than they represented at the time they were incurred. This constitutes an immense burden on all debtors, foreign and domestic, and the effort to get rid of that burden constitutes one of the crucial financial problems of the day. It is a novel problem, and all attempts to solve it are still in the experimental stage. The active

agents in what is being done about it now are the Reserve banks that are buying government bonds in an effort to relieve the anxieties which have made solvent banks turn most of their assets into cash and constrained enormous liquidation of securities at very low prices. This has been going on for months. These efforts have to do with considerations that are quite outside of general knowledge. They have to be left to the Reserve banks and to the Executive Department of the Government, including the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mills, whose reputation as a financier and as a citizen is excellent.

The British, forced off the gold standard, were left with the Pound reduced twenty or twenty-five per cent. The volume of their currency is now determined by the Bank of England; the value of their money rests on the credit of the British nation. The change seems to have benefited their business and restored some activity to commercial transactions. The example has not been lost on us. France reduced the value of the franc from twenty cents to four. Italy did something of that sort with the lira. One effect was to reduce about four-fifths the debts France owed to Great Britain. Our gentlemen who observe our dollar would like an effect such as has been produced in Great Britain by the fall of sterling from \$4.87 to whatever the newspaper says it is worth to-day, but they do not quite know how to achieve this desirable end. At least they do not know the best way. The inflation of our currency as was proposed by the last Bonus bill is discountenanced by all experts and, as said, the Reserve banks are at work on this problem trying to solve it without impairing the integrity of the money of the United States. The new legislation proposed for the regulation of banks is of the highest importance, is

being carefully considered and discussed, and should be helpful if it is passed.

NOT less, or hardly less, important than the Presidential candidates to be selected by the two leading parties is the plank in the platforms of the conventions relative to the Eighteenth Amendment and the present liquor laws. The question of Wet or Dry may control the election. It may not be untimely then to trace the Amendment back to its source in paragraph 70 of the "Doctrines and Disciplines of the Methodist Episcopal Church" as published by the Methodist Book Concern in 1916, as follows:

Both science and human experience agree with the Holy Scriptures in condemning all alcoholic beverages as being neither useful nor safe. The business of manufacturing and of vending such liquors is also against the principles of morality, political economy, and the public welfare. We therefore regard voluntary total abstinence from all intoxicants as the obligation of the citizen and the complete legal prohibition of the traffic in alcoholic drinks as the duty of civil government. We heartily approve all lawful and Christian efforts to save society from the manifold and grievous evils resulting from intemperance, and earnestly advise our people to co-operate with all measures which may seem to them wisely adapted to secure that end.

That passage reveals what the country is up against in the matter of the rum laws. To the enforcement of a religious opinion widely disputed both by Christians and others, the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act gave the police power of the country. The Amendment created new crimes and committed the police power to run them down and the courts to punish them. Of course, that was what was done by the Inquisition—the Church determined guilt, the secular arm burnt heretics. We face in our affairs two

very ominous groups of organized interests—the embattled Methodists striving night and day to run in on us the compulsory methods of the Inquisition, and the Legionnaires, the so-called Veterans of the Foreign Wars, striving with powerful lobbies for vast additional appropriations of taxpayers' monies to which the majority of them have no valid title whatever.

PROFESSOR Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the Museum of Natural History, came back from a hundred-day cruise around the world in the interest of natural history with an impression that the world was overpopulated. Every port he visited disclosed over-population, over-production, and unemployment, and he was persuaded that only by "some wise and judicious means of limiting the number of births could the world find the way out of the woods of depression."

But is there any wise and judicious means of limiting the number of births? There are Mrs. Sanger's methods, as to which information seems nowadays quite generally available, but use of them is voluntary. Whether they are wise and judicious is disputed, and meanwhile all old-time methods—war, pestilence, and famine—of diminishing surplus population are frowned upon and regarded as evils and eliminated so far as possible. Famine does something in Asia but has not yet even there been able to recall prosperity. As for us, taxes may do something to restrict families, but it is offset by sanitation and various labors of doctors and researchers. But still the birth rate is falling in England. It is pretty low here except among stocks of recent importation, but the great enemy of the birth rate may turn out to be mass production, which provides plenty of everything except jobs.



FUNERAL PYRE

By Rockwell Kent

Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

THE VETERANS VERSUS THE COUNTRY

BY ERNEST ANGELL

IT'S a lot more spectacular to get out and wave a flag and holler for the bonus than to sit down and figure out what it means to the country and ultimately to every veteran in the country if the thing passes." Mr. Richard W. O'Neill, a badly wounded and much-decorated veteran of the World War, in opposing the Spring Drive of the massed ex-heroes for immediate payment of the Federal bonus, has perhaps unconsciously suggested the one fact about this raid on the Treasury which may prove of lasting benefit to the country at large. The spectacular manner in which the demand has been made on Congress has at least—and at last—focused a growing measure of attention on the fantastic costs of the veterans' relief legislation: seven billion dollars since the close of the War.

We are just beginning to realize the extent of the cash tribute which the organized veterans' lobby has suc-

ceeded in extracting from our obsequious statesmen in the past few years. The bonus, despite the recent hue and cry over it, is but a minor item in the total bill presented and accepted. We, our children, and our grandchildren will continue until some time after the year 2000 to pay the debt to the four million men we put in uniform in 1918. A billion-dollar bonus, or four billions, is but a drop in the bucket; it will be forgotten in five years.

The "relief" of World War veterans already costs the Federal government about three-quarters of a billion dollars a year, an average of nearly \$200 for each of the surviving four million ex-soldiers; next year it will cost more, the year after it will cost more still, even if no further legislation is passed. Almost a quarter of the annual expenditures of the Federal government now goes into the pockets of veterans or their families. This sum is not the bonus, except in small part. Most of the

750 millions goes to one and a quarter million ex-veterans or dependents of those who have died, to "compensate" them for "disability"; it goes to maintain hospitals, doctors, nursing service for these men; it goes to pay insurance benefits to veterans' dependents under "War Risk Insurance" policies; it goes to maintain the largest single government service, the Veterans' Administration.

In the other countries which participated in the War the remaining costs of that debacle decline yearly; with us the costs mount each year, and it seems that we have only just begun. The total cost is estimated at 100 billions. We have paid only about seven per cent of the bill; it will not be paid in full until every reader of this article is in his grave, and his great-grandchildren have become taxpayers.

The United States Treasury has already paid a total of 6 billions to the 1918 ex-service men, and they have received nearly another billion from grateful States, municipalities, and private agencies. (In 1931 the City of New York itself expended almost 4 millions.) Their total receipts to date amount to considerably more than twice the sum annually spent by the citizens of the United States for all education, public and private.

By 1950 it is estimated that under existing statutes alone, *even if the entire crop of recurring bills to "correct inequalities" is defeated*, the Federal Treasury will be paying out some $2\frac{1}{2}$ billions annually to veterans and dependents; and as all previous estimates have been low rather than high, it may reasonably be predicted that we, or our children born after democracy was saved, will ultimately be taxed to pay at least 3 billions annually for the relief of those who preserved our institutions from the Hun. This does not—let us repeat—include the cost of the impend-

ing pensions to every veteran, his widow and orphans, or the cost of other impending measures which will provide for doctors to visit him and nurses to sit by his bedside at home.

II

Where has this 6 billions of Federal government money gone since 1918? Who are the 700,000 veterans and their 550,000 dependents for whom it is being spent; what is their claim to ever-increasing cash payments? Let us look at the principal items in the large:

1. *Insurance benefits.* When the men entered war service in 1917 and 1918 they were offered term insurance on their lives, at peace-time rates, with all overhead and the special risks of war to be carried by the government. A huge amount of this insurance was written, although to-day there are only $3\frac{3}{4}$ billions remaining outstanding, chiefly in the form of converted life or endowment policies. The excess of benefits paid over premiums received is already one billion dollars. We must approve this item; it represents payments made or to be made under definite contracts for the direct risks of war casualties. Some 152,000 persons, veterans, widows, children, parents, and other near relatives, were receiving monthly payments on December 31st last, under policies which had matured either by death or total disability of the veteran thus insured.

2. *Vocational rehabilitation.* Six hundred and forty-five millions have been paid in the effort to refit the wounded and disabled for civilian jobs. As most of it went for a wholly laudable and necessary end, and as the spending has now ceased, we can approve this too.

3. *Administration expenses.* The sum of 500 millions spent for overhead includes much waste and some graft,

particularly during the Harding administration. It includes also considerable amounts expended for relief in ways other than direct payments to veterans or dependents. A good deal of it has leaked out through holes which should have been plugged. Fortunately, the present ratio of such costs to total expenditures is declining. But it is a bit bewildering to watch the droves of employees pour from the Veterans' Administration offices at the four o'clock closing-hour. You wonder whether these are bleacher fans milling to get out of the ball grounds; you begin to reflect about that unpleasant Federal deficit of which we have heard so much recently. We might cut down this general overhead considerably, I imagine. But let us stretch a point and pass this item temporarily, until we find how many veterans Uncle Sam is providing for now.

4. *Adjusted compensation (the bonus)*: $1\frac{1}{3}$ billions paid; $2\frac{1}{3}$ billions still payable on the basis of legislation now standing on the books. In 1924 the American Legion brought to success a long fight to force Congress to pay an additional bounty to the ex-service men. The claim was that the men had been underpaid in service, and that an "adjustment" was due. Congress passed over President Coolidge's veto an act authorizing all veterans to receive certificates evidencing the government's promise to pay, in 1945, an amount determined by length of war service, with overseas service rating higher. The average amount payable to each man—ill or well, jobless or employed—is about \$1,100. The total face amount of the certificates issued is nearly $3\frac{3}{4}$ billions. More than 120 millions has already been paid out on such certificates which "matured" by death of the holder; for if he dies before 1945 his certificate becomes at once payable in full.

In 1931 Congress, again over a Presi-

dential veto, authorized the veteran to borrow immediately one-half of the face amount of the bonus certificates; $1\frac{1}{4}$ billions were thus taken. Theoretically, this is not a present expenditure by the government—only an advance payment on what will fall due in 1945. Those who know the temper and power of the soldier demands, however, are perfectly aware that these "loans" will never be repaid, that the money is gone, and that when Congress has authorized advance borrowing of the second half of the certificates too, the "loans" will be forgiven and general pensions will be the next order of business. The 1932 bonus drive, pushed by the Veterans of Foreign Wars after President Hoover had explicitly requested the American Legion not to ask for further payments at such a critical time for our national finances, was a drive to force Congress to pay outright or at least let the boys "borrow" the remaining unpaid 2400 millions of their certificates. It is the fight over this demand, in the face of a probable 3 billion deficit and the rising murmurs of taxpayers, which has, happily, begun to make us veteran-conscious.

We can charge the bonus to experience, remembering that as "the gratitude of the Nation to these veterans cannot be expressed in dollars and cents," in the words of President Coolidge in his veto message on the bill, you can always come back for more. If the debt is infinite, why not the payments too?

5. *Medical and hospital care*: 500 millions. The Federal government now owns and operates over one hundred hospitals for veterans; it also has contracts with more than two hundred private hospitals for their care. Each year Congress is importuned to build more hospitals; each year the American Legion records its satisfaction with the building appropriations exacted,

its cry for ever-extended facilities. In the fiscal year which has just ended more than 110 millions went to build hospitals, to pay doctors and nurses. Remember that all this "hospitalization," for buildings, maintenance, medical, surgical, and nursing care, is without cost to the veteran. The taxpayer foots the bill.

By February of this year there were 44,000 veteran patients in these hospitals. During 1931, 988,000 medical examinations were made, 140,000 cases were treated, and 76,000 men admitted to hospitals. Less than 25 per cent of the patients admitted were suffering from a disability growing out of war service. Fifty-seven million dollars were expended for new construction.

6. *Compensation* for a disability incurred during war service: \$2,000,-000,000 to date. There are to-day 770,000 World War veterans and dependents receiving these cash payments. One thinks of wounds, accidents, and disease in the service. Among our acquaintances each of us can name a few who carry a scar from shrapnel or machine-guns, were shell-shocked, had a badly broken leg, or a case of war tuberculosis. For the veteran who suffered any real disability in the service, we all would gladly give everything that medical science can provide and any reasonable sum of money as partial compensation. More than partial it can never be.

But are there to-day really nearly three-quarters of a million persons substantially handicapped from any war cause? The plain answer is—no, not half that number. Let us do a little figuring, beginning with the recorded totals of war casualties. The deaths from wounds, disease, and accident totalled 122,000 in the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. (Yet 230,000 applications for death compensation have been filed!) Some 145,000 wives,

orphans, and parents of the World War dead are now receiving monthly compensation in varying small amounts. With these payments, of course, no one can possibly complain.

In addition to the dependents of the war dead, there are the survivors who suffered wounds, accidents, or disease. The War Department reported 220,000 wounded in action, of whom possibly one-half have some resulting disability. These include 18,000 totally disabled, 158,000 returned to active, military duty, thus leaving less than 50,000 with partial disability from battle wounds. There were also 179,000 discharged for accident or disease, much of which must of necessity have been only temporary in effect. Also a substantial number of cases of genuine disability developed after army discharge but are directly traceable to war service—tuberculosis, shell-shock, and the like. It is naturally impossible to know exactly how many cases of actual disability can fairly be laid to war causes. But if we make allowance on the one hand for the cases of genuine disability which developed after the War, and on the other hand for temporary injuries which did not involve permanent disability, it seems fair to conclude that a total of 300,000 potential "service-connected" disability sufferers is a reasonable estimate.

Yet the records of the Veterans' Administration reveal no less than 1,060,000 applications filed for disability compensation—more than three times as many claims as we can reasonably assume to have merit! Evidently the number of Spartan boys who concealed the gnawing fox was prodigious. (Almost one-quarter of all the men who got into uniform in 1917 and 1918 have in the intervening years claimed to be still suffering in some degree from war disablement.) And nearly half of these applications have

been favorably acted upon; 493,655 allowances for disability had been made up to January 1st: more than half again as many as would seem to be justified by the computations made in the preceding paragraph. On January 1st, 313,000 veterans and 228,000 dependents of living veterans were receiving monthly "compensation" payments for a disability still existing more than thirteen years after the Armistice. These are in addition to the 145,000 dependents of the war dead; so that altogether 694,000 persons are drawing government bounty for war deaths or supposed war disabilities. In the current budget \$240,926,406 is appropriated for them. I do not see how anyone can examine these prodigious totals without concluding that generosity has fallen into the hands of quackery and greed.

The swollen numbers and padded claims can be traced, fairly easily, if not in actual count and exact cost, to definite sluice-gates. It is ridiculously easy to prove a "disability" and obtain an allowance. All you need is medical testimony that you are now suffering from an enlarged heart, constipation, asthma, dizziness, or what not—anything at all in the category of human ailments. You may then offer the testimony of lay witnesses that while in the service you had flu, an attack of indigestion, dropped a stone on your foot, or got wet feet in mock trenches at a training camp. With a fair break of luck you are rated as ten or twenty or thirty per cent disabled, and "compensation" is awarded, though your enlarged heart may have come from playing tennis in 1923 or your asthma developed after a cold in 1928, and you may in the intervening years since the Armistice have been the picture of rugged health. Honest officials of the Veterans' Administration admit that thousands to-day are receiving monthly gratuities

for absurd, exaggerated, and made-out-of-whole-cloth "disabilities." If the suffering hero is by chance denied his just award, he complains to his Congressman or to his veteran post, and the "injustice" is righted. There are doubtless many cases of merit wherein proof is wanting or rejected and the claim denied; but it is certain that for every such case, there are a dozen exaggerated and unfounded claims allowed.

Congress has opened up a further source of easy money by providing that if certain diseases were contracted prior to January 1, 1925, it is presumed that they were contracted as a result of war service. Among these are tuberculosis, neuropsychiatric diseases, "lethargica," and a few less important ailments. The presumption is "conclusive" as to tuberculosis and spinal meningitis. All you have to prove, for instance, is that before this date (six years after the War), you were found to have a ten per cent disabling, active tuberculosis case. Even if you spent only three months in 1918 drilling in a Long Island training camp; even if your case of tuberculosis did not develop until the presidency of Calvin Coolidge; even if it has been wholly arrested and you are leading a normal life in all respects, you are automatically entitled to \$50 per month for the rest of your life. If you go to a government hospital for treatment—free, of course—your compensation jumps to \$80 a month; if you have dependents, you draw additional allowance for them. The Veterans' Administration reports that 28 per cent of the compensation awards are to veterans who now have in fact no war disability or are less than 20 per cent disabled; item, about 26 million dollars in the past year.

Let us pause here for a moment to note one of the shocking inequalities of the present system. As time has passed and new laws have been passed

favoring new groups, Congress has become more generous—to the late-comers. We have just seen that if you got tuberculosis in 1924, recovered shortly afterwards, and are now wholly well, you can draw \$50 a month from the Government. Yet the widow and two minor children of a doughboy killed at the front receive only \$46 a month. They were unfortunate enough to have such an obvious claim that it was settled before the floodgates were opened—that is all.

Favored beneficiaries are the "emergency officers," for whom the American Legion succeeded in getting from Congress in 1928 special consideration. Only commissioned officers may put in claims under this act. A 30 per cent permanent service-connected disability entitles a former officer to draw for life 75 per cent of his war-time pay, depending on his rank at discharge. By 1932 there were 6,469 men in this class drawing an average of about \$140 monthly each. A second lieutenant thus gets \$109 monthly, a general \$406. This year \$11,046,040 is appropriated for them.

If a "30 per cent disability" meant a real impairment of function or earning capacity, caused by a wound, genuine war accident, or disease, the only feature we could criticize would be the distinction of former rank carried over into civil life as the basis for the payment. But at least 420 of these "disabled" Sam Brownes are in government employ to-day, receiving full pay for full-time civilian services, and hundreds more are filling private jobs. As many as 1,730 of the 6,400 are doctors, whose claims have been approved by fellow medicos employed by the Veterans' Administration!

7. *Disability allowance:* 100 millions; cost curve rising. In 1930 Congress went boldly beyond the legal dishonesty of "presumptive" disabilities, and spilled millions into the laps of

those unhappy heroes who still could not prove a service-connected case. Any veteran who was in the service during the World War for ninety days and develops a 25 per cent permanent disability which is not the result of his own wilful misconduct is now entitled to free hospital, medical, surgical, and nursing service. His disability need have no connection with the War; he may be knocked down by a taxi, lose a finger at his lathe, contract diabetes or asthma. Nevertheless, he may demand all the free treatment in hospitals necessary for his ailment, if permanent in character. Even more, if he paid no income tax the previous year, he also draws a "disability allowance" up to \$40 monthly. When the man applies for relief he is directed to report to some hospital with a vacant bed, perhaps one hundred miles distant. He gets travel allowance for the trip and \$2.65 daily pay at the hospital while awaiting approval or rejection of his claim. By February, 1932, there were 353,000 recipients of this latest form of gift, and \$104,277,544 is appropriated for them this year by a Government which is fighting to balance its budget. Again the number is steadily mounting. The average age of the veteran to-day is about 39. When the veteran is 50 years old, what will this item in the bill cost—300 millions, 500 millions? It is poker with no limit and all cards stacked against the taxpayer.

Thus we find in all 1,254,000 World War veterans and dependents on the government payroll (as of six months ago) for insurance benefits, compensation and disability allowances of one kind or another. This does not include Civil War or Spanish War veterans. By the time this article appears the figure will have increased by 100,000 more.

To recapitulate in round numbers the payments I have just listed:

1. Insurance benefits	\$1,000,000,000
2. Vocational rehabilitation	645,000,000
3. Administration expenses	500,000,000
4. Adjusted compensation (the bonus)	1,300,000,000
5. Medical and hospital care	500,000,000
6. Compensation for disabilities	2,000,000,000
7. Disability allowances	100,000,000
Total, over	<hr/> \$6,000,000,000

This compilation is of the money spent to date by the Federal Government for the veterans; it takes no account of the vastly greater sums which will be disbursed in the future even if not a single new law benefiting the veterans is passed by an obedient Congress.

III

We have had three phases of veterans' relief legislation since 1917. In the first phase were the war-time laws, providing government allowances to immediate dependents of the enlisted man while in the service; compensation, medical and hospital care for him if disabled and payments for his dependents if he died in war service; vocational rehabilitation for civilian life; insurance at peace-risk rates.

In the second phase came the series of acts broadening the compensation principle beyond recognition. In this I should include the bonus law of 1924, as well as the presumptive disability clauses. Finally—the third phase—we have the “disability allowance” law of 1930, which frankly abandons the whole previous basis of payments limited to war-service causes, and introduces free veterans' health insurance.

If this were all we had to reckon with, we might be ready to take on another war, at about the year 2000, possibly to end the menace of the peace-

time soldier. But this is not all, despite the terrific expenses present and future to which we have already committed ourselves. We are now entering the fourth and most costly phase, that of general pensions. The opening attack was the passage by the House of Representatives, on May 3rd of this year of supposed drastic governmental economy, of a bill to pay pensions to widows and orphans of all veterans, without regard to the cause of death. It was adopted by vote of 316 to 16, with debate limited to forty minutes. It is expected to be passed over any Presidential veto. The cost of this bounty will run into additional billions over the years. Once this measure is on the books, the way will be open for the boys to get pensions for themselves.

Let there be no delusion on this point. The existing legislation for World War soldiers which I have summarized above is but an appetizer to the feast to come. The history of pensions to the Union soldiers of the Civil War merits a glance. There were 2,128,000 men in the Northern armies. In 1880—fifteen years after the close of that war—the pension total was a modest 55 million dollars. Only in 1890—twenty-five years after that war—did Congress give pensions to those disabled from causes other than war service. We have done the same for World War veterans after only twelve years. By 1914, the Civil War pension cost had moved up to 174 millions annually; and in 1923—fifty-eight years after Appomattox—we paid to the old men, and their young widows, 223 millions a year. These pensions have cost the nation 7½ billions. Spanish War pensions took an insignificant 4½ millions in 1920, but 84 millions in 1930, and 116 millions are appropriated for them next year. Total casualties in that affair were but 8,000, with only 280,000 in the army.

In 1917-18 we put over 4 million men in uniform and we are already on the verge of general pensions. The Civil War veterans have drawn \$75-\$100 monthly; if the 4 million survivors of our World War forces should strike only \$50 a month from the Treasury, *this would take 2½ billions annually, in addition to the one billion we now pay.* And the faster they die from natural causes, the more will the survivors draw, under the increasing scale of all pension laws of the past. What will World War pensions cost? *Faites vos jeux.*

The immediate hand-out program of the veterans includes also "out-patient" medical treatment for all, which may mean a doctor to call and a nurse to stay at your home without cost to yourself; it includes the removal of the "wilful misconduct" bar to compensation payments, thus giving the hero a monthly check for a disability resulting from an accident while drunk, or from syphilis, or from a wound deliberately self-inflicted in the service. I am told that this one amendment would put a million dollars a month in their pockets.

IV

In reflecting upon the future of this special class-legislation, its cost to the country, and the temptation which it offers to other minority groups to force the privilege of feeding at the public trough, one must take account of the power, temper, and momentum of the veteran movement.

A few months ago the Willard Straight Post, a unit of the American Legion in New York City, had the temerity to make public an appeal to Legion leaders to desist from further raiding of the Treasury, to work for repeal of the more flagrant statutory abuses, and to give up the salaried Washington lobby maintained by the Legion. Letters to that Post from veterans in all parts of the country

expressed an almost unanimous abuse and vilification; the Post was officially suspended for daring to criticize the Legion for its past support of these measures. A few excerpts from these letters afford a glimpse into the attitude of the average veteran.

"How dastardly, how unspeakably contemptible and how unpatriotic, to appeal to the Patriotism of the soldier who offered the supreme sacrifice at Verdun and the Marne and who is now destitute as a result of having laid so much on the altar of Loyalty." (Apparently it was the American doughboy who repulsed the enemy at Verdun and on the Marne.)

"Say buddies what is eating you birds up in the State of New York, if you veterans do not want your Bonus the rest of us World War veterans do and have no objection whatever to you boys returning yours to the United States Government, or you poor saps can donate it to the foreigners to aid them in their fight for the cancellation of the war debts they owe us."

"The war contractors got theirs. The railroads got theirs, and if the veteran waits to 1945 and pays 4½ per cent on his own [bonus loan] money what will he have?"

"Now we want ours."

An enthusiast signing as a "Department Adjutant" of the Veterans of Foreign Wars wrote: "Get in line with your Buddies, if you want political plums, get out in the field and run for them, let the people elect you and not the Big Boys appoint you."

There is no doubt that most of the former wearers of the khaki are sincerely convinced that the country owes them a debt without limit, and that immediate and continuous payment can and shall be forced. They think of themselves as all heroes over-the-top and sufferers in trenches.

The leaders of the various veteran bodies have sedulously fostered this

spirit and constantly play upon it. Yearly the Legion adopts a "legislative program for the present session of Congress," and boasts that "the Legion always takes its objectives." One Legion report states, without doubt entirely truthfully: "This legislation [appropriating 367 millions at a gulp] was obtained almost solely through the attention and efforts of your national legislation committee working constantly toward this end." "On many of these [acts] the Legion alone was responsible for their enactment into law, having drawn the legislation, obtained its introduction, aided its progress through committee by testimony and legislative effort, and finally prevailed upon the House and Senate to take favorable action in time for approval by the President."

Listen to two further excerpts from Legion reports:

"Legislation is literally made outside the halls of Congress by groups of persons interested in legislation, mainly with economic motives, and the deliberating processes within Congress constitute a sort of formal ratification." (Thus are the members of the Legion instructed in political grammar.)

"It is the strength of the Legion back home in the congressional and senatorial districts which in the final analysis makes the enactment of legislation possible. Without the active co-operation of this mighty host through the Nation, the efforts of your national legislative committee would be unavailing."

The analysis of political procedure contained in these passages from Legion reports is all too accurate. When telegrams and petitions from the "mighty host" back home flood the desks of Congressmen and Senators they hearken dutifully and give "formal ratification" to the legislation laid before them by this lobby "with economic motives." Now and again Con-

gress does balk, but not for long.

Three forces work together to roll up the vast snowball of veteran legislation: the vociferous veterans who are convinced of their divine right to get all they can; their leaders, whose success in the eyes of their followers is measured by the benefits and relief they can obtain; and the subservient and timorous elected of the people, who privately condemn the bills for which they vote bravely in public. One young Congressman said recently: "I shall vote against this bonus bill unless I get too many messages from the folks back home. If I do, I'll vote for it, and then vote to sustain the veto of the President. This is a \$10,000 a year job, and they don't grow on bushes this year. I've got to keep my job."

The juggernaut is in full and effective movement; it has power, experience, and momentum. It gets results. It will continue to get results unless we drift into yet darker days of complete loss of faith in the capacity of our supposed leaders for leadership, lose confidence in the credit of the national government in the end to pay its obligations, and thus come to the verge of repudiation. At that point the voters who are not professional veterans may succeed in lopping off some of the more rotten boughs that bear such sour fruit.

V

This is no new story, this tale of plunder. For generations the Civil War pensions have been a festering scandal. Anyone who is old enough to remember the magazines of a generation ago will recall how frequently and how fully the graft and dishonesty of the Civil War pension system were revealed. Some of us innocently supposed that from this sordid experience the nation had learned a lesson and that never again should we permit a war to lead to any such wholesale

pillaging of the Treasury. When during the war with Germany the various war risk measures were adopted, we took cheer; here, we said, is an honorable method of safeguarding the soldier and his dependents against the financial hazards of death or disability, a method which will make future resort to a pension scheme utterly unnecessary. The lesson was not learned, however; the whole disgraceful performance is being repeated—only more rapidly and on a vastly larger scale, regardless of the possible consequences to the country.

As I write, the Federal Government is struggling to balance its budget in the face of a mounting deficit. An aroused public is demanding economy. Government departments, Federal, State, and local, are paring their expenses, cutting the salaries of employees, dismissing clerks, postponing construction work which would give jobs to unemployed men, and looking for still further ways of whittling costs. Yet the bountiful flood of cash from the Federal Government to the ex-soldiers goes right on. Government bureaus may be abolished, Federal employees may be thrown out into the streets of Washington, but the man who spent two healthy months at a training camp in 1918 and contracted asthma five years later and has a perfectly good job to-day will continue to draw his cold cash from the Veterans' Bureau for special disability. For there is one thing that Congress apparently fears even more than the possibility of a financial collapse of the Government, and that is the wrath of the veterans' lobby.

Do we really want the Federal Government to economize? Very well then: 500 millions could have been cut from the Federal budget of this fiscal year without depriving any veteran or

dependent of a cent of support for any genuine disability in fact caused by war service. An immediate program for eliminating wholly unnecessary appropriations from the proposed Federal budget for 1932-33 would have included:

Disability allowances (392,000 veterans, as of March 31, 1932, with no impairment from war service)	\$104,277,000
Emergency officers' compensation—reduction (payment according to rank only)	7,000,000
Bonus loans, under Act of 1931	100,000,000
Disability compensation (28 per cent of all awards, not in fact "service-connected" or less than 20 per cent "disabled")—reduction	125,000,000
Administration, hospital, medical, and domiciliary service (75 per cent for non-service-connected cases)	82,000,000
Spanish War pensions—reduction	100,000,000
Total	\$518,277,000

It could have been done. It could still be done for next year's budget. Yet we may be certain that the plum-gatherers will not give up 518 millions this year or any other year without long and renewed battle. The odds are all against the immediate success of any such attempt at equitable economy; for they are the odds of confidence bred from power, success, and experience in getting what you want from Congress if only you beat the drum, use the telegraph wires, and convince your representative that you know very exactly what you expect, and that you always carry your objective.



BLACK ULYSSES

A STORY

BY R. HERNEKIN BAPTIST

HA! A rich, sunny day, the cold spring wind gone. The bird of happiness in Tenona's heart, for long months together humped and ruffled in silent gloom, stirred and stretched itself. Tenona actually began to sing over his work—the heavy sigh and the song together which hot sunshine often forced from him. The canary also sang, with that ecstasy the activities of man seem to bring to little captive bodies denied the joy of energy in flight. For more than three years the bird and the man had sung together when the sun bade them. It was as if the bird also lifted weights, swept and polished his new day in the cage.

Tenona piled up chairs and little tables in his arms as casually as a waiter piles up plates. It was nothing to Tenona when cleaning the bedrooms at great half-yearly upheavals to clasp a small wardrobe to his breast when a small wardrobe needed to be moved.

Yes, indeed! He had, so Monsieur the proprietor said to his wife, a divine genius for luggage. Never had he had a hall porter so powerful, so willing, so silent in action, so childishly innocent and honest in money matters as this African blackamoor, Tenona. It was very obvious, too, that his clients appreciated that remarkable smile of welcome. Hôtel d'Afrique! Why, the man was a living inn-sign of the old

days, a picture come to life. Certainly he had brought luck. He and the black cat Euclide, who had been systematically encouraged, nay, almost trained, as far as a cat may be trained, to sit on the doorstep or on the ceremonial mat of the Hôtel d'Afrique. Of course the black African was often morose and difficult on days of gloom and cold when he could hardly be got to move from the aura of the kitchen stove. But who that is human does not have his dark hours? The sun cannot always shine, that is certain.

Tenona piled up tables and chairs. His enormous feet with their pale, cushioned soles, resilient and solid as the tire of a motor, danced and skated over the shining oilcloth which represented black and white tiles. Euclide, the black tomcat, imperial in his little collar of red leather, watched from the doorway the movement of those feet. When he paused in the prolonged toilet necessitated by the splendid morning, Euclide followed, with the unseeing intensity of preoccupation, the movements of those feet which had once been modelled by a passing sculptor to prove that the classic Greek foot, the male godlike foot, was not yet extinct in this world of clerks and weedy slaves of the machine.

Tenona, his ritual in the hall finished, stepped over Euclide on to the pavement. He must now polish the bell, the knob of the door, and the beautiful

brass plate on which it said "Hôtel d'Afrique."

The pavement always made Tenona sing, on fine mornings. As he swept and polished, looking round on the new day, on the passing people, he would sing the vague, monotonous song-phrases of his people. Monotony, the meat and drink, hearth and roof of contented souls: rhythm in endless repetition, like a mirror of the seasons, the swinging cradle of the days—monotonous song was like a hand gently stroking an alien heart into comfort. On wet days the monotony of song filled the alien heart with tears. One had to fall silent. Oh, it was then that the weight of all the world's loneliness bowed his head! Like Atlas forever stooping under the world's sorrows, so Tenona bent his head to the voice of memory.

But on fine days his soft crooning, the crooning high-pitched whisper of the deep negroid voice, accompanied every gesture of the vigorous form.

"'Hôtel d'Afrique,' a black servant and a black cat. The omens are good. I shall outspan here whatever happens."

A young man getting out of a taxi . . .

"Morning, John! *Sakubona!* (I don't suppose I know his lingo, though—he's sure to be from somewhere north of the equator). *Sakubona* John!"

Tenona's polishing song was interrupted by strange, familiar, beautiful sounds. A word fell like the voice of a bird in his ear. Like the voice of the bush-dove, so friendly and faithful, like the lovely speech of the lory which makes a man both to laugh and to cry, for is it not home and peace made audible?

"Master! 'Nkosi!'"

Who shall say the cry of the serf cannot sometimes be mistaken for the cry of a child to his father?

Two grown men look in each other's faces as brothers of one family will look

after long separation, with smiles of joy, with a spontaneous clinging together of the hand. Beneath those smiles and that telegraphic pressure lies a lifetime of mutual experience. The depth of it no man can fathom. Who shall fathom it when it is as wide as Africa, warm as an African morning, safe as a fire in the hut?

"Baas! *Sakubona*, 'Nkosi!'"

"You are Zulu, then?"

"Zulu, Baas!"

Tenona's head is high, Tenona's voice rings deep. Yet tears run down his face, speaking a language of their own. It is a language of which no savage is ashamed. No! not until civilization has brought hardness and empty laughter will those inner fountains of the natural man dry up or freeze.

"Your name and district?"

Name, chief's name, name of his village—the heart is like a frozen river that flows again on a warm spring day!

"Umshongwi? My uncle is magistrate there. Not far from Bashowe—Mr. Brownlaw—"

"Baas! Oh, Baas! I was one of his police boys!"

At the thought of those proud and happy days Tenona turned aside and hid his face in the crook of his arm. Oh, it was too much soreness for him, the heart was *too* sore! For, next to the military life, there is no white man's profession which so harmonizes with the savage's arrogance, his child-like, unabashed love of ceremony, display, wisdom, and power as the profession of native police boy. Ha! to march into a native kraal—it may, with luck, be one's own village—dressed in the garb of white authority—what is that for happiness! Switching your cane against your polished leggings, conscious of the glorious angle of your forage cap as it perches over one ear. . .

The Hôtel d'Afrique, with its unend-

ing small ritual of brushes, mops, buckets, cigarette-ends, and dirty wine-glasses, suddenly overwhelmed Tenona with shame. He thought, too, of the day when the chef had thrown a saucepan at him. True, the chef often threw a saucepan at the French kitchen boy Adolphe. But that was a different matter. Adolphe was not a Zulu. Adolphe, a puny creature, had never been in the notable police force of Zululand. He had never polished Mr. Brownlaw's leggings nor brought round his horse, shining and beautiful. In fact, there was very little disgrace in a boy like Adolphe receiving a dirty saucepan on the side of his head.

Pride, so long asleep, began to stir in the breast of Tenona. And all because he was listening to the voice of Mr. Brownlaw's brother's child, and beyond that to the voice of the kraal, and beyond that again to the voice of Africa.

What good fortune that Tenona had an evening off that Friday! Young master must be protected in this town of great wickedness and astonishing ignorance. It was scarcely credible, but not one soul in it had ever heard of Bashowe, of Chief Samuel Gamuza, or of Mr. Brownlaw. Had they indeed even heard of the great country of Zululand? Even that was to be doubted.

Tenona leaped, snorting his scorn and singing his joy, through the day's work. Near the dinner hour he knocked respectfully, firmly on the young gentleman's door, respectfully entered with the hot water.

Mr. Brownlaw's brother's child was half-dressed and repacking. The room was in that splendid kingly confusion of handsome clothing which reminded Tenona warmly of days when Mr. Brownlaw was getting ready for a journey.

"Hullo, Tenona! When are you going to show me the parts of the town

that are not in the guide-books? You said you would, and my boat sails before noon to-morrow. And you promised to tell me how you got here, too."

"This night, my Baas, I will tell Baas that tale. Young Baas come with me. I show him the ways in this town. Baas too little to be without Tenona in this town at night. *Too little.*"

The words were repeated, his eyes searching the young man's face, with that extraordinary, tender inflection that suffuses the black man's voice when he speaks to the white child beloved.

Johnnie Brownlaw, a fully fledged doctor, tall as Tenona and twenty-seven, laughed delightedly. It was long since he had heard that inflection. It was good, after six years in London, to be returning to his native Natal. Here, in Marseilles, it was easy to get excited with the nearness of Africa—even without this strange encounter with a native.

"All right, Tenona, you shall look after me. I'll be ready about eight."

Tenona saluted smartly, his tribute to the accomplished manhood of young Baas, and retired with the feline noiselessness of his race.

But when they set out together it was noticeable that the black man observed the unwritten rules of Africa, while the white man did his best to upset them. Tenona walked behind, and a little to the side of, young Brownlaw at the respectful distance of one yard. That yard between him and a white South Africa, between him and a native wife at his rear—such simple measurements spelled order and sanity in a world profoundly immersed in chaos and madness.

Gradually the old police swagger dominated Tenona's gait and carriage. Who could walk with Mr. Brownlaw's brother's child and not be dignified by the proximity?

Almost it was as if he walked again the good earth of Zululand. His soft hat leaned over one ear, a thin cane was tucked under one arm.

"Look at this conceited nigger," thought the people in the street. "How he struts! And just look at his hat!"

They did not know, those narrow souls, that that rakish angle of the hat was that of the uniform of a famous African police force! They did not know that the conceited one was walking in proud humility exactly a yard behind the white man, his friend and fellow-African.

"Tenona, you must take me through some of the poorer quarters. I don't want to stay in streets like this. I can see this anywhere."

"No, Baas, no. Young master please not go to those dirty places. Young master too—"

"Tenona, if you say again that I'm too little to see the slums I shall—beat you! Run away and leave you. Come now—march! Which way?"

Tenona compromised, taking his way through not quite the worst of the narrow, unsavory alleys of the seaport. But even there a woman with whom unluckily he was slightly acquainted called out to him from a window:

"Bringing me a nice customer, nigger? Oh, the pretty boy!"

Fortunately the creature's French was not of the kind taught to good South African schoolboys by their innocent English-University-bred teachers. But it offered no difficulty to Tenona, after three years of Marseilles. He refrained from the reply suitable to the dirty Jezebel. Any altercation in such a spot would not only enlighten young master too clearly as to the way of living followed by native Africans in European cities: it might also lead to a fight or pursuit in which every doorway might spew forth enemies. Therefore, Tenona's ears swallowed the pursuing

screams of vituperative laughter without moving one muscle in protest.

"The lady seems annoyed," said Johnnie. He felt, in his youthful holiday zest, that he was seeing "continental life" as it should be seen, that he was an experienced citizen of London who knew his way about. The episode exhilarated him.

"There live many bad women here," said Tenona, spitting contempt into the gutter.

In spite of the drawbacks there was an advantage in leaving the more respectable quarters of the town. Tenona was able to choose a café near the waterfront where differences in skin pigment were even less noticeable than in some of the grander places of a cosmopolitan city.

"Shall we have coffee?" said Johnnie. He saw that others were drinking wine, but his African training forbade him to offer alcohol to a native. "They make such fine coffee in France."

Seated one yard away from the table, Tenona gravely touched his forehead in consent and thanks. That good child of his old Master's brother! He would never give a Zulu intoxicating liquor. Tenona felt touched, warmed to the core of his being. How much grander was this than getting abominably drunk as he always did on his night out.

Nevertheless, one does not drink even coffee with a young white master from Africa. Tenona did not touch his cup until young Baas had finished his. Even then he drank modestly, respectfully, sitting turned away, as if he tried to ignore the physical act of drinking.

This was not lost on Johnnie but he had better manners than to break down the familiar etiquette, the natural barrier clung to with joy and relief by a homesick black man.

"Tell me now, Tenona, what brought you here?"

"Baas, I am British soldier. South African Labor Contingent."

Somber pride, pride without exultation, deepened the deep African voice of Tenona: pride without the childlike conceit of the native who is under military discipline, conversant with the many flags, the drums and trumpets of military glory. That innocent conceit, innocent and gay as a child's bright air balloon.

"Labor Contingent? But that was during the War, wasn't it? And now it's ten years since Armistice. . . . I was sixteen or so— At school."

"Yes, Baas. Baas big piccanin then. Big piccanin."

Tenona's heavy gaze fixed itself on some object just above the level of his friend's head. It might have been a star hanging over the funnels of a ship that was lying some way out on the dark, gleaming water.

"And you've never been back to South Africa?"

"No, young Master. No. Tenona never been again to that place. My heart is too sore, Baas. There is great pain—*here*."

He pressed his hand to his chest.

Something seemed to be laboring there. As if, waking from dreams of flight, a captive eagle brushed the prison bars with his wing, raked them with an incredulous beak.

Young Brownlaw sat very still. The hypnotic approach of the vision that held Tenona's tawny gaze held his too. Through tobacco smoke he stared at the advancing unknown.

"Baas, I have fear. I, a Zulu, hold fear in the breast. I fear—I fear—the sea!"

Ugh! It was out now. From a deep bass his voice had mounted to a thin cry of shame. Such a cry as escapes from one who, stripped naked, is shamefully flogged.

There it was! As the pain jumps from a sick man's throat in the shape of

a frog or a snake at the witch-doctor's bidding, so leapt the leaden pain from the breast of Tenona. True, he had not actually *seen* the evil shape—only the witch-doctor can make evil visible—but he had felt the sickening expulsion upward from the laboring breast.

Tenona rose and with deep breath chanted the magic words of release from bondage.

"I have fear. I fear the sea! It is the sea I fear! I have fear, great fear! The water will hold me—"

Becoming aware of his isolation in a room full of staring eyes, Tenona suddenly fell silent. Abashed to have drawn attention to the fact that here was young Baas sitting with a black man, he lowered himself noiselessly to his chair, guiltily silent.

"Do you mean you were torpedoed?" said young Brownlaw, watching the smoke spirals carefully, as if nothing had happened to break the spell.

"Collision is correct word, Baas! We are collision." Adjusting his voice to a lower pitch, Tenona took up the thread. "Baas, that water *too* cold . . .

"We play cards on the deck. We laugh and toss the pennies. Soon we are to get off the ship. All wear heavy coats. They are new and beautiful. Our boots are heavy but beautiful and new, like white officers'. We are told soon to get off the ship. We feel cold but we laugh and jump. We play with those balls and rings the officers gave us. We laugh because we soon get off the ship and begin to fight for the King. *Long* way we came—long, long way over much water. Some very sick. At first it was nice and warm. Now very cold. That sea not blue any more. Not enough blue. There is no sun to warm us, only gray sky and too much cold.

"We are seven, eight hundred men. Some say even a thousand. We go to fight for the White King over the water.

We are told many enemies have arisen. He has called for our assistance. Never before has our tribe been so full of honor. It is true there were men of other tribes, but we spit on them when those officers not looking. It is Tenona's tribe the King asks for—has not all the world heard of our fighting men? Who has ever heard of the Swazi? As for those Matabele, those Bechuana, they are filth and the sons of pigs. Those Basuto chatter like monkeys.

"Baas, those officers would not let us take our *knobkerries* with us. No sticks. No knives. And with many there is grave dissatisfaction. We have not been allowed to take our own weapons. How can men fight like men without the shield and assegai? At least a gun. But we have no guns. They make us play at white men's games all the time. Those officers said, 'Give them no time to fight one another. Keep these men very busy, and then no trouble.' Sometimes we must spit and feel very angry because no fighting allowed. We play cards on the deck. Every day play cards on the deck.

"Baas, that ship stay at England long time. Those young white men, many young men who go up in the sky—they land there. Not come back any more on ship. All safe. And, Baas, we are told much gold—one million pounds of gold—is left at England. Safe, all safe. Then all South African Labor Battalion must remain on ship. We sail again. We go to France—something called Western-front. A very ugly ship go with us. They said, to save us from being killed.

"Baas, it was too cold, that weather. Then a very large mist came and hid us from that other ship. We see nothing but whiteness, very thick. The ships cry, they have fear, they cry very loud. They bellow like bulls. We creep very slow.

"It is *too* cold! We walk very quick and stamp our feet on the deck. Our new boots make nice noise, but our feet feel too cold in those boots. Many take off the boots to feel warm. We say we dance to make warm.

"Then a white man cry very loud on the ship. Other men in that mist cry loud. The ship bellows much noise. All those sailors begin to run somewhere. We say, 'Whattah matter?'—Nobody reply. Very great noise comes . . .

"Everybody cry out and stagger. Some fall over. That ship trembles, she make funny sound everywhere. For one, two moments all very quiet. Everybody listening too much. . . .

"Baas, then that officer come quickly and call out. He say 'Boat drill as usual. All places!' Boat drill, boat drill! All run for life-belts. We fall and slip. No more nice flatness."

Tenona's voice died away. His eyes were set again in a fixed stare on the sinking star. Only for a moment. The urgent narrative went on as if there had been no hiatus in the flood.

"A man say, 'What's the mattah with this boat?' The ship stand up like there is storm. But there is no storm.

"The ship bellows like *imvubu* (hippopotamus). . . . That ship cry *too* loud. None can hear to speak.

"I hasten, putting on life-belt. All at once ship cry no more. All is quiet down there in the passage. I hear that little lieutenant from Rhodesia talk loud in officers' cabin. He cry tears like children cry. He say, 'Not a quarter of them can swim.' He say, 'Swim no good in freezing water.' He say, 'They trusted us.' Many times he cry very loud—'They trusted us!' He hear that officer call out from the deck. That little lieutenant rush out with life-belt. Not weep any more.

"All go on deck. We put on life-belts. Our men say, 'What's the

mattah with this boat?' I see men roll down to the deck-rail. Others fall. They laugh. It only boat-drill. White sailors' business. . . .

"Baas, that deck *too* steep! On our side those little boats can't be put in the water for boat drill. We cling to railings. Little boats go up, up.

"That officer call loudly through big speaking-trumpet. He say, 'Men, there is collision. The ship is rammed. She sink in water. We can only save if you listen.' He say to climb out on ship's side and we must try lower boats from there. He say no pushing, all in order like soldiers. We listen. All very quiet while a man could count ten sheep.

"My master, a few of our men begin to cry out. Two begin to fight. They fight to climb up on ship's side. That officer cry aloud in the trumpet to keep order. Like soldiers, he say. Those men not listen. They have fear. Too much fear. Than Nadala, son of my chief, cries to us with very big voice. He very big man. Very great voice, like from the mountains when we cry the news. He speak good words to us, holding himself tight to ship's rail. He speak Zulu, he speak those words again like Sesuto, like Xosa. He say, 'Brothers, we are going to die. Pass the news! We are about to die. They say to us "Boat drill." Let us show these white men we are not women to be fed with lies. These white men cannot fight their quarrels with another tribe without our help. Now we see that neither can he control the sea when bad things happen. Brothers, we are drilling the death-drill! I, a Zulu, say that you are my brothers! Swazis, Pondos, Basutos—we die like brothers! Matabeles, Fingos, we are the sons of one Chief, we are the sons of our Father Africa. Raise your war-cries, brothers! They made us leave our assegais in the kraal, but our voices are left with our bodies. Follow me,

brothers, not one man hurting another.'

"Baas, the son of my chief he climb quickly up, he stand on the ship's side. Always we hear men cry out below us, many men of our tribes cry out in the water. That mist too thick, we cannot see those men. They cry very sore cries. . . . We look up at my chief's son, we climb quickly, not one man molesting another. We make loud song. Like the wind in the mealie fields, it travel swiftly. We stand on ship's side like on a roof. We laugh! We dance! Those beautiful overcoats, those nice loud boots, we throw them away—throw *all* white man's clothes away. Baas, we feel warm without them. We dance! We cry our war-cries! . . . Those officers are afraid. They cannot make us help and drop those boats into the water. That loud trumpet no good. A madness like battle is upon us. We are men—not British Continent. Many feet drum the ship. We think we hold our assegais. We feel warm like the sunshine again.

"My chief's son cry to us to make battle formation. We obey. . . . Those officers cut chains. The little boats tumble into the sea. Some white sailors jump after them. Baas, that ship's captain not go. Our major, that fat man from Umbala, he not go. That little lieutenant from Rhodesia, he not go.

"They stand with us. Very stiff they stand. They salute my chief's son. They salute us, the sons of a chief.

"We shout! We give those gentlemen the salute of a chief: '*Bayedel E Nkosi! Morena! Bayete!*'

"Young master, that ship roll straight again before she sink. She spring up very quickly, like wounded buck jump up before he die. No man can keep a footing. We jump!—jump!—jump!—like buck into the sea. We follow Nadala, the son of my chief. My little lieutenant he cry,

'Keep clear, men! Keep clear of the ship, men!'. . . That wattah cold like ice. We struggle. Many cry out. Someone holds my ankle—I think it *ingwenya*. I think it that crocodile. I scream with great fear. The ship goes down like *imvubu*. . . I am pulled down, I am dead man. . .

"Baas, child of my master's brother, I wake in a boat. One of those little boats too near the water. All white men look at me. All those sailors.

"One give me very strong *skokiaan* in little bottle. One throw a coat over me. I remember my friends? I say, where are my friends, please? No reply. I say sharply, 'Where my friends please?'

"All look at ship's officer. He sit by me. He say not many saved—perhaps none but me, perhaps other boats pick up some of those men. He speak very thin, like he wanta cry. His hand is upon me. I cover my head with grief. I lie very still. I hear that officer say, 'That Zulu giant of yours saved a panic all right.' He say, 'I think we need one like him in every ship.' I jump up. I cry, 'Panic, what is panic? I wanta go home. I wanta go back, please, to the kraal.'

"My voice cry *too* loud. I feel alone when I hear its loudness. I try to jump back in the wattah, but those white sailors hold me. I whimper like little baba. The disgrace is terrible—Tenona weep and struggle in the arms of white men."

Tenona shivered. He woke from his dream, cast a bedevilled eye all about him, and bowed his head to the present.

Oblivious of the staring wine-drinkers, who had felt impelled to listen to this story unfolded in a language they could not understand, Tenona's countryman arose, crossed the invisible barrier represented by a yard of space, and laid a warm, awakening grip on

those respectable blue-serge shoulders.

"You'll come with me, Tenona! Come in *my* ship, back to my uncle at Bashowe, to-morrow. I'll keep the—the horrors from getting you. I know how."

But when he felt the prolonged shudder that violently laid hold of Tenona at the mention of the word "ship" he very much doubted if he did "know how." Just like those wretched shell-shocks, he thought. Wandering about ten years, still looking for a way back to safety. . .

"Baas sees?" gasped Tenona, wiping the sweat from his gray and clammy brow. "Baas sees the sea has made a child of me. I, a Zulu, am fit only for women's work. But young master *not* make Tenona go on a ship? Please, please!"

He clung frantically to Johnnie's arm.

"Of course, Tenona, there's another way for you to go to Africa."

Walking back to the hotel, Tenona was quite himself again. Johnnie spoke over his shoulder to his body-guard.

"And what's more, I know a flying-baas who would do it for you if I told him about you. A baas that came from South Africa like you and me. Rhodesia."

"Rhodesia? Baas, that is where my little officer came from. Perhaps it might even be his sister's son, or the son of his brother."

Johnnie followed the lead. A native cannot conceive that the world is anything bigger than a magistrate's "district" with all its intimate relationships.

"Very possibly that may be so. Almost certainly my friend knew your officer. Well, you wouldn't mind flying with *him*, would you? Just think what you'll be able to tell them when you get home—that you'd flown in the air across the sea. As easy as an eagle flying across a river."

Tenona jumped an extra step, lessening the barrier by one foot.

"My Baas! Tenona fly like an eagle? Like *ukozi* that fly from krantz to krantz over the mountain gorges? Or over the sheep in the lambing season?"

Tenona knew airplanes well. But not until he visualized himself in one did he realize their true magic, their immense importance.

"Yes, just like that, Tenona. But of course that flying-baas will not be able to fly anywhere near Zululand. You'd be landed in the top of Africa somewhere, and you'd have to manage the rest of the journey. Africa never starves a man. Keep to the Nile first, then the lake steamers might help, and the big road where the motors go. And don't think you're nearly home when you reach Northern Rhodesia or Nyasaland. It'll *sound* near home, but there's a good step between there and Zululand. I should think seventeen hundred miles or so. And two thousand or more before you get to Abercorn. You do understand, Tenona?"

"Baas, I am good walker. A man can walk in Africa, when the way is to his own kraal, forty, fifty miles from sunrise to the first owl."

Tenona leaped another foot nearer to the white man who also knew Africa as a child knows its mother.

"Baas! When shall I go with that gentleman that flies? To-morrow? Sunday?"

"Well, not quite so soon as that. He's in England now and busy. It might not be for several months. I'll have to write to him before I sail and tell him all about you, and he'll write to you what to do and where he wants you to meet him—in France or wherever it may be—as long as you don't have to cross the sea."

"Yes, my Baas, I wait."

All the divine patience of natural

things, of rocks and stars, of animals and wild men, rang childlike and trusting in Tenona's voice.

"Son of my master's brother, I wait!"

With those words Tenona sprang forward the last foot of the barrier. He walked beside the white man as child beside father.

Like a great locust, but without the locust's facility in casual, neat landings, the plane ran along the yellow ground.

"Are we at Africa now, Baas?"

In the sudden peace after the uproar of the engine, Tenona's voice was a whisper, infinitely subdued.

"We're at Africa now, Tenona. All your troubles over."

The Rhodesian did not laugh at the sight of a black man hurling himself to earth, going on his knees in the dust of Egypt, scraping up handfuls of that ancient mixture, burying his face and nostrils in it as if it were water, laughing and crying, springing to his feet to walk slowly up and down like a man savoring his own farmlands after long absence. . . .

There had been terrible moments when they flew over the sea. There lay his old enemy, lying in wait for the eagle-men like a crocodile at the drift. . . . Tenona had closed his eyes for a very long time. When he opened them again they were flying over land. What land it was, who shall say. All looks so different from the height of an eagle. Like those pictures called maps that hung in Mr. Brownlaw's office.

Then they had dropped lower. A river was visible and some remarkable objects like stone tents had gradually revealed their shape. Perhaps they were the dwellings of a great chief. Now they had alighted near a very large village with many white buildings. It was not anything like Bashowe. Then came men running towards them

from some peculiar sheds. And a motor car came quickly along some invisible road with much dust.

"Well, Tenona, what shall I do with you now? I must leave you. I'm taking passengers back to-morrow. Sorry I can't drop you a bit nearer home."

"But, Baas, say this is Africa. I now walk to Mr. Brownlaw's office. There will be no trouble."

"Well, it's a long way. And through some very bad country, I'm afraid. Swampy ground and forests. Fever, and so on. Sunstroke—you've never been near the equator in your life and you'll have to be careful to wear a thick hat. Then there'll be elephants and a whole lot of other animals you don't see in your part of the world. And the natives—they may give you trouble here and there. You won't know how to speak to them. A man alone going through strange country isn't too safe."

Tenona listened respectfully and made respectful reply.

"Baas, what you say is very true. But—I walk safe. Since fear leaped out of my throat no harm will befall me. This sun is my father, the soil is my mother—what ill shall befall me in the house of my father? Better be trampled by that elephant in my own country than feel a sore heart in the white man's places. Sooner would I fall to the spear of a strange brother than do women's work in white man's houses. But, Baas, a man hungry and carrying neither spear nor little gun will come to no harm in a stranger's kraal."

"I believe you're right, Tenona," the airman ruminated. "If only I had the guts to come with you! Chuck up contracts and check-books and see Africa on foot. . . . Walk in home one day. What do I know of Africa? May as well fly over one of those relief maps for all that we know of it. By

the way, you should have a map, shouldn't you?"

"Baas?"

"You know—a flat picture of Africa that'll show you whose territory you're in. You can read, I suppose?"

"Yes, Baas. But if Baas will draw in the sand a picture of how a man walk to Zululand, I shall see it better than on a paper picture. Never will it get lost if I see it like a picture in this sand."

Oblivious of the approaching squad of loafers and helpers, the airman drew with the point of Tenona's little cane, a very creditable outline of Africa. Inside this he drew a few lines, explaining with each stroke what it meant.

"This is where we are, right up in Egypt. And here's the Sudan, and here's Abyssinia. Now I'll put the Nile River in, which will help you on your way right down to here. Here's the Belgian Congo, but keep out of it, keep a bit more east where you'll find English people all the way—Kenya, Tanganyika—they'll understand you there. Then you'll strike Northern Rhodesia, perhaps a bit of Portuguese-East, Southern Rhodesia, and then you can begin to ask the way to Zululand."

As the lesson went on Tenona's face began to beam with joy and purpose.

"I then ask the way to Bashowe. Everybody know Bashowe. All men know Mr. Brownlaw."

The two South Africans shook hands solemnly, the airman leaning out of the throbbing motor car.

The car shot away and was soon lost in a cloud of yellow dust.

Tenona picked up a small suitcase and overcoat. It was a pity he was not wearing his police uniform now that he was in Africa, but he did his best to suggest it. With a military, strutting walk he went in search of the Nile, mother of all Ethiopians.



ARE WE GOING TO HAVE A REVOLUTION?

BY GEORGE SOULE

IF YOU want to hear discussions of the future revolution in the United States, do not go to the breadlines and the mill towns, but to Park Avenue and Wall Street, or to the gatherings of young literary men. Well-fed people will anxiously inquire when you think the revolution is coming. They will admit in a large way that profits must be abolished and that some form of Communism might be desirable. In the next breath they may express doubt whether the Democrats can muster enough votes to defeat Mr. Hoover for reelection, or they may oppose moderate reforms like unemployment insurance, or may support the sales tax, which transfers burdens from the rich to the poor. Nevertheless, they vaguely expect profound changes. But you will find that searching for actual flesh-and-blood revolutionary proletarians is a thankless task. Most of those who really suffer from the depression are, according to the best-informed reports, simply stricken dumb by it. Like the Republican administration, they are awaiting nothing more drastic than the return of prosperity.

The strange inertia of those who would benefit most by a revolution and, therefore, it is supposed, will create it, is a subject for frequent remark. When an economist heard that the son of a prominent banker had become a Communist he replied that he would be more impressed if the son of a prominent workman had

become a Communist. As a matter of fact, if one can believe the reports of the party membership drives in the *Daily Worker*, converts are numbered by dozens or at most hundreds rather than by thousands or hundreds of thousands. There are a few strikes and riots, to be sure, but why are there not more? The unemployed number between eight and ten million.

A man in close touch with workers' movements of all sorts received a telephone call not long ago from the chairman of a committee engaged in raising money for unemployment relief. "Our funds are running low," said this gentleman, "and we are having difficulty in collecting more. I think it would help if a good scare were thrown into our contributors. They don't realize how desperate the situation is. Can't we have a bread riot?"

"Well, I'll see what I can do by consulting my Communist friends."

"Oh, that won't do at all," was the reply. "Everybody expects the Communists to riot, with or without cause. What we need is an unmistakable expression of resentment and desperation, a real mass movement."

"In that case, I'm afraid I can't help you. The masses are in a desperate condition all right, but unfortunately there is no sign that they feel the slightest resentment. They just sit at home and blame prohibition."

This distressing lack of authentic bread riots may shortly be supplied

when relief funds run out, as it is almost certain that they will. But bread riots do not necessarily mean revolution. People may smash windows because they are hungry without wanting a governmental overturn or knowing how to bring it about. As far back as the 1870's, mobs of unemployed men looted shops and burned railroad stations; in fact, they frightened substantial citizens so much that the movement to build armories and recruit state militia was set under way. For the first time in the history of this country, the idea was born that troops might be necessary as a protection for wealth against a propertyless class. But we did not come within hailing distance of a revolution, and the passing of the crisis left scarcely a trace of any organized radical movement.

The most solid recent gains of the revolutionary faith have taken place among the intellectuals. So marked has been the drift of writers toward the left that it has been discussed at length in the critical reviews. These persons, who are, with few exceptions, of middle-class origin and training, have identified themselves emotionally with the worker. Not, however, with the American worker as he actually is and thinks, in the great average, but as he ought to be and ought to think, according to revolutionary theory. The worker, in this sense, is not a concrete or representative person, but an abstraction, a Platonic ideal. The workers may not be conscious of the class struggle, but that makes no difference to these intellectuals; the class struggle is there just the same, and the workers are unconscious of it only because their minds have been poisoned by bourgeois ideology. Given the right leadership and education, they will respond. This intellectual zeal sometimes lays itself open to ridicule. An ardent young college instructor, a recent convert,

who, so far as is known, never was dependent on the wages of daily labor for his sustenance, yet wrote that an argument by another in behalf of a labor cause could not be sincere because the author of the argument was a "bourgeois intellectual." An ironic letter to a literary column revealed the practical dilemma of these revolutionaries. They had justifiably made up their minds, the letter stated, that capitalists could not be relied upon to change the existing order. The measures proposed by the moderate reformers who did not contemplate a revolution were, therefore, unworthy of support. It was also obvious that labor was not prepared to revolt. Why, then, did not the writers form a party of their own to fight both capital and labor?

It will be recalled that at the beginning of the last decade there was also an avid interest in revolution and labor. Except among a few intellectuals, however, this interest evaporated with the coming of prosperity and the disappearance of any immediate hope, not merely for a revolution, but even for a moderate movement of protest. Most of the younger intellectuals during the years of prosperity were not interested in social and economic questions at all. They were concerned about Freudian psychology and about exotic literary movements which were as remote from the common man as the abstruse calculations of astronomers. It seems to be a far cry from Proust and Joyce to the proletariat. One wonders what will happen to the present enthusiasm if the collapse of capitalism upon which the fashionable revolutionary faith is now built does not occur. If business revival takes place, will not the literary intellectuals veer off again to some new, non-proletarian sensation? These reflections suggest that the state of mind of the intelligentsia is itself a

cyclical phenomenon. In addition to the curves of car-loadings and steel tonnage with which the economists measure the progress of the business cycle, we ought to have curves of the wordage of revolutionary sentiments in print.

It would be easy thus to dismiss the whole subject with a superior smirk, to join the humorous writers of the respectable press in kidding the parlor-pinks. But that is not, I think, either a just or a sound conclusion from these observations. The revolt of the intellectuals has a more valid meaning than it would have if one accepted all their phrases and assumptions at face value. Of course they are not proletarians, and cannot become proletarians. The revolution to which they look forward probably is not imminent. The class struggle does not at this moment threaten to split the American people and lead to a triumph of the down-trodden workers. But the mistake may not lie in the intellectuals' sense of the needs of modern society or its main drift. The mistake may reside in their beliefs as to the exact course which revolution is to take, and in their timing of the process. I believe that, in one sense of the word, we are veritably in the midst of a great social revolution. But a hard-boiled look at the facts indicates that the prevalent popular beliefs about what a revolution is and how it comes about are naïve and unscientific.

II

These popular beliefs—held, apparently, both by the literary radicals and by the Park Avenue conservatives—may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. Capitalism may soon come to an end by a final collapse.
2. A revolution is a violent overturn of political government.

3. Nothing is essentially changed, or can be changed, before this overturn; after it a brand new order is suddenly set up.
4. The revolution is brought about by rioting mobs who overrun the capital and loot and massacre; there are barricades in the streets, and the air is noisy with gunfire.
5. The riots and mobs result from the discontent of an oppressed class, whose misery is so profound that it is driven to revolt. Actual starvation is the usual motive for revolution.

Every one of these beliefs is almost completely unfounded. A mental picture of revolution based only on these assumptions is sure to be misleading.

First let us examine the collapse of capitalism. This is a vague term. Precisely what is meant by it? The closing of banks? The inability to get money with which to buy goods? Wholesale bankruptcies and defaults? Vanishing of capital values through the shrinking of trade and the disappearance of profits? Widespread unemployment? Starvation? There is not one of these phenomena which has not occurred in previous depressions. In 1907 all banks were closed for days and nobody could get a check cashed. We have had numerous financial panics in which, for a time, no new money at all was invested, and the rates for even collateral loans rose to prohibitive heights. Failures, shrinkage of trade, unemployment—these are the common marks of hard times. Our unsystematic system always fails to work when we have a crisis. Perhaps the difference is one of degree. The system may not be in danger when the curve of economic activity sinks 20 per cent or 30 per cent. But perhaps at, say, a decline of 47 per cent it will pitch over into the abyss. In order to make the argument conclusive, let us imagine that the drop of the curve will be 100 per cent. All businesses shut down, all railroads stop running, all

banks are closed. All stocks and bonds, all deeds to real estate become worthless. Everybody is unemployed, nobody has a cent of income. What would happen?

What would happen would depend, not on exterior conditions, but upon what was in people's minds. If they were still imbued with habits of trading, of individualistic competition, of accumulation, they would immediately start to rebuild capitalism. The man with an extra suit of clothes but no food would try to trade what he had for what he lacked. All previous notions of the values of property and labor being swept away, bargaining would start all over again on the basis of absolute necessity. In other words, a new balance of prices would arise. Those who had the most necessary commodities could command the most in exchange for them. Production and employment would start. Accumulation of wealth would begin anew. Vigilance committees would safeguard property against robbers. Soon barter, being too clumsy, would give way to the use of a commonly known and valuable article as a means of exchange—in other words, money. Men of property who were trusted to pay their debts would issue notes. Thus credit would expand. Little by little capitalism would be created all over again. For capitalism is not a complete and rigid system, invented and consciously applied; it is the natural behavior of trading, competitive, acquisitive men, which grows and is elaborated with time.

If, on the other hand, enough energetic leaders had developed ideas and habits of co-operation, of placing the common welfare ahead of the individual, and if the collapse and prospective rebuilding of capitalism involved so much suffering that large bodies of people were willing to follow these socially minded persons, another sys-

tem might be set up. The stores of material, the factories, and land could be taken over for the community, private ownership of capital could be forbidden, and everybody could be set to work making goods to be distributed more or less equally.

Capitalism is not going to collapse. It *did* collapse in the fall of 1929. It has collapsed many times before—1921, 1893, 1873, for instance. The point is that a collapse of capitalism does not necessarily lead to a revolutionary change. The revolution depends on what is in men's minds and habits. Capitalism fails, in some degree, every time we have a depression. It is rebuilt every time we come out of one. The whole building does not crash down in dust and splinters, to be sure, but parts of the roof give way, walls sag and crumble, foundations rot. Whether we replace them or abandon the old structure and erect a new building depends on something more profound than the chronic unworkability of individualism in production and distribution. *Kreugers* may commit suicide, railroad companies may go into receivership, banks may close. But that does not mean that new *Kreugers*, new railroad companies, and new banks may not eventually take their places, and carry on in essentially the same way.

Nor is it true that a revolution is a sudden, violent overturn of political government. That is, the kind of revolution the intellectuals really are talking about is not that. Governments are overturned by violence every few years, and all over the world, without bringing any change in the way people make their living, or in the relationship of classes, or in the ideals of rulers. You have but to look to Latin America, to China, to the Balkans, to see that this kind of revolution may be merely the overthrow of Tweedledee by Tweedledum. In itself it is meaning-

less if it is a competition for power and advantage among like-minded men. But social revolutions cannot occur with this speed, and violence is not what causes them. Violence may break out at various stages of the process, and it may signalize the victory of the new order. But it does not necessarily do so, and in any case the violence is but a symptom of a far deeper readjustment.

The more dramatic and popular historians of great social changes like the Puritan revolution in England, the American Revolution, the French Revolution of 1792, or, more recently, the Russian Revolution, usually distort and foreshorten the process. Carlyle, Dickens, and even Taine are responsible for an enormous amount of misconception on this score. But more scientific and dispassionate studies, like Lyford P. Edwards' book *The Natural History of Revolution*, furnish an illuminating corrective.

A true revolution takes many years, even generations, in the making. There is no more fallacious trick of speech than that which opposes revolution to evolution, and argues that we can choose the one or the other. Revolution, in a better sense, is merely a name for a single cycle in the long evolutionary process. At a given stage of the development of human habits a certain type of social and political organization exists to give them form. But human habits go on changing. New wants are felt; new ways are invented to meet them. The new wants and methods may be economic, or technical, or religious, or social, or a combination of all. In the course of events the old forms of organization become ill adapted to the existing situation. This fact is at first recognized by only a few. Some persons are direct beneficiaries of the old forms of authority; they do their best to uphold them. The masses are loyal to

these forms by tradition and habit; they will break away only with the utmost reluctance and after many miserable experiences. Mr. Edwards believes that it usually takes at least three generations of intense disillusionment to undermine traditional loyalties. Eventually, however, change of some sort must be made, to register and organize the new social situation which has actually come into being. New forms of authority are then set up. This is the critical moment which is popularly called revolution. Actually, however, it is not the cause of the change, but the result. It does not create the new society, but merely creates a form into which the elements of the new society, already in existence, may fall. The cycle is completed and a new cycle begins. Human societies are nearly always at some stage of the evolutionary-revolutionary process.

III

There are certain symptoms by observation of which we may guess how far advanced this process is. Revolutions are, like every other phenomenon of human behavior, extremely irregular in detail, and precise schedules of revolutionary time and succession cannot be laid out on the basis of our limited experience and partial study. Nevertheless, certain tentative generalizations may be made.

An early symptom is the oppression of certain large classes by other classes. Some groups benefit from the existing regime far more than others; those who benefit least may at times be actively injured by it. This state of affairs is not the exclusive characteristic of any one social order. People sometimes loosely identify oppression with autocracy, or feudalism, or dictatorship, or capitalism. But each of these systems, under the circumstances proper to it, has its reason for being in

the greatest feasible welfare and security of the community as a whole. Oppression of a large class indicates the beginning of the end of a system; it is not the characteristic of any one system throughout its whole life.

So, under the French monarchy, we find at one stage the oppression of the peasants and of the growing business community by the nobility and the king. But this was a very early symptom of revolution, not exclusively a late one. At first neither side was acutely conscious of it. The government of Louis IX, called Saint Louis, was actually far worse than that of Louis XVI. The Bourbon monarchy in the seventeenth century began to create discontent by the expulsion of the Huguenots, by costly wars, by the expensive court, by heavy and inequitable taxation. But it was long before unrest began to identify the monarchy and feudalism as the enemy.

As time goes on, the approaching maturity of revolution is signalized by the rise of the oppressed classes. By 1789 the French peasants had risen far above their lowest state of misery; they were, on the whole, better off than peasants in other parts of Europe who had no thought or hope of change. More important still, the tradesmen and professional men had begun to become rich and acquire power. They and the peasants were, indeed, the active and useful classes in the community, they had a keen sense of the anachronism involved in the fact that the authority of state and religion was wielded by classes which no longer were essential. Oppression is most keenly felt when the oppressed know that they are more necessary than the oppressor, when they have achieved a measure of actual independence and sense their own capacity for leadership.

In the end, it was neither the more ignorant of the French peasants nor the riff-raff of the cities who overthrew the

monarchy, extirpated the nobility, and renounced the Church. Picturesque descriptions of the "sans-culottes," together with the ritualistic language of the revolutionaries themselves, are deceptive on this score. What actually happened? After many years of unrest, repression, agitation, and polemic, the monarchy and the nobility, corrupt and inefficient as they were, began to be undermined by a loss of belief in themselves. They cracked from within. They failed to defend their traditions and their privileges with vigor and faith. They seemed to sense the approach of death. They made concessions and reforms. A competently defended Bastille would never have fallen to a mob; its weak commander and its disaffected garrison were an easy prey. Louis XVI himself summoned the Estates General—a representative assembly. He consented to a constitution. Thus the acute stage of the revolution began with a change of the old order by its own rulers. And then further changes were made by the moderate reformers.

The Jacobins were the radicals who used this break in the walls to carry through the change to its bitter end. They were a compactly organized minority who for a time controlled both the national assembly and most of the local governments. They partly led and partly coerced the more inert majority. But they were not sans-culottes in the literal sense; they had excellent breeches, and many pairs of them. A scholarly study by Clarence Crane Brinton—*The Jacobins*—shows that the dues of the Jacobin clubs would be roughly equivalent to fifty to eighty dollars a year at present. People belonged to them who would now belong to golf clubs. Such membership records as are available reveal that about 60 per cent of the members were bourgeois (many of these being upper middle-class and professional men); 25

to 30 per cent were working class, and the small remainder peasants. Jacobins were almost never poor enough to be exempt from taxes; on the contrary, their tax payments were higher than those of the average male citizens by 50 per cent or more. They bought many of the confiscated estates. They were not hot-headed youths, but hot-headed men with an average age of over 40, and for the most part residents of their towns rather than drifters. Though in the later stages of their power they became slightly more proletarian in color, these substantial citizens, representative not of failure but of success, many of them the best educated in the nation, were those who beheaded the king, carried on the Reign of Terror, closed the churches, and established the Republican institutions and the "natural liberties" which, in spite of subsequent reactions, have survived in France.

The leaders of the American Revolution were, of course, respected and successful men of property who had come to depend on the new native economy rather than on the favors of the British crown. The fact that both our Revolution and the French were bourgeois rather than proletarian revolutions does not alter the general principle in question. Russia's monarchy, like France's, cracked from within. It freed the serfs many years before its overthrow; it adopted policies aimed to meet the cry of the peasants for land; it suppressed the revolt of 1905 but established the Duma. When it finally disappeared it vanished almost like a shadow, with hardly a blow struck in its defense, because of its incompetence and the general lack of faith in it. Those who first took over the reins of government were not ragged leaders of the poor, but substantial and moderate reformers. The Bolshevik revolution, in its turn—comparable in its extremism to the Jacobin—was engi-

neered by a compact, educated, self-assured, and disciplined minority, not by a disorganized mob.

Temporary economic crises and starvation preceded the more violent stages of both the French and Russian Revolutions. But they had occurred many times before in both nations without revolution. They were occasions, not causes. The revolutionary mobs in both cases were composed of people who knew what they wanted and had competent organization. Most of the work was not done by mobs anyway. The cultural preparations were completed. The Bolsheviks, much to the surprise and disapproval of orthodox revolutionaries, telescoped the revolution against capitalism into the revolution against feudalism, although capitalism came late to Russia, and was still far from a full blooming. This fact, besides bearing testimony to the irregularity and unpredictability of revolutionary ferments, is a striking piece of evidence that ideas have fully as much to do with revolutions as external conditions.

A symptom of approaching change which has not been absent in any revolutionary era is the disaffection of the intellectuals. This begins early in the process; it grows as unrest develops; eventually the more influential writers and teachers have shifted their loyalties from the existing order, if not to a new class, at least to a new range of social ideas. In a normally functioning regime it is the job of the intellectuals to pass on the sanctioned traditions, to enrich, embroider, and develop them, to celebrate existing faith. They connect the future with the past. But when their leaders begin to feel ill at ease, to strike out in new directions, it is a sign that the old order is moribund. The classic example is, of course, that of the French Encyclopædists. Few of these men were avowed revolutionaries; nearly all professed loyalty to the

monarchy. Nevertheless, they brought in the era of "enlightenment," the new ideas of liberty and equality on which the revolutionaries fed. The fore-runners of the Jacobin clubs were the literary societies which read and discussed Rousseau. There have been learned but futile debates as to whether the ideas of the intellectuals were the cause or merely the sign of revolution. Probably they were both. Disembodied ideas, with no counterpart in the social life of the time, get nowhere, but on the other hand no social ferment can progress without mental formulations. The intellectuals almost never agree with one another; they are unable to foresee in detail what is going to happen and why and when; but they do attack the injustices that exist, they expose the corruptions and ridicule the absurdities of the ruling classes, they throw out the ideas and phrases about which new faiths cohere.

The progress of a typical revolution may thus be crudely divided into the following steps. These steps are not strictly successive; some go on simultaneously with others.

The development of wide disparities of wealth and power

Blind, sporadic, and unsuccessful protests from the oppressed classes
Stern and efficient repression of discontent

A long process of widespread disillusionment

A long process of criticism, ridicule, and reformulation of ideas by intellectuals

Loss of faith in themselves and their institutions by many in the ruling classes

Rise in welfare and power of the oppressed classes

Reforms from above

Accession to power of moderate revolutionaries

Last of all, what is usually called

revolution—violence and dictatorship by an extremist minority—perhaps to be followed by temporary reactions.

The final developments do not always occur. They did not occur, for instance, in the American Revolution: the moderates remained in power and established a stable government. Minor revolutionary changes in English government have been made without any violent revolt by the extremists. A revolution need not reach the final stages if the moderates are sufficiently capable and resolute to make the necessary changes and to defeat the inevitable opposition from the reactionaries. But if they allow confusion to go on, and if the success of the revolution is endangered, the aroused activists among the people will almost inevitably support a radical dictatorship by the hundred per-centers.

IV

If there is truth in this analysis, it is not strange that while the masses in the United States now appear to be inert and non-revolutionary, there are revolutionary fears in high places, and the chief vocal opposition to the existing regime comes from a few writers and technical experts. This is precisely what we should expect. Ideas of revolutionary implication are bound to arise first among the best educated and those near to power, not among those who are in the depths of penury and hopelessness.

Acknowledging that prediction in this field can have no pretension to scientific assurance, and that the unexpected may always occur, let us fancifully lay out—on the basis of what has usually happened in the past—the probable course of any future overturn of capitalism in this country. It will presumably take some such form as this.

First, there will in the course of time be many riots, strikes, and demonstrations, not for the most part revolutionary in purpose, but prompted by immediate conditions. These will be firmly suppressed by groups who have supreme faith in the traditional forms of "Americanism." They will not produce a revolution.

Meanwhile those who deal in ideas will increasingly express dislike of the existing culture and will expose and ridicule its outstanding figures. They will build up new conceptions of the right way to conduct affairs. Not all intellectuals will do this, but those who do will gain a larger and larger following. This process will be, as it has been in the past, spasmodic. It will grow rapidly at some times and will falter at others. But, over a long period, it will make headway. It will eventually provide a body of new ideas, sanctioned not solely or even mainly by insecure proletarians, but by a large body of cultivated, comparatively well-to-do Americans. The most efficient advocates of the new order will not be unwashed day laborers from the steel mills but white-collared citizens of Main Street. There will be general acknowledgment, except among a few capitalists, corporation presidents, politicians, members of patriotic societies, and the more densely ignorant strata, that a society governed by competition, unchecked private acquisition of wealth, and lack of intelligent foresight and planning, is injurious, ridiculous, and outmoded.

Reforms will be made which will increase the power and wealth of the potential governors of a new society and of the classes with which they are allied. The importance of the business executive (divorced from ownership and profits), of the technician, of the management engineer, of the practical social scientist will be greatly enhanced in industry, finance, and politics.

Organized farmers and organized labor will achieve greater recognition than in the past, and in co-operation with active management will force the adoption of measures of planning and control which will improve their status. Their leaders will become really influential.

The result of these reforms will be, not to satisfy the rising classes and leaders, but to make them more radical and active. We had a taste of this development just after the War, when organized labor and the organized farmers had become more powerful than ever before, when unemployment had virtually disappeared, and the farmers were really making money, and when movements for government ownership of railways and other economic and political changes made real though temporary headway. The vigorous agitation for the Plumb Plan in 1919 was a result, not of the desperate condition of railway labor, but of its growing power.

Corruption and incompetence among the traditional powers of government and finance will become more prevalent and injurious than ever. These powers will be sustained less than at present by faith in their legitimacy and necessity, and more by cynical clutching for immediate advantage, stupid assertion of outworn dogma, and ineffectual efforts at repression of the rising forces. Their elements of strength and intelligence will be drained away by the new movements.

Abuses and confusion will finally produce a crisis which will lead the newly powerful classes and leaders to move actively for more thoroughgoing changes than have previously been made. Almost nobody will believe that the old regime can or will do what is necessary. A shift in the governing powers will take place—probably by constitutional means. Then, and only then, will begin the critical period when

the capacity of the more moderate reformers who have gained power will be tested, and when it will be decided whether the irreconcilable revolutionaries will gain the ascendancy.

On the basis of this prediction, it looks as if we had begun to float on a revolutionary tide but were still far from its flood. Prophecy of this sort, as I have already said, is extremely uncertain. Nobody can tell how rapidly the current may flow around the next headland. All one can do is to chart

the course which it has generally followed in the past. But of one thing I am sure. As long as people wait for the downtrodden and the hopeless to produce a revolution, the revolution is far away. Revolutions are made, not by the weak, the unsuccessful, or the ignorant, but by the strong and the informed. They are processes, not merely of decay and destruction, but of advance and building. An old order does not disappear until a new order is ready to take its place.

THAT SHADOW

BY LEROY MACLEOD

*AWAY with the perfect sky
That never on the day lets fall a shade,
Nor whips the night with terror for the ear and eye!
Away with the perfect flowers,
Burned only by the summer and never made
To feel the sharp burn of frost!
Away with the trees whose leaves are never lost —
Lost in a hundred thousand places, as the year speeds by
In a last frantic spending!
And away with love that has no cloudy hours,
No autumn and no ending!
Oh my wife, my every-morning bride,
I feel your beauty more, nay most,
Seeing that shadow by your side.*



PUREST OF PLEASURES: CONTRACT

BY ELMER DAVIS

IT WAS suggested in these pages a couple of years ago that the average American was behaving very sensibly during the depression in trying to have as good a time as possible as cheaply as possible, while the men of light and leading were finding a way out. That was during the vogue of miniature golf, a sport which has since fallen almost as low in public esteem as have the men of light and leading. But it is still good sense to have a good time if you can; when a man whose income is going down while his taxes are going up announces that he is tired of work and has determined to devote himself to the pursuit of pleasure, there is nothing much you can say to him but "Try to find it."

The following remarks are an advertisement for the people who find it at what is inaccurately termed the bridge table. (Contract dummy whist is not "contract bridge" any more than a man is the descendant of his great-uncle; but it seems useless to combat an error so long established.) Like miniature golf and mah jongg in their several days, contract is a big business as well as a sport; and a person engaged in the literature industry must feel a certain shame when he reflects that about the only branch of that industry which is at present enjoying any prosperity is the literature of bridge. One bridge book has sold two hundred thousand copies in the past eighteen months, and I suspect that among its half dozen closest competitors would

be two or three other bridge books. "Who gets the girl?" used to be the ever-dependable theme of salable writing; but in contemporary fiction almost anybody can get the girl, so perhaps it is not surprising that this once popular question has been supplanted by "Who gets the bid, and what does he do with it?"

All of this has been a godsend to the bookstores, and of course to the bridge experts as well. Their books sell when other books die unwanted on the counters; they syndicate daily bits of wisdom to newspaper readers all over the country; they teach bridge, and in a thousand towns over the country "pupil of Culbertson" gives the degree of prestige that "pupil of Leschetizky" did in days gone by.

But while, no doubt, the experts all like bridge, and would play it for fun even if they never made any money out of it, it must bring them harassment as well as pleasure; like any other big business men, they have their hours of worry about trade conditions, and when things are going well they wonder how long this will last. I am an average player (at least I hope so; some of my partners might challenge that claim), and what is here said applies to average players—not to the experts or to the enthusiastic incompetents who are as much of an obstruction to the game as is a hay wagon to boulevard traffic. In our own estimation, we average players are the salt of the earth; for we play the game well

enough to have some understanding of it and some pride in it, and still not so well that our love of the pastime can ever be contaminated by any sordid hope of gain.

And there are a lot of us; if contract is not the national game it is second only to golf, and certain tendencies of the times seem likely to make golf less popular from now on. In the larger cities it is a costly game; you must belong to a country club, and in these days of wholesale resignations from country clubs people who have not resigned find that their membership costs about as much to support as a margin in stocks. A good many people took up golf in the boom days because it had a snob value—to play it made you look like a member of the upper classes. But as the depression deepens, the upper classes are coming to look more and more like the lower classes; even if a man is prosperous he is afraid to show it because everybody he met would try to borrow money. So the snob appeal is not worth much now.

Also, golf seems to attract persons of a perverse and gloomy nature; some of my friends go out to play it in the same spirit of self-abasement that drove their medieval ancestors to lash themselves with knotted whips. But a man who wants to discourage himself nowadays can do it at far less expense by reading the morning paper.

None of these objections applies to contract. It requires no costly equipment; you do not have to go out in the country to play it; you are playing against other people, not against some theoretical standard of perfection, so if you stay in your own class you will suffer no more than an occasional moderate and salutary humiliation. This, I am convinced, is the first and great commandment for those who want to enjoy contract—stay in your own class. It will spare you mental anguish and it will save you money.

To say that you cannot enjoy a bridge game unless there is money on it is about as reasonable as saying that you cannot get interested in a woman unless she has a husband who might shoot you. If you really want the woman you will need no such irrelevant and supererogatory stimulation; and if you really like the game you will play it as well as you can, whether there is any money up or not. Contract without a stake can be just as good as if you were playing for a dollar a point. However, there are people who feel otherwise—so many of them that if you refuse to play for money you will be considerably restricted in your opportunities to play at all. But stay in your own class and you will find that—since the law of averages can be counted on to give you a fairly even break in the cards from one year's end to another—your game will just about pay its way.

Contract has further attractions for the reflective. Plato held that smell was the purest of the sensual pleasures because it involved no appeasement of pre-existent pain. The joys of the table derive some of their keenness from the preceding pangs of hunger; but no man ever feels himself starving for agreeable odors. "The pleasures of smell spring up suddenly and present themselves in full force to a man who was not previously conscious of any suffering; and when they have vanished they leave no pain behind." Accordingly they are a hundred per cent net profit, and so are the pleasures of contract. The bridge player does not say, "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." He may be keenly aware of his lack of love or lack of money, but he does not grow jittery because there is no card game going on. He gives himself over to other preoccupations; and when somebody whispers to him, "Will you make a fourth?" the pleasures of the card table spring up sud-

denly and present themselves in full force to a man who was not previously conscious of any suffering.

Another merit of the game: as Lord Melbourne might have said, there is no damned nonsense of utility about it. You cannot pretend that it is a form of Service; golfers who are too puritanical to admit that they play golf because they like it will discourse at length upon its hygienic, cultural, and social benefits; but dealing the cards is no great exercise, and the bridge table is no place to meet your customers and talk business while you play. (Unless, of course, you enjoy conversational bridge; in which case you had better stop reading this article, and may consider yourself conspired by its author.) There is no good excuse for playing contract except the pleasure you get out of it.

Some attempt has been made to give the game an intellectual snob value; Mr. Culbertson's *Bridge World*, for instance, bursts into the following rhapsody: "If bridge makes strange bedfellows, it is because the pleasures of the intellect are considered superior. Our common meeting ground is the play of intellect in its purest symbolic form." But this is hooey, and a man so shrewd as Culbertson must know it. To him and experts of his class the game does indeed present recondite mathematical-metaphysical beauties for the contemplation of the pure intellect; but these are as far beyond the grasp of the average player as are the high joys of Jeans or Einstein. To play good bridge calls for intellect, but a specialized type of intellect adapted to playing bridge; it is no more a sign of the general brain power flatteringly imputed by the above quotation than is skill at chess. Napoleon was a notably bad chess player; which is a reflection on chess, not a reflection on Napoleon. If bridge brains were good for anything but bridge, you might ex-

pect this nation to be ruled by its tournament stars; but except for Mr. Vanderbilt, who sails yachts, I cannot recall that any of them has been conspicuously successful at anything but bridge.

Another expert, Mr. Shepard Barclay, is less flattering to his public but more encouraging: "Bridge is not half so hard to learn as some people fear. Maybe not, but it is a good deal harder to learn than some other people realize. The experts, no doubt, would like to have it both ways: to play well is a proof of intellectual power, yet anybody who buys the right book and applies himself to the right system can learn to play well—a new mode of purveying exclusiveness to the masses. It is true that you cannot play good bridge without a bridge education any more than you can practice good law without a legal education; but mere reading of books and attendance at lectures can no more make a first-rate bridge player than it can make an Untermyer or a Darrow. I believe that anybody of moderate intelligence can by diligent application become a sound bidder; but unless some card sense is born in you, you will never be a really good player, even after twenty-five years of practice. *Crede experto.*

II

The mere existence of contract, and of its predecessors bridge and auction, is proof of this. They are all variants of whist, and they successively supplanted it in favor because they are easier than whist. Any good whist player will be a good contract player when he has mastered the elements of bidding; but millions of people who pass as good contract players because they bid their hands well and play them well (after the bidding has located most of the key cards) would be quite beyond their depth at whist,

where the trump depends on chance and the location of the cards has to be inferred from the play.

Whist was so popular in the eighteenth century that (as the learned R. F. Foster records) at Florence whist tables were put in the opera-house boxes, and the music was valued chiefly as "increasing the joy of good fortune, and soothing the affliction of bad." But a game that makes such rigorous demands on the intelligence—or on the card sense, if you prefer—was soon undergoing modifications to make it easier for the average player; at least one of these, Boston, seems to have sprung up no more than twenty-five years after whist had become standardized. In Boston the essential principle of auction was already present; it is a little hard to understand why bridge, with its regression to a very elementary form of bidding, should have intervened. If bridge is really of Russian origin (I believe the Greeks also have a claim on it) its vogue is still less explicable; the game of vint, mentioned in Russian novels long before bridge was played in the West, is considerably more advanced; essentially it is auction without a dummy, and its scoring is in some respects an anticipation of contract.

However, bridge swept the world around the turn of the century, while vint never got outside of Russia; and millions of persons who had been dubbing along at whist found the new game easier and consequently more attractive. It gave an opportunity to cash in on your good hands (when you were the dealer) and escape without loss on your bad hands by bidding the low spade which in those days was never played. Your opponents could do the same, of course; there was more purpose in it than in whist, less chance and less demand on the intelligence. The addition of the "royal spade" bid rid the game of its one obvious weakness—

and then, all at once, it was supplanted by auction.

Mr. Foster, that inexhaustible fount of card history, says that auction was invented about 1903 by three members of the Indian civil service at a lonely hill station (readers of Kipling will infer that their fourth had been carried off by cholera) who thought of it only as a three-handed game. But the auction principle had long been familiar in Boston and Five Hundred; maybe one of the three recalled these pastimes, or maybe they learned vint from a Russian spy who had come down over the Pamirs. At any rate, when their three-handed game was played by four hands it was so much of an improvement over bridge that it needed only to be heard of to be adopted everywhere. And then, a few years later, came contract, which is to auction as Clos de Vougeot to the contents of the keg which you permit to ferment in your cellar.

As a purely intellectual exercise the play in contract is far inferior to that in whist; you know too much before the first card is led. But the bidding imports an intellectual exercise of quite another order which is almost as good a discipline in applied psychology as poker. If contract has surpassed the vogue of auction, bringing new recruits to the card table and rekindling the enthusiasm of some of us who had begun to find auction something of a bore, it is because it is a better game, with far more action and far more suspense. In auction a good hand is irresistible; in contract it may be only an enticement to disaster unless you bid it right. No doubt the mere change in scoring has impressed some people with the conviction that contract is more of a game. Writing before the present contract scoring had altogether supplanted the auction values, Foster observed that the stake per point was reduced as the score was in-

creased; "why it would not be just as simple to advance the stakes and keep to the already well-established values is not explained." Here speaks the austere aristocrat; the more practical Barclay provides the explanation. "The higher score appeals to the childish attribute that remains with all adults who are wise enough to avoid growing up completely." However wise such avoidance may be, plenty of adults have managed it with great success; they feel that they are in fast company when they play a game at which you can go down a couple of thousand points on a single hand.

Perhaps contract has certain other advantages peculiarly adapted to these times. Its values, and its interest, are detached, abstracted from reality, from all the heterogeneous and too often unpleasant phenomena of everyday living. I know of no mental exercise which gives so complete an escape from the things you want to escape from. Yet some of its principles have a timely application; in auction you might bid a little and win a great deal, as you could in the empire-building America of the nineteenth century; but in contract you must bid and work for everything you get and risk a disastrous penalty for miscalculation, as entrepreneurs are likely to do in the frontierless and more static America of the future. Vulnerability—the principle that the higher you have risen the more a mistake will cost you—is a concept easily grasped by the American public, which has so often seen the career of a distinguished man ruined by a private peccadillo which would be overlooked in a person of less prominence. (It could be wished that more of our distinguished men might be ruined by their public peccadillos, by their behavior in office.) And finally in an age of confusion and multiplicity, of an all too visible increase in what the physicists call the random

element in the universe, there is a nostalgic charm about a game in which for a little while you devote yourself to a fixed and precise objective.

But all this may be fanciful. The great indubitable reason for the popularity of contract is its merit; more than any other card game it approaches the ideal balance between chance and skill. And the secondary and corollary reason is that more talent has been devoted to exploiting it professionally than was ever before expended on any card game. In this connection it is impossible to withhold the blue ribbon from Mr. Ely Culbertson.

III

Rival experts may have good reasons for disliking Culbertson, but they are all in debt to him, as every manager of a fight club anywhere is in debt to the late Tex Rickard; Culbertson's genius for ballyhoo did more than anything else to make contract a major sport and a big business. In the Culbertson odyssey fact and legend may be intertwined, but the story that he once taught psychology seems plausible enough; for he has practiced it with a brilliance hardly surpassed by Calvin Coolidge or E. L. Bernays. This talent would have made him successful in almost any line of business; that the accident of his marrying a bridge teacher made him apply his gifts to bridge was undoubtedly a piece of luck for the industry.

His competitors might not agree with that; but Culbertson's unpopularity in the trade is part of his showmanship. A man who frankly admits that he is the greatest egotist on earth and then goes on flaunting his ego in the face of his rivals and the public knows exactly what he is doing and why. Jack Dempsey, good-humored and likable in private, built up a public personality that roused the hatred of

the crowd, and it made him a rich man; people who knew only his fighting face and his professional manner cheerfully paid fifty dollars in the tenuous hope of seeing him flattened out by a Frenchman or an Argentino. Culbertson modest and self-effacing would be only one of the crowd; Culbertson challenging and blatant infuriates his rivals; they trumpet their demand that Culbertson be abolished—and the public sees that it is the pack against Culbertson and concludes that this one man is the equal of them all.

And if there are plain citizens—not competing experts—whom Culbertson infuriates, why, that is more meat for Culbertson; he gets their money too. The latest list of his publications includes five of his own books, one by his wife, and three by other writers explaining the Culbertson system for players good, bad, or indifferent; along with two other books which seem, from the advertiser's description, to be derisive spoofs on Culbertson and all his works. Whether you like him or hate him, he will sell you a book to suit your taste. Such a combination of high impartiality and a nose for profit can hardly be found elsewhere; it is as if the works of Karl Marx were published, in the hope of gain, by the Republican National Committee.

Other bridge writers, plain blunt men, say what they have to say in plain blunt words; but Culbertson goes into flights of metaphor—the submerged reefs of distribution, the protection of the trump fortress, war tactics in open and mountainous country, etc. This may be quite genuine, the way the game appears to Culbertson's restless mind; at any rate it is good business. Read the other experts and you read about a game of cards; read Culbertson and you feel that you are involved in an enterprise of major importance. Even the famous and ridiculous one-hundred-and-fifty-rubber

duel with Lenz was good publicity. "Let them hate me," said Domitian, "so long as they fear me"—which any modern publicity expert would amend to "Let them laugh at me so long as they talk about me." The astounding blunders in play which distinguished the first night of that contest may have been due to the well-advertised plethora of champagne; but bad play continued on later and presumably drier evenings, and I suspect that some of it was deliberate—a studied encouragement of the ordinary dub player, who will feel better when he sees those great geniuses Lenz and Culbertson gumming up good hands, even as you and I.

Praise of Culbertson's unique gift for publicity implies no lack of respect for the solidier if less showy merits of his rivals. For some of their systems I have little use; but I surmise that if the leaders of politics and industry had bestowed on their trade, in the past three years, the amount of serious study and tolerably disinterested thinking that has been invested in bridge by the leaders of the bridge business, this country might be somewhat better off.

IV

But room must be made for the objections of the *advocatus diaboli*. Some of the people who do not like bridge dislike it with a quite inexplicable frenzy. They will tell you that it saps the brain power, if any, of the individual, and disrupts the household by its contentions; it sows discord between wife and husband, between friend and friend; it is nothing less than the terminator of delights and the separator of companions.

Well, most of the complaints about bridge boil down to this, that it is sometimes played by the wrong people. Too much liquor brings out your true nature, whatever that may be; and so does a bad bid, a disastrous takeout, a

stupid play by your partner. People who crack under such a strain would crack under whatever strain might be imposed upon them, and I do not see that bridge can be blamed for it. The persons who feel it necessary to conclude each hand with a magisterial correction of their partners (and perhaps their opponents as well) have no place at the bridge table, or anywhere else where they might come into contact with civilized beings; and I do not know that they are more frequently found or more offensively conspicuous at the card table than in some other departments of life.

"Never reproach your partner," says Culbertson, "if there be the slightest thing for which you can reproach yourself." (On the other hand, do not reproach yourself if you think it would give undue encouragement to your partner's baser instincts.) This is not only Christian charity but good sense; the *practical* attitude toward your partner, Culbertson pursues, should be that of a "philosophical, sincere, and sympathetic friend." You share each other's joys, each other's burdens bear; and often for each other flows the sympathizing tear. "Partner, however weak, must feel that you sincerely respect his intelligence and efforts." And if this is odious pretense, if he is so weak that nobody could sincerely respect him—why, that is your fault for not choosing your company. First and foremost, stay in your own class.

You can't always do that when you go out for a social evening and find yourself in an unforeseen bridge game? No; but there is no law requiring a man who can play bridge to play it whenever he is invited. If you play with people you never met before you cannot complain when your partner continually talks over her shoulder to people across the room about her latest round-the-world cruise, meanwhile missing a couple of finesses and overlooking a

discard or two. Of course, if you tell the hostess you don't play, and some other guest pipes up with "But you do; I've played with you!"—why, then you are trapped, and may as well resign yourself to whatever fortune fate sends you. But that is no peculiar fault of bridge; it may happen just as well to a man who pretends he doesn't dance because he is alarmed by the weight of his prospective partners. Social life can be made tolerable only by taking a firm stand on such matters; and if indignant hostesses resolve that they will never invite you again, you can always stay at home and read a book. (In these times, it will probably be a bridge book.)

As for domestic discord, bridge never broke up a home that was not ripe for disruption anyway. If your wife is a very much better player than you, or a very much worse player, you had better not play with her; but you had better not play with anybody else who is very much better or very much worse. In the famous case of the Kansas City woman who shot her husband for failing to make his contract of four spades, the news reports omitted the essential points—what cards deceased had held and how he played them. But I suspect that if cards had never been invented she would have shot him over something else. Playing against a married couple I knew but slightly, I was shocked by their recriminations; and when I was dummy I suggested to the proprietor of the restaurant where we were playing that maybe the game had better be broken off before shots were fired. "Oh, that don't mean nothing with them two," he assured me. "They love each other like you don't see it any more." Evidently their emotional margin was so wide that they could do without philosophical and sympathetic friendship.

As to the vexed question of bisexual bridge in general, I think that men who

say they don't like to play with women are putting the argument on a wrong basis. The point is that you get full value out of a bridge game only when it is a bridge game and nothing else; to play it well requires concentration, and if you are not going to try to play it well there is no point in playing at all.

It is probably true that women, more often than men, regard a game of bridge as only an excuse for conversation—including some women who can play an excellent game when they choose to concentrate on it. But once again, pick your company and you will have no complaint; there are plenty of women who at the bridge table are willing to confine themselves to playing bridge, and would rather indulge in conversation over a few drinks. Call it the inveterate prejudice of a pre-war feminist, if you like, but I have little patience with the men who complain that "women" do this and that. Even Foster falls into this; "women," he says, "are great offenders in trifling matters, such as asking the dealer if she passed it, when nothing has been said; looking over the adversaries' hands as dummy, and then pushing dummy's cards forward as if arranging them, but in reality indicating which one to play. . . . There may be some remedy for this sort of thing, but so far no one seems to have found it."

Well, there is one unailing remedy—do not play with women like that. You can find plenty of others—women who are good players and good sportsmen too.

V

There remain to be answered the weighty criticisms of a couple of psychologists, who burst into print during the Lenz-Culbertson duel last winter. "Bridge may develop brains," said Professor Charles Gray Shaw of New York University, "but the quality of

the brains developed is not worth cultivating." Still harsher was Professor Harold Swenson of the University of Chicago: "You couldn't drag a real thinker to the bridge table with a team of horses."

If this means anything except that a couple of professors were picking up crumbs of publicity from the mighty banquet of Culbertson, it means that Professor Swenson's definition of a real thinker is a man who couldn't be dragged to the bridge table by a team of horses. By any other definition he is demonstrably wrong. As for Professor Shaw, he is right this far—that the brains specifically developed by bridge are good for nothing much but bridge; but not so much can be said for his further statement that "the habitual bridge player lacks adequate emotional power and must play to stimulate his nerves."

If this, in turn, means that bridge is the refuge of men who do not like or are not pleasing to women, and women who do not like or are not pleasing to men, the only answer it calls for is a derisive snort. Confessing that I personally am one who prefers "Götterdämmerung" to "Tristan," I could cite some of the best bridge players I ever met, of both sexes, who have plenty of emotional power and do not go to the card table when they want their nerves stimulated. Possibly Professor Shaw's intention was more general; in which case his remarks may be true of some bridge players. Some years ago I was in one of the minor European monarchies; and the day I left the capital a local newspaperman said to me, "Can't you stay over till to-morrow? We have a date to go up to the Palace and play bridge with the King." Somewhat flustered, I said that I could not aspire to such an honor. "Oh, it's no particular honor," he told me. "He gets lonesome up there at the Palace; the Dictator won't let him do any work,

and he's always glad when somebody will come up to play bridge with him."

Bridge may be a needed stimulus to the nerves of unemployed royalty; but for us ordinary players its stimulation is intellectual, not emotional, even if the intellect it stimulates is of a specialized and unprofitable type. A philosopher, says Aldous Huxley, is a man who dreams of fewer things than there are in heaven and earth; and it is evident that Professor Shaw has never perceived the real attractions of bridge. Choose your company—people who play not much better than you do and

not much worse, people who sit down at the bridge table to play bridge, not to talk about irrelevancies—and you will find yourself transported into another world. The agitations and exacerbations of everyday life drop away from you; for a while you dwell in a remote and austere realm of the pure intellect, uncontaminated by any practical applications; and as your game improves you may catch glimpses of some of those mathematical beauties of sequence, distribution, and arrangement such as perhaps the Absolute perceives when it contemplates Itself.

LANDMARKS

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

"LEFT *from the oak*
To the mill race brook."
So the deed runs
In the town clerk's book.

But the oak is gone,
And the turf grows over
The mill race ditch
With grass and clover.

Little may stand
For a title's mark
If the earth shall change
Or a star grow dark.

Then leave your son
No land or treasure,
That the foot must pace
Or the scales measure;

But an eye to behold
And a heart that lifts
And strength to fulfill . . .
Let these be your gifts.



THE PROGRAM

A STORY

BY LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

LATE though he was, Albers should have gone boldly up to the front where, he took it for granted, the other speakers were sitting and awaiting their turn. Just now a big, tawny-bearded man was reading. He was standing almost sidewise to the audience, holding his manuscript in his left hand. But, instead, Albers took a back seat, a seat on the aisle. He thought of his mother and how she always insisted, even in church, on having an aisle seat. "With an aisle seat you don't have that feeling of being trapped," she had said. She was always worrying about fires, windstorms, and lightning. Even here, in this academic quiet, she would have been worrying about something or other. But as for Albers, he was calm enough.

It was bad though that he had taken a back seat. This meant that when his name was called he would have to walk the full length of the room. It was bad, too, that he hadn't managed to come in a few minutes early. On his way across the campus he had begun worrying again about the pronunciation of a couple of words. So he had hurried into the library and looked them up once more. And that had made him a trifle late.

He had looked the words up any number of times before. But this morning there must be no question about them. For he was to read a

paper at a learned gathering, a paper on Joaquin Miller, before the American Literature group. "For God's sake, don't make any boners," Skelton had told him when, two days before, he had seen Albers off. Skelton was the head of his department and had, by pulling a few academic wires, got Albers a place on the program.

Skelton had told him to go around and meet everybody, especially the big men. So, again, Albers thought, he should have managed to come in early. In that event he could have made himself known to the chairman of the meeting, a Doctor Endicott, and perhaps also to the other speakers. They were all strangers to him, but the sound of their voices, a handclasp or so, might at least have made him feel at home.

Still, one couldn't imagine any warmth in the handclasp of the chairman—his eyes, through unrimmed glasses, looking coldly out of a thin, bloodless face, his clothes an aloof blackness. He brought Hayworth too readily to mind. Hayworth had been Albers' doctor, and he, too, had eyes that chilled one, eyes that with a sort of malevolent indifference estimated one's chances to carry on.

Endicott was sitting behind a long, heavy table, on which were neat piles of pamphlets. Reprints of scholarly articles, Albers thought. Stuff that nobody on God's earth ever read. But then it was all in the game and, any-

how, who was Albers to be sneering at anything? Skelton had told him that he might be able to place his own article in one of the scholarly journals. "It would be a feather in your cap," Skelton had said. Skelton was strong for printer's ink.

Well, Albers wished that the printer, or anyone else, other than himself, had the article now. He put his hand inside his coat pocket to make sure his manuscript was still there. But of course it was still there, bulging his coat out a little. It was typed on heavy sheets. He noticed how steadily the man up front was holding his paper. It was something to hold a paper with such a steady hand without rattling the pages.

But anybody should be able to read a paper. At least he had thought so, when, at Skelton's urging, he had consented to go back East to read. All one had to do was to stick his nose into his manuscript and drive ahead for twenty minutes. The reader had the floor once his name was called. So many words. Enough to last twenty minutes. And Albers had enough. He had timed himself again and again. Moreover, Skelton had coached him in his reading. Albers glanced down at the sharp creases in his trousers. "You'd better get some new clothes," Skelton had told him. So he had bought a new suit, a blue serge that he thought was becoming. It gave one confidence to be well dressed.

He felt for the paper once more. What if he had lost it and had only just now discovered his loss? On a long, sleepless journey in a chair car one might lose anything. Once he had read the paper, though, he wouldn't care where it was or what became of it.

He fancied himself, on the way back home, tossing it out the train window, the pages scattering over the landscape—one page, perhaps, blowing across a pasture and frightening a horse, others

getting caught on the barbed-wire fences and flapping there, or some of them perhaps being sucked back under the train, the little black letters ground to nothingness against the black rail.

But the letters were clear enough. They must be clear now. Otherwise he wouldn't be able to make them out. It was absurd to be thinking that. And yet it wasn't. For when he got up to read every syllable must be visible to his eye, and then be made audible to every ear in the room. The act of converting those quiet symbols into sounds that might be heard suddenly struck him as being no small accomplishment.

For one might easily fall down in such a matter. The auditory nerves in that long room—his voice would have to play upon those nerves, reach, and try to impress all those listening ears. But would they listen? And how many ears? Why, twice as many ears, of course, as there were people.

He began counting the people. But why count them? "It's as easy to talk before a thousand as a dozen," Skelton had said. Besides, to count them all he would have to crane his neck from side to side, and then look at the row behind him. That would make him conspicuous. But in a little while he would have to be conspicuous. His name would sound out, and he would have to get up and begin walking the length of the room, lifting one foot after the other, every head turned to watch his progress, the progress of Albers who had come two thousand miles to read for twenty minutes.

It was as though he had walked all those miles, and he fancied himself playing out before he could reach his goal. Or, at best, he fancied himself stumbling, at last, up to the table where the big man was now standing. Fancied himself falling, and then that cold-eyed chairman looking down at him with his present unconcern, just as

Hayworth, not so long ago, had looked down at him where, after a hard workout, he lay stifling on the gym floor. "Better use your head and watch that heart of yours," Hayworth had said in his indifferent way. Albers wondered if Endicott too were altogether feelingless. He wondered if the chairman had a family, if he had ever been in love, been anything that was human. Had any of his people died—his mother or father, say—and had he cried over their coffins? Had he had to take those cold glasses off in order to wipe the tears from his eyes? Albers wondered. He wished that he knew.

He found himself shaking, his teeth chattering. God knows, he should have been listening to the man reading. All the others were listening, just as they would soon be listening to him. But how long now had the man been standing up there, or was it the same man? It must, of course, be the same man. One could prove that beyond question.

One had to prove everything. "Be able to document your stuff," Skelton was always saying. "Know your authorities." It was suicidal not to know your authorities. You were even supposed to be an authority yourself—an authority on Joaquin Miller.

But proof that this was the same man lay in the fact that the chairman hadn't budged, and had kept staring straight ahead out of that white face of his. If another man had got up to speak, the chairman would, despite his unconcern, have had first to announce him. Moreover, there would have been a little interval between the speakers when one could have heard clapping, then some discussion of the paper by these close listeners. Pretty soon they would be discussing his paper. He would be up there looking into their faces, faces that had never looked into his before.

No, these people had never seen him

before. And it would be possible for him to slip out the door, to escape from it all, and no one there be the wiser. No one there would know that he, Albers, had come and gone. Still there was that gaunt old girl in a brown dress across the aisle and five or six rows up. Where had he seen her before? When he was entering the room she had turned and stared at him for a moment, stared as if she knew him.

Albers slid over a couple of seats until he was hiding behind the man in the next row, a colossus in a gray suit. What was this ox doing at a learned meeting, Albers wondered? Brain, not brawn, was needed in a place like this. Albers' folks had always said that he was the brains of the family. They depended on him—those folks back there in Pawson.

They would be talking about him now—his mother, his father, and his Aunt Martha. They would be glancing at the clock and saying, "Fred will be giving his speech in a little while now." They would be talking about the difference in time, Eastern Time and Rocky Mountain Time. They had it all figured out, and were thinking that he was about to give an address, a long speech, the sort that booms out from some high platform or that now and then softens its tones to bring tears and then begins booming again to bring deafening applause.

They didn't know, out there in Pawson, anything about scholarship and learned papers. Learned papers. Ah, God! His learned paper. They were expecting a speech such as old Brother Owens, their preacher, might give, throwing his arms about, pounding the pulpit desk, and pointing his long, skinny finger at the sinners, exhorting them to repent and come to God.

Perhaps, though, the preacher was right. Perhaps one did need to repent,

to come to God, and to have God thenceforth on one's side. God on one's side in times of trial. God at one's back. God all about one, bolstering one up in the face of hell itself. God would give one strength, would give one voice, the power to stand unafraid in the presence of kings. Like Nathan of old. "Thou art the man!" Nathan had said, pointing his finger at David. "Thou art the man!" And David had had to take it. Why? Because God was on Nathan's side. But no one was on Albers' side. Albers was alone, utterly alone.

He tried, though, to get a grip on himself. He clenched his hands until it hurt. What, after all, was there to be afraid of? A bunch of pedagogues—graybeards and mossbacks, mainly, with a fair sprinkling of old maids and a few Catholic sisters. He recalled how as a student he had made sport of his professors, kept stories going as to their absent-mindedness. These men were just like those old professors of his. Or were they? Endicott, the chairman. He didn't appear absent-minded. Behind those unfeeling eyes was a calculating brain. No, Endicott wasn't the sort to overlook anything. He wouldn't, for example, overlook Albers' name, where, on the program, it stood after the title of his paper. In a few minutes he would fix his eye on that name and that title and, getting to his feet, read them off.

One more paper, and then Endicott would get up and read off Albers' name. There was no way on earth to stop him. He was in control of everything. The big man up there now. Endicott's voice had summoned him, and there he was. It must be Doctor Howardsen. Albers looked at the program. But there was no need of his looking at it. He knew it by heart. Yes, it was Doctor Howardsen, reading about Franklin and the Age of Reason. That he could verify this gave Albers a

little courage. And he must have courage. Some thirty minutes now and it would be his turn. He looked at his watch. That would make it about ten o'clock. Well, by that time, perhaps, he could pull himself together.

Again he measured the distance from his seat to the table. And he moved his legs a little, as though to prove that he still had the use of them. They were all there, his legs were. He looked at his hands, opening and closing them. They were there too. His legs would get him to the table. His hands would hold his paper. Both hands, for he would not, like Howardsen, rely on only one. It was strange, after all, that even in an endeavor of the mind, such as reading a paper, one had to rely on legs and hands. On legs, especially. He thought of Wordsworth and a statement by De Quincey to the effect that Wordsworth had walked eighty-five thousand miles.

What tremendous legs the poet must have had. But had he actually walked that far? Wasn't that eighty-five thousand miles merely one of De Quincey's opium fancies? Good God! Imagine somebody in this room getting up and making a statement like that, unless, that is, the statement could be fully documented, a footnote for every mile of the eighty-five thousand. Documentation. That was the thing. Footnotes a mile high for every mile Wordsworth had hoofed it over hill and vale listening to the waterfalls and the "still, sad voice of humanity."

Or wasn't it the music instead of the voice of humanity? Albers was always misquoting. Anyhow, here he was, come into an alien land to make himself heard among a strange people. To read words, words of no moment, for all these important ears to hear, paltry syllables to strike upon these learned eardrums. What right had he to address himself to such ears? "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your

ears." As a boy Albers used to recite Antony's oration. Why should he fear now?

But these weren't his friends; these not his countrymen; and obviously they weren't Romans either. That was verifiable. You could footnote that, too. "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him." Ah, but who would praise Albers? "To bury Cæsar." Albers thought of the little graveyard back home and all the people in it, the fear gone forever out of them.

Gone quite out of them, for they had now the perspective of the dead, that perspective which sees things for what they are, that dwarfs the fears of men, reduces these mountains of agony to the molehills they actually are. Upon the program in his hand the dead would look calmly. At sight of his printed name the dead would suffer no terror. A bit of paper. A few harmless letters. But for him, the living, these letters spelled all the manifold agonies of life.

It was incredible that once he had been glad to see his name there. Back home he had other copies of the program. He had sent to the secretary of the Association for extra copies, so that he might mail them round. It was to be his first appearance before a learned society, and his friends should know about it. His enemies too, for that matter. To several of his ill-wishers he had sent copies—to Reynolds, for instance, and Stark. They would feel considerably put out, he had thought, for after all it is no small matter for a mere beginner to go back East, two-thirds the way across the Continent, to read before some of the big shots in the academic world. That's what Skelton had called them—big shots. Skelton himself was something of a big shot. Otherwise he couldn't have got Albers a place on the program.

No, it was no small matter. He realized that now more than ever, far

more than ever. His legs and hands were feeling numb, and there came a momentary blurring of his vision and a faintness—a momentary dying away that somehow drew Endicott and Howardsen towards him and then returned them to the front of the room. Something of the same thing had happened one day in tennis, a game he was addicted to, playing it badly but enthusiastically. All at once the net had come wavering towards him along the court, floating up to him, like a strip of fog, and bringing with it the misty features of Bill Watson. Then Bill's face was hanging over him, Bill's hands rubbing at his, Bill's voice telling him, as from far away, to come out of it. And after a bit Albers had got up and insisted on finishing the set, Bill arguing with him about seeing a doctor. But he wouldn't see a doctor. He was sick of doctors.

He rubbed his eyes and moved his legs and hands about until some of the numbness left. The main thing was to be accurate. That was the reason for giving a paper instead of a speech. A speech may be more interesting, but it isn't likely to be accurate. A slip or so in grammar, a single error in matter of fact might well be fatal to one's standing. So everybody read papers. Even the big guns like Howardsen.

And yet Howardsen was just the sort of man one would think could be independent of his manuscript. Full-blooded face and lips, a great tawny mustache and beard, a shock of tawny hair—something leonine about him. A figure that might well sway a political gathering. Still, he had a weakness. His voice. It was coming small and thin from that broad, bearded face, piping words instead of thundering them. That piping, though, heartened Albers somewhat, for his own voice was full and strong.

He was glad his voice was good. Teachers' agencies, for one thing, al-

ways inquire about an applicant's voice. If you had a voice like Howardsen's, or if you stuttered, it was against you, no matter how much you knew. Yes, Albers' voice was good. Skelton himself had said so.

But these people would laugh at a big voice, a voice given, as it were, to megaphoning errors. A big voice and a little reputation. Or rather no reputation, though back home his mother, his father, and his Aunt Martha were watching the clock and talking about the reputation he was making. His mother doing most of the talking, but shadowing her pride in him with a word or so of worry about his health. And back there, too, were Reynolds and Stark wishing he wouldn't make a go of it. And, above all, there was Skelton.

Skelton, who believed in him and had staked him, in part, with money enough to get to the meeting. He owed Skelton over fifty dollars. That was his university's fault. Universities never pay a scholar's way to anything, not even to the most learned meetings. They pay the football coach's way all over the country. And the stock-judging team's way. They pay that, too. But the scholar's way, never.

So he owed Skelton fifty dollars and more. And his folks. What did he owe them? Life. But what was life? He wished he were dead, away from everything, away from Endicott who had eyes like Hayworth's, away from these people who were waiting to hear what he had to say about Miller. Joaquin Miller and the Frontier. But who was Miller? A third-rate poet. And who was Albers? Who was he? They would laugh at Miller, but they would laugh more at Albers—laugh up their sleeves. He would prefer that they laughed out loud, a laugh one could hear and then damn to the laugher's face. But for Skelton's sake

he must ignore their laughter. For Skelton's sake he must make good.

"Ah, Christ!" he said. "Ah, Christ!" But he wasn't swearing. He was praying. Praying for strength. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest." "I will give you rest." There was magic in those words, so Walter Pater had said. Something supernatural. No mere man could have extended that invitation. Albers supposed that that was what Pater had meant.

But how these wiseacres would laugh if they knew he was calling on Christ to help him. Scholars don't call on Christ. They don't need to. They are strong. They can stand on their own learned legs. They walk about on their learned legs here and there. Back and forth in the halls of learning, in the academies, wise peripatetics, on their legs they go. Getting up out of chairs and marching up front and facing a learned audience and reading for twenty long minutes.

All this without calling on Christ to help them. Who was Christ? Who was Jesus? Some scholars said that He had never lived at all, that He was a myth. Twenty minutes. A little chunk of eternity. And yet a big chunk, an eternity in themselves, those twenty minutes. "In my Father's house are many mansions." He had said that, too. But at these words also the learned men would laugh.

Howardsen, with the big beard and the piping voice. He would laugh. Howardsen, who knew all about Franklin, Howardsen who was on the tail-end of his twenty minutes. Franklin and common sense. Franklin had said in a letter to his wife that were he to express his gratitude for being saved from shipwreck he would build, not a shrine, but a lighthouse. Franklin, too, would have laughed at the words of Jesus. But would he have

laughed? You needed authority for the statement that Franklin would have laughed. Better not say that he would have laughed unless you had stacks of footnotes.

Still, no one laughed if you had enough footnotes. The highbrows would not laugh—not even at God—if you had authorities enough for God to stand on. Franklin and Wordsworth and Miller and God. “I come to bury Cæsar.” Bury them all under a mountain of footnotes. Then the fear would all be gone out of them, and the laughter. No, not the laughter, for just then Albers began chuckling.

He began chuckling over Howardsen and his twenty minutes. Twenty minutes. Howardsen had speeded up, his voice more piping than ever, his big right hand stroking nervously at his beard. It was funny, Albers thought, to see that bearded reputation hurried along on the flying seconds. For the seconds were flying now, and Howardsen, a big shot in the academic world, was flying along with them.

A man like that should have been given oceans of time—forty minutes, eighty, or a thousand. But here he

was with only twenty. Why couldn't Howardsen laugh at himself—put his paper down and laugh? If he were dead he could laugh, for then he would know what the dead know. The laughter of the dead. What a wise laughter.

Endicott was plucking at Howardsen's coat. At the big reputation's coat tails. “Ah, Christ! Ah, Christ!” Twenty minutes. Wordsworth and eighty-five thousand miles and Franklin— And Hayworth. Hayworth with his ear eternally to one's heart. What was he doing here? And Endicott—Endicott whose voice summoned one.

Endicott gave another tug at Howardsen's coat, and Albers laughed loud and long, people turning to look at him, somebody getting up and coming towards him, everything rushing up to his eyes. Then all at once he stopped laughing. The old girl up ahead screamed and pointed her finger at him. And Endicott and Howardsen came running down the aisle, yelling for order and calling for a doctor. There was, though, no need of a doctor. Albers was dead.



LIKKER ASHORE

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

ONE day I looked out of my window and saw a puff of smoke behind a vessel, but the vessel was at anchor. Unless she was afire, how could there be a puff of smoke? It was a day in March. The sea was deep blue and cold-looking, with small choppy waves. The sky was cold and bright and filled with white, round, trundling clouds. Black-and-white gulls screeched in front of the house.

There was a puff of smoke out in the middle of the bay that was coming from no boat. Still I didn't know what it was.

The harbor looked queer anyway. All the boats were fishing in the harbor. I couldn't remember boats fishing inshore in the twenty-five years I have looked out of my window.

There was another puff of smoke down near the gas boat. Then leisurely, quietly, a gray side, smooth and slippery and big as a submarine, heaved itself out, glistened, and dipped.

There were whales in the harbor.

The puffs of smoke were whales blowing. Not in the wine-glass shape of a waterfall, like the old prints, but in enormous spray-ey smokelike puffs.

I went out to the Red Front. I met Captain Whorf on what we still call the boardwalk, though it has been concrete these ten years.

"Good morning, Cap'n," said I. "What are they fishing for out in the harbor?"

"Fishin'?" he said. "They ain't a-fishin'. They're *rummin'*! Whar

you been? Ain't you heard thar's likker ashore? The hull danged town's beachcombin'. Ain't ary fishin' boat fishin' this mornin'. S'prised your boy ain't been out. . . . Seems some rumrunners was goin' to land likker to Beach Point last night. Come 'long the coast guard, an' they dumped their caggo. Seen the whales in the harbor?"

"Yes," I said. "I've seen them."

"Ain't been whales in fer years. Come in a hull school of 'em, come in after herrin'. Th' herrin's runnin'. Runnin' kinda small, too. Traps all full o' herrin' this mornin'."

Round about us and on the outside shore are weirs, big fishing traps, which are part of our fishing business. Half my neighbors go trapping, and the rest go fishing. And liquor ashore or not, the weir boats go out just the same. In our town we live by fish. We talk of fish, but in these hard times it seemed even the fish of the sea had deserted us.

Down at the Red Front there was a crowd gathered. Cap'n Ellis was narrating: "Coast guard drew up his cutter 'longside my boat and sez:

"'What you doin'?" An' I sez,

"'Ef you ain't dumb you c'n see I'm fishin'."

"Sez he, 'You're putting down trawl in a mighty queer place fer fish!'

"Sez I, 'Thar ain't no law yet against me fishin' wharever I see fittin', without permission from th' coast guard! An' I ain't got what you think I got, nuther. So you can take you an'

yer noseys ways off back whar you come from!"

"Sez he, 'If you got what I think you got, you won't keep it, nor it won't do you no good. I know what kind o' fish you fellers ketch in the habbor!"

"Sez I, 'You think a awful lot. You're gonna split yer brains a-thinkin'!"

"Coast guard got Mr. Souza," a woman said. "He was just comin' in, towin' a case, an' up comes the coast guard an' took an' broke the likker in front o' his face an' eyes! Mis' Souza sez he went in the house an' most cussed himself into apoplexy! He's cussin' yet."

"I guesso! I guesso!" people sympathized.

A bunch of boys ran past the Red Front. Their eyes were bright and they were giggling together. Everybody turned around. "Looka there, I bet them boys' pockets is full!"

I went uptown. Everywhere people were standing in knots. The town had poured out into the street. There were groups standing in front of the stores, in front of the post office, and in front of the Board of Trade. Everywhere, up and down the street and through the whole length of town, there had flown tales of treasure trove—something for nothing.

The ordinary toilsome ways of the town, the hard work of fishing, had been interrupted. If you fished out in the harbor you might fish a case of liquor. The treasure trove came in twenty-four pints to the case, twenty-four pints of good whiskey. You could sell that twenty-four pints at two dollars the pint—forty-eight dollars. Or twenty-four pints at three dollars—which you could get from the summer folks—seventy-two dollars!

Rumors flew around. The Jasons had eight cases. The Deavilas had found three. Little Minnie Crummins had been out that morning in her canoe

and bumped right into a case. She was just towing it ashore when along came the coast guard . . .

Something for nothing. Illicit gains. Liquor ashore. The old red gods were riding through the town. The old days of smuggling and buccaneering were back again. Everyone's blood ran quicker. There was a full stop to the workaday routine. Everyone was dreaming of Golconda, of a good time, of free liquor. People licked their chops. Our town in the old days was a great pirate town. Over in Helltown, old folks will tell you, there were wreckers. The smugglers and wreckers of the old days have worthy descendants.

In front of the bank I saw Jerry Tate and a bunch of young men about his age. He has a brain, from which comes insecurity. He reads books. He likes talk. He loves ideas. He loves to get tight. He has never worked hard at anything. He has talent for something. The small town has stifled it.

The breath of adventure had blown over Jerry, and he had bloomed. His eyes were bright, he looked taller. He was talking with sharp gestures—staccato, gangster gestures that held an abbreviated command. Adventure and illicit gain had blown over him. He was planning something. The other boys, who do nothing but drink too much and hang out with Jerry, were all alert, ears cocked up like terriers in front of a rat hole.

Captain Crowley came along. He is the captain of a deep-sea one-hundred-twenty-five-foot schooner, one of the few of our beautiful deep sea fishermen still left us. He wore a gold watch-chain and store clothes. He has fine shoulders and a chest three feet through. His hands hang down like hams. His eyebrows are as heavy as his mustache. He jerked his head sideways at the group and said laconically:

"Plannin' a hijackin'."

He was right.

The rumrunners stored the salvaged liquor that night in a vacant barn back of the town, and set two men on guard to watch it. Jerry Tate got to know that the liquor was stored in that barn. Jerry had found two or three cases, and he planned how he would get a lot more education and buy books. He saw if he got a lot more liquor he could make a lot more money. He'd keep it all winter, and sell it high to the summer folks, and be all set. He had a bright idea. If you got a big enough mob you could go and take the liquor away from the guards. For there couldn't be more than two or three guards, who wouldn't dare shoot into a crowd of twenty fellows.

So a mob of young men, and older men too, snuck up on the barn, and when the guards saw that they were twenty to three they gave up. For, just as Jerry thought, they didn't dare shoot. They couldn't shoot to kill. They weren't killers. The mob lit in and divided up the liquor and carried it off. That gave Jerry a good lot to keep for summer. He thought he might just as well have a little party with some of it, with some friends.

When Jerry woke up next day he felt he needed a pick-me-up. What with one thing and another, Jerry drank all his liquor himself before the summer people got there. He thought it was just as well, because anyway his father would have hated to have him bootleg. There are plenty of people in our town who feel that it's one thing to find liquor on the shore and keep it yourself, and another to sell it. They feel it is socially inferior to go selling liquor.

Other boys tried to find out where Jerry Tate kept his liquor, and Jerry Tate tried to find out where the other boys kept their liquor.

It was contraband, it was illegal, and

there was now no more law. People who wouldn't think of stealing a piece of salt fish would not mind stealing the liquid gold of their friends' treasure trove. It was surprising how quickly moral values ceased to be. Surprising how close, all of a sudden, a quiet, hard-working town was to the city gang. Little cliques of young men banding together to hijack one another's find.

In the meantime, the bootleggers had salvaged another load of the liquor. They started to take it out of town at night. They might have got by, except that Will Staunton tried to pull a hijacking stunt on them. He and two other fellows tried to hold up the rumrunners with a gun, but they jumped Staunton and blacked his eye and beat him up, and chucked his gun in the water. With the best of intentions our town tried to act like a city gang or like a gang in the movies. The good will was there, but they were amateurs always. No one got shot.

By this time a great many people had a lot of cases which they hid in different places. The activity of the town was now twofold. One was finding treasure trove, finding the cases that might bump ashore any time, finding money, finding a good time free. The other was trying to take away the money, the free good time, from someone else.

At night the whole town was aprowl. Those who had liquor tried to take away liquor from other people who had it; and those who hadn't any liquor skulked around like lean and hungry dogs watching if they could find out where their neighbor's cache was.

Our girl reported that men were every night skulking around the fisherman's house next hers. People took to guarding their houses. There would be a scuffle of feet on the streets—voices—shots. The night was never still any more. It was hard to go to

sleep with the sense that the young men—and many older men too—were prowling around to steal from one another. That people shot at one another even if they didn't shoot to kill—yet.

II

Some people's lives were changed for good. Old Man Kettle, for instance. Old Man Kettle lived on the back street. He was so old people had forgotten his name wasn't Kettle. Only old-timers remembered that his name was Ben Morgan. Only old-timers remembered how it was that he got his name of Kettle. They had forgotten about his brother, Johnny "Potts," who had died fifteen years ago. The two old men had lived alone in the small Cape Cod house. As long as anyone could remember they had gone "sweetmeating and cockerinkling," which is to say sea-snailing and periwinkling. They had a trap-box that they kept for their sweetmeats and cockerinkles out below low-water mark. When Johnny Potts died, Old Man Kettle kept right on sweetmeating and cockerinkling.

He would go out in his dory with his long boots on, and his old coat hanging around him. When he came laboring up the steep ladder down at the fish wharf he looked like some sea monster, something that had come up from the depths of the sea, with his rheumy eyes and his leathery cheeks and his hands that were like claws. The way he got his name of Kettle was this:

Some thirty-five years ago Cap'n Long's lobster pots out by the Point kept getting robbed. Cap'n Long lay in wait over on the Point and said he was going to shoot anyone who went a-robbin' of his lobster pots. He lay low, and he saw someone rowing along out toward the Point. So Cap'n Long followed, and there he found Ben Morgan.

"What you doin' round my lobster pots? You ben after my lobsters!"

"No, I ain't!"

"I seen you round here by my lobster pots!"

"Wall, 'tain't me, it's my brother. I'm a-fishin'." Ben jerked his thumb out to another dory, Johnny's. So Cap'n Long went to the other dory.

"What you mean," said Johnny Morgan. "I ain't been robbin' no lobster pots. It's my brother. I'm only a-fishin'."

"Wall," screamed Cap'n Long, "it's a case o' the Pot callin' the Kettle black!" So from that time forth it was Johnny Potts and Ben Kettle.

Old Man Kettle beachcombed, every morning. He brought home queer things that the sea threw up. He found three hooked rugs with holes in them. He found old towels. He found life-preservers and mooring buoys and corks from the fishing nets. He found an old ship's lantern. No week but the sea left something which he could pick up in the early morning hours.

Old Man Kettle went out to look at his sweetmeat and cockerinkle box. He saw the square corner that looked like his box floating off a ways. He said:

"Cain't be that box o' mine is adrift —couldn't drift off from my nigger."

The cockerinkle box was moored by a "nigger," which is a big stone with a hook in it and a chain attached to it, in a sunken barrel filled with sand and rocks.

He rowed after what looked like his sweetmeat box, and there was a case of liquor. He heaved it aboard his dory, looking all around fearfully to see if the coast guard were coming or if any of the other fishermen had seen him. He hadn't heard about the liquor ashore, for he was kind of hard of hearing and didn't talk much nowadays with other people. He saw Chocolate Lummis'

dory row past. Choc rested his oars to cry out:

"Find anythin', Cap'n Kettle?"

He roared back, "How? . . . No, I ain't found nothin'." He had thrown his slicker over the case. He rowed in shore and looked around fearfully all the time to see if anyone was watching him. Everybody was intent on his own business. He got the case up to his house without meeting a soul, and he hid it under his bed. He took out one pint.

"This likker," he thought, "ain't safe to my house. Best I bury it up some're else. Someone might come in and look under my bed. No tellin' who might come in when I'm gone." (For lately no one's liquor is safe. Young men lie in wait near houses where they think there is a can of alky, and go in and pinch it.) "No tellin' who saw me come up here with it. Might nobody've seen me, or might anybody've seen me come from their windows." So he waited till dark, and he hid the liquor in a deserted hen-house in the back of his yard.

But he got to worrying about the liquor, so he covered it up with a lot of wood. That worried him too, so he spent a whole day spading up his garden, though it was pretty early. After dark he buried the liquor in the middle of his garden.

But that worried him too, for he was sure that someone had seen him bury it in the garden. He was sure he heard someone outside his garden. He was sure that the Lummis boy and his gang were after his liquor. So he spaded his liquor up again. Then he thought he'd like a drink, so he drank one bottle, and then he drank another bottle. This was only the third bottle he had drunk. When he came to, the liquor was nowhere to be found.

But he knew he had hidden it somewhere. He remembered taking precautions, before he had passed out, to

hide the liquor. He spaded his whole garden up again. He couldn't find the liquor. Now if he could have believed either that the liquor had been stolen or that he had hidden it, it would not have gone so hard with him. But—

"Dang it," he said, "I dunno if I hid it or if 'twas stolen!" So now he goes around looking and looking. He has almost given up cockerinkling and sweetmeating because of figuring where he hid the liquor, and looking for it.

The little boys had more fun than almost anyone. Chocolate Lummis and his gang found plenty. They are boys about sixteen or younger. A few years ago they would have been at work. Now there is no work to do except when there is treasure trove around. Then they can bootleg a little, just as if they were grown up. Boys play Rumrunner-and-Coast-guard to-day, instead of Indians.

Chocolate is a stocky, lusty boy, and comical. He is the head of the gang, partly because he is a little older, and partly because of his comical vitality. Almost everyone in our town keeps a very neat house. People are always painting their houses inside and out. But the Lummis place is more like a slum. Folks say that beds are never made there, and there never are meals at Lummis'. There is always a pot of something on the stove, and the children and Chocolate help themselves when they feel like it.

Mothers hate to see him come rolling in, with his wide, impudent grin and his stub nose. The younger fellows in his gang follow Chocolate like the Pied Piper. Choc found a couple of cases, and he hid them so his old man and his old woman wouldn't drink them up or sell them on him. He said to the other fellows:

"Let's all of us go rummin', and let's pool what we find. Then we can sell it and share the money." But they were too smart for him.

"No, let's each one keep what he finds," said Jeremiah Wilson. "S'posing you don't find any, Choc? S'posing you didn't find any, what's the great idea o' *you* gettin' any money?" Choc hadn't told the gang that he had already found the two cases. He pulled a flask out of his pocket and took a swig, then he passed the bottle to Jeremiah. Corkscrew, who had curly hair, took another swig. Squealey took a swig, and everybody took a swig but little Tony, who was the youngest of the gang and only fourteen. Squealey, after Choc took a swig, began acting tight. The liquor burned their throats as it went down, so Choc bought some ginger ale. It was better in the ginger ale. Little Tony began drinking too. It went to his head very quickly.

Chocolate, Squealey and Corkscrew all went staggering off, saying "Whoop-ee!" But Jeremiah went and bought some life-savers flavored with winter-green at the store, so his mother wouldn't smell it on him.

Little Tony went to sleep under a wharf. He felt awful when he woke up. He was sick at his stomach under the wharf. The tide had come in. He saw a box bumping on the piers, and sure enough it was a case of whiskey. He pulled the case up and went right down the road to where he knew some summer folks lived. They called them summer folks, just the same, though they had lived here all winter.

Little Tony was still pretty pale and felt queer, but he wouldn't have touched any more whiskey, not if you paid him. He offered the case for thirty-five dollars to these summer folks, and they bought it from him. He took his money right to his Old Man. There had been sickness in the family, and his father hadn't done much fishing that winter, and the thirty-five dollars were a godsend.

"That's how good a boy little Tony

is," my boy told me. "He gives every cent to his father when *he* goes boot-legging! I always told you Tony was a good boy!"

Chocolate had long wanted to go into business. He sold his liquor and bought himself an old truck. And he drove his truck as fast as it would go, and all the rest of the gang stood up in it shouting. His old lady swore at him. You could hear her hollering most any time what she thought about Choc for not bringing home any of the money or the whiskey. But he had saved a flask for her and gave her the first five dollars he made trucking. He had to. She took it out of his pocket when he was in bed. But he was always good-natured when his old lady swore at him, and never said anything back to her, except "Shut your trap!" Sometimes when she called him a bastard, he said, "So's yer old man."

III

Likker coming ashore brought forward other instances of filial piety beside that of little Tony and Chocolate. Mr. Silva fished with his three sons. He was a good fisherman and had a nice house with every convenience. He was noted for his good luck and keeping up his house as well as he did his boat and for his high temper. There was hardly any other fisherman with a higher temper than his. There is something about being the captain of a vessel, however small, that gives a man authority and dignity; and Cap'n Crowley with his watch-chain, his blue store suit, and a vessel that carried a crew of twenty-seven men had no more dignity than did Mr. Silva in his forty-foot boat.

Mr. Silva's sons made a big liquor haul. They went out beachcombing in their dory and they found eight cases, one right after the other. They said:

"Whadya know, pa, we found a lot o' cases!" They told him because they knew someone else would, and then they would get the dickens.

"That so? Well, you bring 'em right here to me. I'll take care of them cases. 'Tain't good fer young fellers to have too much to drink. When you want a drink I'll give you a drink, ef I think it's good fer you. . . . And don't none o' ye try to sell none of it, neither!" He didn't believe in bootlegging. He'd have died if a boy of his made a few dollars by anything so common as peddling liquor. So the boys did what they were told. They brought in six cases, and only held out two cases on their Old Man, which they stored in a place they knew about. They would get a bottle from time to time and take it to a friend's house, in friendly fashion, to drink. But you couldn't have bought a pint from them.

People took to hiding their liquor in queer places. Rumors sped around the town. Wherever you went—to the post office, to the bank, the Red Front—there were men and women talking about where things had been hidden. If you went out on the dunes, men would pop up. You knew they were following tracks and searching. In the woods, where usually you could go day after day and meet no human being, there were now always voices—people hunting in the woods for a cache.

There was talk that fifty cases had been sunk in Shank Painter Pond. The whole town was out on a treasure hunt.

Our town is at land's end. It looks like a slice of melon in the water when you look down upon it from Town Hill. The town itself is but two streets wide; it is three and a half miles long. A few streets go into the back country. The back country has woods and is covered with blueberries. Once, people say, fine timber covered the Cape,

but now it is a small, puny growth. Beyond the woods are sand dunes. When the wind blows the dunes "walk," and they are always walking in on the woods and burying them. Dotted everywhere are ponds—Bennett's pond, Round pond, Grassy pond, Shank Painter pond. Crisscrossing through the woods are small trails that have been there immemorially, and old roads that are now no longer used. Beyond the dunes is the outside shore and the sea. It is wild country, and austere. Few except hunters and berry pickers visit it. Now, all of a sudden, it was populous with stealthy characters looking for what didn't belong to them.

Some old men remembered that in the Old Country Manuel Ferrera was a great one to find wells, and that when he came to America he brought with him his divining rod. One of the fishermen said:

"Let's go get Man'el Ferrera an' pay him to go round with us through the woods with his divining rod. Maybe it'll dip over buried whiskey."

Manuel Ferrera was an old fisherman from the Island of Flores, who lived on the back street. He was a little man, who had never learned very much English, and his wife scarcely spoke it at all. She grew flowers indoors and had a fig tree in a pot. Great, fleshy begonias stood behind her windows.

They are one of the few old-fashioned couples who still at Christmas observe the *Menin Jesu*—"the little Jesus"—in the old way. They light up all the windows—every window has a candle in it or a lamp—and that means that anyone is invited in, whether they know the people or not. In the main room there is a pyramid, and on alternate steps of the pyramid there are candles lighted and sprouted wheat. These signify the Resurrection and the Light. At the foot of the pyramid is a crèche, the infant Jesus in the manger, the Wise Men and the Shepherds watching

their flocks by night, composed of little figures brought from the Western Islands.

For a whole week the old man and the old woman stand at the door and welcome everyone who comes in. They bake little spice cakes, and everyone must eat a bite. They make cordials—blackberry, elderberry, beach plum—and serve them in tiny glasses. In the old days there were many such *Menin Jesu's* through the town, and one would go visiting from lighted house to lighted house. In those days the bands of the big vessels with their Portuguese instruments would go from house to house and play Charrmaritas and sing the long, lamenting Portuguese songs. The Christmas tree has now driven out the *Menin Jesu* pretty much except at Manuel Ferrera's.

Manuel Ferrera's friends went to see him. They offered to share with him if his divining rod would find the whiskey.

"It won't work like that," Manuel Ferrera said. "It dips only for water. How will it dip for alcohol?"

"But you don't know, you never tried to have it dip for alcohol. So how can you tell?"

"It won't do you any ha'm, Man'el, and you may get a great deal of whiskey." It wouldn't do any harm to try, his wife urged. So for days Manuel Ferrera walked through the woods in the back country with his divining rod balanced. He walked up and down and up and down through the thick woods, among the little pine groves. But the divining rod never dipped.

Word came that liquor had been tossed overboard down the Cape a ways. Brewster and Dennis were finding liquor too. They were telling how at the girls' camp only champagne and brandy was washed up, while at other places the inferior stuff came ashore.

The bootleggers kept busy disposing

of their wares and playing hide-and-seek with the coast guard. Every beach was watched, so that the rum-runners down Brewster way decided one night they would have to plant their liquor in the bay. They got a fellow who knew the shore to pilot them to a place where no one would be able to discover it, near one of the fish weirs, which would be a place they could mark. The rumrunner said:

"I don't think we need pay this fellow a second time to pilot us in. I've been taking notes where he went. I'm sure I can lay my course to this fish trap myself, and save us the money we'd pay him for piloting us a second time."

So that night they ran along to plant their liquor, as word had come there was no use trying to land anything with the coast patrol so active. Fog came in, but they sped along through it and happily found their fish trap. Here they sunk the load.

There was a fish trap rather far inshore; and as there are long flats off that shore, at low water the trap stands high. This fish trap belonged to a man who had been doing very poorly. It seemed as if this hard winter even the fishes of the sea had deserted him. Without much hope he went down to his trap one morning, and there piled high were untold riches! A whole boatload of liquor was piled around his trap, case on case, moored securely, and some half out of the water.

The bootleggers had mistaken the trap, and come to the inshore one! Trying to save twenty-five dollars for the pilot, they had lost thousands.

The poor fisherman could hardly believe his eyes. It was like a romance—like something you read about in story books—to find that by night riches had been piled around his trap, which had given him so poor a living this hard winter. With trembling hands he filled his boat full of the

precious stuff, as fast as he could. He came back, filled it again, before people began to suspect. Soon his trips aroused suspicion and presently there was a group of townspeople down by his trap getting the liquor too.

Soon the rumrunners came down, reconnoitering. The bootleggers stood on one side, the townspeople on the other. Each was afraid to start something. There sat the liquor, in plain view. Yet each was afraid the other was going to fire. But there was no shot. They made some arrangement to divide the liquor quickly, before the coast guard should get them.

Around Brewster way, Government agents seized more than two thousand cases of uncut "salt water whiskey." One hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of liquor was owned publicly or privately. The beach became a place of mad picturesqueness. When the coast guard and the police stopped work at four—for apparently Old Caspar's work was done at that hour—it was the citizens' turn; prominent men vied with poor clam-diggers in hunting liquor.

"Western Special" was auctioned on the beach. It brought three to six dollars a quart. The poorer people auctioned off their hauls to the more fortunate ones who could afford to hold on to their whiskey until the summer people would come in, or to those opulent enough to keep it for their own use.

It was on this beach, Clarke's Point, that the chariot race occurred the next morning. Horses are still used over these beaches to haul out the nets in long, flat carts. They can go on soft sand where cars cannot. So men driving "teams" raced one another through the heavy sands to the rum fields. All the "citizenry of Brewster," as the newspapers called them, "turned out with wheelbarrows, with sacks, beach wagons, carts, trucks, carry-alls,

even baby buggies and boys' hand-carts." Anything that had a wheel to turn, anything in which liquor could be transported. Men and women and children; high-ups and lowly clam-diggers; Portygees and New Englanders and Blue Noses, were at Clarke's Point, going out over the low flats as the tide receded. "Just as the chariot race was clattering over the sands, the Government agents descended out of the fog which had drawn a soft curtain around the lively operations, and the race was stopped at the pistol point."

In these times there was no quiet of night. The night was full of queer sounds, of people walking on the beach. I know in Provincetown there was never a time when I didn't hear voices, the sound of oarlocks, or the thump of oars on thole pins; the chug of dories, the glint of flashlights on the beach. It went on all night.

It did in Brewster, too. Some clever dogs thought to fool their neighbors by putting sacks and bags around their horses' feet. The muffled hooves were all right, but they forgot to grease the axle hubs. Treacherous squeakings betrayed virtuous men hauling contraband in the night's darkness.

"Peculiar noises" coming from one of the houses led the Government agents to the doors of a "prominent citizen." To resounding knocks and calls of "Open in the name of the Law!" he finally admitted them. They seized the thirty sacks of liquor which they found in his house and reft them from him. There were no arrests.

"Can't arrest all the chief men in the county," said the officers. "Be a scandal!" So, as the paper said, "they were released after carting the illicit prizes to coast guard trucks. Doctor, lawyer, merchant, thief, all turned out to help the fishermen and clam-diggers gather in the sacks at various Cape points. The road to Brewster carried a ripe whiskey odor,

left by passing porters of the salvaged liquor."

Seth Nickerson was a stout, robust man. He measured several yards about. But he seemed, as he loomed out of the fog, far fatter than usual. And sure enough, hidden under his slicker was suspended a fringe of bottles. He was padded with bottles, bulwarked with bottles from stem to stern, the coast guard reported. And he grew thinner by the moment as they hilariously stripped his bottles from him. In Brewster Centre the only human beings left were the postmaster and his assistant, the papers asserted. Like Casabianca, he stuck to his post in the face of magnificent temptation; and what's more, he made his assistant stick, though by force.

Queer, how completely out of its orbit this something for nothing swung the whole Cape. Queer, what a gay lawlessness was afoot. Our whole town had been turned into a traveling tavern, liquor dump, a bootleggers' den, a hijackers' town. We traveled, as the fishermen say, on our beam ends.

Gradually the excitement died. No longer was the night made uneasy by cars whooping past, full of tight men and girls. No longer were the nights arustle with people searching the beach. No longer did the Government agents scurry from liquor dump to liquor dump. Young bands of hijackers, who stole and counter-stole, went back to work or to loafing around the wharves. The Cape took on its workaday face again, again became thrifty and laborious. The red days were over. The sons of pirates and buccaneers forgot the stirring in their blood.

In the papers and among the citizenry, the whole thing was a huge joke, a great carnival. It had been a

great time for merriment and rejoicing. The old instinct of loot had been unleashed for awhile, and having looted, people felt better. Having drunk their fill, free, they went back soberly to work.

Only now, when some time has passed since the chariot race for "salt water whiskey," have some soberer minds begun to philosophize.

What relation were our hastily improvised gangs to the city gangs which have terrorized the country? What relation the breaking-down of the ordinary conventions of honesty, sobriety, probity in the small Cape towns to the general disorder of the land? Nearer than one might think. Part of the same thing. There is gang material wherever there are strong, adventurous men and weak, easily-led men.

What relation between all the hijacking, rumrunning, stealing, and counter-stealing of liquor and the fact that in our community property is no longer safe? Formerly few locked their doors. Then thievery became frequent. Anchors, oars and gear, or gardening tools left out were stolen. Next, young men watched houses where liquor was known to be, and when folks went out they would slink in and steal it. Stealing liquor isn't stealing, it's a gay prank; and besides, no one could get after you. But it's only a step from stealing liquor to stealing other things. Now no one's house is safe. Summer cottages are broken into. People's clothes are stolen while their backs are turned. We are not honest any longer.

What is the relation between this dishonesty and the public official with his cases of hidden liquor? How long a distance between hijacking and the kidnapped baby?



TEN YEARS AFTER THE DIVORCE

I WOULD NOT DIVORCE HIM NOW

ANONYMOUS

IF I had it to do over again, I would not divorce my husband nor willingly allow myself to be divorced by him.

It startles me to discover with what deep conviction I make this statement. I can but think of the difficulties and obstacles I struggled to overcome in achieving that divorce which I now wish I had never undertaken. It is interesting to contemplate the shock that such a confession would be to my friends, to my former husband, and to my son. Certainly they have no inkling of the somber doubts which challenge my faith in the rightness of the move I made ten years ago toward what is pitifully known as freedom. These doubts, however, have pursued me as persistently as "the Hound of Heaven" until now they are crystallized into an inescapable realization that what I then thought was right was definitely wrong—whether we use the almost obsolete words "good" and "evil" or their contemporary synonyms "expedient" and "inexpedient."

The fact that, even to those who know me well, I seem to have gone on from my divorce in triumph rather than defeat causes me to wonder how many other divorcées wish with a violent, if concealed, earnestness that divorce had never been invented. There must be many. Statistics of unsuccessful or unrewarding divorces will probably never be available. Even in this age

of the questionnaire, this is one subject upon which answers approximating the truth will not be given. Failure to find happiness or its ambitious substitute, peace, after the ordeal which even the most "collusionized" divorce involves, will not be readily confessed.

It is a human trait, and perhaps a happy one, to disguise failure, to be reluctant to admit even to oneself defeat—and divorce is defeat.

Although, with the discreet courage of anonymity, I am acknowledging that, had I been as wise ten years ago as I have learned to be to-day, I should have continued until "death do us part," it is significant that I should not make overtly any such admission to my nearest and most secret-proof friend. Even to her I should carry through the stereotyped bluff, which goes something like this: "I only regret that I didn't do it earlier, my dear! I don't see how I ever was fool enough to stick it out so long."

The phrase "stick it out so long" is meant subtly to indicate unspeakable anguish borne with a bravery the proportions of which can be only vaguely estimated by the sympathetic hearer. The A B C's of divorce include the axiom that one's hearers are limited to those who are sympathetic. This is the only way to maintain the force of that confident self-righteousness without which few divorces would be put through.

Without shifting the responsibility for my divorce from my own shoulders, where it belongs, I am forced to wonder, from the vantage point of a decade, how much my friends contributed to the permanence of what, but for their earnest enthusiasm, might have been but a temporary estrangement. The vague suspicion that my marriage was not perfect was reinforced into a definite impression by the none too tacit acceptance by my friends that "it was all dreadfully difficult for me."

Loyalty, the primary fundamental of any partnership, is the first quality to crash in an incipient divorce. Because of the very nature of marriage, most husbands and wives hear nothing but praise of the other so long as their marriage continues intact. At the first breath, however, of an impending break, there is a veritable influx of treason. Anyone who has been divorced knows the shock of hearing men and women who have posed as friends of both the husband and wife, confess that they "never had liked Jim anyway. Of course as long as you were married I couldn't say a thing, but now—" At first the accustomed loyalty asserts itself, but gradually, freed from its environmental habitat, loyalty becomes an anachronism and finally ceases to function.

Prefaced by, "Now that you at last see him as he is, I feel that I should tell you that," there follows a variety of misinterpretations of every move the poor creature you are divorcing has made since babyhood.

It is an interesting commentary on human nature that friends clamor to contribute their bit against a man, and I suppose against a woman, who is in this particular kind of legal jeopardy. Perhaps it is due to the fact that her divorce is a glorious outlet for the emotions of other people, that every divorcée has her "public"—a temporary group made up of those who

find vicarious drama in someone else's upheaval.

In the majority of cases the wife, with the assistance of friends and the law, comes out of the divorce court "a fine, brave little woman," which gives her a status notably superior to that of her so recent husband, who, in all probability, emerges from the suit with technical labels which are not, to say the least, pretty.

Obviously, it is in the divorce courts of to-day that chivalry at its most absurdly romantic is to be found. What were the courtly sweeps of Elizabethan plumed hats compared to the American husband automatically permitting an adulterous wife to sue him for "cruel and barbarous treatment" in order that she may marry her lover? It is a supreme gesture, daily accepted as a matter of course.

We have all witnessed a succession of divorces in which a woman undeservedly retains her blameless status. The wake of unhappiness and misery that often follows her seems scarcely compatible with the legal reiteration of innocence. For, while she may be involved (with what pitiful perseverance) in that quest for personal happiness that our contemporary literature and psychology insist is her right, the fact remains that she rarely achieves it for herself or contributes it to others.

In a country still so young that its major occupation is the establishment of precedent, there is one code precociously but thoroughly matured into a tradition. The American husband is as national an institution as the English lord, and comes in for as full a share of caricature abroad and at home. It is a sad commentary on the wife's failure to live up to his courtliness that her colors are so frequently seen on another's sleeve than her husband's. There are more Guineveres in America than elsewhere because there are more King

Arthurs. And when have the Launcelots been lacking?

II

I hasten to assure the reader, and again to assure myself, that my own divorce was not in this category. I sincerely believed it my duty to remove my child from the influence of his father, who was and is an alcoholic.

Ten years ago I was thirty years old. My child, a boy, was eight. My husband was forty.

At twenty I had married on the basis of what is ambiguously called love. When the first "careless rapture" of passion, which a great neurologist has termed "a self-curing disease," had inevitably yielded to the attempt at mutual tolerance and understanding which marriage in its maturity demands, there was much that survived. We both thought the same things were amusing, a compatibility which forms as firm a foundation for the continuation of marriage as any I can now imagine. We both were devoted to our child, although we each frequently considered the other's attitude toward the boy a mistaken one. While each of us was reluctant to contemplate the possibility of extra-marital relationships for the other one, we were both tacitly agreed to exact from the other merely the dignity of that consideration which precludes cheapness and scandal. Jim was reasonably successful in his profession and possessed the characteristics of that somewhat mythical paragon, a gentleman, characteristics which do much to alleviate the exigencies of prolonged intimacy. Economically we were comfortable. Consequently the *bête noire* of financial worry did not disturb our mutual peace of mind.

To me now, this situation would present a working basis for matrimony. To me then, the fact that Jim drank

too much and consequently visited upon me, the child, and the servants, the inevitable morning-after-the-night-before irritability blinded me to all else. The not infrequent on-the-wagon periods approximated happiness.

The emotional reactions of a wife to the drinking situation are so familiar that I need not recapture my own to know that I often behaved badly; that I repeatedly confused a suspicious preparedness for the too much with its actuality; that I was frequently unjust; that I probably descended to nagging and to an irritability of my own.

Undeniably, however, at the time of my decision for divorce I cared for my husband. I defy even the most callous wife to be so overcome by the antipathy which is inescapably an occasional part of any close relationship that she fails to experience at least a maternal concern and affection for her recalcitrant husband. Admittedly, I was not "in love" with Jim at the time of my divorce. This phrase implies, in to-day's jargon, a more or less obsessional physical attraction, a condition which even in my most benighted days I did not consider a fundamental of marriage.

Jim was not an admirable person—but neither was I. I knew his weaknesses. He knew mine. This fact now seems less a cause for divorce than for continued marriage which, even more than the weaving of an oriental rug, demands acceptance of the verity that only Allah is perfect.

I think I used to say, "I must have freedom to bring up my child as I see fit and to live my own life"—whatever that may mean.

Now I know that freedom is the greatest illusion of all: we fight for it, we attain it, we immediately permit it to be entrapped again. Death may be freedom. Life, by its nature, is a sequence of the relinquishment of that *fata morgana*. Patrick Henry should

have cried, "Give me liberty or give me life." One cannot have both.

"Freedom to bring up my child?" Whose child is this son of mine? I know now that he is his father's—and mine. Ten years ago I thought with a satisfactory, if specious, logic that he was mine. The fact that Jim was an alcoholic deprived him, I thought, of the right to paternal influence. I still insist to myself that this may be so.

But if his father drank fifty times as extremely as he does, I now believe that would be insufficient reason to deprive the child of his father. At the end of a decade's conscientious endeavor to give to my child a rounded and normal existence, I know that it is for one parent an impossible task. Almost any father is better than none. He need not be admirable. His own child will consider him so for a few brief years, and in the salutary interchange of approval and the instinctive effort of its object to live up to it we have all witnessed the miracle of mutual benefit.

There is more in the fact of paternity than meets the reluctant eye of a wife seeking a divorce. Just as some of the most successful antitoxins that science has discovered for the prevention of disease are founded on the germs of the very disease itself, so a child by means of the peculiar chemistry of inheritance embodies the antidote for many of the unfortunate characteristics of his forbears. Inheritance is not to be so lightly dismissed as our so-called new psychologists claim.

Any mother who has divorced the father of her child knows how persistently the traits and physical qualities of the father crop out. It is ironic to see repeated in the child mannerisms that have made marriage with his father a trying ordeal.

More ironic still is the sudden recognition of the set of shoulders, the lilliputian copy of the erstwhile husband's

stride, which seems sometimes a malicious mimicry. It is disconcerting to be reminded that the divorced man has definitely and indelibly perpetuated himself in the mutual child.

Most of us recognize that to evolve successfully from one set of circumstances to another demands that the first be triumphed over as a warrant of the capacity to deal with subsequent ones. Departure from marriage by way of divorce frequently indicates that one is entering a field of new problems, defeated by the old ones. To the least superstitious this is an ill omen.

Accordingly, failure to meet qualities in their original appearance is scarcely a preparation to meet the reappearance of uncongenial physical or mental attributes in the next generation. He whose characteristics they are should be there to help to cope with them.

What most amazes me now is the confidence I felt that I could be both father and mother to a child born of myself and one other element, an element so alien that I divorced it from me. I now believe that divorce between two people who have children is not only undesirable but impossible. The child is there: Exhibit A, to prove that the divorced parent *is*. In the face of this fact the arrogance of a woman or a man in determining that the other parent is superfluous is an astonishing thing.

How could I have been so sure that, although temperate in drinking, I had no characteristics difficult to deal with?

In financial matters I am appallingly uneducated. I have no idea of the value of a dollar or of the value of a hundred dollars. I am almost as casual as the negro who will not do a job for a quarter "because he's already got a quarter."

The income on which my son and I live is not unlimited. If it were, my stupidity in money matters would still

be an unfortunate circumstance for a growing boy, a circumstance which would have found a counter balance in his father's financial practicability.

Had our marriage continued, the boy would have been given a protection against my own inadequacies that would have by far outmeasured the harm—if it had been harm—of meeting directly the shortcomings, even the pathological ones, of his own father.

There is this to be said for my determination not to allow my child to be brought up in what I considered at that time, and still consider, an unfortunate environment. Since a child accepts as normal all that appears in his immediate horizon, it must be of as acceptable a nature as possible. Excessive drinking, with all that goes with it of instability, lack of discrimination, and recurring petty injustices, does not make for that sense of security to which I believe a child is entitled. On the other hand, since security is at best an illusion, perhaps the sooner a child is acclimatized to the shifting of the external pattern the better.

Freed from the emotional content of Jim's situation and mine—a content without which there could have been no situation—even the circumstance of alcoholism seems one that would not have hurt my child.

On a recent Christmas morning when he went to spend an appointed hour or two with his father, he found him much the worse for wear, the celebration of Christmas Eve having involved too much of the cup that cheers. The scene, as described to me later by the boy, was not a pretty one. His observation at the end of its recounting was, "I did what I could but I'm afraid he's going to have an uncomfortable afternoon. I'll go back after lunch, if you don't mind, and see if he needs me. Gee, what a silly way to spend Christmas, being sick from last night." The incident had probably

benefited the boy. Certainly it had not harmed him.

If a child is going to be defeated by environment, he is going to be defeated. If not, my conviction is that he can and, with the magnificent courage of childhood, will metamorphose into strength all that he meets. Justly or not, this is the way of life: the survival of the fittest in very fact.

Recently I stopped at the country club to take the boy home. He had been spending with his father the "one day a month" that is legally permitted. They were standing together by the tennis court, the boy lighting his father's pipe, and then his own cigarette. There was a camaraderie, momentary, but undeniable. Their startling physical similarity could not be ignored. Suddenly I felt like a kidnapper. I was the intruder, even from the mere fact of being a woman. It did not take civilization to bring that stern demarcation about. Savages make it. When I cut my son off from his father I transgressed one of the most fundamental clanships that exists: man and man.

III

I have not married again. This has been a great boost to my morale. I have regarded this accidental fact as a comforting proof that I left my husband for no selfish reason, not for my own emotional indulgence, not for any consideration in my life at all. Only "for the good of the boy" I repeatedly insisted to myself, insisted with such vigor that had I applied then, as in all likelihood I should now, the quotation, "methinks the lady doth protest too much," I should have been warned of the inadequacy of my platform. As a matter of fact, this defense of virtue is one I have very much needed from the day I started divorce proceedings to the present time. The trouble is

that it no longer screens from me the knowledge that what I considered ten years ago to be a courageous and commendable gesture was merely a stupid one.

If I, admittedly, almost insistently, a selfish woman, seem to have laid too much emphasis on the effect of divorce on my child, perhaps it is that without undue maternal devotion my child *is* more than myself.

As to the effect upon my ex-husband of the divorce which I insisted on getting much against his will, he is to me now my son's father far more actually than he was ever my husband. In view of this fact, it would be impossible for me to be indifferent to his life subsequent to our divorce or to be oblivious to the unhappiness which my decision has inflicted upon him. Moreover, roots of common experience, of shared days and nights, of mutual parenthood are not shallowly planted.

Jim would be the first to disbelieve the deep inner sense of frustration and tragedy that I have experienced at the contemplation of the results of our divorce; for how consistently, if mistakenly, I have pretended.

My suspicion is that no wife, however driven by exasperation or despair to a divorce, escapes scars similar to those I am aware of in my own experience. Nor does she, I am sure, go through the subsequent years without a thousand recurrences of that first sense of mutual bereavement, no matter how stubbornly she may hide them.

Civilized convention demands either courage or an attitude of courage. For the most part, the latter passes as the former. Our code of good sportsmanship demands that we regard "as nothing" almost any event in our lives, from a fall in the hunting field to the disastrous collapse of a marriage to which our highest hopes are committed. Propriety dictates an identical reaction to both: we must hide our hurt and we

must promptly force our features into a grimace of laughter.

Sophistication is horrified at even a hint of personal drama or sentiment. Consequently, people like me are accustomed to insist that the pattern of their lives includes only the matter of fact or the humorous. In Noel Coward's play "Private Lives" the singing of a love song had to be prefaced by the lover's apology, "Big sentimental stuff this, darling." It was a play whose comedy was a very thin veil, not intended, I think, to hide its essential tragedy. In many ways it was the finest portrayal of contemporary marriage and divorce in that stratum known as Society which has been offered us.

To my generation, even ten years ago, sentimentality was the unforgivable crime that it is to-day. I had unconsciously become so imbued with the fear of it that I mistook for sentimentality much that was on the sound basis of common sense and affection. For instance, when my husband accused me at my institution of divorce proceedings of "heartlessly breaking up his home," it was to me a meaningless phrase, a banal echo of a popular song. When he argued against being cut off from his child, there was a shudder at the "Sonny Boy" songs that were just beginning their vogue. It seems fantastic that popular songs, movies, and a profligacy of cheap magazines have combined to prostitute romantic and parental love, sorrow, separation, and pain to such a degree that the expression of sincere sentiment, of legitimate emotion, can be achieved by nothing less than the vocabulary of a Shakespeare or an Æschylus, but it is true. Unhappily, Shelley's "one word is too often profaned for me to profane it" is to-day applicable not only to love but to almost our entire vocabulary.

Presented with imminent disaster to his marriage, a man to-day is more

hopelessly handicapped in the expression of his feelings than a mute would be. Those fortunate ones who can unsmilingly accept the phonograph and radio plaints of such songs as "I'm Alone Because I Love You," and "A Cottage For Sale" are not deprived of their outlet. For the rest of us where, save in humor and nonchalance, are we to find our alleviation? So we laugh, we become articulately gay, we defy the seriousness of any situation.

Certainly no one who knows me would guess that, during my husband's absence in Europe while I was instituting divorce proceedings, I went repeatedly back into what had been our house. Emptied of all but my so recent husband's possessions, it was a tragic sight: the child's room, my own room, the nurse's room, stripped and bare. Only the uncomplemented starkness of the male wardrobe, the austere masculine necessities remained. I am now aware that at that time, suffering from my impotence to cope with marriage, I was a very hard person. But only a woman of granite could have been spared the consciousness of his aloneness, and her own. It is difficult to reconcile those pilgrimages and the tears I shed against the suits in his closet with the cheerful attitude I maintained to the outer world—and more particularly to him and to our respective lawyers.

If those tears had indicated merely a temporary emotional upheaval, if the divorce that followed had given to him, to the child, or to me any of those advantages which freedom claims to give, then a season of pain would have been worth while. But loneliness—which is the heritage of every thinking creature—is a more poignant and a more enduring reality following divorce than at any other time. Separation imposed by death has the dignity of Fate. We bring divorce upon ourselves.

IV

Like life itself, marriage may be stern discipline. Certainly, like life, it gives nothing without a price. There is no husband or wife who does not occasionally yearn for the solitude that either pre-marriage or post-marriage bachelordom offers. On the other hand, there is no unmarried creature who does not wish, and more than occasionally, that his or her essential loneliness were mitigated by even the most commonplace companionship. The repeated, if suppressed, longing to go through life two by two is inevitable in our social scheme, no matter how biologically reminiscent of the Ark that scheme may be.

The desire "to talk the party over" makes the return alone from any gaiety a frustration. But when there is a child whose daily development, whose ever-changing problems, are of supreme importance, the need intimately to talk it over becomes an acute demand.

At no time does a mother feed on so harsh a diet of the straw of divorce as when she is forced to discuss questions of cataclysmic importance to the welfare of her child in the cold light of a lawyer's office. No matter how wise or how sympathetic the legal adviser may be, here is a case where the audience to one's hopes and fears should rightly be the man to whom the child's development is also of paramount importance; and of whom else can an equivalent enthusiasm be demanded save of the other parent?

Probably no one outside the great army of divorcées who have been allowed the sole custody and control of the child knows the bitter deprivation of that privilege.

The scene is for the moment a railroad station in the early morning. I am waiting for the train that is to bring "our" son home from college or, a few

years earlier, that same smaller son from school. There is an aloneness about that wait which even the child himself and his excited arrival cannot dispel. I need, and desperately, someone to share my affection for the boy, my pride in the inches he has gained in height, my delight in the bewildering maturity revealed by his expanding vocabulary. Strangely enough (or is it strange?), I am aware that the child's homecoming, in spite of his satisfying devotion to me and his unfeigned joy in being with me again, is not a complete thing. I know that the amputation, where pain still describes itself in space, is a reality shared by the child himself. The artificial formality of telephoning "father to let him know you are safely home" is like a chill wind on a warm June day. There is a poignant consciousness of the exiled parent.

To me now no wrong or indiscretion that a human creature can commit (and it is significant that most divorces are won on the grounds of nothing more nor less than discovered indiscretions) is deserving of this punishment: that a man's child should grow from babyhood to childhood, from childhood to boyhood, from boyhood to manhood unaccompanied, unwitnessed by one of the parents responsible for his life. This is the true perversion of divorce. Again and again the mother forces herself to remember pre-divorce injustices and, in her great need, she reinforces her memory with unconscious exaggeration. She must justify herself. Repeatedly, though unconfessedly, she fails. There is no justification, and deep down in her, she knows it.

I do not mean there are not exceptions, that there are no cases in which the surgery of divorce is imperative. Unhappily, I know only too well that divorce must be resorted to under some circumstances. I know now, however, as I did not know ten years ago, that divorce is definitely a surgery, agon-

izingly painful, uncertain in its outcome, to be used only in extremity. It is not an easy, simple solution for minor difficulties, but a danger-fraught amputation which a wise physician can order only in a question of spiritual, mental, or physical life and death.

I am not sure what conditions I should consider valid for a divorce if I had it to do over again. Nor am I sure what would be the demands I should make of marriage on the positive side for its continuance. If my husband possessed a few of those crystals of kindness and generosity which, when all is said and done, are the essence of all that civilization or religion have given us; if he would be reasonably inclined to live and let live, I should continue my marriage with him.

If he made love to other women I should try to hope that he found happiness in so doing; if he were occasionally cruel or unkind, I should seek to trace and understand his motivation; if he failed to support me, I should realize that divorce would probably fail to better that circumstance, and I should attempt to support myself and my child as divorce would necessitate; if he drank to excess I should attempt to induce him to accept medical care and to endure concerned but not nagging affection from me.

It would work, I think; for men almost invariably are pitifully eager to make marriage endure. They are the true conservatives to whom divorce and all that it entails is unthinkable. More clearly than wives, husbands see through the deplorable attitude of mind which frequently accompanies marriage: a dependence on the state of matrimony and on the other participant to make of life a gala and happy experience.

This unsubstantial optimism is reminiscent of the delightful but misleading fairy stories of our childhood which recorded that "they were married and

lived happily ever after." It is a beautiful idea. Practically, however, it is not, alas, an inevitable sequence.

In looking back over my ten years of marriage and the ten years following the divorce, I discover that my life has continued with its balance of happiness and unhappiness essentially unaltered. Much which I believed was the fault of my husband has proved to be the result of my own inadaptation or misadaptation to the rigors of life. It is amazingly easy to put the blame on marriage for one's personal moods or for one's graver unhappinesses, and a husband is the most inclusively satisfactory rationalization that can be found for almost anything that is wrong with life.

V

It is significant that it is possible to-day to discuss divorce without necessarily considering its religious, moral, or social aspects.

Divorce to-day is above all things a personal question. The pioneering days are gone; a divorcée no longer suffers the lot of the outcasts in Edith Wharton's novels. She continues on her way with no serious ethical or social handicaps. She is no longer confused in the popular mind with "the painted lady." She achieves her so dubious freedom and proceeds with what even she must concede to be the spoils of matrimony. She has a distinct and recognized advantage over the unmarried maiden. She has lost little by marriage and gained much. Economically, her status probably remains unchanged. The courts retain the ancient prejudice in behalf of maternity so that, in most cases, she has the custody of her children.

Actually, except in exceptional instances, however, the life of a divorcée, who has children, is far from a fulfilled and happy one. In her innermost consciousness she is aware that she has

failed where she most hoped to succeed. No matter how schooled she may be against the destructive acid of regret, a perspective of years causes her to wonder if the safety device of divorce, which equips marriages of to-day, has not been over readily resorted to.

To me now marriage seems the most civilized of all institutions, an institution that demands, therefore, the full use of the primary axiom of civilization: the continuity of effort to comprehend another human being, with his different dreams, hopes, goals, and despairs.

Inescapably nearing middle age (regarding that unacceptable fact even in the comforting light of a retreating mirage, always "five years ahead of wherever we are"), I know that if I were myself of ten years ago I should continue in marriage, even to the man of my mis-choice.

I should try not to try to change him.

We learn as we approach forty—if we are ever going to learn—to live and let live. If my husband drank too much, I should take him, as I have said, to a good doctor, and again and again if necessary. I should let him try to improve my inconsequential attitude toward money that is hard to earn.

Probably neither of us would change or improve. People don't very much.

But we could go on together trying to understand each other, sometimes perhaps succeeding. Always we should wait for our boy's train together, and together we should do what we could to make the life for which we are mutually responsible a happy one. Together we should give him the comfort he now lacks of united parents, a comfort which is the tragic, quietly desperate need of every child.

If I had it to do over again, I would not divorce my husband, but this is a fact I should not confess to a single living soul.



ELMER

A STORY

BY ALBERT TRUMAN BOYD

I'D BEEN walking along following Pete's tracks in the sticky snow, when the first thing I knew he grabbed the rifle out of my hand, threw it to his shoulder, and fired. He was almost on top of me, and the smell of the powder burned into my nose. He was standing still with the rifle at his shoulder, sighting along the barrel. I didn't move. Without speaking, he fired again, twice in succession.

At last Pete said, "Elmer must have started him." He kept the rifle at his shoulder and his eyes on Mill Ridge. Ransom's Creek ran between that ridge and the one we were on. It was not a great way across, but it was growing dusk, and I thought it funny that Pete had sighted a flag at even such a distance.

"Did you see him?" I asked in a whisper.

Pete nodded. His face was very dark under the long visor of his red hunting cap. "That old white tail just bobbed up while I was looking across."

"He was going away from Elmer," I said.

Pete nodded again. "You're right. Elmer can't be more than ten rod back at the most. He doesn't make very good time any more."

He looked back, past me, and I knew he was thinking of retracing our steps to the bottom of Prospect Hill. But if he was, he finally gave it up. It would be too dark to see anything

when we got all the way back there, so he wouldn't have been able to catch the buck if it did circle.

"Do you think it was a hit?" I asked.

Pete shook his head. "Hard to say. In this light it'd be only luck. And I'm not that lucky." He leaned his rifle against a hemlock bough and hunted for his pipe.

"Too late to take track now, but we can pick it up just after daylight. Near home, too." He smiled. "We'll be on it before any of those village fellows come along, if they don't happen to cross it ahead."

He put his pipe in his mouth and drew deeply, and I wondered if Pop could be persuaded to let me go along with Pete again to-morrow. Pete was our nearest neighbor, but Pop didn't waste much time on him. He'd let me come to-day because Elmer Tracey was along. Elmer was Senior Selectman, and Pop, being a Selectman too, had a lot of business with him beside being good friends. But Elmer had to go down to Concord to-morrow, so Pop might not let me go with Pete. If he did, it meant doing chores before daybreak. But I didn't care. Pete might get that buck, and I wanted to see him.

Pete put his hands to his mouth and shouted:

"Helloooo, Elmer. Helloooo, Elmer."

A dull echo came back from Mill Ridge. Pete waited a minute, then started on.

"Come on, Jim."

"Do you think he heard you?" I asked Pete's back.

"Sure. He heard me. And he heard those shots. But we couldn't hear him. The wind's against him."

And it was, though I'd forgotten it. But I wondered what Elmer Tracey thought when he heard that first shot, and then the other two. I could imagine him making his way through the brush, wishing his legs weren't so stiff, so he could have seen the buck first.

Pete was ahead of me, and I kept trying to put my feet in his tracks so the snow wouldn't get in the top of my boots. But his strides were longer than mine. It was easier now than it had been coming up Prospect. There were some steep places going down, and sometimes there would be a slanting sheet of rock under the snow. Pete would slide down these, keeping his balance. There wasn't an inch of country in ten miles that he didn't know with his eyes shut.

We were going down the west slope of Prospect toward Pete's place at the break of Banner Hill, and Elmer was coming along the top of Mill Ridge which came out a little below my house, for it swung this way. We were going to wait at Pete's place for Elmer, and then he was going home and so was I. But now, if he picked up bloody tracks or found the buck, we'd go up and get it. But I believed with Pete that if he hit, it would only be luck. He generally got a deer every year. And a lot of us thought he got a fawn or so in late summer, but nobody had ever caught him at it. Pete liked his venison—tender.

We were almost at the bottom of Prospect, and I was sliding and sloshing along behind him, soaking wet and

pretty well scratched up by hemlock branches, when he turned.

"I want you along to-morrow, Jim. I'll come up and talk to your pop about it."

"I hope he'll let me come," I said.

Pete stood still, thinking, his eyes roving down the hill to the lights in his house. They were dim and mysterious in the heavy, wet evening.

I knew why he wanted me to come along. You were only allowed to get one deer a season and if he fell one, he'd say I shot it and he could hunt some more after that. He'd give Pop the deer, of course, but Pop would give him back half of it. Pop didn't like this way of doing things, but Pete often got hard up during the winter, and the venison came in handy. So Pop shut his eyes and knew nothing about it. After all, we were nearest neighbors.

Pete called back over his shoulder, "That is, if I didn't hit it back there, and if we can take up the track first. You and me will go alone. Elmer said he was going away to-morrow on town business anyway." Pete smiled. "Yes. Elmer's got a good head for business."

That made me think of something I'd once heard Pop say about Elmer. I guess he'd tried to use some of the town money. But they'd fixed it up and kept it quiet. It was before my time, and even Pop didn't seem to be very sure about it.

"I hope I can go," I told Pete.

"I'll talk to your pop, Jim."

It was all I could do to keep in his tracks for it was getting darker and I had to be careful of the young, wiry trees. I was all excited with the idea of going again to-morrow, and maybe Pete would really let me take a shot if he had good luck. I could hardly see and wasn't paying much attention, so sometimes I fell. Once I landed on a slab of rock, hitting my shoulder so

hard that I cried out. Pete stopped, but I was up again.

"Hurt yourself, Jim?"

"Just hit my shoulder a little. It's nothing."

Soon Pete's hound, Beadle, started baying at us. Then we came out past the barn into the road. Pop's sleigh and mare were hitched to the woodshed.

"Your pop's waiting," Pete said. "I'll talk to him about to-morrow." Then he stopped. "You let me talk to Elmer when he comes in. You and me can hunt pretty well alone. I don't want him to change his mind about going away."

I nodded. Then I heard Pop in Pete's kitchen. He was shouting at Christina, Pete's wife, who was almost deaf. Pete stood watching the house, and I knew he was listening to what Pop was saying.

"Let's go in," he said. "Elmer will be right along."

Pete's place was low and long with three chimneys. I always thought of it as a ship stranded on a big rock, which was Banner Hill. The three chimneys were three masts, and the smoke from the kitchen chimney was the flag. The house had little windows like the cannon ports of an old frigate. Sometimes when I was coming home from school late, I could see the lights in Pete's windows from Ransom's Flat, which was a good mile away, and I knew that the crew of the stranded frigate was signaling for help, and I'd hurry.

Pete stopped at the kitchen door. Pop was shouting at Christina, "We're going to have the snowplow out from Milton. We have to keep the roads open for cars nowadays."

"There aren't any cows in the road," Christina answered. "They're all in the barn."

"No—cars," shouted Pop. "Cars—automobiles."

"Oh," said Christina. "Cars. They ought to keep their cars to home in the winter. Plowing the roads make them bad for sleighing."

Pete pushed open the door, and I followed him in. It was hot and stuffy in the kitchen. Pop was sweating on the forehead and his gray hair was plastered there.

"Hello," said Pete.

Pop nodded. "Hello."

"High time you were home," said Christina.

The hound, Beadle, set up a terrible racket in the woodshed where she was chained.

"I guess that's Elmer coming," said Pete. "We separated over at the far end of Mill Ridge. He started across the Ridge, and Jim and I came along Prospect. There wasn't much chance, but I thought we could cover more ground that way."

"Did you pick up a track?"

"No," said Pete, shaking his head.

"But we got a shot, didn't we, Jim? It was too dark though. I just saw its white tail twice, like this—" and he waved his hand above his head. "He must have been running." Pete shrugged. "We shot once, then twice more. It'd be only luck if I hit. You could hardly see."

Pop nodded. "Maybe Elmer found him, or the track."

"Perhaps," said Pete. "I called, but the wind was against him, so I couldn't hear if he did answer."

"That's right," said Pop. "Wind's been out of the east all afternoon."

"Yes, it is time to eat," said Christina, busying herself over the stove.

"Well," said Pop. "Time to be getting home, Jim. I guess the chores are still waiting."

"Get me a lantern, Chris," shouted Pete. "I'll ride up the road with you," he told Pop. "I want to see how those tracks lay. If I didn't get her I want to be on them first thing in the

morning. Take a look around for Elmer, too."

"We'll probably meet him," said Pop. "Come along."

"I'll be back soon," Pete said in Christina's ear as she handed him the lighted lantern. She nodded.

We went out and climbed in the sleigh. I sat on Pete's knees. We drove up the road by the broken pine and started through the woods. The trees were dropping melting snow and it was misty. It hadn't turned cold at dark. It was more like sap-running weather than mid-December.

The mare's ears stood straight up, though she didn't hear anything but Beadle baying after us. Her hoofs sloshed down through the wet snow and sometimes she slipped on the softening ice beneath. There was a nice smell of pine in the woods, and I kept thinking of early spring.

"Elmer ought to be along by now," said Pop.

"He ought," Pete answered. "We started together. It isn't much nearer across Prospect."

"Not much," Pop agreed. "And harder going."

We kept our ears open as we went along, but it would have been hard to hear anything over the mare's bells and the slosh-slosh of her gait. Then Pop said, "I didn't know you and Elmer hunted together."

Pete smiled. "We don't generally. I thought it would be a good idea, just to show there wasn't any hard feelings."

Pop didn't say anything, but this almost made me laugh, for there had been a difference between Pete and Elmer Tracey. Pete had sold him a cow that couldn't carry a calf full time. Pop said it was a mean trick, because Pete knew all about the cow and Elmer didn't.

Then Pete said, "Sure there was a little trouble between us. Elmer didn't

like that cow I sold him three years back. And I didn't like the way he raised my taxes." He shrugged his shoulders. "But what was the use of being sore about that forever?"

"We had to raise a lot of people's taxes," Pop said. "If they want roads to run their cars on they have to pay for them. Well, be that as it may, here we are." And he drew off the road.

I got out, and Pete stood up in the sleigh, cupping his hands to his mouth: "Helloooo, Elmer. Helloooo—"

No answer came through the heavy, dripping night. The mare stamped the balled snow from her feet, and Pop tied her to a tree.

"That's funny," said Pete.

"It is," said Pop. "We'd better take a look."

We climbed over the barbed-wire fence. Pete went first with the lantern, then came Pop, then me. We had to cross about ten rods of fairly level ground before we began to mount the end of Mill Ridge. None of us had anything to say and all of us kept our eyes on the ground, hoping to find some trace of Elmer. But it was pretty useless. There was just a dim blur of light cast by Pete's lantern, and besides, the going was so bad and heavy that we had to pay strict attention.

Once Pete said, "Elmer might have quit, turned off, gone down across the creek and up over Prospect behind Jim and me, and on toward the village."

"That don't sound likely," said Pop.

Long before, my grandfather had dug for gold on Prospect, at least that was what people said. But Pop said it wasn't so, that he had dug for copper. Off on the far side of the hill you could still find some of the old diggings, and we used to play buried treasure in them. They weren't very deep, and no metal had been found.

As we went on and up I kept stum-

bling and slipping and I had a hard time to keep from falling. I could see nothing but the soft, uncertain blur of Pete's lantern up ahead of Pop and to the left. All of a sudden the big round trunk of a white birch would swing into the light, or more often the straight stem of a maple, then Pete would turn aside, then Pop, then me. We were just like a grass-snake or a thousand-legger, always keeping in line.

Just before we got to the level stretch along the top of the Ridge we stopped.

"I'll call again," said Pete. "It's funny that we haven't run on to him."

"I'll call," said Pop.

He took off his hat, threw back his head, filled his chest, and bellowed Elmer's name. Pop had a fine, big voice when he let it out. Even in the murky night it rang through the valley, back and forth between Mill Ridge and Prospect. I was sure Christina must have been able to hear that. Mom could have heard it up home without any trouble at all.

"You'll wake the baby, Pop," I said.

He smiled and Pete laughed, but there was no answer, and they both looked worried.

"Queer," said Pete.

Pop nodded. "It is that."

We stood stock still for two or three minutes. Pete kept looking off through the trees. Pop kept his head bent, looking at the lantern sitting in the snow and the ring of light around it.

Finally Pete said, "I don't hear a thing but the snow falling off the trees. He must have cut across the valley. He said he wanted to get home in fair season."

Pop rubbed his forehead thoughtfully. It was wet from the climb. "I guess we'd best go on and make sure, anyway."

"All right," said Pete. "I want to locate those tracks, too. But you'll find Elmer's cut off."

"Might be you're right," Pop said. "But I doubt it."

He looked upset. I couldn't tell what he was thinking, but it must have been something important to make him so late with the chores and supper. Mom was pretty particular about us being on time.

Then I had an idea.

"Maybe Elmer turned up the road and is at our place?"

Pete laughed. "If he is, he'll hear what I think of him. He said he'd come down to mine."

"No. I don't think he'd do that. He has to get home," Pop said.

That pretty well put me where I belonged, and I was getting tired and wished I'd gone on home myself. There was work waiting for us before supper.

Then I heard Pete say, "Well, we're on top. Can't be more than a quarter of a mile to where I saw the buck, but Elmer might not have come that far. Perhaps he didn't come up the other end of the Ridge at all. He might have gone on home by the other road."

"He told you he'd come, didn't he?" Pop asked gruffly.

"Yes—"

"Well, then I expect he came."

Walking along the top of the Ridge was pretty much the same, only you didn't have to push so much with your legs. And there were some open places, and once Pete led us along the edge looking down into the valley, and we could hear Beadle baying faintly.

"Wind's still this way," said Pop.

Pete didn't say anything, but he kept right on, holding his lantern at an angle so that he could see underfoot. I don't know how much Pop could see, but I couldn't see a thing. I just stumbled along blindly, sometimes bumping into Pop and sometimes having to hurry to catch up. My shoulder was still sore and my back was tired from stooping under branches.

At last Pete said, "It can't be a whole lot farther. I figured it was half to three-quarters of a mile from where we were when we saw the buck's flag to my place. We must be that far from the road now."

Pop nodded. "Yes, we're that far. But let's go on a bit, and keep along the edge. You couldn't have seen it if it was back in any distance. It must have been in a clearing."

"Even if Pete hit it, the buck might have traveled farther," I said.

"All we need is to find the tracks," said Pop.

Pete turned and led on again. "You're right. We'll keep along the edge."

Sometimes Webster school would have a picnic up here just before the term closed in June. And I'd explored all over the Ridge alone and with Harry or one of the other boys. But it all looked strange to-night. I kept looking for big rocks and twisted trees that I knew, but I couldn't find a thing. I was glad Pop was along.

It was so late that I knew Pop wouldn't let me go again to-morrow. Anyhow, I was getting enough of deer hunting—which was mostly walking and waiting. I wanted to be home eating supper with Pop and Mom and playing with my baby brother, Don. We had a secret language of our own. I'd put my lips against his soft neck right below his ear and whisper, and he'd laugh and laugh and get both hands full of my hair and pull. Then he'd shake his head till you'd think it'd come loose and make a whole string of noises which I was pretty sure I knew the meaning of. But best of all I liked—

Suddenly Pete stopped and stood staring ahead. Pop and I came up, one on each side. For a minute I didn't see anything. Then Pete moved the lantern, and I could see better.

Elmer's gray head lay half buried in

the soft snow, and beyond that, the crumpled bulk of his shoulders. His red hunting cap lay nearby, and at one side there were a few dark stains on the snow.

Pop and Pete went forward and bent down. Pop turned Elmer over and studied the brownish, lined face, with its full beard and open eyes. Then we all saw the hole in his leather hunting jacket, over the right breast. One of the white-cotton work gloves he was wearing had brown stains on the palm and fingers.

Pop said, "You hold the lantern, Jim. Pete, we'd better take a look at him." Together they turned Elmer over and rested him against a rock so that he was half sitting up. Pop undid his leather jacket and the clothes underneath, then put his hand over his heart. After a long minute he said, "Elmer's dead, all right. Let's take a look around."

The men got up and walked about. We were in a little clearing full of naked brush and with only one or two stripling birches. "He came in this way," I heard Pop say. "He climbed on this rock," said Pete. "And slid off. See—"

"I see," said Pop. Then they came back.

Suddenly Pete started, stooped, and pulled off one of Elmer's white cotton work gloves.

"See this? This is what I saw. He was standing on that rock. He must have seen us and was calling and waving. It was dusk. I could just see this white glove moving, and I thought it was a buck's tail as he jumped. The wind was against him. We couldn't hear."

"That's right," I said. "We couldn't hear a thing."

Pop looked at me. "Could you see anything?"

I shook my head. "No. I'd been walking along, trying to keep in

Pete's tracks. I wasn't expecting him to get another chance. All at once he grabbed the rifle out of my hand and fired. He said he saw a flag jump. It was getting pretty dark."

Pop nodded. For a long time he stood staring first at Elmer's bearded face, then at the glove in Pete's hand. At last he shrugged his shoulders as if he was very tired and said, "You'd better go down and unhitch the mare, Pete. Bring her up that old woods road. And bring the length of rope from under the seat. We'll have to get Elmer out of here and we can't carry him."

"All right," said Pete. "You see, I only saw that white thing wave once or twice and I thought sure it was a buck's tail. I never thought Elmer would have got up this far already. Jim and I had been moving right along, and Elmer's not as young as he was once."

Pop nodded. "I know. I know. There's no doubt it was an accident. It would be pretty hard to hit at this distance in the dark, except by chance."

Pete looked at Pop to make sure he meant it, then said, "I'll get the mare," and started off in the darkness.

Pop waited till he couldn't hear Pete any longer, then shook his head.

"Yes, an accident, all right. But it will be a long time before the town finds another man as smart at handling money as Elmer was. They'll miss him." Then he turned to me. "It was an accident, wasn't it? It couldn't have been anything else?"

I shook my head. "I don't see how it could have."

Pop nodded. "Here, hold the lantern close. I'll take a look at him."

He opened the leather coat again and underneath it undid a cloth jacket and folded it back. On the right side, near where the bullet had gone through, there was a safety pin fastening the inside pocket.

"If he's got anything on him of value, I'll take care of it. It might get lost," Pop said and undid the pin. He put his hand inside. For a long time he kept it there, feeling and thinking. He kept staring at Elmer's face as if there was something he couldn't understand. Then he turned to me.

"Go over to that rock and look at those leverwoods back of it. Maybe you can see where those other shots struck."

I left the lantern and went over to the rock on which Elmer must have stood. I felt a little funny about it, because he'd stood up there and practically beckoned for a shot. He should have thought of those white gloves. I couldn't see much, but I ran my hands up and down the hard leverwood stems. It didn't make any difference whether I found anything or not. Pop just wanted me out of the way for a little, that was all. Pop was a Selectman, and now that Elmer was dead, Senior Selectman; so beside being Elmer's friend, this was really his business.

I looked back. Pop was holding a long strip of green paper in his hand. I knew it was a railroad ticket. Probably Elmer's ticket to Concord. On his knee lay a long envelope and two letters.

"Jim," Pop called.

I went back. Pop looked perplexed.

"Did Elmer say anything about going away?"

I nodded, looking first at Pop and then at the ticket. "Yes. He was going to Concord to-morrow on town business."

Pop thought for a long time, then asked, "Did he say anything else?"

I shook my head. "Not about that. He and Pete talked about the taxes on Pete's place and he told Pete that he would be fixed up all right."

Pop nodded and knelt in the snow, looking at Elmer's face. Every once

in awhile he'd shake his head. He seemed to forget the ticket in his hand, and I had a good look at it. Pop had promised to take me to Concord some day, and I was curious. At the bottom of the long strip of paper was the name Montreal, and I wondered some about that because I was pretty sure you didn't have to go through Montreal. I did know that sometimes two or three of the men in the village would go there on a spree, but Elmer Tracey wasn't a drinking man, so it couldn't be anything like that.

Without turning, Pop asked, "Did Elmer say anything about money—paying a note—a town note?"

"Not that I recall. I guess I heard all they said, but I can't remember anything about a note. He just said that he was going to Concord on town business."

Pop nodded and raised his shoulders slowly. Then I got a good look at the envelope. It was open, and if it was town business it would be in Pop's care now. And it must have been town business for there was money in it. It looked like a lot of money, so maybe Elmer had been going to pay a note.

Suddenly Pop seemed to remember where he was. He folded up the ticket, closed the envelope, and put them in his pocket along with the two other letters. He stood up and listened for the mare's bells.

"I wish Pete would come along. Mom will be worrying about the chores and supper." He smiled to himself. "I guess Elmer won't need that money now." Then he put his hand on my

shoulder. I'd forgotten how sore it was.

"Were you and Elmer alone at any time this afternoon?"

"Yes," I said. "We waited by the road while Pete went a little way up Home Hill to look for tracks."

Pop nodded. "Good—Good—Well, while you were alone he gave you that long envelope to give to me." He looked at me hard, then smiled. "You know if I ever catch you lying I'll tan your hide properly. But if you ever forget that Elmer gave you that envelope for me, I'll give you something you'll not forget for a long, long time."

I nodded. His hand tightened on my shoulder, and I had to hold my breath to keep from crying out. Then he turned his head. Very faintly the sound of the mare's bells reached us. Pop looked relieved. Then he held his eyes on Elmer for a long time.

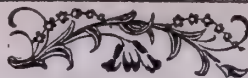
The jingle of the bells was coming nearer and we could hear Pete swear when the mare slipped.

Pop turned his head in the direction of the woods road, then said slowly, "Yes, this certainly must have been an accident."

"Sure it was an accident," I said. "What with the distance and the poor light, even Pete couldn't have made a hit except by luck."

And then the bobbing eyes of the mare caught the lantern light and burned like coals.

Pop smiled gravely. "Yes, it was luck, all right."



MIDDLETOWN IN THE MIDI

PORTRAIT OF A FRENCH CITY

BY EUGENE BAGGER

NIMES, capital of the Department of the Gard, in the heart of the French South, with a population of 84,667, occupies the twenty-third place in the list of French cities. Its economic complexion is typically French in that it is principally a center of distribution and exchange for an agricultural region, with a superstructure of a few manufactures conducted on a small to medium scale, but without great industries such as are found in Lille or Lyon.

What recommend the choice of Nimes as the scene and object of this study from among a number of towns equally representative are the richness and depth of its historic background. In point of priority of settlement it is one of the oldest towns in France; it is perhaps the oldest in the more significant sense of possessing an uninterrupted municipal individuality of over two thousand years' standing. As Colonia Nemausorum it flourished in Roman Gaul; its importance, never extinct, was restored in the sixteenth century when it became one of the centers of the French Reformation. Thenceforward it remained, despite severe setbacks, one of the most prosperous of French provincial cities. No other town in France—perhaps none in Western Europe—illustrates so strikingly in its everyday aspect the continuity of its historic evolution. For not only are its Roman monuments

among the most perfectly preserved in existence, but at least two of them, the amphitheater and the public gardens laid out around the eponymic fountain of Nemausus, perform the same civic function to-day as they did twenty centuries ago. Other cities entomb their past in museums and ruins; the relics of Nimes form part of its daily life.

Moreover, Nimes is situated in the focus of a district which is probably richer in historic treasure and association than any other equal area in Western Europe. This exceptional profusion of links with the past may reduce somewhat the claim of Nimes to representative status; on the other hand, it makes her an especially fit subject of contrast with a typical American city. For the most striking quality of the latter, from the European observer's point of view, is the absence of such links, at least with a past mounting beyond the reach of the oldest inhabitants' memory. Its life is all foreground, separated from ancestral perspectives by a rift in time which is spacially represented by the Atlantic Ocean. In Middletown, U. S. A., history is something that one may read about in a book. In the Middletown built around the fountain of Nemausus by the legionaries of Augustus, history is like a steady stream of light pervading every corner of daily life. It is one of the main objects of this study to

discover the effect of this immemorial radiation on the mental atmosphere of the average citizen.

The wealth and importance of pre-industrial Nimes rested on the great fair held at Beaucaire, eighteen miles distant, every July. Through five or six centuries this was the most important international business event in Southwestern Europe. Thence the silk hose, shawls, and rugs of Nimes found their way to Batavia and Bogotá, to Warsaw and New Orleans. Decline set in about 1830. Trousers had replaced knee breeches, and men bought silk hose no more. Then the embroidered shawls dropped out of fashion. A bigger and better loom was invented in Saxony, and the rugs of Nimes went the way of the hose and the shawls. And on April 16, 1855, the railroad killed the Beaucaire fair. On that day the trunk line between Marseille and Paris was opened. The foreign buyers began to flock to Paris, and Nimes sank, commercially, to backwoods status.

Changes like that in the economic system have turned prosperous American towns into unimportant villages or old timber. What with vast unsettled areas and ungrabbed resources, in the early United States the cure for a plant turned unprofitable was its abandonment. Retreat into space offered no solution in a closely settled country like France; people do not abandon a two-thousand-year-old site just because money flows more freely elsewhere. Holding one's own against the onslaughts of Fate is the French equivalent of the *élan* of American pioneers. The railroad, having murdered what was left of the old manufactures of Nimes, turned the North of France into a market for the wines of the South. In a few years Nimes, a center of the new boom, regained its prosperity. Since then the southern wine industry has weathered several storms, one of them

brought on by St. Volstead. It still manages to feed the Midi.

From 1880 on, two new industries emerged: the manufacture of shoes and of men's ready-made clothing. The fact that these two industries have been flourishing, at Nimes as in other French cities, for the past fifty years, seems to contradict the accusation raised by Dr. Georges Duhamel and his fellow-viewers-with-alarm that ready-made clothing and other standardized abominations were first foisted upon France by an insidious campaign launched by the United States after 1918.

Nimes counts, to its eighty-four thousand souls, ten families, I am told, with fortunes of over a million dollars, and another two score that would be considered rich in America. On the other hand it seems that middle- and working-class families have incomes of from one-half to one-third of those enjoyed by their American equivalents. The prices of commodities are at world level; food, especially meat, sugar, and fruit, is rather dearer than in the American Middletown. How do the Nimois live?

They live well. I am inclined to think that, on the whole, the level of well-being of the average Nimes family is not inferior to that of its American social counterpart, notwithstanding the marked difference in buying power. This apparent financial miracle is explained, first, by the rent situation, and second, by a different idea of what constitutes prosperity. Broadly speaking, the average American family in a provincial city has to spend one-fourth of its income on house rent. In Nimes this ratio drops to about one-tenth in the case of the business classes and about one-eighth in that of the working class. At this rate the average Nimois family can secure approximately the same accommodation, in regard to space and number of rooms, as is occupied by its American equivalent.

When I speak of a different idea of prosperity I mean both more and less than a different standard of living. The latter term seems to be preëmpted to cover bathrooms, wireless sets, and electric washing machines. When Americans compare the standard of living in, say, France, Patagonia, and the Dutch Indies with their own, they like to assume that Frenchmen, Patagonians, and Javanese want the same things that Americans do. This is far from being the case. Running ice water in hotel rooms, for instance, contributes to the comfort of the average American, but I know that Frenchmen, and suspect that Patagonians, care little for it. Ownership of the latest thing in oil-burning heating plants may be a measure of social prestige in Erie, Pa., but not necessarily so in Soerabaja. Assessing well-being in terms of buying power involves a kindred fallacy: the assumption that everybody wants to buy things all the time.

Now, the level of well-being of the average American family is symbolized by its equipment; but that of the average Nimois family by its savings. What gives an American the sense of having made his mark in life is, in the first place, his possessions: home, car, furnishings, clothes; but a Frenchman prizes his sense of financial security far higher than any chattel. By the same token, the average American wife takes her pride in the smart up-to-dateness of her home, in her expensive, and possibly recently replaced, furnishings, in her new car, in her new clothes and those of her children. Her French sister will pride herself on maintaining her household on a certain level of comfort at a minimum outlay, on preparing first-class food economically, and on her husband's bank balance. In a word, the American woman is proud of how much, and the Frenchwoman of how little, she spends.

The same contrast manifests itself in

the French attitude to display. The desire to go the Joneses one better has a very restricted place in the budgetary considerations of Nimes households. In the groups which can afford it ostentatious expenditure is considered as improper, involving not only bad taste, but also lack of moral seriousness. Newness of possessions is not valued. To discard equipment just because there are improved articles on the market is unusual; to refurnish a room or an entire house just to keep abreast of fashion or rising income has never been heard of. Paris may be the world's capital of feminine fashions, but in the substantial bourgeoisie of Nimes it will never do to be too *chic*. In all but the uppermost social groups women's attire is not only made, but also remade, at home, by dressmakers hired by the day.

II

In an overwhelmingly Catholic country, Nimes is distinguished by a population one-third Protestant, *i.e.*, Presbyterian. I am assured that the financial and social power of this minority is out of proportion to its numbers; up to recent years, and prior to the rise of the Socialists, they ran the municipality. The Catholics comprise the remnants of the old nobility, some of the rich bourgeois, and the working masses. The upper middle and professional classes are mainly Protestant. The Catholics like to assert that the Protestants own everything worth owning. "If you see a particularly prosperous-looking house with rich lace curtains and a well-kept lawn in front, it is a Protestant house," a Catholic noble told me. This is probably an exaggeration. Statistically, Catholic wealth surpasses that of the Protestants. It is true, however, that the Protestant group is more compact, more self-contained, and especially more aggres-

sive, than its rival. They do a good deal of proselytizing, mostly (so the Catholics say) by applying economic pressure.

Denomination is the basis of social life. The fate of the average upper-class Nimois, his education, his occupational choice, his business associations, not to mention his marriage and his friendships, are determined by the religious group into which he is born. This does not mean that religious feeling in Nimes is either very intense or very intolerant. Religion means simply a social boundary sanctioned by centuries; a good many people who live under its social spell never go to church, and nobody frets about it.

Denomination rules retail business. Both groups have their own butchers, grocers, bakers, wine merchants; they have their own lawyers, doctors, architects, and dentists. Some years ago a prominent Protestant heiress was engaged to a brilliant young surgeon from the North. A wealthy and authoritative aunt remarked, "Young X. is all right. He will make an excellent Protestant surgeon." "What on earth is a Protestant surgeon?" asked the young man when the remark was reported. To-day he is a prosperous and socially prominent practitioner, and he hasn't a single Catholic patient.

It was whispered to me that there is no social intercourse whatsoever between the two groups. This is one of the subjects in Nimes on which it is not considered good form to dwell. During the war they co-operated in the Red Cross. This was deemed a great sacrifice by both parties on the altar of *la patrie*.

Within either group there is very little large-scale entertainment other than at weddings; none at hotels or restaurants. Dinner parties, informal as to dress, most elaborate as to fare and wines, are frequently given, but only relatives and one or two friends of

many years' standing are invited. The French rule of never entertaining mere acquaintances in the home is rigidly observed. Among Catholics there is some dancing and bridge-playing, always at home; there is none among the Protestants. Afternoon teas, cocktails, and "at home" days are considered snobbish and un-French, and are indulged in only by the aristoplutocracy. Men never call; they meet only at the club, in the middle layers at cafés, sipping mild apéritifs at noon and before dinner. Gambling, I understand, is general in clubs and cafés, though in the latter, owing to by-laws, cash never changes hands; but colored chips, just as good, do.

To the American who regards the French as gay and immoral and who finds confirmation of this view in the Scandinavian-German-Czechoslovak-American crowds of Montparnasse, the most surprising feature of Nimes life would be its austerity. In its external aspect there is nothing, beyond the above-mentioned, rather mild, gambling, that could shock a more broad-minded Y.M.C.A. secretary. In the winter cafés are frequented by men only; at 10 P.M. the waiters stack the chairs on the tables, and at 10.30 the streets are a desert. In the summer the café terraces along the brilliantly lighted main boulevard are crowded by middle-class householders and their wives. Winter or summer, an unescorted female in a café or restaurant means an American or British woman tourist. Drunkenness does not exist, neither does outdoor necking in the public gardens or parked cars. The general note is one of unruffled, almost oppressive, decorum.

To conclude from all this that Nimes is the moralist's paradise would be hasty. Representative members of both religious groups whom I interviewed agreed in emphasizing the high moral tone of Nimes life, but also in

pointing out that the French conception of morality does not exhaust itself in a strict observance of the Seventh Commandment.

"We French are a people of realists," said one of my informants. "Our code concentrates on protecting not the purity of the individual, but the stability of society and of its cornerstone, the family. As long as a man fulfills his obligations to the community and to his dependents, speaks the truth, and does not disturb the social pattern by making himself conspicuous, we don't care a tinker's dam how he amuses himself when off duty."

There is no exact equivalent in the French vocabulary for the adjective "respectable." On the other hand, there is no exact equivalent in English for the French epithet "*sérieux*." It implies dependability, discretion, good taste, and capacity for judging the social bearing of one's acts, not simply passive conformity to a list of don'ts. Now a man may keep a mistress and still be regarded as *sérieux* in a French community; but he ceases to be so regarded if he lets his business slide, neglects his children, drinks more brandy than is good for him, overdoes bluffing as a weapon in trade, or goes joyriding with his lady-friend instead of keeping appointments. And to cease being regarded as *sérieux* is a serious matter indeed in a French community.

One thing in favor of this code is that it works. Anglo-Saxons may scorn it as lax and hypocritical; but to such objections the intelligent Nimois will retort by quoting divorce statistics. In 1929 there were in the state of Ohio 23.3 divorces to every 100 marriage licenses; in Indiana, 18.6, and in California, 29.1. In 1924, according to Mr. and Mrs. Lynd's *Middletown*, this percentage amounted to 42 in that typical American community. In 1930 in the city of Nimes there were *nine*

divorces to every 100 marriages. And, as the American divorce colony in Paris well knows, the French law and French courts are not too cantankerous. Somehow home and family manage to preserve a higher stability among the immoral French than in the midst of our highly moral selves.

Speaking of statistics, there was in the year 1930 in Nimes, a city of 84,000 inhabitants, one case of murder. There were two cases of manslaughter, and twenty-five delicts committed against persons. Compared with American records, not a bad showing this for a people of avowedly lax morality.

III

The municipal theater of Nimes, built in 1800, is one of the oldest in France. A stately enough building in the classical style, it has the misfortune of facing the Maison Carrée, which happens to be neither a mansion nor square, but the most graceful and best-preserved of all Roman temples extant. The theater has a distinguished record; most of the great lights of the French stage have played in it, and before the War it specialized in grand opera and the best drama. Local cognoscenti tell me that it is not what it used to be. The pre-war subsidy of \$16,000 a year has been cut to \$10,000, while running expenses have doubled, and state taxes eat up half the receipts. The result is a lowering of standards. Now the nightly fare is musical comedy, mostly the machine-made Viennese export article. The lessee is happy if two-thirds of the 1800 seats are sold of an evening.

The seven movie palaces, seating an average of 1500, are sold out night after night. Accommodation and ventilation cannot compare with these things in Middletown, U. S. A., while the fare is about the same. The average French feature film, virtually imposed

by the anti-American quota law, is in general at par with the average Hollywood output in its blatant sentimentality and its appeal to low instincts; in execution of technical detail it is far inferior.

Compared with the American city of corresponding importance, Nîmes has no music life to speak of. A society sponsors eight chamber-music concerts a year with prominent French and foreign talent; attendance is only fair. The system of rich patrons which has provided some of our provincial cities with first-class symphony orchestras does not exist, and popular backing is not available. The truth is that, taken as a people, the French, like us Americans, neither understand nor care for serious music; the difference is that we Americans admit it, and the French do not. They profess to love it, but their idea of serious music is a selection from Massenet.

The average Nimois is a born sportsman. One of his greatest joys is to take his gun, his dog, and a knapsackful of provisions, and to make a day of it. Shooting is everybody's sport; a gun license costing four dollars a year qualifies. It is true that outside a few enclosed estates there is nothing to shoot; for democracy and game do not grow together. But to the Frenchman the fun is the thing, not the bag; and, after all, it is at least as rational and quite as healthful to follow for a dozen miles the trail of an hypothetical deer as that of a tiny hard white ball.

Everybody knows Tartarin of Tarascon. But not everybody knows that Tartarin of Tarascon was a Nimois. Alphonse Daudet, most famous of her sons, made fun of the ways of his native Nîmes; the original of the undaunted lion-hunter was his own uncle. Feeling ran so high that he had to transfer his setting to the sleepy little town across the Rhône. Whether the Taras-

conese have a keener sense of humor and a more intelligent appreciation of tourist trade assets than the Nimois I cannot say. The fact remains that any Nimois will tell you that Daudet was a liar, a slanderer, and a snob; while the Tarasconese have decorated their principal square with a full-dress statue of absurd but immortal Tartarin.

Outdoor exercise at Nîmes is essentially democratic. Golf is unknown, and lawn tennis a freak of the rich; but all the young men of the working and lower middle classes play association football and belong to cycling clubs, while their elders are happy victims of *boulomanie*, or the bowling craze. In the present backward stage of sporting life at Nîmes people prefer, on the whole, doing things themselves to watching paid experts do them.

The bullfight forms the one exception to this rule. It is the "peculiar institution" of Nîmes; the great, the spectacular, the all-absorbing event of the civic calendar. It is also the one local pursuit organized in the American style and possessing the American implications of a powerful vested interest grown out of commercialized vicarious mass excitement.

If you attend a bullfight in the Roman arena under the white blaze of the June sun, and watch the crowd of twenty-five thousand covering thickly the galleries, dangling from column heads, hanging mid-air from the tops of the arcades, the men mostly in festive southern black, the women in bright colors; if you listen to the deafening din, suddenly cut as with a sword by the fanfares announcing the entry of the cavalcade: first mounted heralds and buglers, then the picadors with their lances, the banderilleros and the strutting espada himself, all aglitter with gold lace, yellow, purple, and scarlet silk and velvet; and the weird team of jingling mules dragging, as yet, only the shadow of the bleeding corpse

that is to be the reward of all this preparation, you will be apt to think that here, at last, is something authentic and deep-rooted, a genuine product of immemorial local growth. You will think of the gory circus games that thrilled the ancestors of these very people on these very sands two thousand years ago; and still farther back, of the spread of Minoan rites along the Mediterranean seaboard, of primitive sun-worship, of the Mithraic symbolism of the dying bull. You will be quite wrong. For the bullfight "to the death," as it is called, was imported to Nîmes from Spain, by a consortium of cunning promoters, about 1850.

There exists an indigenous bloodless brand of bullfight, a kind of free-for-all rodeo enacted in the village square, very popular in Provence and eastern Languedoc. At Nîmes one is held in the Arena every Sunday in spring and summer, except on the days of the Spanish fights, of which there are four or six every year. But the latter, with their glittering costumes, elaborate ritual, highly paid, mostly Spanish, performers, and their gushing streams of blood, have a hold on all layers of the townspeople as well as on the farmers of the region which no other pastime or entertainment can rival. They are real popular festivals on the grand scale. The spectacle opens at 3 P.M., but the influx of countryfolk in cars, buses, and on foot, and the forming of lines at the Arena gates begin at sunrise. The fans, with their families, await the opening of the gates, camping on blankets and cushions, surrounded by food baskets and other paraphernalia; the vast square surrounding the Arena is filled with a surging but remarkably good-tempered mass of humanity; a company or two of infantry, with bayonets fixed, attends on emergencies. Admission at 15 francs (the price of the best seats in the Théâtre Municipal) is unlimited; there are

10,000 numbered seats, the ringside ones selling officially at 100 francs, and unofficially, by speculators, sometimes as high as 1000 or 1500 francs.

Such opposition to the "peculiar institution" as there exists at Nîmes comes from the Protestant ministry, aided by emissaries of the French S.P.C.A. from the North. But the representatives of uplift are powerless against an overwhelming public sentiment, the united front of Nîmes business men marshalled by the hotel and catering trade, and the well-bossed political strength of the "fan" organizations. An anti-bullfight candidate for office would stand about as much chance at Nîmes as a Roman Catholic Negro running for Governor in Georgia.

The region to the north and northwest of Nîmes is a barren hill country, mainly limestone rock, with very little rainfall and no streams, bare except for groves of gray-green olive trees, tracts of heather, and an occasional clump of cypresses. It is known as the *Garrigues*. Seen from an elevation, it looks like a vast checkerboard, for it is subdivided into squares by a network of low gray stone walls, with quaint little buildings for counters, dome-shaped like igloos, or else low squat cones and pyramids.

Since times immemorial this territory has belonged to the burgesses of Nîmes. The squares represent individual holdings of from one hundred square yards to half an acre each. Such a holding is called a *mazet*, diminutive of the Provençal *mas*, same as French *maison*; it signifies a hut. There are eight thousand such *mazets*; every other Nîmois family is said to own one. The boundary walls, from a few inches to five or six feet thick, are built of dry rubble held together by weight and dovetailing. The huts, also called *capitelles*, are constructed in the same prehistoric manner; only a

few plots contain regularly built cottages of two or three rooms.

For the average Nimois family of the lower middle and upper working class the standard Sunday, from spring to autumn, means a picnic at the *mazet*. They arrive early in the morning and begin to dig up rocks. At noon they have a big meal. In the afternoon they dispose of the rocks by thickening the walls. Sometimes the *capitelle* itself is enlarged; I have seen a few with cemented roofs bearing a crude second story, accessible by a ladder.

At times there is an attempt at gardening, but the soil is of the meagerest, and irrigation is out of the question. The family may cart out some water in a barrel or a few cans and bottles; manure is brought in baskets and perambulators; if this sort of thing is kept up long enough a few tomatoes or grapes may result. But to make the *mazet* pay would require more labor than the harassed *petit bourgeois* of 1932 can afford to invest. In the early nineteenth century, the heyday of the silk hose industry, it was customary for the master-artisan to shut down shop twice a week and to spend the afternoon working his bit of ground. He could produce some grapes, olives, and vegetables, enough to play a role in the family budget. To-day the economic significance of *mazet* gardening is nil.

Therein lies its moral significance. At the end of twenty centuries the strain of the Roman colonists, grafted on the sturdy Celtic stock of the Cévennes, still asserts itself in a struggle with rock and drought; but this struggle is merely a traditional gesture, not an attempt at forcing returns.

"Look at all this," my friend, the charming and learned old librarian of the Nimes municipal library exclaimed, a broad sweep of his hand encircling a gray-green horizon of rubble walls, gnarled olive-trees, and heather. "In spite of your motor cars and wireless

and electricity the people of Nimes have not traveled very far from the ancestral soil." I did not like to disillusion him; but the thought that crossed my mind was that though they may not have traveled far, they have already bidden farewell. For what was once a matter of life and death, the battle with Stepmother Earth, has become a mere recreation and a ritual. In the atavistic symbolism of its passionate but barren earth-worship the *mazet* stamps with irrevocability the place of Nimes in an industrial civilization.

IV

Among the influences modifying the social complexion of Nimes the most potent is the economic aftermath of the War. The readjustment of prices, earnings, and house rents has, on the whole, left the working classes better, and the middle class worse, off in 1931 than in 1914. The collapse of the franc and its stabilization at one-fifth of par has not only ruined the once powerful small *rentier* group, but has also changed the entire outlook of the average business man by abolishing his prospect of retiring at fifty-five or sixty. Before the War a *rente* of three thousand francs was considered a competency; to-day nobody would dream of withdrawing from activity on its equivalent of fifteen thousand. Moreover, Frenchmen of this generation have seen the savings of half a century wiped out overnight. What happened once may happen again. They still save, but they do not trust to their savings as they used to. So they go on pulling at the load until they collapse in harness.

In a closely settled country of comparatively small distances like France the automobile, *qua* means of locomotion, has naturally less scope as a factor of social change than in the United States. It is not as an instru-

ment of eliminating distance but as an object of buying and selling that its influence impinges on the fabric of French society. In a city like Nîmes everybody pays cash; the only article that one may buy on credit without incurring social disqualification is a car. Now there can be little doubt that the growing custom of installment buying tends to modify the outlook of an extremely property-conscious people like the French. Mourners of the good old times point out that installment buying obliterates the traditional French emphasis on self-sufficiency and on small but steady growth; it introduces a spirit of expansive optimism alien to the French character. It reverses the time-honored French evaluation of to-day and to-morrow; for the French way is, or used to be, to sacrifice to-day's enjoyment for to-morrow's safety; whereas buying a motor car on the deferred-payment plan means mortgaging to-morrow for to-day's pleasure. Thus, they argue, the ultimate moral effect of the automobile is to weaken the fiber of French character. Possibly; but to me, at least, it seems that in this respect the psychological bearing of purchasing cars on time-payments is negligible compared with that of the shrinkage of the franc from twenty *sous* to four.

V

A full-fledged inquiry into the influence of the historic background on the cultural outlook of the average Nîmois would require an apparatus of large-scale canvassing not available in the preparation of this article. My personal opinion, based on interviews with representative citizens and on general observation, and submitted with due reserves, is that such influence amounts to nil.

By this I do not mean that the monuments of past grandeur form no

part of everyday life at Nîmes. The influx of tourists attracted by them, while not as vital as in the neighboring Arles and Avignon, affects indirectly the welfare of every inhabitant; thus their maintenance is a first-class public concern. That apart from utilitarian implications the Arena plays a dominant civic role we have already seen; but I believe that the vast majority of bullfight fans would just as soon have a concrete stadium built five years ago. For the growing number of car owners the Pont du Gard offers a favorite scene of Sunday outings; but I have been unable to discover any evidence that such outings affect the cultural status of the participants any more than a trip to the bays and islands of Lake Erie affects that of Clevelanders. In a word, the Roman monuments matter to the average citizen as a source of income and as amusement centers; but their historic associations which thrill the foreigner mean nothing, or next to nothing, to those who grow up in their shadow. The average Nîmois is no more likely to gaze enraptured at the Maison Carrée than is the average New Yorker at City Hall.

One of the leading local intellectuals, of Catholic and traditionalist background, sought to explain the average citizen's lack of historic consciousness—which he admitted—by the barbarian invasions and frequent epidemics which in the early Middle Ages thinned down the old Romanized stock and cleared the ground for the influx of Cévenol peasants. He asserted, however, that in the course of centuries even these replacers acquired a certain instinctive pride in the Roman relics. I am inclined to believe that such pride is merely a form of local patriotism which exists everywhere, and that it cuts no deeper than the Zenith booster's affection for the Second National Tower. Pressed for evidence of surviving Roman traits, my interlocutor

pointed out that jurisprudence and architecture, the great Roman excellences, have always been the leading local arts; and that the average Nimois is politically docile and acquiescent, *très administratif*, as he put it, a true descendant of the Roman citizen of the Empire, differing markedly from the turbulent Provençal just across the Rhône, who is a born extremist and inveterate "anti." Perhaps.

Another informant, a scholar like the above-quoted, but a Socialist of Protestant middle-class antecedents, writes: "In my opinion the Roman past does not influence the mentality and everyday habits of the Nimois in any way. Possibly this assertion is a proof of my historic materialism, but I see nothing in the life of my native city that could be explained by reference to the Roman background."

To one small group of Nimois the Roman and medieval past means a living presence. A handful of scholars and officials maintain the so-called *École Antique*, courses of lectures and demonstrations combined, during the summer, with trips to centers of historic interest in the region. The level of the lectures is that of a good university; enrollment is gratuitous; the attendance, local in winter, with a goodly sprinkling of foreigners in summer, reached five hundred in 1930. With a municipal subsidy of only 5000 francs (\$200) a year, the larger part of the expenses is paid by the lecturers out of their own pockets; and most of them are poor men living on small bureaucratic salaries. Their learning and generosity are an honor to Nimes; but their enthusiasm is a typical minority affair, the allegiance of a superior few to a forlorn cause, emphasizing the indifference of the majority. Some day, perhaps, a wealthy American will come along and put this school, one of the best of its kind in Europe, on its financial feet with the

gift of a few thousand dollars. The idea has not yet occurred to native millionaires.

VI

Is it to be inferred that the average Nimois leads an existence in no essential sense different from that of his brother in unhistoric Davenport or Springfield; that the infinitely richer and mellower setting of Nimes life does not necessarily endow the typical citizen with a style of personality richer and mellower than that which flourishes in the cruder soil of the representative American community?

By way of answering these questions I have asked two representative members of Nimes society, the one a Catholic conservative, the other a Protestant liberal, to suggest a definition of the good life as understood by the typical business man of their respective groups. According to the Catholic, this conception includes "... a comfortable home, a car, a good gramophone or wireless or both, taking his family to the movies once or twice a week, spending Sunday at the *mazet*, or a country villa, if more ambitious; driving his friends to dine at one or other of the good restaurants in the region." While the Protestant enumerates "... a well-managed home, a close-knit and exclusive family life, a villa in the country, a good car, a little shooting, participation in the activities and welfare work of his church."

Apart from the fact that the Catholic definition ends on the note of a good dinner, and the Protestant one on that of church welfare work, the two conceptions practically coincide. Both emphasize the material frame of good living; neither contains a suggestion of higher spiritual and intellectual aspirations. Add to either a little golf, a little fishing, a few cocktails and cigars, and some good fellowship in club or lodge, and you will have a fairly com-

plete picture of the aims of existence as visualized by the average business man in a hundred cities between Portland, Me., and Portland, Ore.

His name is probably Dumas or Rey or Vidal; he is not tall and pink and bulky but small and dark and thick-set; he is apt to be somber rather than jovial, and distrustful rather than overconfident; he has never seen a golf course, but he is an adept with the shotgun; he drives a Panhard or Renault instead of a Chrysler or Buick; and as he lunches on *brandade de morue* in the restaurant of the Hôtel du Cheval Blanc he may, but probably does not, gaze at the history of two thousand years turned into stone in the vast gray bulk of the Roman amphitheater. But let one of his most brilliant fellow-townsmen describe him:

"The typical Nimois business man, if one disregards the characteristics with which he is stamped by one or other of the two religious groups, tends, I might as well admit, to look like an older brother of George F. Babbitt. His spiritual and intellectual interests are neither more numerous, more profound, nor more extensive, than those of his transatlantic relative. Yet there is between them, at least at today's stage, an important difference. Our Nimois Babbitt is much more of a skeptic, much less smug and self-important, and he makes much less noise. He knows, and keeps, his place in the scheme of things. The moral and intellectual domains are entirely foreign to him, but he does not want to invade them and does not pretend familiarity with them. He is prepared to recognize that these fields belong to others; and while he has no particular admiration for these others, at least he wants neither to interfere with them, nor to compare himself with them."

If he did not learn much else in these two thousand years, at least he has

learned to know his own limitations.

There are no women in the public life of Nimes. There are no boosters and no bullying professional optimists. There is no organized meddling with the private habits of one's neighbors. On the other hand, there is no public spirit, no civic initiative, no trained habits of voluntary and effectual co-operation. Above all, there is no tradition of unstinting private endowment of benevolent and cultural causes. There is no cant about "service." On the other hand, there is no service. Business is transacted on the ancient principle of *caveat emptor*. There is more intellectual honesty in commerce, but profit-grabbing and profit-squeezing are more ferocious, for there is less to go around. There are no efficiency experts, which is a good thing; but there is no efficiency either, and that is less good. There are no bootleggers and no racketeers. There is a bookshop on every corner, but it probably sells only trashy novels.

The conservatives are more conservative, but the radicals are less radical. On the whole it might be said that while in Middletown, U. S. A., the hard-headed business man is an orthodox stand-patter Republican, and the radical reformer usually a dreamer and a mere scholar or literary fellow, in Nimes the tough-minded two-fisted merchant or industrialist is apt to be a forward-looking person of strong liberal leanings, while those of a romantic or artistic turn, the shy and discontented ones, the sensitive and the inward-looking, are probably reactionary royalists.

In Middletown, U. S. A., progress is taken for granted, and measured quantitatively. In Nimes, stagnation is taken for granted, and progress is assessed qualitatively.

There is more wisdom in Nimes. But there is more hope in Middletown.



HOW BEAUTIFUL WITH SHOES

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

BY THE time the milking was finished, the sow, which had farrowed the past week, was making such a row that the girl spilled a pint of the warm milk down the trough-lead to quiet the animal before taking the pail to the well-house. Then in the quiet she heard a sound of hoofs on the bridge, where the road crossed the creek a hundred yards below the house, and she set the pail down on the ground beside her bare, barn-soiled feet. She picked it up again. She set it down. It was as if she calculated its weight.

That was what she was doing, as a matter of fact, setting off against its pull toward the well-house the pull of that wagon team in the road, with little more of personal will or wish in the matter than has a wooden weather-vane between two currents in the wind. And as with the vane, so with the wooden girl—the added behest of a whip-lash cracking in the distance was enough; leaving the pail at the barn door, she set off in a deliberate, docile beeline through the cow-yard, over the fence, and down in a diagonal across the farm's one tilled field toward the willow brake that walled the road at the dip. And once under way, though her mother came to the kitchen door and called in her high, flat voice, "Amarantha, where you goin', Amarantha?", the girl went on apparently unmoved, as though she had been as

deaf as the woman in the doorway; indeed, if there was emotion in her it was the purely sensuous one of feeling the clods of the furrows breaking softly between her toes. It was spring-time in the mountains.

"Amarantha, why don't you answer me, Amarantha?"

For moments after the girl had disappeared beyond the willows the widow continued to call, unaware through long habit of how absurd it sounded, the name which that strange man her husband had put upon their daughter in one of his moods. Mrs. Doggett had been deaf so long she did not realize that nobody else ever thought of it for the broad-fleshed, slow-minded girl, but called her Mary or, even more simply, Mare.

Ruby Herter had stopped his team this side of the bridge, the mules' heads turned into the lane to his father's farm beyond the road. A big-barreled, heavy-limbed fellow with a square, sallow, not unhandsome face, he took out youth in ponderous gestures of masterfulness; it was like him to have cracked his whip above his animals' ears the moment before he pulled them to a halt. When he saw the girl getting over the fence under the willows he tongued the wad of tobacco out of his mouth into his palm, threw it away beyond the road, and drew a sleeve of his jumper across his lips.

"Don't run yourself out o' breath, Mare; I got all night."

"I was comin'." It sounded sullen only because it was matter of fact.

"Well, keep a-comin' and give us a smack." Hunched on the wagon seat, he remained motionless for some time after she had arrived at the hub, and when he stirred it was but to cut a fresh bit of tobacco, as if already he had forgotten why he threw the old one away. Having satisfied his humor, he unbent, climbed down, kissed her passive mouth, and hugged her up to him, roughly and loosely, his hands careless of contours. It was not out of the way; they were used to handling animals both of them; and it was spring. A slow warmth pervaded the girl, formless, nameless, almost impersonal.

Her betrothed pulled her head back by the braid of her yellow hair. He studied her face, his brows gathered and his chin out.

"Listen, Mare, you wouldn't leave nobody else hug and kiss you, dang you!"

She shook her head, without vehemence or anxiety.

"Who's that?" She hearkened up the road. "Pull your team out," she added, as a Ford came in sight around the bend above the house, driven at speed. "Geddap!" she said to the mules herself.

But the car came to a halt near them, and one of the five men crowded in it called, "Come on, Ruby, climb in. They's a loony loose out o' Dayville Asylum, and they got him trailed over somewheres on Split Ridge, and Judge North phoned up to Slosson's store for ever'body come help circle him—come on, hop the runnin'-board!"

Ruby hesitated, an eye on his team.

"Scared, Ruby?" The driver raced his engine. "They say this boy's a killer."

"Mare, take the team in and tell pa." The car was already moving when Ruby jumped it. A moment after it had sounded on the bridge it was out of sight.

"Amarantha, Amarantha, why don't you come, Amarantha?"

Returning from her errand, fifteen minutes later, Mare heard the plaint lifted in the twilight. The sun had dipped behind the back ridge, and though the sky was still bright with day, the dusk began to smoke up out of the plowed field like a ground-fog. The girl had returned through it, got the milk, and started toward the well-house before the widow saw her.

"Daughter, seems to me you might!" she expostulated without change of key. "Here's some young man friend o' yourn stopped to say howdy, and I been rackin' my lungs out after you. . . . Put that milk in the cool and come!"

Some young man friend? But there was no good to be got from puzzling. Mare poured the milk in the pan in the dark of the low house over the well, and as she came out, stooping, she saw a figure waiting for her, black in silhouette against the yellowing sky.

"Who are you?" she asked, a native timidity making her sound sulky.

"Amarantha!" the fellow mused. "That's poetry." And she knew then that she did not know him.

She walked past, her arms straight down and her eyes front. Strangers always affected her with a kind of muscular terror simply by being strangers. So she gained the kitchen steps, aware by his tread that he followed. There, taking courage at sight of her mother in the doorway, she turned on him, her eyes down at the level of his knees.

"Who are you and what d' y' want?"

He still mused. "Amarantha! Amarantha in Carolina! That makes me happy!"

Mare hazarded one upward look. She saw that he had red hair, brown eyes, and hollows under his cheekbones, and though the green sweater he wore on top of a gray overall was plainly not meant for him, sizes too large as far as girth went, yet he was built so long of limb that his wrists came inches out of the sleeves and made his big hands look even bigger.

Mrs. Doggett complained. "Why don't you introduce us, daughter?"

The girl opened her mouth and closed it again. Her mother, unaware that no sound had come out of it, smiled and nodded, evidently taking to the tall, homely fellow and tickled by the way he could not seem to get his eyes off her daughter. But the daughter saw none of it, all her attention centered upon the stranger's hands.

Restless, hard-fleshed, and chapped, they were like a countryman's hands; but the fingers were longer than the ordinary, and slightly spatulate at their ends, and these ends were slowly and continuously at play among themselves.

The girl could not have explained how it came to her to be frightened and at the same time to be calm, for she was inept with words. It was simply that in an animal way she knew animals, knew them in health and ailing, and when they were ailing she knew by instinct, as her father had known, how to move so as not to fret them.

Her mother had gone in to light up; from beside the lamp-shelf she called back, "If he's aimin' to stay to supper you should've told me, Amarantha, though I guess there's plenty of the side-meat to go 'round, if you'll bring me in a few more turnips and potatoes, though it is late."

At the words the man's cheeks moved in and out. "I'm very hungry," he said.

Mare nodded deliberately. Deliberately, as if her mother could hear her, she said over her shoulder, "I'll go get the potatoes and turnips, ma." While she spoke she was moving, slowly, softly, at first, toward the right of the yard, where the fence gave over into the field. Unluckily her mother spied her through the window.

"Amarantha, where *are* you goin'?"

"I'm goin' to get the potatoes and turnips." She neither raised her voice nor glanced back, but lengthened her stride. "He won't hurt her," she said to herself. "He won't hurt her; it's me, not her," she kept repeating, while she got over the fence and down into the shadow that lay more than ever like a fog on the field.

The desire to believe that it actually did hide her, the temptation to break from her rapid but orderly walk grew till she could no longer fight it. She saw the road willows only a dash ahead of her. She ran, her feet floundering among the furrows.

She neither heard nor saw him, but when she realized he was with her she knew he had been with her all the while. She stopped, and he stopped, and so they stood, with the dark open of the field all around. Glancing sideways presently, she saw he was no longer looking at her with those strangely importunate brown eyes of his, but had raised them to the crest of the wooded ridge behind her.

By and by, "What does it make you think of?" he asked. And when she made no move to see, "Turn around and look!" he said, and though it was low and almost tender in its tone, she knew enough to turn.

A ray of the sunset hidden in the west struck through the tops of the topmost trees, far and small up there, a thin, bright hem.

"What does it make you think of, Amarantha? . . . Answer!"

"Fire," she made herself say.

"Or blood."

"Or blood, yeh. That's right, or blood." She had heard a Ford going up the road beyond the willows, and her attention was not on what she said.

The man soliloquized. "Fire and blood, both; spare one or the other, and where is beauty, the way the world is? It's an awful thing to have to carry, but Christ had it. Christ came with a sword. I love beauty, Amarantha. . . . I say, I love beauty!"

"Yeh, that's right, I hear." What she heard was the car stopping at the house.

"Not prettiness. Prettiness'll have to go with ugliness, because it's only ugliness trigged up. But beauty!" Now again he was looking at her. "Do you know how beautiful you are, Amarantha, 'Amarantha sweet and fair'?" Of a sudden, reaching behind her, he began to unravel the meshes of her hair-braid, the long, flat-tipped fingers at once impatient and infinitely gentle. "'Braid no more that shining hair!'"

Flat-faced Mare Doggett tried to see around those glowing eyes so near to hers, but wise in her instinct, did not try too hard. "Yeh," she temporized. "I mean, no, I mean."

"Amarantha, I've come a long, long way for you. Will you come away with me now?"

"Yeh—that is—in a minute I will, mister—yeh . . ."

"Because you want to, Amarantha? Because you love me as I love you? Answer!"

"Yeh—sure—uh . . . *Ruby!*"

The man tried to run, but there were six against him, coming up out of the dark that lay in the plowed ground. Mare stood where she was while they knocked him down and got a rope around him; after that she walked back toward the house with Ruby and Older Haskins, her father's cousin.

Ruby wiped his brow and felt of

his muscles. "Gees, you're lucky we come, Mare. We're no more'n past the town, when they come hollerin' he'd broke over this way."

When they came to the fence the girl sat on the rail for a moment and rebraided her hair before she went into the house, where they were making her mother smell ammonia.

Lots of cars were coming. Judge North was coming, somebody said. When Mare heard this she went into her bedroom off the kitchen and got her shoes and put them on. They were brand new two-dollar shoes with cloth tops, and she had only begun to break them in last Sunday; she wished afterwards she had put her stockings on too, for they would have eased the seams. Or else that she had put on the old button pair, even though the soles were worn through.

Judge North arrived. He thought first of taking the loony straight through to Dayville that night, but then decided to keep him in the lock-up at the courthouse till morning and make the drive by day. Older Haskins stayed in, gentling Mrs. Doggett, while Ruby went out to help get the man into the Judge's sedan. Now that she had them on, Mare didn't like to take the shoes off till Older went; it might make him feel small, she thought.

Older Haskins had a lot of facts about the loony.

"His name's Humble Jewett," he told them. "They belong back in Breed County, all them Jewetts, and I don't reckon there's none on 'em that's not a mite unbalanced. He went to college though, worked his way, and he taught somethin' 'rother in some academy-school a spell, till he went off his head all of a sudden and took after folks with an axe. I remember it in the paper at the time. They give out one while how the Principal wasn't goin' to live, and

there was others—there was a girl he tried to strangle. That was four-five year back.”

Ruby came in guffawing. “Know the only thing they can get ’im to say, Mare? Only God thing he’ll say is, ‘Amarantha, she’s goin’ with me.’ . . . Mare!”

“Yeh, I know.”

The cover of the kettle the girl was handling slid off on the stove with a clatter. A sudden sick wave passed over her. She went out to the back, out into the air. It was not till now she knew how frightened she had been.

Ruby went home, but Older Haskins stayed to supper with them, and helped Mare do the dishes afterward; it was nearly nine when he left. The mother was already in bed, and Mare was about to sit down to get those shoes off her wretched feet at last, when she heard the cow carrying on up at the barn, lowing and kicking, and next minute the sow was in it with a horning note. It might be a fox passing by to get at the henhouse, or a weasel. Mare forgot her feet, took a broom-handle they used in boiling clothes, opened the back door, and stepped out. Blinking the lamplight from her eyes, she peered up toward the outbuildings, and saw the gable end of the barn standing like a red arrow in the dark, and the top of a butternut tree beyond it drawn in skeleton traceries, and just then a cock crowed.

She went to the right corner of the house and saw where the light came from, ruddy above the woods down the valley. Returning into the house, she bent close to her mother’s ear and shouted, “Somethin’s a-fire down to the town, looks like,” then went out again and up to the barn. “Soh! Soh!” she called in to the animals. She climbed up and stood on the top rail of the cow-pen fence, only to find

she could not locate the flame even there.

Ten rods behind the buildings a mass of rock mounted higher than their ridgepoles, a chopped-off buttress of the back ridge, covered with oak scrub and wild grapes and blackberries, whose thorny ropes the girl beat away from her skirt with the broom-handle as she scrambled up in the wine-colored dark. Once at the top, and the brush held aside, she could see the tongue-tip of the conflagration half a mile away at the town. And she knew by the bearing of the two church steeples that it was the building where the lock-up was that was burning.

There is a horror in knowing animals trapped in a fire, no matter what the animals.

“Oh, my God!” Mare said.

A car went down the road. Then there was a horse galloping. That would be Older Haskins probably. People were out at Ruby’s father’s farm; she could hear their voices raised. There must have been another car up from the other way, for lights wheeled and shouts were exchanged in the neighborhood of the bridge. Next thing she knew, Ruby was at the house below, looking for her probably.

He was telling her mother. Mrs. Doggett was not used to him, so he had to shout even louder than Mare had to.

“What y’ reckon he done, the hellion! he broke the door and killed Lew Fyke and set the courthouse afire! . . . Where’s Mare?”

Her mother would not know. Mare called. “Here, up the rock here.”

She had better go down. Ruby would likely break his bones if he tried to climb the rock in the dark, not knowing the way. But the sight of the fire fascinated her simple spirit, the fearful element, more fearful than ever now, with the news. “Yes, I’m comin’,” she called sulkily, hearing

feet in the brush. "You wait; I'm comin'."

When she turned and saw it was Humble Jewett, right behind her among the branches, she opened her mouth to screech. She was not quick enough. Before a sound came out he got one hand over her face and the other arm around her body.

Mare had always thought she was strong, and the loony looked gangling, yet she was so easy for him that he need not hurt her. He made no haste and little noise as he carried her deeper into the undergrowth. Where the hill began to mount it was harder though. Presently he set her on her feet. He let the hand that had been over her mouth slip down to her throat, where the broad-tipped fingers wound, tender as yearning, weightless as caress.

"I was afraid you'd scream before you knew who 'twas, Amarantha. But I didn't want to hurt your lips, dear heart, your lovely, quiet lips."

It was so dark under the trees she could hardly see him, but she felt his breath on her mouth, near to. But then, instead of kissing her, he said, "No! No!" took from her throat for an instant the hand that had held her mouth, kissed its palm, and put it back softly against her skin.

"Now, my love, let's go before they come."

She stood stock still. Her mother's voice was to be heard in the distance, strident and meaningless. More cars were on the road. Nearer, around the rock, there were sounds of tramping and thrashing. Ruby fussed and cursed. He shouted, "Mare, dang you, where are you, Mare?", his voice harsh with uneasy anger. Now, if she aimed to do anything, was the time to do it. But there was neither breath nor power in her windpipe. It was as if those yearning fingers had paralyzed the muscles.

"Come!" The arm he put around her shivered against her shoulder blades. It was anger. "I hate killing. It's a dirty, ugly thing. It makes me sick." He gagged, judging by the sound. But then he ground his teeth. "Come away, my love!"

She found herself moving. Once when she broke a branch underfoot with an instinctive awkwardness he chided her. "Quiet, my heart, else they'll hear!" She made herself heavy. He thought she grew tired and bore more of her weight till he was breathing hard.

Men came up the hill. There must have been a dozen spread out, by the angle of their voices as they kept touch. Always Humble Jewett kept caressing Mare's throat with one hand; all she could do was hang back.

"You're tired and you're frightened," he said at last. "Get down here."

There were twigs in the dark, the overhang of a thicket of some sort. He thrust her in under this, and lay beside her on the bed of groundpine. The hand that was not in love with her throat reached across her; she felt the weight of its forearm on her shoulder and its fingers among the strands of her hair, eagerly, but tenderly, busy. Not once did he stop speaking, no louder than breathing, his lips to her ear.

"*Amarantha sweet and fair—Ah, braid no more that shining hair . . .*"

Mare had never heard of Lovelace, the poet; she thought the loony was just going on, hardly listened, got little sense. But the cadence of it added to the lethargy of all her flesh.

"*Like a clew of golden thread—Most excellently ravelléd . . .*"

Voices loudened; feet came tramping; a pair went past not two rods away.

"*. . . Do not then wind up the light*

—*In ribbands, and o'ercloud in night . . .*"

The search went on up the woods, men shouting to one another and beating the brush.

"*. . . But shake your head and scatter day!*" I've never loved, Amarantha. They've tried me with prettiness, but prettiness is too cheap, yes, it's too cheap."

Mare was cold, and the coldness made her lazy. All she knew was that he talked on.

"But dogwood blowing in the spring isn't cheap. The earth of a field isn't cheap. Lots of times I've lain down and kissed the earth of a field, Amarantha. That's beauty, and a kiss for beauty." His breath moved up her cheek. He trembled violently. "No, no, not yet!" He got to his knees and pulled her by an arm. "We can go now."

They went back down the slope, but at an angle, so that when they came to the level they passed two hundred yards to the north of the house, and crossed the road there. More and more her walking was like sleepwalking, the feet numb in their shoes. Even where he had to let go of her, crossing the creek on stones, she stepped where he stepped with an obtuse docility. The voices of the searchers on the back ridge were small in distance when they began to climb the face of Coward Hill, on the opposite side of the valley.

There is an old farm on top of Coward Hill, big hayfields as flat as tables. It had been half-past nine when Mare stood on the rock above the barn; it was toward midnight when Humble Jewett put aside the last branches of the woods and led her out on the height, and half a moon had risen. And a wind blew there, tossing the withered tops of last year's grasses, and mists ran with the wind, and ragged shadows with the mists, and mares'-tails of clear moon-

light among the shadows, so that now the boles of birches on the forest's edge beyond the fences were but opal blurs and now cut alabaster. It struck so cold against the girl's cold flesh, this wind, that another wind of shivers blew through her, and she put her hands over her face and eyes. But the madman stood with his eyes wide open and his mouth open, drinking the moonlight and the wet wind.

His voice, when he spoke at last, was thick in his throat.

"Get down on your knees." He got down on his and pulled her after. "And pray!"

Once in England a poet sang four lines. Four hundred years have forgotten his name, but they have remembered his lines. The daft man knelt upright, his face raised to the wild scud, his long wrists hanging to the dead grass. He began simply:

*"O western wind, when wilt thou blow
'That the small rain down can rain?"*

The Adam's-apple was big in his bent throat. As simply he finished.

*"Christ, that my love were in my arms
'And I in my bed again!"*

Mare got up and ran. She ran without aim or feeling in the power of the wind. She told herself again that the mists would hide her from him, as she had done at dusk. And again, seeing that he ran at her shoulder, she knew he had been there all the while, making a race of it, flailing the air with his long arms for joy of play in the cloud of spring, throwing his knees high, leaping the moon-blue waves of the brown grass, shaking his bright hair; and her own hair was a weight behind her, lying level on the wind. Once a shape went bounding ahead of them for instants; she did not realize it was a fox till it was gone.

She never thought of stopping; she never thought anything, except once,

"Oh, my God, I wish I had my shoes off!" And what would have been the good in stopping or in turning another way, when it was only play? The man's ecstasy magnified his strength. When a snake-fence came at them he took the top rail in flight, like a college hurdler and, seeing the girl hesitate and half turn as if to flee, he would have releaped it without touching a hand. But then she got a loom of buildings, climbed over quickly, before he should jump, and ran along the lane that ran with the fence.

Mare had never been up there, but she knew that the farm and the house belonged to a man named Wyker, a kind of cousin of Ruby Herter's, a violent, bearded old fellow who lived by himself. She could not believe her luck. When she had run half the distance and Jewett had not grabbed her, doubt grabbed her instead. "Oh, my God, go careful!" she told herself. "Go slow!" she implored herself, and stopped running, to walk.

Here was a misgiving the deeper in that it touched her special knowledge. She had never known an animal so far gone that its instincts failed it; a starving rat will scent the trap sooner than a fed one. Yet, after one glance at the house they approached, Jewett paid it no further attention, but walked with his eyes to the right, where the cloud had blown away, and wooded ridges, like black waves rimed with silver, ran down away toward the Valley of Virginia.

"I've never lived!" In his single cry there were two things, beatitude and pain.

Between the bigness of the falling world and his eyes the flag of her hair blew. He reached out and let it whip between his fingers. Mare was afraid it would break the spell then, and he would stop looking away and look at the house again. So she did something almost incredible; she spoke.

"It's a pretty—I mean—a beautiful view down that-a-way."

"God Almighty beautiful, to take your breath away. I knew I'd never loved, Belovéd—" He caught a foot under the long end of one of the boards that covered the well and went down heavily on his hands and knees. It seemed to make no difference. "But I never knew I'd never lived," he finished in the same tone of strong rapture, quadruped in the grass, while Mare ran for the door and grabbed the latch.

When the latch would not give, she lost what little sense she had. She pounded with her fists. She cried with all her might: "Oh—hey—in there—hey—in there!" Then Jewett came and took her gently between his hands and drew her away, and then, though she was free, she stood in something like an awful embarrassment while he tried shouting.

"Hey! Friend! whoever you are, wake up and let my love and me come in!"

"No!" wailed the girl.

He grew peremptory. "Hey, wake up!" He tried the latch. He passed to full fury in a wink's time; he cursed, he kicked, he beat the door till Mare thought he would break his hands. Withdrawing, he ran at it with his shoulder; it burst at the latch, went slamming in, and left a black emptiness. His anger dissolved in a big laugh. Turning in time to catch her by a wrist, he cried joyously, "Come, my Sweet One!"

"No! No! Please—aw—listen. There ain't nobody there. He ain't to home. It wouldn't be right to go in anybody's house if they wasn't to home, you know that."

His laugh was blither than ever. He caught her high in his arms.

"I'd do the same by his love and him if 'twas my house, I would." At the threshold he paused and

thought, "That is, if she was the true love of his heart forever."

The room was the parlor. Moonlight slanted in at the door, and another shaft came through a window and fell across a sofa, its covering dilapidated, showing its wadding in places. The air was sour, but both of them were farm-bred.

"Don't, Amarantha!" His words were pleading in her ear. "Don't be so frightened."

He set her down on the sofa. As his hands let go of her they were shaking.

"But look, I'm frightened too." He knelt on the floor before her, reached out his hands, withdrew them. "See, I'm afraid to touch you." He mused, his eyes rounded. "Of all the ugly things there are, fear is the ugliest. And yet, see, it can be the very beautifullest. That's a strange queer thing."

The wind blew in and out of the room, bringing the thin, little bitter sweetness of new April at night. The moonlight that came across Mare's shoulders fell full upon his face, but hers it left dark, ringed by the aureole of her disordered hair.

"Why do you wear a halo, Love?" He thought about it. "Because you're an angel, is that why?" The swift, untempered logic of the mad led him to dismay. His hands came flying to hers, to make sure they were of earth; and he touched her breast, her shoulders, and her hair. Peace returned to his eyes as his fingers twined among the strands.

"Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead . . ." He spoke like a man dreaming. "Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks."

Mare never knew that he could not see her for the moonlight.

"Do you remember, Love?"

She dared not shake her head under

his hand. "Yeh, I reckon," she temporized.

"You remember how I sat at your feet, long ago, like this, and made up a song? And all the poets in all the world have never made one to touch it, have they, Love?"

"Ugh-ugh—never."

"How beautiful are thy feet with shoes . . ." Remember?"

"Oh, my God, what's he sayin' now?" she wailed to herself.

"How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman."

"Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor; thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies."

"Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins."

Mare had not been to church since she was a little girl, when her mother's black dress wore out. "No, no!" she wailed under her breath. "You're awful to say such awful things." She might have shouted it; nothing could have shaken the man now, rapt in the immortal, passionate periods of Solomon's song.

" . . . now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples."

Hotness touched Mare's face for the first time. "Aw, no, don't talk so!"

"And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved . . . causing the lips of them that are asleep to speak."

He had ended. His expression changed. Ecstasy gave place to anger, love to hate. And Mare felt the change in the weight of the fingers in her hair.

"What do you mean, I mustn't say it like that?" But it was not to her his fury spoke, for he answered himself straightway. "Like poetry, Mr. Jewett; I won't have blasphemy around my school."

"Poetry! My God! if that isn't poetry—if that isn't music—" . . . "It's Bible, Jewett. What you're paid to teach here is *literature*."

"Doctor Ryeworth, you're the blasphemer and you're an ignorant man." . . . "And your Principal. And I won't have you going around reading sacred allegory like earthly love."

"Ryeworth, you're an old man, a dull man, a dirty man, and you'd be better dead."

Jewett's hands had slid down from Mare's head. "Then I went to put my fingers around his throat, so. But my stomach turned, and I didn't do it. I went to my room. I laughed all the way to my room. I sat in my room at my table and I laughed. I laughed all afternoon and long after dark came. And then, about ten, somebody came and stood beside me in my room."

"Wherefore dost thou laugh, son?"

"Then I knew who He was, He was Christ."

"I was laughing about that dirty, ignorant, crazy old fool, Lord."

"Wherefore dost thou laugh?"

"I didn't laugh any more. He didn't say any more. I kneeled down, bowed my head."

"Thy will be done! Where is he, Lord?"

"Over at the girls' dormitory, waiting for Blossom Sinckley."

"Brassy Blossom, dirty Blossom . . ."

It had come so suddenly it was nearly too late. Mare tore at his hands with hers, tried with all her strength to pull her neck away.

"Filthy Blossom! and him an old filthy man, Blossom! and you'll find him in Hell when you reach there, Blossom . . ."

It was more the nearness of his face than the hurt of his hands that gave her power of fright to choke out three words.

"*I—ain't—Blossom!*"

Light ran in crooked veins. Through the veins she saw his face bewildered. His hands loosened. One fell down and hung; the other he lifted and put over his eyes, took it away again and looked at her.

"Amarantha!" His remorse was fearful to see. "What have I done!" His hands returned to hover over the hurts, ravening with pity, grief and tenderness. Tears fell down his cheeks. And with that, dammed desire broke its dam.

"Amarantha, my love, my dove, my beautiful love—"

"*And I ain't Amarantha neither, I'm Mary! Mary, that's my name!*"

She had no notion what she had done. He was like a crystal crucible that a chemist watches, changing hue in a wink with one adeptly added drop; but hers was not the chemist's eye. All she knew was that she felt light and free of him; all she could see of his face as he stood away above the moonlight were the whites of his eyes.

"Mary!" he muttered. A slight paroxysm shook his frame. So in the transparent crucible desire changed its hue. He retreated farther, stood in the dark by some tall piece of furniture. And still she could see the whites of his eyes.

"Mary! Mary Adorable!" A wonder was in him. "Mother of God!"

Mare held her breath. She eyed the door, but it was too far. And already he came back to go on his knees before her, his shoulders so bowed and his face so lifted that it must have cracked his neck, she thought; all she could see on the face was pain.

"Mary Mother, I'm sick to my death. I'm so tired."

She had seen a dog like that, one she had loosed from a trap after it had been there three days, its caught leg half gnawed free. Something about the eyes.

"Mary Mother, take me in your arms . . ."

Once again her muscles tightened. But he made no move.

". . . and give me sleep."

No, they were worse than the dog's eyes.

"Sleep, sleep! why won't they let me sleep? Haven't I done it all yet, Mother? Haven't I washed them yet of all their sins? I've drunk the cup that was given me; is there another? They've mocked me and reviled me, broken my brow with thorns and my hands with nails, and I've forgiven them, for they knew not what they did. Can't I go to sleep now, Mother?"

Mare could not have said why, but now she was more frightened than she had ever been. Her hands lay heavy on her knees, side by side, and she could not take them away when he bowed his head and rested his face upon them.

After a moment he said one thing more. "Take me down gently when you take me from the Tree."

Gradually the weight of his body came against her shins, and he slept.

The moon streak that entered by the eastern window crept north across the floor, thinner and thinner; the one that fell through the southern doorway traveled east and grew fat. For a while Mare's feet pained her terribly and her legs too. She dared not move them, though, and by and by they did not hurt so much.

A dozen times, moving her head slowly on her neck, she canvassed the shadows of the room for a weapon. Each time her eyes came back to a heavy earthenware pitcher on a stand some feet to the left of the sofa. It would have had flowers in it when Wyker's wife was alive; probably it had not been moved from its dust-ring since she died. It would be a long grab, perhaps too long; still, it might be done if she had her hands.

To get her hands from under the sleeper's head was the task she set herself. She pulled first one, then the other, infinitesimally. She waited. Again she tugged a very, very little. The order of his breathing was not disturbed. But at the third trial he stirred.

"Gently! gently!" His own muttering waked him more. With some drowsy instinct of possession he threw one hand across her wrists, pinning them together between thumb and fingers. She kept dead quiet, shut her eyes, lengthened her breathing, as if she too slept.

There came a time when what was pretense grew a peril; strange as it was, she had to fight to keep her eyes open. She never knew whether or not she really napped. But something changed in the air, and she was wide awake again. The moonlight was fading on the doorsill, and the light that runs before dawn waxed in the window behind her head.

And then she heard a voice in the distance, lifted in maundering song. It was old man Wyker coming home after a night, and it was plain he had had some whiskey.

Now a new terror laid hold of Mare.

"Shut up, you fool you!" she wanted to shout. "Come quiet, quiet!" She might have chanced it now to throw the sleeper away from her and scramble and run, had his powers of strength and quickness not taken her simple imagination utterly in thrall.

Happily the singing stopped. What had occurred was that the farmer had espied the open door and, even befuddled as he was, wanted to know more about it quietly. He was so quiet that Mare began to fear he had gone away. He had the squirrel-hunter's foot, and the first she knew of him was when she looked and saw his head in the doorway, his hard, soiled,

whiskery face half up-side-down with craning.

He had been to the town. Between drinks he had wandered in and out of the night's excitement; had even gone a short distance with one search party himself. Now he took in the situation in the room. He used his forefinger. First he held it to his lips. Next he pointed it with a jabbing motion at the sleeper. Then he tapped his own forehead and described wheels. Lastly, with his whole hand, he made pushing gestures, for Mare to wait. Then he vanished as silently as he had appeared.

The minutes dragged. The light in the east strengthened and turned rosy. Once she thought she heard a board creaking in another part of the house, and looked down sharply to see if the loony stirred. All she could see of his face was a temple with freckles on it and the sharp ridge of a cheekbone, but even from so little she knew how deeply and peacefully he slept. The door darkened. Wyker was there again. In one hand he carried something heavy; with the other he beckoned.

"Come jumpin'!" he said out loud.

Mare went jumping, but her cramped legs threw her down half way to the sill; the rest of the distance she rolled and crawled. Just as she tumbled through the door it seemed as if the world had come to an end above her; two barrels of a shotgun discharged into a room make a noise. Afterwards all she could hear in there was something twisting and bumping on the floor-boards. She got up and ran.

Mare's mother had gone to pieces; neighbor women put her to bed when Mare came home. They wanted to put Mare to bed, but she would not let them. She sat on the edge of her bed in her lean-to bedroom off the kitchen, just as she was, her hair down all over her shoulders and her shoes on, and

stared away from them, at a place in the wallpaper.

"Yeh, I'll go myself. Lea' me be!"

The women exchanged quick glances, thinned their lips, and left her be. "God knows," was all they would answer to the questionings of those that had not gone in, "but she's gettin' herself to bed."

When the doctor came though he found her sitting just as she had been, still dressed, her hair down on her shoulders and her shoes on.

"What d' y' want?" she muttered and stared at the place in the wallpaper.

How could Doc Paradise say, when he did not know himself?

"I didn't know if you might be—might be feeling very smart, Mary."

"I'm all right. Lea' me be."

It was a heavy responsibility. Doc shouldered it. "No, it's all right," he said to the men in the road. Ruby Herter stood a little apart, chewing sullenly and looking another way. Doc raised his voice to make certain it carried. "Nope, nothing."

Ruby's ears got red, and he clamped his jaws. He knew he ought to go in and see Mare, but he was not going to do it while everybody hung around waiting to see if he would. A mule tied near him reached out and mouthed his sleeve in idle innocence; he wheeled and banged a fist against the side of the animal's head.

"Well, what d' y' aim to do 'bout it?" he challenged its owner.

He looked at the sun then. It was ten in the morning. "Hell, I got work!" he flared, and set off down the road for home. Doc looked at Judge North, and the Judge started after Ruby. But Ruby shook his head angrily. "Lea' me be!" He went on, and the Judge came back.

It got to be eleven and then noon. People began to say, "Like enough she'd be as thankful if the whole neigh-

borhood wasn't camped here." But none went away.

As a matter of fact they were no bother to the girl. She never saw them. The only move she made was to bend her ankles over and rest her feet on edge; her shoes hurt terribly and her feet knew it, though she did not. She sat all the while staring at that one figure in the wallpaper, and she never saw the figure.

Strange as the night had been, this day was stranger. Fright and physical pain are perishable things once they are gone. But while pain merely dulls and telescopes in memory and remains diluted pain, terror looked back upon has nothing of terror left. A gambling chance taken, at no matter what odds, and won was a sure thing since the world's beginning; perils come through safely were never perilous. But what fright does do in retrospect is this—it heightens each sensuous recollection, like a hard, clear lacquer laid on wood, bringing out the color and grain of it vividly.

Last night Mare had lain stupid with fear on groundpine beneath a bush, loud foot-falls and light whispers confused in her ear. Only now, in her room, did she smell the groundpine.

Only now did the conscious part of her brain begin to make words of the whispering.

"*Amarantha*," she remembered, "*Amarantha sweet and fair*." That was as far as she could go for the moment, except that the rhyme with "fair" was "hair." But then a puzzle, held in abeyance, brought other words. She wondered what "ravel Ed" could mean. "*Most excellently ravelléd*." It was left to her mother to bring the end.

They gave up trying to keep her mother out at last. The poor woman's prostration took the form of fussiness.

"Good gracious, daughter, you look a sight. Them new shoes, half ruined;

ain't your feet *dead*? And look at your hair, all tangled like a wild one!"

She got a comb.

"Be quiet, daughter; what's ailin' you. Don't shake your head!"

"*But shake your head and scatter day.*"

"What you say, *Amarantha*?"

Mrs. Doggett held an ear down.

"Go 'way! Lea' me be!"

Her mother was hurt and left. And Mare ran, as she stared at the wallpaper.

"*Christ, that my love were in my arms . . .*"

Mare ran. She ran through a wind white with moonlight and wet with "the small rain." And the wind she ran through, it ran through her, and made her shiver as she ran. And the man beside her leaped high over the waves of the dead grasses and gathered the wind in his arms, and her hair was heavy and his was tossing, and a little fox ran before them across the top of the world. And the world spread down around in waves of black and silver, more immense than she had ever known the world could be, and more beautiful.

"*God Almighty beautiful, to take your breath away!*"

Mare wondered, and she was not used to wondering. "Is it only crazy folks ever run like that and talk that way?"

She no longer ran; she walked; for her breath was gone. And there was some other reason, some other reason. Oh, yes, it was because her feet were hurting her. So, at last, and round-about, her shoes had made contact with her brain.

Bending over the side of the bed, she loosened one of them mechanically. She pulled it half off. But then she looked down at it sharply, and she pulled it on again.

"*How beautiful . . .*"

Color overspread her face in a slow wave.

"How beautiful are thy feet with shoes . . ."

"Is it only crazy folks ever say such things?"

"O prince's daughter!"

"Or call you that?"

By and by there was a knock at the door. It opened, and Ruby Herter came in.

"Hello, Mare old girl!" His face was red. He scowled and kicked at the floor. "I'd 'a' been over sooner, except we got a mule down sick." He looked at his dumb betrothed. "Come on, cheer up, forget it! He won't scare you no more, not that boy, not what's left o' him. What you lookin' at, sourface? Ain't you glad to see me?"

Mare quit looking at the wallpaper and looked at the floor.

"Yeh," she said.

"That's more like it, babe." He came and sat beside her; reached down behind her and gave her a spank. "Come on, give us a kiss, babe!" He wiped his mouth on his jumper sleeve, a good farmer's sleeve, spotted with milking. He put his hands on her; he was used to handling animals. "Hey, you, warm up a little; reckon I'm goin' to do all the lovin'?"

"Ruby, lea' me be!"

"What!"

She was up, twisting. He was up, purple.

"What's ailin' of you, Mare? What you bawlin' about?"

"Nothin'—only go 'way!"

She pushed him to the door and through it with all her strength, and closed it in his face, and stood with her weight against it, crying, "Go 'way! Go 'way! Lea' me be!"





DOCTORS, ECONOMISTS, AND THE DEPRESSION

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

A PARALLEL can be drawn between the perplexities which confront the economists and the doctors about their gravest problems; and in drawing the parallel we may get some understanding of what we know and what we do not know.

The most tragic thing the doctors have to face is cancer, and it is also that about which they are most helpless. The disease is unsparing of age, sex, or station. It attacks the strong as well as the weak, the rich and the poor, those of clean lives and those of unclean. It seems to be on the increase. Yet the profession hardly knows what to do; no preventive is known, no cure. The knife, if used at an early stage, may cut out the degenerated tissues for good, but too often fails to do so, and merely prolongs a life of suffering. The use of radium seems to be of some aid in surgery, but that strange emanation, revolutionary as it has proved in our understanding of the universe, is here neither a source of enlightenment nor a palliative nor a cure.

This is not to say that the doctors know nothing about cancer. They have carried on a wide range of observations and accumulated a mass of information. Funds are not lacking for research; the very nature of the disease, unsparing of station and riches as it is, has contributed to generous endowment for combating it. And much has been learned. The conver-

sant are agreed that it is not a germ disease. They know quite certainly that there is not one type only, but several, perhaps many; and that the modes of occurrence and growth and malignancy are different. Unhappily—so they know farther—the disease, whatever its form, is not one, like tuberculosis, in which many persons go through an incipient stage or slight infection, commonly walled in and stopped before real harm has been done. Research proceeds apace, and something cannot but come of it. The doctors have on record an enormous number of highly accurate observations, whose meaning they do not yet gather, but which in the end (so we may hope) will cumulatively yield the solution. Quite surely they aid in judging theories and experiments, and the legion of vaunted cures. Yet, granted all this, and admitting the growth of knowledge and the advance in technic, no preventive is known, no cure.

Much the same things can be said about the economists and commercial depressions. Panics, crises, depressions—helpless embarrassment, halting production, dire hardship—these constitute the dread disease of the economic body. It strikes rich and poor, deserving and undeserving. I am not at all sure that, as some people say, it is on the increase; but I see no indication that it is decreasing. Yet when it comes either to prevention or to rem-

edy, the economists are unable to offer anything positive or certain. We should probably be in agreement about some things that would help, both in the way of prevention beforehand and of palliation after the bolt has struck. But we are not at all sure about the cause, and still less so about the cure.

Like the doctors, we are not quite helpless, and we are by no means ignorant. An enormous amount of work has been directed to the problem, and an enormous amount of material has been accumulated. There is no lack of funds for research. Facts, figures, histories, comparisons, correlations, we have in abundance. We know that while there is a curious repetition and sequence in the disease, there is not one simple phenomenon which repeats itself in the same order and the same form. Clearly there are variations and irregularities, going to show that different causes are at work at different times, or at all events that some causes are more preponderant in effect at one time than at another. We are in a fair way of agreement, I think, about some palliatives and sedatives—of this more presently. We have clues and we have theories; and we are convinced as regards the rejection of some supposed cures and panaceas. In the end we hope to reach some certainty of our own. But as matters stand, great though our volume of information is, skilled as is some of our theoretic work, sure as we are in our criticism of sundry palliatives and remedies, we are in no agreement about preventives or cure. Therein we are in no better position than the doctors as regards cancer.

The analogy can be carried farther. I have intimated that we are more sure about negative conclusions than about positive. The doctors are sure that most of the proposed and advertised remedies for cancer are worthless,

or worse than worthless—not only do no good, but may do harm. The economists have the same conviction about sundry popular remedies for depressions; they do not know just what will work, but feel quite sure that many measures are proposed which will not work. And yet, because conscious how much there is which is not known, and aware that in the realm of the unknown there may be things of a quite unexpected kind, both are cautious before damning offhand every proposed panacea. Each year some ill-trained or ignorant or fraudulent person raises a hue and cry about a cure for cancer, deludes the sufferers, and reaches for the family money. The doctors feel in their bones that here is just another in the long list of failures and frauds. Yet they cannot be absolutely sure. By luck, or by some strange turn of intuition in following up a new clue, some person unknown in scientific circles may hit on a revolutionary discovery. The better equipped and the more discerning the man of science is, the more he hesitates to say offhand of *anything* that it is quite impossible.

Not dissimilar is the position of the economist. Like the doctor, he becomes cautious as he learns and as he becomes aware how much there is yet to be learned. Sundry measures proposed for ending the present depression strike him as quack remedies, having back of them little more than some persons' endeavor to get a profit or a boost for themselves. Such are the plans for a great issue of real estate bonds, to be guaranteed by the government and turned over to land owners or their creditors; or the moves for new tariff duties, designed to bolster up this industry or that; or the proposal for the issue of a couple of billions of paper money by the way of bonus to ex-soldiers. I regard them all as bad, and, moreover, almost

certainly futile. If I were in Congress I should unhesitatingly vote against each and every one of them. Yet no one can be sure exactly what their effects would be or how they might fit into some unexpected or unexplained phase of the present depression.

II

It must not be supposed that the economists lack theories, explanations, proposals. They have such, plausible ones and good ones. Let me briefly list a few, for the purpose of illustrating just what is meant by the preceding admission of ignorance and uncertainty.

There is the theory of physical causes, of which an ancient and familiar one is Jevons's reference to sun-spots, their recurrence at roughly eleven-year intervals, their influence on agriculture and crops. I imagine that this is quite given up; but in recent scientific literature (really scientific) there is reference, of a questioning or semi-apologetic kind, to other astronomical or terrestrial cycles which may yield clues. At the opposite extreme from these searchings for quite objective causes are those which look to psychical influences. The root of the matter, as we are told by some, is in human hopes and despondencies—buoyant trading and investment at one stage, followed by collapse and stagnation. Men are by nature gamblers and speculators; and as long as they are allowed free play in conducting their affairs, so long will these alternations persist.

Then there is the monetary explanation. The source of the trouble is in the character of the modern money mechanism, with its remarkable capacities for expansion at one stage, and its equally remarkable susceptibility to shrinkage at the next stage. Price changes are the thing; combat these, and the disease is killed.

Again at another extreme, is the diagnosis from the point of view of changes not in money prices, but in the volume of physical goods and wares. Something goes wrong with production; there is output of goods beyond what can be disposed of to consumers. It is a variant of this view to say that there is not really overproduction all around and of all goods, but malproduction—too much, not of everything, but of some things. The increasing but irregular march of technological progress turns first one way, goes too far that way, and must stop or retreat; then tries in another direction, fumbles for a while, gets another good start, presently goes too far that way; begins, and ceases, then again begins; and so keeps on in this halting and bungling way. Eventually there is a good outcome, a rearrangement and reorganization of production in such way as to bring about the diversification of products which must take place if we are to get the advantages that flow from a better command of the natural forces. But it is no easy process, this of ascertaining by trial and error in what ways man's power over nature shall best be applied; and there is scant wonder that blunders should come and retribution for them follow. For my own part I have a penchant for this last way of explaining the business cycles. Here seems to be, not indeed the only explanation, but that which points to the main cause of those deep-reaching alternations and depressions of which the one now current is a drastic example.

But we are not agreed. Some put the finger on one view or theory, some on another. There is no consensus of opinion; the doctors disagree. All the theories signify something. But it cannot be laid down as an accepted conclusion of economics that any one of them gives the gist of it.

How happens it that we are not

agreed? The trouble is, I think, not so much that our minds are at variance as that phenomena themselves are perplexingly and increasingly in flux. All the social sciences—government, sociology, economics, history (we'll call them all sciences)—suffer under this disability. They cannot infer that because a thing has happened once the same thing will happen again; that a searching examination of one case will show what happens in all cases of the same type. When the biologist has observed and described with meticulous accuracy what happens to the egg and the chick he can be confident that he knows what happens to all eggs and all chicks. When the astronomer has noted the shiftings of a few faint spots on a series of photographic plates he can not only calculate the orbit of Pluto but can predict unerringly that for all time Pluto will go around the sun in that orbit once in two hundred and fifty years or so—for all the time, that is, which is of concern to man. When the doctor has laboriously watched with his microscope the growth of carcinoma he knows what is the course of the disease in all cases; in dealing with cancer, this much he can set down as settled. I am aware that the case is put in these illustrations without the needed qualifications; there are minute variations and irregularities, even in the solar system, whose cumulative effects may become in time important. But for purposes of human adaptation or control, these are negligible.

In the social sciences, however, we deal with man, and his wavering and incalculable behavior. While we may ascertain or even predict how a group of men are pretty sure to act under a given set of influences, the creatures will not always respond in the same way to the same influences; and in the course of time—in the long run—they may come to quite a different sort of

responsiveness. And the influences themselves change, and change in unexpected ways because they are modified by man's own doings. He makes new laws about trusts and combinations, or puts in an entirely new system of money and banking (like our Federal Reserve scheme, not twenty years old, and in operation really only for ten), or invents machines that revolutionize industry. The natural world, organic and inorganic, reduces itself on closer and closer inspection to regularity and repetition; whereas the social world, the more we know of it, shows incessant variation and irregularity. The scholars in natural sciences sometimes twit their friends in the other field with the uncertainty and vagueness of their results, the lack of settled and accepted conclusions, the inability to predict. The explanation is to be found, I venture to say, not so much in differences of intellectual quality between the two sets of men, as in the character of the phenomena with which they deal.

All of this bears on crises and their explanation, and not least on the present depression. Each one of the theories just enumerated points to a force or influence that tells for a good deal. But the forces are in operation to a varying extent from case to case, from decade to decade. Sometimes one has the stronger effect, sometimes another. While each has something to do with every recurrent cycle, the degree of influence is not the same.

The very situation in which we now find ourselves illustrates these complexities. As regards all the phases—incubation, crisis, and aftermath—this case has features of its own. The monetary factor was of a novel kind. The Federal Reserve system had radically changed monetary and banking ways from anything that had preceded in our country or in any other. The remark has been made that the

new system was a device of almost magical potentialities for inflation. This puts the case too strongly; but it did start—remember it was having its first trial in a time of peace—with a gold reserve of astounding proportions, and with assurance of a solid backing, for “sound” extensions of credit, with no limit in sight. Again, to complicate the financial conditions still more, the international trade of the country took a turn that fairly made one breathless. Old loans still due to us were offset and covered over by new loans extended in astounding figures; short-time shifts of funds to and from the country took place in sudden and enormous volume; the exports and imports of goods were not at all of the kind either in quantity or make-up or relation to one another that anyone could expect or predict—a bewildering complex that gave no promise of straightening itself out, and indeed gives little enough promise even at this present stage of incipient readjustment. And the psychological factor entered in a new way. The unexpected position of the country as the world’s banker turned people’s heads. In Europe a veritable worship of our industrial ways set in. It brought a new attitude of admiration and imitation in other matters too—in literature, in art, in science and scholarship. There is something pathetic, almost humiliating, in the fact that our military hugeness, followed by our financial and economic power, led to so marked an interest and appreciation, even admiration, of our spiritual and intellectual life. But so it was; in everything we seemed to be toasted, cajoled, admired. Conceit as well as optimism pervaded the land. Our bumptiousness had never before been aroused to this degree.

One phase of it all was the furious pervasive speculative orgy. Underneath it was the continuing march of

progress in technology and management. Strong and rapid this was, and indeed almost as furious as the speculative mania; making for gain in the end, yet with blunderings, overreachings, maladjustments. In a sense there was nothing new in the outburst. So unusual, however, was the mixture and interplay of the old familiar forces that no one could rely with assurance on the lessons from the past. The most sober judges, both those informed by long economic study and those of long business experience, could not but wonder whether this might not really be a new era, to which the precedents of former cycles could not be applied.

I return to the analogy between the doctors and the economists. The doctors, too, are often bewildered. A case—a fatal one—is of a familiar kind, but something about it is unusual; and to make sure of their own judgment, and with a hope of getting help for the future, they resort to an autopsy. But the harm has been done; and there may be nothing learned. But some good may come. We are now making our autopsy of the economic fatality—not a cheerful thing, and not certain to help much for the future; but some enlightenment may come.

III

I have referred to palliatives and stimulants on the one hand, preventives and cures on the other. Something is to be said about the way in which various familiar measures are to be regarded in this sort of classification.

Many of the things to which people are turning nowadays clearly are no more than palliatives. Feeding and housing the unemployed, bread lines, relief in kind or in money, public and private charity obviously belong in this class. “No man shall be allowed

to starve"—this mitigates suffering, but cures nothing, prevents nothing. These measures are like the doctor's aspirin and morphia. Sedatives relieve the patient, but the disease continues to run its course. And the doctors know well that there is danger in the repeated use of palliatives. Not only do they often conceal the nature of the trouble, but they may stand in the way of return to health. So it is with the economists; this business of providing for all the claimants by indiscriminate relief has its dangers as well as limitations.

Less obvious is it that public works, and feverish hunting about for something to be *done* by the unemployed, also belong among the palliatives. The whole matter of public works in relation to unemployment is far from simple. Is it not desirable that we should resort without hesitation and without stint to this means of providing work for those who need work and are willing to do it? And are there not plenty of operations, advantageous to the public, to which the men can be turned? But the answers to such questions are not easy to give. I do not feel qualified to give them with full assurance, and in any case the attempt to dispose of them would carry me beyond the scope of the present essay. My main point here is that this is essentially a matter of palliation—of dealing mercifully and carefully for the time being with a distressing condition.

It is quite true that, being certain from experience of the repetition of the distressing conditions, we should be forehanded in having at hand the equipment for mitigating them, the helpful palliatives. The essentials of wise preparation are not difficult of statement. There should be permanent boards of public works, State as well as national. They should make advance surveys and detailed plans of possible projects, so that when the

crisis comes the relief can be applied at once, without waste motion and without waste of public money. Not least, there must be restraint in *not* undertaking the operations just as soon as they have been planned and just because they are ready for execution. Inevitably there will be local and selfish pressure to put them through at once and to provide plenty of jobs right now. Even in the height of boom times, and still more in those of moderate prosperity, there will be loud clamor, and log-rolling of the too familiar type. We face here the great underlying problem of democratic government: have we the constituencies, have we the legislators, have we the foresight and the restraint—in short, have we the right stuff in the community—for the legislative and administrative procedures which are needed in handling the huge problems of modern industry?

More pertinent to what I am now trying to bring out is that at best all this planning is for work essentially temporary. Its effect can be only to provide makeshifts that will serve until something better turns up. The very fact that the public works are searched for in advance—that they are so to speak cooked up—indicates that they are not keenly wanted. They are the things less wanted, not those which people want now and here in preference to other things. No doubt this is a matter on which we have no ready criterion. The desires and preferences of people for buildings, roads, parks and playgrounds, do not express themselves in the same way as their demands for individual articles of consumption such as radios, refrigerators, and motors. There is not the silent choice of the market, of customary or developing desires. These are matters within the domain of that troublesome subject, the theory of consumption, nay, the theory of the worthiness of different interests. How far do we know what

we really want or what really is best for us? But I refrain again from digression on these high topics. It is enough for the present purpose to say that if people really care for roads and forests now, or can be convinced that they are for their permanent good, these will probably be constructed without the long-range planning of public works designed for a special purpose—that of mitigating distress. In the main, it is only the less desired operations, the less obviously useful, that are turned to for filling the irregularities of unemployment. Hence they should not be such as to commit capital and labor for any length of time, or tempt capital and labor to stay in this sort of employment by being made entirely comfortable there. They should be of limited scope, such as to involve no violent dislocation of the existing economic organization; no great plants to be built or enlarged *ad hoc*, no diversion of resources into operations which cannot go on for long. They should not contain in themselves the seeds of a further maladjustment.

It will be a shock to many readers, and perhaps to many trained in economics, if I class unemployment insurance also among the palliatives. I do not class it among the preventives or cures. There are to be sure some reservations to this general statement; and on these a word may first be said.

As regards the seasonal industries and seasonal unemployment, such a relegation to the place of minor importance is not entirely warranted. An insurance plan—rather, a deliberated production plan—may serve to prevent as well as mitigate. The fact that demand fluctuates with the seasons does not make it inevitable that production should fluctuate correspondingly. In various ways there have been endeavors to smooth production, and therefore employment, over the months of the year. In the cloth-

ing industry notable steps have been taken to this end within the trade, by labor organizations and employers combined; reserves and out-of-work payments being provided which make it an object for the business leader to marshal his operations and keep them going through the year. Legislation like that of Wisconsin in this very year (1932) for the establishment of employment reserves looks to the same end, for it brings pressure to bear on the individual employer to keep his men continuously at work. High-minded employers have striven to the same end of their own accord, and in some instances with success. It is not clear how efficacious these moves will prove to be. But they do stand as measures of prevention, and I should be the last to cavil at them.

But the great problem, certainly much the greater problem, remains. It is that of cyclical variation of production and cyclical unemployment. These are connected with the great shifts of capital and labor from industry to industry which come with changing demand and changing technology. Here is the crucial point; and here I am unable to see that unemployment insurance or unemployment reserves can operate as a preventive. True, there are earnest and careful students who believe in this as a means of checking the development of a boom and a crash. But I find myself compelled to differ with them. The accumulation of reserves might indeed conceivably serve as a check of the desired kind if required specifically from the offending industries or concerns—those which over-expand and cause the trouble. But who can say in advance, or just at the time when things are moving fast, that dangerous expansion is taking place? Such a test as that of differential profits—higher gains themselves being made the criterion for the required levies and accumulations

—is surely beside the point. The only possible procedure seems to be that of requiring reserves all around, on the same basis and at the same rates from every employer (with or without further contributions from employees and the State). Such is the inevitable plan of the compulsory measures—or for that matter, the non-compulsory—designed to keep all industry on an even keel through the course of years. It is only such sweeping and long-sustained action that can grapple with the problem as a whole. Reserves, or insurance funds, gathered in when the damage has been done, do indeed help. But they do not prevent the damage from occurring.

We come, then, to the question what really are preventives. The doctors tell us that the best way to prevent illness is to live sensibly and keep healthy. We can say, by analogy, that the best way to prevent crises is to conduct industry soberly and judiciously, and to keep it sound. But what is sensible living, and what is the test of the judicious conduct of industry?

Now, as regards man's health and happiness, the doctors would admit that mere placid routine, though doubtless the safest way to health, is not necessarily that toward the fullest enjoyment of life. We do relish some alternations of activity and quiescence, some flash and spirit. Monotonous repetition of the same round is not the counsel of perfection. So it is with the economic body. The activities and desires of individuals ebb and flow, become stronger in one direction and weaker in another. Not only this, but—even more important—shifts and changes are a necessary concomitant of progress. The theme is a familiar one; it is the keynote of one of the theories of crises just mentioned. The march of technological advance cannot possibly take place without readjustment of the

productive forces, and unfortunately does not seem able to proceed without intervals of maladjustment. We overdo, first in one industry then in another; we do so periodically in many industries together; and we pay the penalty.

National planning—a deliberate control of the industrial changes—is the one thing that has a claim to be a remedy. It has its obvious limitations but its possibilities also. No one can say what is the best way of organizing for this sort of thing—National Councils or what not—and still less can one say what will be the effects. Quite new lessons would have to be learned: how to plan and how to carry out plans. There would be false steps; the obstacles which arise under our cumbersome constitutional system; the perpetual and disheartening maneuvering and manipulation of politicians and business contrivers; the clamor for non-intervention by one locality or industry, for intervention by another. Such experiences are familiar in the work of the planning and regulating bodies which have been set up in the last generation or two: the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the blessed Tariff Commission and the no less blessed Department of Commerce. All their untoward experiences rest on the plain and ominous fact that this huge and intricate economic body of ours has grown much faster, and has acquired more power and momentum of its own, than have our arrangements for guiding and controlling it. Neither our economic analysis nor our political machinery has kept pace with the intricacy of the industrial advance. And yet, on the other hand, at least a beginning has been made toward regulation and control. Improvement there has been. I have the utmost sympathy and goodwill for those who urge for more of

control, forecast, regulation, and I try to maintain the sympathetic feelings even when the talk is hazy and the exhortation pointless. We must squarely face the fact that this planning business not only is often nebulous but inherently difficult and uncertain. Much will have to be learned; the first steps cannot but be tentative. What they will next lead to, and how much will come of it all, no one can say. A generation will elapse—so much I will venture to forecast—before anything of real effect can be accomplished. And at the very last and very best, complete stabilization of progress, or rather its complete orderliness, is not attainable. The most we can hope for is the mitigation of the pains of progress. The hopes and schemes for planning promise no quick remedy, nor even a complete one.

Of course there is one sure way to get rid of this disorder: completely change the patient's way of life. Put an end to a society based on property, and you put an end to this ailment. It is of the essence of a socialist society that here all is deliberately planned, and that, if there should be bad planning, the ill effects of error bear equally on all. To say this is of course not the same thing as saying that such a society is the best imaginable or the best practicable; it indicates only one among many contrasts. To consider how far the contrast on this particular point should weigh in our judgment on the vast general question of socialism would go far beyond the scope of the present reflections. I am dealing here only with the ups and downs of the societies of Western Europe, and more particularly the United States, and with the ways of dealing with their troubles—a subject in itself quite ample enough.

Indeed, in much that has been said in the last few paragraphs, I confess to having already gone outside the main drift of this paper. In them are

expressed opinions of my own rather than conclusions with which economists in general would agree; while yet the main thing to which I am drawing attention is the extent to which the experts have or have not established their conclusions. Probably not a single colleague of mine among the academic economists would concur in everything that I have been saying. Some, for example, would think that the possible effects of unemployment insurance or reserves toward preventing irregularity have been belittled. Others would say my remarks on expenditures for public works show a very narrow mind as to the possibilities of great operations, not merely of a temporary or stop gap character, but of permanent value. Still others would insist that monetary causes and cures have been unpardonably ignored. I quite admit that there are debatable points all along the line. What I would mainly bring out is that we are no more agreed than are the doctors on some of the fundamental problems.

IV

We may close with a more cheerful note.

When speaking at the outset about the doctors' ignorance (or limited knowledge) of cancer, and the economists' of crisis, I remarked that cancer is not one of those diseases which set up within the body a defensive action. The doctors are quite aware that the term "defensive action" is a metaphor, and tells us nothing about what really happens; but it indicates what is known about the outcome. There are widespread diseases which appear in an incipient or minor stage in large numbers of persons, but in most cases come to an end before real harm has been done, through some quasi-spontaneous resistance or reaction. This happens familiarly with tuberculosis and in-

fantile paralysis; in the majority of instances the disorder is slight and takes care of itself. In other diseases, even though an acute and dangerous crisis may be reached, if that has been passed, the body somehow recuperates of itself; as for example in pneumonia. The doctors do not quite know how it happens in either sort of case, but somehow it does. Not so, alas, with cancer. Nothing in nature's uncontrolled working prevents it from proceeding relentlessly to the end.

When it comes to crises, the case is like that of the defense-creating diseases. Somehow or other the thing seems to cure itself. Minor crises and depressions are got over with comparative ease. Even the great and deep-reaching ones, such as we are now in the midst of, run their course, and health sets in again. We do not know quite how it happens, any more than the doctors quite know how tuberculosis is stopped or how the patient recovers when once the crisis in pneumonia has passed. Whatever be the explanation, all our observations show that in due time industry recovers from its ills and sets out again to new conditions of health not worse than those of the earlier periods. I take it this will happen with the present depression. We are not irretrievably running to a fatal end.

And here again both economists and doctors are confronted with puzzles. Just how does recuperation set in and what can be done to promote it or hasten it? The doctors frequently prescribe tonics which seem to help in convalescence but which they would not for a moment think of suggesting during the stage of incubation. They often advise the patient to force himself a bit, and to be on his guard lest he fall into habitual invalidism, or yield to an auto-suggestion of insuperable weakness and fatigue. The psychological factor counts, and counts in

ways that cannot be predicted. The very circumstance that the patient believes a given regime will help him—baths, walks, exercises, diet—may be just what makes the procedure helpful. If he asks hopefully whether some device or trick will do him good, the shrewd doctor may say, "That has helped many people; why not try it?" Christian Science sometimes helps enormously—oftenest, no doubt, when nature has already done most of her restorative work. Sometimes it is a flat failure. Any one of these things, if carried too far, may easily do harm. Just what to advise or what to permit depends on individuals, on the seriousness of the disease they have been through, on their temperaments, and—well, just on chance; that is, we do not know.

Similarly, the economist is puzzled in trying to make out just how and why recovery from collapse begins, and just what will promote it. A depression may seem pretty certainly to have run its course, and all may appear ready for a fresh start. But here too the psychological element enters. Just as there is a pervading atmosphere of optimism and excitement during the boom, there is one of pessimism and lethargy during the depression. No one can tell what will start things up: perhaps a turn of the harvest, perhaps profitable operations in some conspicuous industry that hits on a new invention or new demands, even (I am sorry to admit it) a war. Tooting and slapping on the back seem to accomplish nothing; not more than warnings during the boom have a repressing effect. And yet perhaps they might! Great expenditures for public works may have a sort of catalytic effect, bringing the shattered and disordered economic elements into cohesion; and again they may fall flat. The same holds true of free extensions of credit, easy and plentiful money, loans to con-

cerns which are in financial straits yet supposed to be embarrassed only for the time being. Any of these stimulants or supposed restoratives if used too widely or freely may easily lead to false starts, then relapse, eventual prolongation of the depression. No one can tell how the psychological factor will work. The economist may well be tempted to say, like the doc-

tors, "Try this sort of thing if you like. Sometimes it helps; but don't overdo it. Sooner or later you will be in good health again. But neither brood on your miseries nor try to shout yourself into health. Don't suppose that there is anything which will bring you back to your full self quickly or suddenly; but don't lose heart."

CONSECRATED GROUND

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

HERE'S one place I'll not draw near;
Puritans were buried here.
 Not a one of them shall stir,
 Saying, "Who converted her?
 Who has taught her mullein's wool
 Is, in texture, beautiful?
 Where the fox grapes go to waste,
 Who has given her the taste
 For a goblet tilted up
 Like a little stirrup cup?
 Who has culled for her from dusk,
 Rarer fragrances than musk;
 And in woods where thrushes flute,
 Offered her a substitute
 For the flageolet and lute?
 We once shattered saints in glass—
 Who has brought her to a pass
 Where a pool's inverted trees
 Are as sacred images.
 All we loved, but put away,
 She rejoices in to-day."

*I shall take the long way round
 From this consecrated ground,
 Out of courtesy, not fear.
 Puritans were buried here,
 Who begot a Cavalier.*



FOURTH-CLASS TRAVEL, AMERICAN STYLE

BY ROBERT LITTELL AND JOHN J. MCCARTHY

TO GET from New York to California by air costs \$200. By rail it costs \$112. By one of those gigantic transcontinental busses in which the passengers stare at Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Arizona, and sleep as best they can (in the leather "reclining seats") through Ohio, Kansas, and New Mexico, it costs \$58. First-, second-, and third-class travel, American style. Not much room, you may say, for a fourth class. Yet there is a fourth class, and its rise, operation, and vitality are among the strangest phenomena of American civilization, post-boom model.

Somewhere in the deserts beyond the Colorado River a Lincoln sedan is bowling along route No. 66 at fifty-five miles an hour. There are four people in the car aside from the driver—a young man with a college necktie, an elderly waiter out of a job, a schoolmarm of thirty-three, and a fat, comfortable, motherly soul who has told everyone, at least once in every State they have been through, that her son is the greatest second-assistant soundtrack man in all Hollywood. These passengers are pleased with life. They will be in Los Angeles that night, they have seen a lot of country, and they are on very friendly terms for people who, a week before in New York, were total strangers. But what pleases them most of all is the fact that, deducting one dollar a night in tourist inns and not much more per day for meals, this thirty-two-hundred-mile

trip from coast to coast in a beautiful car with soft seats and luxurious springs has cost each of them exactly thirty-five dollars. Yet their pleasure is nothing compared with that of the owner of the car, a small manufacturer who has retired upon a dwindling income, and who calculates (while his hands jiggle the steering wheel just enough to keep it on the road) that this trip, minus gas, oil, board, lodging, and postcards, minus that blowout at Kansas City, minus the twenty per cent commission paid to the travel bureau in New York, has not only cost him nothing at all but has left him the richer by ninety dollars in cold cash.

This is a picture of the brighter side of America's fourth class, share-expense travel. There is, unfortunately, another side.

A personal maid of Irish extraction, a dispirited bond salesman, a third-rate auction-bridge expert, and the wife of a tiling and mosaic contractor are whizzing through the enchantments of industrial New Jersey in a Cadillac Imperial de luxe. Each has paid nineteen dollars to get from Broadway to Miami, which isn't bad, considering that the train fare is thirty dollars more. They are hungry; they tell the driver to stop at a nice looking cafeteria in Camden. The driver is a personable fellow with a small black mustache and flashing eyes. In the cafeteria they pick up bundles of table silver wrapped in paper napkins and sit down. "Well, folks," says

the driver, "I sure could eat something myself, but I guess I'll take the old bus round to a garage service station and give that carburetor the once over." The passengers agree that it is kind of him to think of them first, and plunge into the vegetable soup. When they are half way through their pie they begin to hope nothing's really wrong with the carburetor. Fifteen minutes later the driver is still absent. A vague fear begins to spoil their digestions. An hour later, having searched every garage in town, they notify a policeman, who explains very kindly that they are victims of the latest addition to America's large collection of rackets. The personable driver, having collected his fares to Miami in advance, has quietly disappeared.

A racket on its outer fringes—yes; but the share-expense method of travel is also a growing business and a convenience that fulfills the American demand for travel, for companionship, and for economy. Three years ago almost unknown, to-day it is rapidly developing into an institution. Three years ago one could see, hidden in the personal column of the want advertisements, occasional appeals from "responsible couples" who were willing to pay their share of the gas and oil to anyone who would take them from New Orleans to Chattanooga. Then came the crash. Thousands of respectable Americans found themselves without a job in cities far from home. Hundreds of automobile owners found themselves with an empty and expensive car, a desire to go somewhere else, and no money to do it on. Gradually these individual units of supply and demand learned of one another's existence, at first through their own advertisements, then through middlemen who brought them together and collected a fee. Later the middlemen went a step farther and began hiring cars and

chauffeurs to run on regular routes. Some of the chauffeurs dumped their passengers by the wayside or even relieved them of their valuables. Complaints poured in, and angry travelers returned, on foot or by train, to the starting point, only to find that the middleman disclaimed responsibility or had disappeared. Newspapers began to investigate "travel bureau" and "share-expense" advertisements, and in some cases required a bond. Inter-city, transcontinental bus companies, themselves under attack from the poverty-stricken railroads, began to notice the competition of an even cheaper system of transportation than their own, and howled about unfair practices. But to the American public anything seems fair that works, and the share-expense plan of travel works well, for it is pleasant and profitable to all concerned.

The bus companies may secure legislation, the automobile associations may pass resolutions denouncing it as a great national evil, the newspapers may scrutinize and limit its advertising, but at most they will drive a number of the gyps and racketeers to cover, leaving the field to the legitimate middlemen and those car owners who honestly intend to take you to Chicago for thirteen dollars as promised. We are witnessing the inevitable development of a vast "underground" railroad which is transporting, every year, some hundreds of thousands of people, and will continue to do so, and to transport more and more of them, so long as money in this republic remains more important than time.

II

Like so many other American businesses, this one probably began modestly, with an enterprising and Reliable Young Man. He had come to Florida for his slice of prosperity, and when some of it accidentally got into his

pocket he bought a car. The boom wilted, mortgages crashed one on top of another, and it occurred to the young man, just a little too late, that he had better go back home if he wanted to eat. Of course, American that he was, he could not bear to part with that shiny, balloon-tired car; so he took half of his remaining three dollars and forty cents to the local newspaper, which duly announced, in very small type, that a Reliable Young Man would drive Parties to Milwaukee or Vicinity for Share Expenses. Several real estate victims turned up at his boarding house, looked him in the eye, glanced at his operator's license and the lodge card entitling him to Christian burial at the expense of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and gave him five dollars apiece; and the next day they were off, with their seedy suitcases strapped to the running board. Whether they ever got to Milwaukee is not recorded.

Simultaneously, and by thousands, other more or less reliable Americans conceived the same bright idea. And in time, and by hundreds, citizens with sharp eyes and ears to the ground conceived the even brighter idea of making money by bringing together the careless passengers and the passengerless cars. And so to-day in New York and the other large cities you can walk up to a man behind a desk—in his own office, but more often in a hotel lobby—and say that you want to go to Montreal (\$7) or St. Petersburg (\$21) or Reno (\$38) or Fort Wayne (\$12), and he will collect a small deposit and tell you to come back Tuesday at nine-thirty with not more than one valise. And if you show curiosity and he is talkative, he will tell you that last year he sent a thousand people to Florida, that to-day he has cars going out to Chicago, to Chattanooga, to Savannah, to Denver, to Buffalo, to the Coast; that he

guarantees that you will get there, and that he will pay bus fare from any point where the unknown car breaks down; that you will travel three hundred and fifty miles a day, and can sleep cleanly and comfortably in tourist inns for a dollar or even seventy-five cents a night; that you may take out five thousand dollars' worth of travelers' insurance for a quarter (though he does not tell you that if you are smashed up the insurance company will pay you much less than if you were the victim of a common carrier); that your fellow-passengers are respectable people who won't eat garlic or talk your arm off; that you will pay the driver, not a lump sum, but a daily pro rata fraction of the total; that the driver, like the captain of a ship at sea, is boss but is open to suggestion from those who want to take photographs, pick flowers, or detour to the Grand Canyon; that the car is a 1931 Packard, driven by its owner, who will, therefore, be careful not to break your neck; and that the racial antecedents, financial standing, and personal references of said owner have been investigated and found to be absolutely first class.

All of this in the case of the very few established and reputable share-expense "Travel for a Trifle" bureaus is quite true. There are risks, to be sure, the risks of boredom as well as of disaster, even under the best auspices; but Americans are hardy travelers and unafraid of their fellow-men. And those of us—a pathetic minority—who are not children of the automobile age and would not willingly suffer intense mileage on bleak highways in the constant company of total strangers must remember the fascination that just plain road, and lots of it, has for the average American; the drugged, comatose joy which is his when the road is straight, and concrete, and the tires not too full of air.

Of course the chief appeal of the share-expense travel is low cost, and it is quite in character that American civilization should have dug for itself, with spontaneous ingenuity, a new subcellar below the supposedly rock-bottom prices of the transcontinental bus. This would not, perhaps, have happened but for the depression and the stern necessity for the unemployed and stranded of getting back to where they came from, or where they may find a job. But even when that second edition of Heaven appears around the turn of the next corner, when stocks go up and bread lines shorten and pay envelopes bulge again, the share-expense system of travel will shrink, perhaps, but it will not die. Though most of its passengers are mechanics, and jobless salesmen, and merged executives, and those who were dropped into the cracks left by the financial earthquake, there are others who choose this way of traveling not only because it is cheap but because they like it. They like the sense of freedom, the deep cushioned seats, the endless variety of scenery and filling-station architecture, the accidental intimacies. Young girls traveling alone can feel safe (if the travel bureau is a reputable one), and elderly ladies can find someone to talk to. The roof of a sedan is somehow friendlier than that of a train.

One travel bureau reports that it sells transportation to a great many teachers and students anxious to see the world, to Europeans, and to Soviet technicians and engineers who are not only somewhat impoverished by the rouble but also eager to experience in person the pleasures provided by that minor deity of Soviet Russia, the American automobile. Women are frequent travelers on this underground railroad, and among them are large numbers of women with dogs, for the share-expense sedan admits dogs if

they are not too big, while the bus companies will not allow them.

Sometimes the contacts made in the course of one of these transcontinental trips are permanent. Two young men who had never seen each other when they started from New York went into partnership together when they reached the Coast. And Cupid is also an occasional passenger—a couple who were strangers when they started were married soon after they got to Los Angeles.

These travel bureaus are not yet in the matchmaking business, though that may develop as a profitable sideline. For the moment they are interested in immediate cash profits, which is why so many of them should not be too completely trusted. And like all pioneers in a new field, the majority of them are financially flimsy and morally irresponsible. They flit from place to place. They enjoy the hospitality of a small hotel lobby until there is a complaint, when they gather up their cheaply printed folders and their lists of gypsy car owners and move somewhere else, or into another line of business founded on the high birth-rate of suckers. Sometimes there is no office at all, but only a glib adventurer who stands all day at street corners soliciting passers-by. One of these free lance professionals makes his headquarters on the sidewalks of Times Square, New York. Last year he made eighteen round trips, each with five passengers, between New York and San Francisco. He pays no brokerage fee, so his net profit, allowing for oil and gasoline, is one hundred twenty-two dollars per trip. Not bad money for a hack man these days. And if one walks west in New York's dingy and sinister Forties, one will find, almost at the waterfront, a malevolent looking parking space, where a smooth-spoken young man, as he dusts off a road-scarred Buick,

promises to get one to the Coast for less than thirty-five dollars, transferring at Chicago, whence, he says, one continues west in unused, out-dated models which overstocked dealers are sending to be sold in California. These cars take only three passengers, for fear of hurting the upholstery and scratching the paint.

III

In a small hotel on New York's West Side the proprietor shook his head sadly. Yes, there had been a travel bureau man (who called himself the "National Travel Service") operating there only the week before. But he had skipped, owing the hotel sixty dollars. He had also taken two rented typewriters with him. In addition, he was wanted by the police for collecting twenty-five dollars apiece for uniforms from chauffeurs. And the Department of Justice was after him for smuggling aliens. All he had left behind were a few letters—from a young woman upstate who inquired if it was safe to go alone to Florida, from the owner of a Whippet coach ("it runs fine") who would "carry either male or female or both" to Miami, and one, unmailed, from the crook himself to his partner in Chicago: "Well old man I gone ahead with the plans to engage the drivers as was outlined. . . . I had two detectives in from the police department who questioned me. . . . Of course you cannot blame anyone for making an investigation of the method you instructed me to employ, as this no doubt could be worked as a healthy racket."

And so it could be worked, and is. But the racket is not very healthy for the credulous passengers who, in a large number of cases, have been dumped, slugged, or robbed. A list of major and minor crimes that have

resulted from the growing custom of paying one's way in strange cars is impossible to compile, for they are scattered all over the forty-eight States, and the victims are often ashamed to complain of having been fleeced. But a few well authenticated instances will give an idea of the varieties of this new racket, if not of its extent.

In New York there was once an agency, happily defunct, which operated six second-hand "Lincoln sedans. According to its sales literature, the public had nothing to fear. The driver, it was inferred, owned the car himself, was supposedly driving to California just for his health, and was apparently bonded for five hundred dollars. When the car was filled, and after the passengers had paid in their full fares, the driver would head for one of the smaller New York upstate towns. Upon arrival he would suggest that to save time he would take the car to a garage for minor repairs while they were eating lunch. Let the baggage stay in the car—he would look out for it. And he did—so carefully that they never saw it again. Long before the passengers finished their lunch the driver, baggage and all, with a new set of license plates, was roaring back to New York to begin all over again with a fresh cargo of victims.

And then there were the three wealthy but thrifty Greeks. For a long time they had planned a trip to the fabled wonders of Hollywood. But they never could make up their minds to jump the first barrier, which was the railroad fare. At last they were persuaded by the literature and the low price of a share-expense agency (the same one that operated the six Lincoln sedans). Before starting they invested part of what they had saved in railroad fare in gay and dazzling clothes—the better to impress Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo, and the other goddesses they expected to

meet at the far end of the trip. And they took along nice fat bankrolls—those movie dames always tumble for the dough. They made the mistake of boasting to the driver of the car about all the parties they were going to have with these dames. The driver laughed. They showed him their money. This was mistake number two. In a lonely meadow just outside the city the driver stopped the car, took out a pistol, and drove off with their fares, their bankrolls, their bags, their warm topcoats, and their brand new hats. But the driver wasn't a poor sport—he left the three Greeks just enough for bus fare to get back to town.

Another equally sad, but more curious story: An elderly woman, of the popular magazine grandmother type, placed an advertisement in a metropolitan newspaper offering to share expenses with any "nice" party driving to Jacksonville. Two flashy young men turned up. They were waiters, it seemed; they had just secured jobs in a Florida hotel, and they had a new Buick. They were so polite, so well dressed, and so eager to have her as a passenger on a comfortable, pleasant journey that she didn't even ask for references before she paid them fifteen dollars for her share. She went farther—she contributed a basket of provisions for the trip. It was very kind of her, but the nice young men wouldn't touch it. On the contrary, they took her to a roadhouse and bought her a lunch the check for which was more than her passage money. That evening she was again their guest at a roadhouse. The next day they mentioned that their funds were low. Wouldn't they, the old lady asked, please let her help them out? Oh, no thanks; they expected to pick up some cash from a friend not far away. The friend turned out to be an unsuspecting filling sta-

tion, which the two young men held up and cleaned out in first-rate Chicago style. They repeated this exploit twice before they got to Jacksonville. After one of those raids the police chased them for miles and fired many times at the fleeing Buick while the dear old soul, amazed and terrified, sat on the floor of the tonneau to avoid being shot.

Aside from these holdups, the young brigands behaved very well and were perfect hosts to their passenger throughout. So hospitable and polite, indeed, that after it was all over and she had recovered from the shock, the old lady said that she "just didn't have the heart to turn them over to the police," but that she was certainly "going to complain to the newspaper in which she placed her advertisement for introducing her to such reckless young men."

Two girls who thought it would be fun to take a share-expense vacation in Canada suffered a nasty automobile accident at the hands of some young men supplied by the travel bureau, were fiendishly maltreated into the bargain, and spent weeks in a hospital. But this is an extreme case. As a rule women travelers feel safer with a man driving than with another woman. More often the men will treat the women to meals and hotel bills on the way, though occasionally they "get fresh." One young man who did so was well rewarded. While he stopped to buy some cigarettes, the offended lady slid into the driver's seat, went into first, and whizzed off with his car.

Occasionally there is a murder.

The automobile clubs and associations to whose ears have come more or less lurid tales of the perils of share-expense travel are up in arms, and publicly advise all those who want to get from place to place cheaply to try some more public method. The risks, they say, are too great, the safeguards almost nil, and the honest

travel bureaus too few. They point out that even if the passenger is not fleeced and comes unharmed to his destination there are dangers in the commercialization of private supply and demand, and chances for dishonest profit in the bringing of "guest suits." The "guest suit" is becoming more common and reaching the proportions of a racket. Those who travel in someone else's car and contribute toward its expenses are legally "guests," and if injured of course bring suit. If the sedan in which Mr. Jones is taking those friendly strangers to Jacksonville goes over a bad hole in the road and one of those "guests" bumps his nose, he is quite likely to claim exorbitant damages. And if he wins, he is equally likely to find that Mr. Jones, though the owner of a car, has no money with which to meet the judgment.

The better newspapers, which at first were a willing meeting ground for cars and passengers, and helped to build up the racket by accepting practically any advertisements, are also alarmed at the irresponsibility of those who thrive on their want advertisements, and are taking steps to make life more difficult for the chiselers, the fly-by-nights, and the pirates. The *New York Times* recently tried to have these travel bureaus form an organization. A meeting was held in its offices, and got as far as to elect a chairman. But when the next meeting was held the chairman had vanished and was reported to have gone to California—perhaps to avoid threats against his liberty or his health.

IV

It will probably not be long before all the newspapers which care something about their readers' welfare will lay down strict rules for those who wish to place "travel bureau" or "share-

expense" advertisements. The advertiser's record will be looked up, he will be required to post a five hundred dollar bond, to assume responsibility for the condition of the cars he sends out, to guarantee to the passengers arrival at their destination, and to pay the rest of the way if the cars break down, to issue no tickets to them unless they have taken out accident insurance, and to be sure of the character and responsibility of the drivers and perhaps of the passengers as well. When these rules are generally in force a great many of the so-called travel bureaus will vanish. They could not possibly scrape up five hundred dollars for a bond.

Of course a great many of the fly-by-nights will manage to keep alive even if the public becomes more cautious and the newspapers manage to put a brake on irresponsible advertisers. But were the underground railroad to become no matter how respectable and free of crooks and of the rat-faced descendants of the old-time road agent, it would still be largely illegal and an object of bitter hatred on the part of the bus companies. Let us pause for a moment to consider the bus companies, and pity them. They are one of the most astounding mushrooms of the postwar period. From feeble, scattered ventures crawling between neighboring cities, they have grown into a national institution. Their great rolling dormitories, painted gray and blue and cream white, lettered with the names of all the big American cities, roar across the continent, by day terrifying the peaceful Ford driver into the ditch, by night illuminating level miles of deserted concrete with headlights like the eyes of prehistoric animals. And by millions their frugal passengers bump and doze from coast to coast, and look out with white apathetic faces upon a reeling vision of endless

corn fields, wide prairies, hot dog stands, filling stations, and outdoor advertisements. Upon the map, the net-work traveled by the busses is almost as great a spider web as that spun by the railroads—a fact of which the railroads are sorrowfully aware. Pity the railroads: the busses have cut great slices from their income. Pity the busses: attacked in legislatures by the railroads, they are forced to pay heavy taxes for the highways they travel on; having gained some degree of stability, they are now viewing with horror the inroads of a cheaper traffic than their own, a more secret and impalpable traffic, upon which it is very difficult to fasten the brakes of law and economic pressure.

The bus companies, which have achieved a melancholy expertness in such matters, point out that the laws which have forced them to decorate their vehicles with the license plates of each and every State through which they carry passengers, should in equal measure apply to the private sedans and coaches of the share-expense plan. Life is hard enough, say the busses, without these fly-by-night fellows coming along and stealing legitimate trade and indulging in unfair competition and cutting fares and whizzing through just as many States without paying a nickel for a license plate. A man who accepts twenty dollars from you (the bus fare is thirty-three) and transports you from Broadway to Miami in his own big car is operating that car for hire, is he not? Or at any rate for profit? Then he ought to pay the legal fee for such a service in each State where he performs it. In other words, he should plaster his car with the license plates of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, or a total of some \$190, or a grand total—since he should also take out the

personal license of an operator for hire in each case—of \$212.50.

The bus companies may succeed in tying the share-expense driver up with even more legal red tape than theoretically threatens him now, but they won't catch him. If the police stop him (and in Georgia they do occasionally manage to stop him and collect a license fee), he can explain that he and his wife and his nephew and his cousin Bill are going where the sun shines, and the passengers will cheerfully assume the relationship to save him money. The only comfort that the busses can take is that their estimate of the extent of this semi-private competition is probably too high. Nobody knows how many Americans from one January to another "share expenses," but a guess that it is not five per cent of the bus traffic, and that many of the share-expense travelers, if they had to travel by bus or rail, would not travel at all, is as good a guess as any other.

And while we are guessing, let us register the prophecy that this new racket, or unfair competition, or answer to the world's lack of dollars, or comfortable and ingenious device for seeing the country, is here to stay. The automobile dealers, for one thing, will hardly discourage it—for it keeps cars rolling that might be turned in or sold, and in its small measure stimulates the sale of new ones by giving owners a chance to recoup on their investment. More important, the public, which now hardly knows of its existence, will learn its ropes and its advantages, and steadily increase the demand, and if a few more of the gyys can be run to cover, that demand will be met by a constantly more efficient and more reliable supply.

To-day, as happened yesterday and will happen even more frequently to-morrow, the proud but impecunious owners of eight-cylinder sedans will

tighten bolts and fill gas tanks and smilingly do agreeable little sums on the corners of road maps; and assistant professors and ladies with lap-dogs and middle-aged men homesick for California will close suitcases and mentally subtract share-expense fare from bus or railroad fare and wait for the toot of a horn; and then the passengers and the driver will eye one another suspiciously and say "pleased to meet you," and later they will all be ex-

changing views on prohibition, and four days after that they will be calling one another by first names, and at the end of the trip the driver will shake hands all around and deposit a neat roll of bills in the bank, and the passengers will go to bed in a strange hotel and close their eyes, partly from fatigue, partly from the effort to calculate what this trip has cost them—which was a good deal nearer one cent than two cents a mile.

IN PRAISE

BY HSIEH WEN TUNG

*SAY not that thus and so she's beautiful,
Or whence her magic comes, where her charm lies.
Words would dissect and but reveal the skull,
Never her face and eyes.*

*We catch with hard wrought words as in a pail
The stream of Beauty, and its splendor dies.
How fix its colors from the earth, detail
Its lusters from the skies?*

*Why speak of her with lilies and the rose?
Be silent—she's the pattern for all such.
O, ask not how she comes, or why she goes,
But say, We loved her much.*

The Lion's Mouth



THE DUTY OF IGNORANCE

BY L. A. G. STRONG

WITH each succeeding depression it encounters, the world grows more and more concerned about education. The concern is not merely economic: that one could understand. Parents who could no longer afford to give their children what one may term without offense a Grade A education would naturally become anxious as to the qualities of Grades B and C. The concern goes deeper than this, however. Education is the panacea which is to prevent our children from getting into the muddles we have got into. It is the patent medicine which shall cure all ills. In America, books on education patter from the presses like raindrops from a tree. England is making a belated attempt to integrate her so-called system, and has put forth a Year Book of Education which costs six dollars—a heap of money for a book in England—and which, moreover, is being freely bought. Germany is concentrating more closely than ever on education. Russia has moved heaven, and is moving earth. Every country is doing its utmost to fit its children for the “brave new world,” oblivious of the fact that education is becoming progressively less useful. Not only has the universe increased to such dimensions as to make the individually knowable an insignificant and ridicu-

lous fraction of the whole, but our entire civilization is one which discounts education and puts a positive premium upon ignorance. It looks as if the countries of the world were wasting their time.

Before proceeding to wider issues, consider an independent case. Consider me. I can say what I like about myself, without offending anybody. I am thirty-six years old. I have had what passes in England for a good education and, even since it officially ceased, I have been informing myself of things which interest me and things which I have thought might be useful to me. I was always aware that my knowledge was limited; but the other morning, waking happily some minutes before my time, I realized with the clarity of perfect illumination that I knew nothing at all. The realization ought, you may say, to have depressed me. It did nothing of the kind. I woke to it from no nightmare, but in full and certain possession of my faculties. The time was not two in the morning, but seven-thirty. The sudden conviction of my ignorance was a sane, happy, and (I think) irrefutable conviction. It did not depress me, for the excellent reason that I realized I was better as I was. In a world that puts a premium upon ignorance, I am blissfully ignorant.

First of all, lest you think I exaggerate, what is the actual extent of my knowledge? Apart from immediate personal experiences, such as the fact that it is unwise to take hold of the little door in front of a coal range with one's fingers (learned at the age of seven), that a mixture of sherbet and

milk chocolate in equal parts produces disconcerting results (discovered at eight), and that it is socially inexpedient to make jokes about false teeth (impressed upon me forcibly a little later), the number of things which I can positively say I know is so small as to be negligible. I know the Latin for a plow-beam and a carpenter's rule, and the Greek for a bucket. I know by hearsay a few things that happened during a certain limited period of English history. I know one or two mathematical facts, impressed upon me by trial and error in relation to my banking account. I can play, with a dubious proportion of success, the game of applying to English thoughts and objects the names by which similar thoughts and objects appear to be known in France. I can inform a German that the mountain is with snow bedecked, and a Spaniard that his brother's cat is in the warehouse. I can tell an Italian railway porter that his tiny hand is frozen. Still, as I seldom get the chance to apply this knowledge in practice, it is of little use to me. I can tell you who wrote a limited number of plays and poems and pieces of music, and can in certain cases even give a sketchy account of what they contain. I know, very roughly, the views held by certain rival practitioners of a science which is as yet so tentative that no two of them use the same terms in the same way. I can sing a few songs. I can repeat several anecdotes.

The acquisition of this store has cost me thirty-six years and my parents a good deal of money. If we compare it with what I do not know, it seems an inconsiderable return; and, as I shall show you in a minute, I do not *need* to know any of it. To-day I am able to conduct my life without understanding the major phenomena of the world about me, the contrivances I use, or even my own personal mecha-

nism. I do not understand wireless or the telephone. I am unable to repair an electric bell. What is worse, I am not even curious about these things. When I put three pennies into an automatic machine and receive a subway ticket, I am not devoured by any desire to know how the machine is worked. I am simply grateful to be saved standing in a cue. I do not think that, if challenged, I could draw an accurate picture of the house in which I am living. In fact, as I said, outside the range of my own immediate experiences, and such deductions of cause and effect as seem to be constant when I meet them, I know next to nothing.

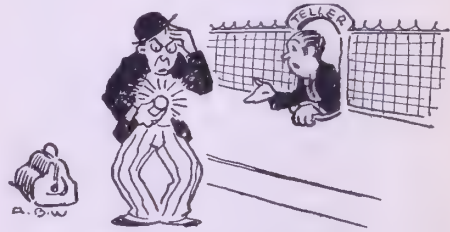
But what does it matter? When we put theories aside and come down to brass tacks, why should I know any more than I do? My ignorance does me no kind of harm. Why should I bother how automatic machines work so long as they give me what I want? Why should I worry how an editor's voice reaches me from afar provided it gives me the commission I am needing? What does it matter whether I know or do not know the facts involved in a book which I have to review? I can look them up in a textbook or an encyclopædia, and they will then be accurate, whereas my memory might deceive me. The only howlers I have made have been through satisfaction at my own supposed knowledge. The happily ignorant man—*i.e.* the man aware of his own ignorance, and properly content with it—does not misquote. He does not confuse Henry with William James, mix up the Strausses, or joyfully hail Mr. W. B. Yeats as author of *Berry & Co.* He invests his money with caution, and bets only on certainties. He consults his lawyer before he gives rein to his just indignation. He is not intelligent enough to fall victim to the confidence trickster.

In fact, such a premium has our civilization put upon ignorance, he gets along very comfortably indeed.

If you still doubt me, look at the newspapers. If ignorance were not the duty of the man in the street, would they carry the advertisements they do? Would they so cheerfully assure him that conditions which the educated, in their folly, consider to need immediate surgical treatment, can be cured by taking a pill? More than that, if ignorance were not a duty, how could we take a properly national and self-interested view of the world's problems? How could we prefer one political party to another? How could we believe that a hundred and one things matter more than a hundred and one other things, or vice versa? How could we be induced to take part in wars? How could we be persuaded to empty our pockets in behalf of armaments and poison gases? It is plain to anyone who will look at the evidence that ignorance has long ceased to be a privilege, but has become, as I said, a positive duty.

But there are some who will not respond to the call of duty. Tell them it is their duty to be ignorant, and they will go and get educated out of sheer cussedness. To such I would appeal in terms of their own self-interest. Why need we bother to learn this, that, and the other thing, when a walk to our bookcase, or, at the worst, to the nearest reference library, will tell us all we need? Why should we be ashamed of our ignorance, when in the nature of things we can know only a very little about a very little? Why should we arrogantly seek to be different from our fellows? Why should we create unhappiness? Since that early morning enlightenment, when I realized the true extent of my ignorance, I have gone my way serene and happy. I need not bother. It is all done for me.

Sometimes I need not even walk as far as my bookshelf. I can sit in my chair and listen to a radio talk about the very subject on which I desire information. The gentleman who gives the talk is persuasive and kind. He knows infinitely more than I do. It would be downright discourteous to oppose to his discourse the obstacle of a conviction of my own. I can leave all the knowing to him. He is the exception to the general rule. Knowledge is his business. If I reflect that I too have stood upon platforms, and that I too have addressed an invisible audience on the radio, I am merely raising doubts for myself, and proving once more that, to be a happy man and a good citizen, one must nowadays know nothing whatever. When ignorance is bliss, and bliss is duty, it is surely our own fault if we are not happy.



WHAT PRICE GOLD?

BY MERRILL DENISON

AT THE end of a week end in Montreal, an acquaintance whose real name is not Walker returned to his accustomed Manhattan haunts, still brooding over a fantastic monetary adventure which befell him in the north and which, he maintains, has finally completed his ignorance of the gold standard and has induced him, after years of respectful effort, to abandon further attempts to grasp its hidden meanings. With the wistful regret one feels for a newly forsaken faith, he confided that he is off the gold standard for life, and that nothing can ever inveigle him back on it.

Walker, it should be explained, is an architect; which suggests that he is more broadly educated than had he been a doctor and more widely read than had he been a lawyer. Unless it be professionally, he is not deeply informed on any subject, but his interests are catholic and his knowledge general. He has an alert concern for those things that interest him—tennis, Irish terriers, old glass, New York, and a flagellated curiosity for these things on which he feels he should be informed—the League of Nations, debts and reparations, the five-year plan. Quite a human fellow, Walker.

The gold standard was numbered among his less burning interests. He never understood it, he told me, but, whenever it thrust itself under his notice, he made a respectful effort to learn what it was all about. He had followed and, I suppose, vaguely understood Great Britain's painless slide from her ancient pedestal of gold: he had noted the mysterious shuttling of gold from Europe to New York and back again. He knew vaguely that it was all of tremendous importance and that in some sinister way the lives of millions of people, his own included, were affected. So the gold standard was one of those esoteric problems to which he brought a serious mind purged of flippancy. Being a gentleman, he conducted himself in its presence as he would on meeting Gandhi or on being led into a Mohammedan mosque. Never a devout person, he could not help feeling that the gold standard was sacrosanct. A ribald critic of mother love, Hoover, and educational broadcasting, Walker regarded the gold standard with much the same reverence as he did God, although deep in his heart he thought that some day he might know God better.

Walker's consciousness of the gold standard as one of the greater mysteries may have been strengthened by the

fact that for years he carried around with him, tucked away in his trousers' watch pocket, a twenty-dollar gold piece. He had acquired it as a present from his Aunt Amelia who lived in Boston, but he clung to it less on her account than on its own. The coin gave him a sense of solidity and of security. It meant much more to Walker than twenty dollars. It was an undying, immutable twenty dollars. Nothing could change its value. Wherever he might go, in whatever circumstances he might find himself, Aunt Amelia's twenty-dollar gold piece would remain twenty dollars. In a world that was fast becoming a mad kaleidoscope of shifting values Walker's coin was a last dependable talisman that could command faith in the return of other and better days.

Then he went to Montreal. The purpose of his visit, he took pains to explain, was to cast an architectural eye on some modern adaptations of the habitant farmhouse of which he had heard. An original and plausible reason for an architect to spend a week-end in Montreal. He also took pains to explain that he did not provide himself with any great amount of cash; for two excellent reasons, it seems. He did not think he would need much money and he did not have it, no matter what he thought.

As a result he found himself on Monday morning in Montreal with less money on his person than he would need to pay his hotel bill and buy a lower berth back to New York. He knew some people in Montreal but no one of them well enough to ask him to endorse his check. He also felt reluctant to submit himself to cross-examination by the hotel's credit manager. In this situation he bethought himself of Aunt Amelia's twenty-dollar gold piece. After a short struggle between sentiment and necessity the former took the count.

Having decided to part with his talisman, he presented himself at the cashier's cage and said to the young woman on duty, "Would you be good enough to give me bills for this twenty-dollar gold piece?" She looked at the coin, somewhat suspiciously, Walker thought, and returned it to him. "I wonder if you'd mind taking it to the bank. You'll find one right across the street."

He thought nothing of her request, assuming possibly that she, too, felt faint flutterings of religious awe. And it was a simple enough matter to find a bank, because banks are almost as common in Canadian cities as speak-easies in New York and are more easily identified. He entered the bank and presented his gold piece to the paying teller.

"Would you be good enough," he said again, "to give me bills for this twenty-dollar gold piece? Half Canadian and half American?"

The teller glanced at the gold coin, counted out some bills and silver, and pushed them under the wicket to Walker. Walker looked at the money and at once became prey to a vast bewilderment. On the marble slab was one Canadian ten-dollar bill and eight dollars and eighty cents in American bills and silver.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but haven't you made some slight mistake?"

"No," the teller replied, and in the most matter of fact way. "That's correct. Ten Canadian and eight eighty American. Exchange to-day is twelve per cent."

Walker still glows with pride when he recalls the rapidity with which he analyzed this pronouncement.

"But surely you have things upside down, haven't you?" Walker insisted. "Shouldn't it be ten dollars American and eleven dollars and twenty cents Canadian? That would be twelve per

cent on the Canadian and an even break on the American."

"Not at all," said the teller with magnificent frigidity, assuming all those expressions of aloof disdain which Walker had heartily disliked since first he opened his first bank account. "We do not pay a premium on gold."

Walker's expression asked the question "why" for him, and the teller continued, "Canada is still on the gold standard. Therefore, a Canadian ten-dollar note, which is a promise of the Dominion Government to pay gold on demand, is all that it is necessary to give you in exchange for your gold. But since Canadian funds are at a discount in New York, and your gold coin is redeemable in par in Canadian funds, you receive only eight dollars and eighty cents in American money for the balance of your twenty-dollar gold piece. I can give you twenty dollars in Canadian money if you'd rather."

"No, no," said Walker. "I want to get to the bottom of this Alice in Wonderland banking practice. What would you give in Canadian money for a twenty-dollar American bill?"

"Ah, in that case, we would give you twenty-two dollars and forty cents, since the exchange is at twelve per cent."

"This is the worst nonsense I have ever heard of," said Walker. "When I bring you a promissory note issued by the United States treasury to pay twenty dollars in gold on demand you give me twenty-two dollars and forty cents in Canadian money, but when I offer you the gold itself, and save you all the trouble of collecting, you'll give me only twenty dollars in Canadian money, or seventeen dollars and sixty cents in American money. In other words, a promise to pay gold is worth twelve per cent more than the gold itself."

"When the exchange is at twelve per cent," added the teller. "Perhaps you'd like to see the manager."

Walker heartily agreed. There was no one at the moment whom he wished more to see than the manager. In his private office Walker repeated what seemed to him the preposterous monetary doctrines of the teller. Throughout the indignant recital the manager kept shaking his head in pitying disagreement.

"Many people make the same mistake as you," said the manager when Walker had completed his story, "owing, I think, to a misconception of the true nature of the gold standard. You see, Canada, in theory, is still on the gold standard. Therefore, the gold coins of any country are redeemable at their face value in Canadian currency. And to maintain the theory an embargo has been placed on the export of gold. Only the government may ship it out. As a matter of fact, you cannot legally take this twenty-dollar gold piece back with you when you return to the United States."

"I don't want to take it back," retorted Walker. "I want to change it into twenty dollars in bills, half Canadian and half American."

"Then you will receive in exchange, ten dollars Canadian and eight dollars and eighty cents American."

Without unduly contributing to international good will, Walker removed himself and Aunt Amelia's coin

from the manager's presence and sought another bank. The same story was repeated. He tried still another bank. Again the same story. The twenty-dollar gold piece did not increase in value. He spent the morning with bank managers and ended up with ten dollars in Canadian money and eight dollars and eighty cents in American.

"But did you never solve the mystery?" I asked him.

"Not so that I can explain it," he confessed. "I was told the reason fifty times, I suppose, but it was beyond me. All I know is that the one simple fact I had known about the gold standard has proved another illusion. A twenty-dollar American gold piece can be worth only seventeen dollars and sixty cents. Gold can be bought at a discount. My last remnant of faith is gone and the last substance of reality in this crazy world has vanished."

"It doesn't make any sense, Walker," I said.

"I know it doesn't but I don't care any longer. I always suspected I should never understand the gold standard: now I am certain. And if anyone should ever again present me with a gold coin I shall take it around to the nearest dentist and have it made into teeth. Never again will I be so simple as to carry it around as money.



Editor's Easy Chair



QUESTIONS ASKED AND SOME GUESSES

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHAT we learn by reading depends very considerably on what we knew before. Re-reading after a time—perhaps years—usually brings out very different thoughts than did the first reading. That is so about all books but especially books of substance like the Bible, from which new rays of light continually emerge, not more luminous in themselves but vastly more so to us because we have learned to discern them.

I have never heard a man who knew the stars talk about them; but to such a person, who can read the sky on a starry night, there must come sensations like those of knowing the plants, the trees, the birds. To know the stars and what they are about, what their errands are—that must all be part of the pleasure of reading the sky if one can do it.

Possibly education is going to run more to such things as reading the sky and calling the birds and plants by name and knowing their habits. Mass production seems bound to diminish hours of labor and leave more leisure on our hands. What people are going to do with it is one of the problems. A good deal of it will doubtless go to sports, but some of it to new knowledge, to gardens, to enjoyment of nature.

For what is ahead, to make interesting the life that is coming, we need all the new knowledge that is on the way

to us, and there is a lot of it. Now at the beginning of June, school is keeping wonderfully, especially in Washington and New York, for everyone in proportion as he understands what he reads. Congress is demonstrating to us what sort of a government we live under. We see it operating, and in New York we see considerably from day to day what the immediate reactions to its operations are. Congress does that, omits to do this, refuses to do the other. Stocks rise or fall. Gold prepares to cross the sea. Money talks to us, and the more we know the better chance we have to understand what it says. Of what is really going on in human life how much can the stock market pages tell us? How much does the vast slump in security values really amount to?

In France before 1793 kings and nobles had been spending too much money on gardens, jewels, palaces, frail ladies, and other unproductive things until the mass of the people did not have enough to eat. Finally they found their legs, cut a King's head off, killed all the nobles they could lay hands on, scared the rest across the seas, divided up the land and laid foundations for a prosperity which has gone on in France ever since. So in Russia, between the Church and the State and the nobility the mass of the people had had a bad deal. There had

been always a procession of good minds clanking towards Siberia, but with the Great War a change came: there was a vast killing of intelligentsia—many of them ill to spare; there was a lot of destruction of various kinds, Communism and state ownership of everything and so on, as everybody knows. The good and bad of that story is yet to be told. We cannot see the end in detail, but there will be bad and good in it. The great detail of it all is redistribution. Something has been taken away from one lot of people and is in process of getting to another, and we are apt to say, even though we sigh, "Well it was time!"

Look at England! Tremendous distribution going on there and nobody being killed. Streams of money running bank-full from affluence to indigence; from occupation to unemployment. When will it stop? We do not know. It cannot run on forever, but it will end in some reasoned way and not by general killings.

Now then, is that the kind of story the stock market pages tell us every day? Are they too saying to us, as various things are saying in England, that the current runs from affluence to indigence and that these stock market figures are the ripples on it? But there is a hitch about this distribution idea. In France the peasants got land; in Russia the State got the land; but in England when an estate is sold for taxes and death duties, the indigent do not actually get the acres, and these shares that we have seen constantly sinking down day after day—the poor do not get them even if they go to zero. But what does seem to proceed more clearly is equalization rather than distribution. The capitalists, when their securities go to grass, are for the time being on the level with other impecunious persons, and when the mechanics and mill workers and factory hands and all manner of persons

employed in cities come to unemployment or shortened hours and lowered wages, at least they get down to the level of the farmers and without the farmer's usual advantage of a roof over his head and ground and tools that will provide him with food.

WHEN stocks go down it is not necessarily a distribution; it may be more like a retribution. Will they ever come back to any edifying scale of quoted values? Most of us think they will but don't know when. It will be only as knowledge increases about the nature of the pickle we are in and the means necessary to get us out of it. Just at this writing Congress seems to have devised a reasonably good tax bill, and that should help the credit of the country and make for reassurance about the future. People who think our government is not equal to the emergency may gain a little new confidence. But there is very much else to be done before our world can be comfortable again. One great job ahead is to realize that we cannot prosper alone, but need to trade with other nations and to co-operate with them for the betterment of mankind. Congress is slow to recognize that, and we have to wait on its reluctance. Our country is a great market, and the idea abounds, especially in Congress, that we should keep it for ourselves. To that end even now items of increased tariff go into the money bills. The idea hangs on, especially in Congress, that we can and should collect the moneys due us from Europe and still maintain a barrier against European goods in which alone it is possible for the money to be paid. The illusory nature of that opinion would seem to be obvious to any mind, but still it persists because powerful individual interests are fighting for details which conflict with the interests of the country as a whole. The manufacturers,

the producers, want the whole of the domestic market at any cost. Somehow that idea must pass before we can really prosper.

Then there is the jealousy in our own market between various sections, most of all between the West and New York. This last is of the nature of the immemorial dissatisfaction of the members with the belly. There ought to be a more general reading of *Æsop* on that subject. New York is the financial center of the country. Money comes here, and some Westerners do not like that, though many of them come here themselves to keep company with their deity.

We have to feed the hungry. So far as appears, there will be huge transfers for that purpose and must be, but the main transfer which we may hope for, and even expect, from rich to poor will not be money or property values but a better equalization of opportunity. That is what the French Revolution did to France, what the Russian Revolution may do in Russia, what may be going on in England and here. The greatest general distribution in the United States is of what we call and think of as education. Fault a-plenty is found with the article we distribute, but such as it is it is pretty well passed around. It must improve. No doubt it will improve. Emphasis may be shifted in schools from one lot of methods to another, and our people may grow wiser even by such education as can be offered them.

And perhaps they can become happier, more intelligent in their pleasures and their taste. The taste in pleasures, the taste in common literature in these States now is really nothing to brag of. It is likely that in time we shall have more fun, a better order and higher grades of entertainment, and connected with that must be hope and expectation of great improvement in the Churches and the teachings they give out. They

would probably agree now that in human affairs the great power house is God. What they need is improved conception of how to connect with that power. They have tried and are still trying to do it by making rules and getting laws passed, but the success of that method is not imposing. It will be taught, if at all, mainly by observation of persons who have learned how. Even a good book is not so instructive as a good life, and the greatest teachers are those whose lives give power to their words and make them comprehensible.

THE Conventions at this writing are on the point of beginning their labors. There may be those who feel a breathless interest in their efforts, but whoever is nominated in either party, whoever is elected, the same processes have got to work out. We have got to draw power from the great power house, and we have got to put out a line of international conduct that will not be inconsistent with loving our neighbor. Both the parties, all the parties, might do worse than to put the Sermon on the Mount into their platforms, for it is in that direction that they will have to travel.

But judging by what the newspapers tell about the minds of the delegates actually assembling for the Republican Convention, their thoughts are still less pious than they might be and more concerned with the problems of the immediate moment, as to which they seem not yet to have attained any conspicuous unity. What the Hoover administration and its backers naturally wish is to avoid tumult, altercation, and discussion of subjects as to which there are serious differences in the party, and the attainment of some satisfactory conclusion by the smooth working of political machinery. But they do not seem likely to get their wish. The great Wet and Dry issue,

as to which Mr. Hoover has so studiously avoided committing himself, seems to have burst out full of noise and vigor as the foremost matter about which the delegates are concerned. There is a very Wet wave running. It looks like a tidal wave. Its effect on the Conventions will be known to the readers of these words. What will follow may not be known. Maybe Wet or Dry will split the Republican Party. Maybe it will go on and split the Democratic Party. Both parties ought to be split on various issues, but the only one in which there is ginger enough to accomplish a division is this one that concerns the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

But as for other things, what can the platforms say that is not more or less perfunctory? The most vital thing is the man they will nominate. Nobody thinks of anyone for the Republicans except Mr. Hoover, though Mr. Curtis may be omitted from the party this time. A fight over the Vice-President, however, would not split the party, though both parties owe it to the country to select for that office a person suited in ability and age to be President if called upon.

Well, the Conventions will be interesting. The Republican may be much less cut and dried than is planned. The Democratic may even find a *man*, and the readers of these words will know about that, and to forecast for them now would seem foolish. This, however, may be said—that in a very unusual number of minds our machinery of government is under observation and is being regarded very much as though it were not ours but belonged to somebody else. In all the pickle of the depression the question is more and more pressed whether our governmental system is equal to its job—whether Congress can agree on the things that are manifestly necessary, and whether it is

possible to put into office men competent to deal with the affairs entrusted to them. Those questions will be in thousands of minds as they read the newspaper stories of the two conventions. Wet and Dry will rage and roar. It is a gorgeous fight, but it is only a part of a bigger fight to decide whether in these days, when political and economic life have grown so complicated, and international matters offer problems of such vital importance, our constitutional government as it has worked out is equal to the job it has to do. Congress has been criticized for being too local and not national enough. Perhaps the same criticism will be made of the Conventions—that there has been too much concentration by them on apparent eligibility and not enough on capacity for the job.

In the present state of the world it does not seem safe to practice too much economy with the army and the navy. At present we need both, and should keep both in a condition of moderate efficiency. The time may come, let us hope it will come, when they may be safely diminished, but it has not come yet. World movements of enormous potency and significance are going on. We cannot yet see where they will come out, or in what degree they may affect us. Hunger already requires handling, even in this country; and hunger breeds tumult and revolution, both of which are bad for business, which is bad and to spare as it is. In these States Congress has power to provide all the revolution necessary; and as a safeguard against provision from less responsible agencies, our army is not too big.

In world affairs, where our main job is to help keep the peace, our influence is closely related to naval competence and efficiency. When disturbance threatens we don't cut down our police. It threatens now in every continent.



RUE ST. JACQUES

By Reginald Marsh

Courtesy of the Weshe Galleries

Reginald Marsh



Harper's *Magazine*

THE COLLAPSE OF POLITICS

BY ELMER DAVIS

WHEN the Democratic National Convention ended on July 2nd a good many of those present were saying that the country might never see another of these great quadrennial shows. Some people thought (or at least said) that by 1936 the White House would be occupied by a dictator, Fascist or Communist; others, more optimistic, predicted that the people would tire of trying to transact important national business through an instrument so cumbersome, costly, and inefficient as the party convention.

I believe this Republic will still be here in 1936, unless the American people as a whole has lost its intelligence and courage as completely as have most of its leaders. But by that time the people may realize that the sort of peanut politics we could afford in the good old days comes too high in hard times. This nation is slow to change its habits, especially its political

habits. The national party convention is not only a time-honored piece of the machinery of government but a festival of the national religion. But whatever its value as ritual and spectacle, its primary purpose is the selection of a man to govern the country and the formulation of the policies that are needed for the public good. From that point of view both conventions came pretty close to being national disasters. A people which so suddenly and completely changed its mind about constitutional prohibition may as suddenly decide that it has had enough of old-style conventions and old-style politicians, when it feels the effect of the double fiasco at Chicago.

Ritual? Yes. Spectacle? Yes — but the spectacle suggested a historical pageant performed in the crater of a volcano whose subterranean rumblings were audible to everyone but the performers. . . . Alarmist talk is cheap; you hear so much of it, if

you travel around the country, that you are likely to end by believing none of it. So long as talk of revolution was confined to the speakeasy intelligentsia nobody needed to take it seriously. But when solid and sensible citizens ask, "Do you think we are going to have a revolution?" that is something to worry about. For they do not say "We need a revolution" or "We must not have a revolution"; they merely ask if you think there is going to be one—apathetically, as if nothing they might do could either help it or hinder it. I do not believe we are going to have a revolution, but that listlessness is just the attitude to open the way for it—or for something that might be worse.

Not many people in this country want a revolution, and those who do have not the ability to coerce the rest of us. Also, the most astounding aspect of the past three years has been the quiet acceptance of the situation by men who have lost their jobs and everything else through the operation of the policies that were to abolish poverty. But conservatives who point with pride to this fact might better be a little less complacent about it. The unemployed have been quiet because they have been fed, clothed, and sheltered—not very well, but after a fashion. Thanks chiefly to Mr. Hoover's insistence, they have been taken care of by city funds and by "voluntary" contributions—that is, by an extra-legal tax paid only by persons who have some human sympathy or some elementary prudence. Most of the cities have about reached the end of their rope, and two years of private contribution have pumped that well pretty dry. And when (or if) ten million unemployed are no longer fed, clothed, and sheltered, then there is going to be trouble.

Don't worry about the Communists; they will be busy trying to set off an

explosion, but their detonators can do no damage unless the explosive material is there. And if an explosion came they could no more control it than they could control a Mississippi flood. A man in high public office—a radical but not a revolutionary—told me this summer that what most worried him was the lack in this country of a strong and ably guided revolutionary party, competent to direct and control the tumult if the unemployment relief system should break down. The forces of the law would maintain order? Maybe. But the police barely hold their own against the gangsters; the regular army is pitifully small, with much of its force overseas; it has been systematically starved by the politicians and, if it is as poor in quality as General Harbord seems to think, it would be doing well to protect its own cantonments.

Communism would be far worse than our present situation, but anarchy would be worse than Communism. More than half the American people are dependent for their daily food and water and sanitation on complicated machinery, easy to destroy but hard to reconstruct. And the farmers need not think they could take their ease in Zion while the residents of the wicked city met with their just deserts. Not while the countryside is full of drifters, on foot or in automobiles, begging food and money and gasoline. Let the pinch get a little sharper, let public order begin to break down, and those drifters will take what they want and anything else they see lying around.

Eventually, of course, some sort of order would be restored—locally, in each place by the strongest man. I happen to know of one industrial city of respectable size whose leading citizens have quietly organized a committee to plan how that city and the ten or twelve rural counties dependent on

it could function as an economic unit if the power lines were cut and the railroads stopped running. But that, I believe, is an exception. In most places the strongest man would be the man with the organization and the machine guns; our new masters would be Capones, not Stalins.

Improbable? Yes, I think so. But the Republicans and Democrats who met in a city with thousands of criminals and hundreds of thousands of unemployed might have been moved to some reflection by the fact that the Chicago police who guarded the convention hall were not getting the pay that was due them. The conventions might have paused for one minute of silence, to wonder what would happen to any pretty woman or any man who looked as if he had ten dollars in his pocket if those policemen suddenly decided to go home and wait for their pay checks.

But no such discordant speculations disturbed the statesmen who had assembled to frame a platform, and name a candidate, that would help them elect the county sheriff and auditor back home. If those auditors have anything to audit, if those sheriffs do not find themselves loaded with more perilous work than they ever dreamed of, it will not be due to anything that was done by the Republican and Democratic National Conventions.

II

Viewed apart from the background, the Democratic Convention was of course much more respectable and a much better show. The dreary dullness of the Republican gathering, unmatched in the memory of men who have been going to national conventions for forty years, was no more than might have been expected of a collection of mechanical robots operated by remote control from the White House.

They did not enjoy their job but they had to do it, could do nothing else; their hope of success rested not in what they were doing but in what they expected the Democrats to do. Their ten-thousand-word platform could have been boiled down into a single line—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians." After twelve years of Republican administration had brought us to the most dangerous situation since 1861, the Republican party declared boldly: "This is no time to experiment." That is not conservatism; it is sheer fossilization.

The famous straddle plank on prohibition epitomized the spirit of the convention—play everything safe and wait for the breaks. The strength of the opposition to it was surprising, but it came chiefly from men who were afraid a straddle would beat their local tickets back home. An exception, of course, was Nicholas Murray Butler, the only prominent Republican who seems to know what the country needs and is not afraid to say it; but the majority cared nothing about what the country needed—only about what it might be made to take in default of anything better.

Which means Mr. Hoover. Even the unblushing Assistant Secretary Jahncke, advertising Mr. Hoover at Independence Hall on July 4th as the hope of the world and "the master statesman of the future," did not dare to call him the master statesman of the present; yet he is far less of a party liability than he was before June, 1931. He seems unable to start the engines of the ship of state, and there is grave doubt if he knows his latitude and longitude; but at any rate he has plugged some of the worst leaks, if only the plugs will stick. It is not quite correct to say that you know what he will do and what he will not do; you know there are things he will not do until he is driven to them, in

which case he will do them half-heartedly and too late. Still the Hoover of 1932 is a much more respectable figure than the Hoover of 1930 or of 1928. The arrogance he exuded in the days when he was the apostle of the American home (two-car garage attached) is gone; he looks, now, exactly as the President of the United States in such a crisis ought to look—chastened but not licked. If he should make public appearances in the campaign, and talk as clearly and rationally (within the limiting framework of his political philosophy) as he does in private, he would regain a good many doubtful votes. He is sure of the standpat vote anyway, and he may get the scared vote too.

For suppose there is riot and bloodshed before the election; what will be the effect on the average timid citizen who still has a little money left? If he were sensible he would conclude that we had had enough of an administration which promised the abolition of poverty and gave us destitution, riot, and bloodshed. But if the average citizen were sensible this would be a different nation. Nine out of ten of those average timid men would feel that the rattle of the machine guns was an argument for standing behind the Grand Old Party that had brought us to a crisis where machine guns were needed. If the Republican National Committee had a chairman as smart as some it has had in the past, it would foment riots at selected points in the last week of October and insure Hoover's reelection.

The Red peril is apparently going to be the great Republican issue this fall. There will be no Red peril, or any other, if we can take care of the unemployed and get them back to work. But that will be hard to do; the Republicans naturally find it easier to clamor about the Red peril which (if there ever is any) will be the fruit of Republican

mismanagement. The scared vote, the standpat vote, the disgusted vote which concludes that none of the candidates is much good and we had better stand by the one we know about—they may add up to enough to give another term to the master statesman (of the future).

The Democrats have thrown that disgusted vote to Hoover, but it may not be so very large; and aside from that, they failed to perform their historic function of making things easy for the Republicans. Instead of getting into a long fight, they made a quick nomination—selecting, to be sure, the man who would probably make the weakest President of the dozen aspirants. But so far as could be seen at convention time he would make the strongest candidate; and it is a strong candidate, not a strong President, that politicians want. Whatever you may say against the Democratic nomination, it was at least a triumph of the popular will. Most of the delegates who voted for Roosevelt did so not because they wanted him but because they thought the folks back home wanted him. That the folks back home wanted him only because he was a Protestant gentleman with a famous name did not matter.

Al Smith is the only man in the United States who by his past record and his outspoken opinions on current issues has proved himself obviously fit for the presidency in 1932. But he was also the one Democrat who obviously could not be nominated, the only one who never had a chance. If the opposition had held together through the fourth ballot, the Roosevelt forces would have begun to tumble off the bogged-down band wagon and anybody might have been nominated—except the ablest man in the party. It did not make much difference whether the convention chose a trustworthy liberal

or a trustworthy conservative; those names mean little in times like these. But if it had nominated any able and trustworthy man, that would have been a job put over by a group of bosses in defiance of the popular will.

If Roosevelt had been stopped, Ritchie had the best chance of his open opponents; if he had failed, Baker might have got in. Quite possibly Roosevelt might have held enough die-hard supporters to give him a veto on any other man, but that would have been no fatal disaster. Among his followers, somewhat obscured by the shock troops of the front line—Farley and Dill and Wheeler and Huey Long—were two men to whom nobody could have objected, Cordell Hull and T. J. Walsh. With either of them the Democrats could have gone before the country with a better candidate than Hoover; or with Ritchie, or Baker, or Byrd, or (above all) Smith. But they preferred a man who thinks that the shortest distance between two points is not a straight line but a corkscrew, because they were not looking for a man who might save the country; they were looking for a man who could save the county ticket back home.

When I returned from the convention my friend Mr. Freddie Schuyler observed, "Well, I thought that was funny when I read in the paper that Smith and McAdoo had buried the hatchet. But I see now that McAdoo buried it right in the back of poor old Al's neck." Roosevelt won, in fact, because Hearst and McAdoo hate Al Smith; but if California had not put him over Illinois and Indiana stood ready to do it. If the Pacific Coast gets the good jobs for the next four years instead of the corn belt, it will be only because C comes ahead of I in the alphabetical roll call. And were Illinois and Indiana moved by Roosevelt's high capacity to meet the present crisis? They were not. They were

thinking about their State tickets. Illinois Democrats have an excellent candidate for Governor, but he is a Chicago Jew; it is going to be pretty hard to get him by the down-state farmers who used to belong to the Klan. In Indiana, to which the Republican-Klan-Methodist-Anti-Saloon League combination gave a series of jailbird and near-jailbird Governors, Democratic State tickets have a way of running far ahead of presidential candidates, but not quite far enough ahead to win. In both States the name of Roosevelt might turn the tide, and you cannot blame the Democrats of Illinois and Indiana for wanting to redeem their States from Babylonian captivity. But they may find that with a great price they obtained this freedom; for if Roosevelt is elected, he will be President of Illinois and Indiana too.

Uneasy second thoughts were fairly common the day after the nomination among men who had voted for Roosevelt with a whoop and hurrah the night before. He dissipated them by the brilliant stroke of his prompt appearance and acceptance speech; he looked so well and sounded so well that weary delegates paid little attention to what he said. Taking note, apparently, of the charges of straddling that had been flung at him, he promised to make his position clear; and he did—on the prohibition plank which the party had adopted by a vote of five to one. For the rest, you could not quarrel with a single one of his generalities; you seldom can. But what they mean (if anything) is known only to Franklin D. Roosevelt and his God.

As for the Vice-Presidential nominee, he is worthy of the bargain by which he got his nomination; he is actually worse than the nonentity Curtis, because he is an abler man. A distinguished Democratic Senator was asked just after the convention what he

thought of the Vice-Presidential nomination. "Splendid!" he said. "Garner is the most unsound man in the party; as Speaker he can do untold harm. But we'll get him in the Senate, and we'll smother him." No doubt they will. But if Roosevelt is elected, and dies thereafter, Garner will inherit a job in which he will be hard to smother.

The Democratic platform made a great and instant impression by its brevity and its straightforward demand for repeal of prohibition. This latter was also a triumph of the popular will, for most of the men who voted for it would have voted for anything they thought the voters wanted back home. The reaction to the Republican straddle plank had given them a warning of the phenomenon that alarms a politician more than anything else—the fact that the people are thinking, thinking faster than he is, thinking something that he cannot guess. On prohibition the Democrats hastily got in line with the popular trend, but many of them must have gone home queasily wondering what else the people might be thinking about. Whatever they may be thinking, there was not much nourishment for them in the rest of the Democratic platform.

For—as has been generally remarked—this would have been an excellent platform in 1928. It is full of promises which, if carried out, would help control the next boom and decrease the severity of the next depression. But what people want to know about now is this depression, and the Democrats did not offer much more help on that than the Republicans. The pledge of a twenty-five-per-cent reduction in government costs, if taken seriously, would mean that a different set of Democrats would have to be elected to Congress; and on one point essential to world recovery—the reparations question—the Democrats actually man-

aged to do worse than the Republicans. A good platform for 1928; but except on one point, pretty nearly worthless for 1932.

III

There is doubtless enough foresight in the nation, still, to find somehow the means of taking care of the unemployed this winter, and thus averting serious disorder. (But what is going to be the moral effect on millions of people of being maintained indefinitely, at a mere subsistence level, on the dole? At a meeting of Mayors last summer which wondered where the money for next winter's unemployment relief was to come from, Mayor Hoan of Milwaukee remarked that this did not so much matter. "If we have to go on with relief we'll make bums out of ten million American citizens, and I don't see that it makes much difference whether they are made bums by the cities, the States, or the Federal government." As conservative economists have been telling us for a long time, the only sound remedy for unemployment is employment. And how are you going to provide it?

The working of the industrial system of this country, impossible without a constant and rapid extension of production and therefore of markets, is coming to a dead stop. The cycle of stagnation, prosperity, overproduction and crisis seems indeed to have run its course, but only to land us in the slough of despond of a permanent and chronic depression. The sighed-for period of prosperity will not come; as often as we seem to perceive its heralding symptoms, so often do they vanish again into thin air. Meanwhile each succeeding winter brings up afresh the great question, what to do with the unemployed; but while the number of the unemployed keeps swelling from year to year, there is nobody to answer that question; and we can almost calculate the moment when the unemployed, losing patience, will take their fate into their own hands.

That is not a description of our present situation; it was written by Friedrich Engels in 1886. Accordingly there are two ways of looking at an economic order which after all has given us some pretty good years since 1886. You can say that we must take the rough with the smooth and wait till the business cycle brings us around to another period of prosperity; if that cycle begins to look like a descending spiral, a funnel-shaped cloud—why, so it looked to Engels forty-six years ago, and there may still be some more booms in the old system.

So you may feel—especially if depression means that you have to lay up your yacht and resign from some of your clubs. (Or you may feel that there is something radically wrong with a system which recurrently brings times like these upon us, and that there ought to be enough intelligence in the United States to improve it.) If you feel that way, and say so, you may be prepared for an uproar among the silversmiths of Ephesus. The *Saturday Evening Post* mournfully observes that “the essential processes by which this country became great seem to have few defenders in these days. . . . If there is to be a supine surrender, a letting go by default of our essential industrial and commercial institutions, the problem is not so much to put on a patch here and there as it is to bring over Mussolini or Stalin on the next boat.” Which of course is nonsense, and the sort of nonsense that plays into the hands of the Communists. National economic planning ought to be able to do away with many of the evils of the present system without destroying too many of the advantages of individual initiative. Planning ought to be one of the major issues this year, but it is not—directly. Indirectly it is involved in what may turn out (though I hope not) to be the leading issue. I hope not, because it is

jumbled in the public mind; it is the one thing (besides prohibition) that the people seem to be thinking about, but in its present state it is a complex of tangled ideas and emotions that neither party knows quite what to do with.

Two things are needed—to get business started again and to keep it from running wild when it does get started. Who is going to do it? (Anybody bred in the American individualist tradition would prefer that business should do the job for itself; but business seems unable to do it.) Does that mean that we must give up, leave the job undone? Economic planning, after all, will be of most value when there is again some business to plan about; the first thing is to try to get the machinery started again. It may start of its own accord—but all of us from Hoover on down have been waiting vainly for that for the last three years, and it is a question how much longer we dare to wait.

I do not see how we are going to get it started, now, without heavy government expenditures. (The government is going to have to distribute a lot of money anyway this winter; it had better use that money to make work—intelligently planned work, nothing like the Garner post-office bill—than to pass it out for charity. Eighteen months ago Senators Wagner and La Follette saw what the country needed; if people had listened to them then we might never have sunk to our present depth. But they got nowhere, chiefly because Herbert Hoover was convinced that the way to solve the unemployment problem was to deny its existence and wait on the Lord. It is going to be a good deal harder to raise money by bond issues now than it would have been then; but the government must get money somehow, and I see no way to get it except by continually heavier taxation.

This furnishes the real drive behind this jumbled issue just mentioned.

Outwardly it is a conflict between a bastard Jeffersonianism (or rather Jacksonianism) and a reformed Hamiltonianism; with the difference, as Philip La Follette has remarked, that the old Hamiltonians are all on the Jeffersonian side. (It is the heavy taxpayers who made their money largely through favors from a long series of Republican administrations who are now calling for a return to Jefferson and Jackson, to a simpler (and cheaper) government.) Granted that all our governments could be operated much more cheaply than at present, when politicians are driven by popular clamor to cut down expenses they usually cut out something useful. They weaken the army and navy by retiring officers and refusing ammunition appropriations, (instead of abolishing the useless army posts and navy yards that bring money into somebody's district); they cut down on the social services of government instead of eliminating the graft in veterans' relief. But the new Jeffersonians do not care about that; all they want is a gross reduction and lower taxes.

Every taxpayer can sympathize with their feeling; the only question is whether we can trust a paralyzed business system to do what it theoretically ought to do. I do not believe we can; I think the government will have to start it, and exercise more control after it is started than it ever has in the past. The new Jeffersonians are of course fighting for their own interest, but they are able to reinforce their argument by an emotional appeal to the nostalgic longing for the good old days when "the less government the better" was an article of the national faith—even though there was always a party which used the government to promote the interests of the rich. The good old days when taxes were low, and no Washington bureaucrat or council of experts dared to tell a man

how to run his business; when anybody who didn't like the way things were done could go West, homestead some land, and (maybe) found a fortune; when the country grew constantly richer, and we said "God save the United States" in the full conviction that we should never have to try to save it ourselves.

Well, we should all like to go back to those days—if we could; but the conditions that made them are gone. If we could go back—to subsistence farming and household economy and all the rest—it would mean going back to the standard of living of 1850. That would be ridiculous when we have a plant that could improve on the standard of living of 1928 if it were intelligently used. Further, many of us could not even go back to the standard of 1850; the millions who depend on new industries would starve to death. Ex-Senator Jim Reed's speech at the Democratic convention ("there will never be an improvement on the economic philosophy of John Stuart Mill") was the last dying groan of a doctrine that worked well enough in the time of the open frontier. But the good old days are gone.

Dislike it as we old individualists may, the government will have to do what private enterprise is not doing, and apparently cannot do, if society is to be kept going at all; it will have to do that even though it means heavier taxes, for you and me as well as for the Fords and Mellons and Rockefellers. Under pressure, the sort of politicians we now elect to office will do some of the work that is needed—but only under pressure, and too late. A Washington dispatch to the *New York Times* of July 13th summarizes the probable campaign strategy of the old parties as follows:

The Republicans will seek to frighten the country at the prospect of turning over the government in a critical time to Roosevelt,

"a fake liberal without a program," and to Garner, "waster of the public funds." The picture which the Democrats will paint of President Hoover will be that of a bewildered man without any fixed convictions, coming belatedly to positions recently denounced, and attacking those who still advocate that which he has abandoned.

Unfortunately, both of those arguments are perfectly true. We cannot afford, in a time which needs clear thinking and resolute decision, such a President as Herbert Hoover has been and Franklin D. Roosevelt would almost certainly be. . . . But what else can we get?

IV

To the fears of dictatorship expressed by both radicals and reactionaries there is one sufficient answer—if there were any man in the country competent to be a dictator he would have been heard of before this. The Russian dictatorship was the work of a group of extraordinarily able men, trained through many years by an extraordinarily rigorous discipline; a dictatorship by the American Communists would not last a week. As for a "Fascist" dictatorship, the interests of big business, industry, and finance are in conflict; and where is the man who has run his own business so well that he has proved his fitness to dictate to the United States?

Theoretically, a dictatorship in the old Roman style might be good for us. That was a strictly constitutional affair; when the regular government had got things into a mess it turned over its powers for six months to a man who was supposed to straighten out the affairs of state and then hand back his authority to the regular magistrates. In other words, a temporary receivership for the purpose of putting the property into working order as quickly as possible. Something like that

might be good for us if we could find the right receiver. But we could not find him—or her—in politics. Protestants have made a mess of the National and State governments, and Catholics have made a mess of municipal governments, so we might try a Jew—the right kind of Jew, who understands business and charity and knows where to draw the line between them. The right kind of Jew—or, better yet, the right kind of woman.

Not any woman now in public life, the female politician shows a distressing resemblance to the male politician. Nor the sort of woman who is fanatically devoted to principle regardless of the facts. But there is a type of woman—of middle-aged married woman, for the metal must be forged by experience—that is the hope of society, if any. Given expert advice (and she would know enough to get it) a woman like that could govern the country far better than any man who will be elected next November.

For the dominant trait of the best women is realism—an educated insight into values, a cool remorseless discrimination between what you want and what you can get. They are willing to plunge when the situation requires it but they know exactly where they are plunging and why; and they have the sense of time that we must all somehow acquire if the human race is to go on living in a four-dimensional universe. That is not a purely feminine trait; Abraham Lincoln had it conspicuously. But I can think of no other important figure in American public life who had it, and it is the quality that American public life needs more than anything else. For every man who has it there must be a hundred women, but you never find their names on the ballot; they are busy managing their families—their husbands too, if the husbands have sense enough to let them do it. Meanwhile our politics is

conducted by men—and women—who think that a thing said is a thing done, and do not even know that the past is past.

V

If politics of the old type has become a luxury we cannot afford, if dictatorship and revolution are impossible as well as undesirable, there seems to be only one thing we can do—vote for a different set of politicians; or rather for men who have never been successful enough to become politicians. It is an ideal situation for a third party, and at this writing they are springing up so fast that it has been suggested that they will have to be numbered 3A, 3B, and so on. But it looks as if most of them are not going to amount to much.

There is promise for the future in the prospectus of the New National Party, advocating most of the policies that sensible people of every party and no party believe in but never hope to see enacted. But that party is putting up no candidates this fall; it looks forward to a disintegration of the old parties during the next administration—or at least to the disintegration of whichever party is so unfortunate as to be entrusted with a responsibility for which it is unfit. Further, it is announced as “not a meal ticket for anybody.” It is pretty hard to hold a party together between elections unless it is a meal ticket for the boys who get out the vote. As a leaven of activist intellectuals the New National Party may become a force in the next four years, but there is nothing much it can do this fall. Only one third party can possibly do anything this fall—the Socialists.

They suffer under two heavy handicaps—their name, which the average American still distrusts; and the general opinion that to vote for Norman Thomas this fall is to throw your vote

away. But to vote for Hoover or Roosevelt is also to throw your vote away if you want a government that will try seriously and intelligently to do something to cure the present sickness of society. And five or six million votes for Thomas this fall would not be thrown away; they would throw a scare into one or both of the old parties and bring American politics a little closer to reality.

But suppose a party theoretically committed to the doctrines of Karl Marx should win? Well, the average American Socialist is a pretty poor Marxian. The Communists claim to be the only genuine Marxians in the apostolic succession; they despise the Socialists as heretics—and so far as an amateur in Marxian theology is competent to judge, they are right. If Marx's doctrines, with or without their Leninist embellishments, must be taken as an indivisible and unalterable whole, I disbelieve in them as heartily as does Calvin Coolidge. Karl Marx was a good economist, a brilliant dialectician, a cock-eyed historian and a rotten psychologist. The American Socialists, whether they admit it or not, are bad Marxians because they have too much common sense, too much knowledge of human nature, too much inclination to think for themselves to be good Marxians.

The Marxian faith is worth this much to American Socialism—it inspires a nucleus of devotees to keep the party organization going without much money. But the Socialists could not win without the votes of many millions of non-Socialists—so many that the Marxian nucleus would be swamped. The tail could not wag the dog; a Thomas administration would be virtually a non-partisan reform administration. It might last for only one term, but it would make the old parties get down to brass tacks.

And would it take over and regiment

business? Not very far. The Socialist platform calls for the socializing of power, transportation, banking; I doubt if a Socialist administration could accomplish that against Congressional opposition, but even if it did there would be plenty of room left for individual initiative. Not so much as three years ago, but we see where that led us; no government could run the banks much worse than they were run by men who lent money to everybody for everything in 1929 and will not lend money to anybody for anything now. In so far as the Socialists did socialize key industries and businesses, that would cost a great deal of money; it would call for stiff surtaxes. But every rich man would have enough left to live on comfortably; the money he would pay in taxes would be money that he would otherwise invest in expansion of a national plant already bigger than we know what to do with. "Confiscation" is a word that nobody likes, not even Norman Thomas; but ninety per cent of my savings (and probably of yours) have been confiscated already by the operation of untrammelled individualism. I should be willing to give up the other ten per cent, in the very unlikely case of a Socialist administration's going so far, for the sake of some chance of stability and security.

The mere idea of Socialism rubs most of us the wrong way; it is contrary to all our traditions. (But this country has already gone a long way toward Socialism in the past year, and the men who took us for the ride are Herbert Hoover and Ogden Mills.) The government has advanced immense sums of your money and mine to banks and railroads that would have collapsed without that aid. A private banker who did that would insist on having something to say about the way the borrowers ran their business thereafter. I do not know how far the Reconstruc-

tion Finance Corporation gives orders to its beneficiaries, but if the government is going to accept the financial responsibility for private business it ought to have some control over the use private business makes of public money.

We may not like it, but the old days are gone; Andrew Jackson and John Stuart Mill are dead and there is no more frontier. We have taken some long steps toward Socialism already and we are going to take some more in the next four years no matter who is President. A man who takes those steps backward, against his will, only when he is shoved, is a good deal more likely to trip himself up—and us too—than one who walks ahead with his eyes open. If the Socialists are hampered by their nominal allegiance to Marxian dogmas, the Republicans and Democrats are hampered by their much more actual allegiance to dogmas quite as erroneous as those of Marx. The Socialist program is the only one that seriously attempts to cure our disease; probably it will not win this fall, but if it commands strong support it may force the other parties to face a few facts and to consider national instead of local interests.

Of course nobody knows whether Norman Thomas has the executive ability that a President needs; but we know about Hoover and we can make a pretty good guess about Roosevelt. There is this to be said for the Socialist party—it is small and habitually unsuccessful; its leaders have never had a chance to take on the habits of politicians, and if it had to man a national administration it would be compelled to choose non-partisan experts for most of the important jobs. If you can't swallow the name, if you prefer to vote for the kind of politicians we used to think we could afford in the fat years—well, God save the United States.



FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

A STORY

BY KAY BOYLE

WHEN they were young they had a theater with men and women, and the shrubbery even, on wires they could shift about. They hung a curtain across half the room and set the stage up on a table in the middle. Thunder was there, in a thin piece of cardboard waved till it bellowed out behind the scenes. But the best play was the one in which the glass coffin with the princess visible in it was allowed to fall. "The coffin," said the voice of one of the children, reading behind the stage, "fell and was broken into a-toms." And then the coffin was whisked off, and bits of white cardboard were cast in from the wings.

At this moment the Baron always burst into applause, clapping and shouting to stamp out his own laughter, maybe, but even then the curtain was descending and the storm of his clamor fitted in very well.

"*Bis! Bis!*" shouted the Baron.

They learned the word from his mouth. He stood up from his chair and held his hands up far and high as he applauded. They brought out the players and jerked them at him, and at mother, and at whomever else might be watching. A minute or two after, the Baron would go to the piano in the other room and sing the Glowworm song in German, thundering, thundering till the walls of the house fell in, and his voice went soaring away.

He had a big dark voice that filled the spaces of concert halls and made the glass-sticks of the chandeliers shudder. Twice they were taken to New York, and there they heard him sing in the evening. The first time he wore tights and doublet and played stormily in the darkness. The second time he looked as they knew him: in an evening suit with a white flower in his lapel. But however he dressed, he remained a foreign young man to them, luxuriant and black as a bear, making all the other young men who came to the house seem white as albinos and as tasteless.

He did not come often, only two or three times in the year maybe; but mother had her ostrich feather dipped bluer and curled up fresh every time before he came. She bought him neckties and put them away in the drawer for him: as rich in color as she could find, because that was the way he liked them. He did not dress like any man they knew. This time he wore a snow-white overcoat of wool, and a heliotrope suit, and white spats over his shiny shoes. He stood on the step of the pullman car when the train came in and he jumped off shouting before it had even halted. His gloves were yellow chamois with black backbones, and he ripped them off when he kissed their cheeks and gave all the flowers to mother.

"Good God, how are you all?" he

said with joy, while they stood looking speechless, because they had forgotten he was so beautiful. He was a Bavarian, and the Middle-West was as unsuitable as the grave to him. He walked out of the station to the car with mother's arm in his and his foreign aspect like a bright cloak all around them.

The Baron sat beside mother on the cushions, and the two little girls, in their patent-leather hats, sat erect on the side-seats with their backs to the others and watched him in the strip of glass.

"I miss my own mother so much," he said, and there in the mirror they could see him kiss mother's hand inside and out. She shook her blue feather at him, and his dark eyes were shining, and his gold face was filled with alien things.

He changed into white flannels for lunch and came boldly out on the terrace. His voice hummed deeply in his throat, and his fingers danced on his open shirt, rapped quick and hard as if striking music from a shapely barrel of sound. He remembered everything that had been there, and what changes they had made.

"Ah, the jump-ups here this year!" he sang out deeply to mother. "You know, I'll tell you something. I like it much better. What a good idea you had, Mrs. Mutter."

Even mother's dress was changed.

"It's so hot," she said when the children saw it with delight. "It's suddenly so mild," said mother, "that I slipped this one on."

"But it's *new*!" said the little girls. "It's awfully pretty!"

"Yes," said mother. "Now let's show the Baron the baby doves."

"But what a beautiful dress!" said the Baron. "I can't quite take my eyes off it." He caught his clean white shoe in a croquet-wicket and must put out his hand and touch mother's arm to keep himself from falling.

"Did you hurt yourself?" cried mother softly, and he stood still looking at her.

"Yes," said the Baron in his dark deep voice. "Yes, I have hurt myself for all my life."

He remembered the number of white doves there had been before in the autumn. The gladiolus trees were blooming and now cast a blush and languor on the air. He remembered the exact proportion of gin and grenadine for father's cocktail. When he came back to the table on the terrace, he rolled up his sleeves to make it, and the black silk hairs lay quiet on his arms.

"Ah, ah, ah, AH!" he sang, as though practicing his scales. The silver shaker was frosting over in his hands. "Here comes Mr. Mutter out of the car! Hello, hello, hello!" he cried. He went striding down the flight of steps in the garden. "Hello, hello, Mr. Mutter!" he shouted.

"Hello," said father quietly. Standing beside the Baron, he looked like a small man, and all of a sudden the gray hairs seemed to spring out like magic all over his head. "When did you get here?" he said. Coming from the office, he had on his dark blue suit.

"In time to make a cocktail for you!" the Baron cried with a burst of laughter.

"You'd make a first-rate butler," said father, but he did not smile.

When they sat down to lunch, with the little girls at one end sitting quiet and respectful, the Baron began to tell them of what his own mother had meant to him. His teeth shone out like stars and he ate his food with gusto. The sun was on his face, binding great wreaths of beauty to his brows.

"When you grow up, little girls," said he, "it does a terrible thing to your mother. It wipes the light right out of her sweet face and puts something else you never thought of there. Brr-rr, rr-rr," said the Baron, and he

shook as if the cold had struck him. "It sometimes keeps me awake at night, the awful things that one year after another put into my mother's eyes. She couldn't get used to me being in the army. She thought she could persuade everyone that I was dressed up like an army officer just for the fun of it. When I came home to her, she would say, 'Now you will take off the uniform,' as if that would make a little boy of me again!"

The Baron helped himself to the chicken and cream sauce sown with scarlet peppers. But in spite of his interest in this, his thoughts were elsewhere, for he was telling them of the first time he ran away from home.

"My *mutter*, she looked in all the cafés for two days for me and she went to every musical revue in town where she hated to be. She waited outside the opera every night, because she couldn't bear to go inside and see the stairs where my father dropped dead from his heart when he was a young man of thirty-five. Think of that! Dead from singing too loud, and eating too well, and drinking too much wine. Now that's a fine way to pop off, Mr. *Mutter*, what do you know about it? My God, what a wonderful look that man left behind in my poor mother's face!"

The Baron threw aside his knife and fork in his emotion.

"My God, Mr. *Mutter*!" he cried to father. "Sometimes I think I could talk for the rest of my life to your children here, saying, 'Be good, be good, be good to that wonderful thing that God gives you for a little while!' Sometimes I think I could go down on my knees," said the Baron, "and ask them that they be good to their wonderful little mother!"

Father wiped his lips with his napkin and sat looking at the Baron.

"You mean because of her resem-

blance to your own mother?" father said politely.

"My God, yes!" cried the Baron. But he picked up his knife and fork again as though his taste for the food before him had returned. "Here we are, living men, Mr. *Mutter*," he said in a moment. "But do you think that either one of us could bring that wonderful look to Mrs. *Mutter* that one dead man gave to my own mother's face?"

"I'm quite sure I couldn't," said father.

"And all the time she was looking for me, the poor woman," said the Baron, "all the time I was out of the city. I grew up over-night, and I went off with a soubrette into the country. I—"

Father laid down his napkin and pushed his chair back from the table.

"After all," he said, "there are children present whose development may be less precocious than yours was—"

The little girls did not lift their eyes. In a minute their father stood up and said he must be going back to the office. The Baron stood up and bowed a little over the table.

"I don't doubt I'll see you this evening," father said.

They all watched the limousine turn and saw father driven down the driveway.

"What's a soubrette?" one of the children said.

"It's a kind of a frying pan," said mother. She looked without smiling at the Baron. "Well, what happened next?" she said. The Baron gave her a cigarette from his case and lighted it for her.

"My God," he said. "It was awful."

"I should have thought it would have been awfully nice," mother said.

"Two days in the country with a—with a—" said the Baron.

"With a frying pan," said mother smoking. "Do, please, go on."

But the Baron jumped up, as if in anger, and started pacing the terrace. Suddenly he came back and stood great and broad, towering and mighty over mother's chair.

"Two days," he thundered at her, "two days I kept jumping out the window to see the trees, or the sky, or the river, or anything that tasted fresh and good!"

"Just like a musical comedy officer!" said mother lightly.

"Very well," said the Baron. The color ran up into his golden face. "Very well," he said, and he turned and walked away.

He went the length of the terrace and down the steps, and they could hear his feet crunching across the drive. The little girls, having finished their fruit, folded their napkins and followed mother to the balustrade. There they saw the top of the Baron's head disappearing around the grape-arbor's arch.

"It might be almost anywhere," mother said to them. Her voice was soft and filled with love for them. She stood looking out over the sight of the river and the thick curve of woods above the shining bands of blue. There were no barges or ferries to spoil it just at that moment, and the current seemed swift and clean, although the city lay hidden not far beyond. "It might be almost anywhere, it's so lovely," said mother. She took the little girls' hands and she said, "He's such a little child, we'd better go and see."

They found the Baron on his knees, looking for four-leaf clovers; for things went in and out of his head and no anger fixed them there. Mother and the little girls sat down and spread out their skirts on the grasses. They saw mother's crossed ankles and her little boots, and they saw with shyness their own and each other's bare red knees

sprinkled over with yellow hair. They tried to cover their knees, but could not. But the Baron, in any case, was talking about the new roles he was going to sing.

In the afternoon he wrote a one-act opera for them. He sat in the music-room on the bench, rippling it out over the keyboard: songs and ballets that charmed them and set them dancing because they were like so many tunes they had heard before. All afternoon mother sat in the window, stitching new skirts and cloaks on the puppets. In the end it was an opera filled with humorous songs, written out nimble and fast by the Baron's pen as he played with the other hand, preserved forever in notes with tails and without all over the ruled sheets.

Mother accompanied them day after day, and in a little while the children knew it all, could sing out the parts without laughing, and could make the saucepan dance on its strings. "An *opéra-comique* in one act," said the Baron, "entitled: 'The Soubrette, the Saucepan, and the Percolator.'" He himself sang the coffee percolator's part, striking his broad ringing chest and shouting with joy when they practiced it out together. The Soubrette was a frying-pan, very shiny and small, and mother had stuck a piece of her own blue feather over the painted eyes.

On the night of the performance father sat down in the front row, and when the curtain went up he said:

"The Soubrette looks like mother."

"How silly!" said mother from where she was playing softly the opening bars. The children saw her turn her head in the candlelight and smile at the dinner guests who now made up the audience. The scene before them was the top of a kitchen stove, and in a moment the Percolator was jerked on to the stage, and the Baron began his stirring song.

"*Moi, le Percolator, perka, perka, perk!*" sang his rich wondrous voice. The song was the Toreador's, but it did not matter at all. Deeply, widely rang out the bubbling voice of the Baron from behind the tall curtain, while the silver Percolator in a purple cape strutted across the stove. "Je perk, je perk, je perk!" sang the Baron, and now the little Soubrette suddenly leaped upright from where she had been reclining on the coals. Her mouth was painted open for singing, and the children's voices blended and lifted together to give her speech. She uttered one phrase:

"*Quand tu es là, je ne pense qu'à ton percolating!*" and then the Baron again burst into song; his gay mouth opened wide behind the children, and his voice torrented out upon them, so close that it set their hearts to quaking. In his magic throat there swelled a breaking sorrow, a terrible, stirring sorrow that made their spines go cold with joy. Every other time, and all other music had been but a preparation for this wild moment. Surely the stones and the beams of the house must fall when his voice arched up as pure and strong as stone itself, and he called out, as though summoning someone to his side:

"*Soubrette, ma poêle à frire, je t'aime!*"

Everyone in the room burst into applause, but in a moment, when this was done, father said in a voice that could be heard very clearly:

"I've always liked my Bizet sung by the Italians or French. The Teutonic interpretation never quite convinces me."

Then, like a little choir, the children's voices were softly raised in song. Behind them hummed the Baron's voice, tender, wooing as a cello, shaping them and guiding them towards love. Softly their mother played the breathless bars, and their own frail lungs went

wide and piped all their mother's loveliness to beauty for the world to hear. The Frying pan hastened across the glowing stage to the Percolator's side and melted into his embrace.

Spout to painted mouth, thus it was the Saucepan found them, and by a wonderful feat, steam exploded from under his lid. He sent them clattering apart, the Soubrette's blue feather blowing in agitation. He tossed his tin cover down on the stove and minced his fury out. It was the Baron's voice again that gave vent to a pompous, testy ire; but the Baron's voice turned light in spite, running shallow, and his mouth turned up to smile.

"*Je suis une casserole pleine d'affaires,
Je trouve les arts bien amers.
L'Etat Civil, les Codes, la Loi,
Sont toujours respectés, grace à moi.
Je n'ai pas le temps de m'amuser
Car je fais la cuisine, c'est la vérité!
Je n'ai pas le temps pour quoi que ce soit!
Je suis une casserole!"*

The Saucepan began a *pas seul* across the stage, but suddenly father stood up among all the laughing people.

"What is the matter?" said mother's soft voice across the dark as she played the music.

"Haven't the time to be amused," said father. There was a little stir of surprise amongst the guests.

"Don't be so silly!" mother cried out, for now the Baron had ceased singing.

"I don't like the part that's been given me," said father loudly. He had brought the whole performance to an end.

"But you're not the Saucepan!" cried mother, and everybody laughed. Even the Baron behind the stage stood shaking with laughter. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" his golden notes rang out.

"My God, Mr. Mutter!" he called out in his beautiful voice. "You don't even look like a saucepan!"

"I don't suppose I do!" said father

savagely from the door. "It was just something that hadn't occurred to me before!"

Sometimes at night the children remembered how the Baron looked when he was laughing, or how he threw his head up in the sun, or how his hands spread out wide over the keys of

the piano. That was the last time he ever came to the house, but they remembered him for a long while after he went away, and how mother had lain on the bed, and how the wind or something else had moaned and sobbed at the window like a woman crying all night.

BESIEGED

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

ONE citadel alone is left to me,
The citadel of silence—if that go
I am indeed defenseless to the foe.

*What does he seek within this ruined town,
Where every other stronghold has gone down
And none remembers what it used to be?*

*No splendor hides within these crumbling walls.
They echo only to the dim footfalls
Of long-dead ghosts, with painful steps and slow.*

*The fortresses have fallen one by one,
And all their gold and scarlet has been won.
Have mercy on me now, and let me go!*

*Oh, must you take the utmost toll of me?
Here, then, my piteous treasure—look, and see
A broken dream, a tarnished memory!*



EDISON IN HIS LABORATORY

BY M. A. ROSANOFF

I MET Edison almost accidentally. One Saturday noon, early in 1903, an acquaintance told me that he had some business to transact with the inventor and was starting out to Orange. Would I like to go along and meet Mr. Edison? I said it would indeed be interesting, but would not Mr. Edison dislike a stranger calling on him as an idle handshaker? My acquaintance reassured me that Edison was very approachable. So we went.

The laboratory gateman went to announce us and returned to say that Mr. Edison would see us at once. In a small reception room, Edison was sprawled in a leisurely attitude, with an air of not a thing in the world to do. He got through with my acquaintance's business in short order and then turned his penetrating eyes on me. Where had I studied? What had I done? What was I doing now? I told him of my chemical studies and research apprenticeships in this country and abroad. "Grand science, chemistry," he observed. "I like it best of all the sciences. Without chemistry modern industry and commerce just wouldn't exist. But it's still a mere baby of a science, an awful lot more unknown than known. . . ."

We had an interesting talk, and when the time came to take leave, our handshake was cordial. "Say," said Edison suddenly, "do you want a job?" I thanked him but said no. I was engaged editorially upon a forthcoming encyclopædia. He persisted, "Why waste time writing about what other

people have done? Don't you want to do something yourself?" I repeated that I could not leave my work unfinished. "Well," he concluded, "any time you want a job, drop in to see me. I'll give you a job."

My first conversation with Edison was characteristic of the way he selected his research assistants. No blanks to fill out, no references, no efficiency tests, nothing but a penetrating mental inspection. And later, no wordy weekly reports, no staff meetings, no clicking army of typists; in brief, no efficiency show, nothing but research work.

That evening at dinner I did little but talk Edison to a breathless audience of relatives. And before the evening was over my audience had talked *me* into arranging to finish my encyclopædia work in the evenings and accepting Edison's offer of a research position in his laboratory. On Monday morning I called up the laboratory to ask for an appointment at Mr. Edison's convenience. "Hold the wire." And two minutes later, "Mr. Edison says to come right over."

"Mr. Edison," said I, "I do not know whether your offer, Saturday, was just by way of a friendly compliment to a stranger . . ." "Oh, no," he interrupted, "I meant it."—"In that case," said I, "I have come to accept it."—"All right," said he, "you can begin work this morning." I told him I had to make arrangements, I had to move to Orange, I could not possibly be-

gin before Wednesday morning. "All right," said he with resignation, "put it off till Wednesday."

On Wednesday morning he gave me my problem. "It's an easy one," he said, "at least it'll be easy for you, with your chemical training. You may know how a phonograph record is made: we first make a 'master' record on a cylinder of wax; from this we make a negative metal mold by electroplating; and from the mold we obtain, by casting, any number of commercial wax cylinders for sale. Now, the wax of our 'master' cylinders is a little too hard." He handed me a chunk of the wax and pointed out its smoothness and its fine-grained fracture, but also its comparative hardness. "When an extra-loud sound occurs in a song—you know, when an Eytalian has suddenly fallen in love or somep'n—the recorder needle gives a jump, and then a tiny bit of the wax is chipped out; you can hardly see it without a microscope, but you hear it plenty afterwards. Besides, on account of the wax being so hard, part of the sound energy is wasted in cutting the wax, so that the phonograph gives back a good bit less volume than was put into it. This wax was worked out for me by a fellow named Aylsworth, who used to be my chemist here, and it's a pretty good wax. But it's got to be softened a bit to be *real* good, and I'm sure, with all your college training—in Paris and everywhere else—you can do it in no time. Well, now, that's your first problem, you can go right to work on it." I asked, "Mr. Edison, where will I find the old laboratory records, to see what the composition of this wax is and what attempts have been made to improve it?" He said, "The records are all lost, and I have clean forgotten what's been done, so you'll have to start all over again."

While I shouldered the simple and easy chemical task of improving the

wax, with the view to enhancing the volume of sound, Edison himself undertook to improve the recording and reproducing apparatus, with the same end in view. We thus went to work on two aspects of one and the same problem; and as he chose to do his work in the room assigned to me, we were in intimate and almost constant contact for about a year and a half. We talked on all sorts of subjects, we exchanged views, we argued; and the result of our conversations are these fragmentary reminiscences, which I hope may integrate into a true pen portrait of this colorful personality, the Napoleon of invention.

As soon as we were installed in our ménage, I approached him in a humble spirit: "Mr. Edison, please tell me what laboratory rules you want me to observe." And right then and there I got my first surprise. He spat in the middle of the floor and yelled out, "Hell! there *ain't* no rules around here! We are tryin' to accomplish somep'n!" And he walked off, leaving me flabbergasted.

II

Edison seldom worked with his own hands. He had a mechanical man who did all the manipulating, while the master did the experimenting in his head. The mechanical man was named Freddie Ott, rotund, healthy, honest, exceedingly deft with his fingers; a tireless worker who felt tired all the time because he was out of sympathy with Edison's enterprising restlessness. Edison soon re-introduced himself and Freddie to me by pointing to himself as "Don Quixote" and to Freddie as "Santcho Pantcho." Edison himself was generally referred to as The Old Man. He had nicknamed his experimenters "Muckers," he himself being the chief Mucker.

Among the Muckers there was a youngster who was forever mixing new

solders for the container of the Edison storage battery, in an effort to find one that would not be attacked by the caustic potash of the battery. In response to the Old Man's intolerance of sentimental inflation, he inflated his talk with aggressive hells, damns, and all the other accepted symbols of unsentimental virility; and every morning he even made up for work by skillfully spreading a lot of grime upon his manly countenance. But in spite of his studied nonchalance and his ritual make-up, his solders continued to be chewed up by the potash.

Another of the Muckers, Doctor Roos, was wrestling with the problem of getting rid of solder altogether and finding a way of making for the battery a seamless one-piece iron container by electro-plating. Under the Old Man's merciless pressure, he worked day and night. But as a usable one-piece container refused to come, he too deemed it prudent to begrime himself every morning till he looked like a locomotive fireman—a part that accorded poorly with his suavity of manner and the cultured quality of his Swedish voice. Roos dodged the Old Man whenever he could. One day, incautiously, he stepped into my room, and there, talking to me, was Edison. It was too late to back out. The Old Man had caught sight of him and called out, "Come 'ere, Roos, tell me how you are getting along." Roos improvised an expression of intense joy and shouted back, "I've got it, Mr. Edison, I've got it at last! I yooost need another day or two to straighten out some small details, then I'll be ready to report to you and show you the box." Roos's joy was now reflected in the Old Man's own face and intensified there to an expression of triumph. "Didn't I tell you right along," he said shrilly, "that you'd git it? I've been telling you *all* the time that all you got to do is stick to it and work like hell, and you'd

get it in the end! *Sure* you can have another day or two." And Roos made a rapid but orderly retreat out of the room. I turned to the Old Man. "I certainly want to congratulate both you and Roos, Mr. Edison, on his success at last." The Old Man looked at me as if doubting his ears. "Did *you* believe what he said?"—I opened my eyes wide, and stammered, "Why, of course, Mr. Edison; why, what do you mean?"—The Old Man explained cheerfully, "He hasn't got a damn thing. But that's the way to talk!"

In other words: believe or make believe that you believe. Conquer, or at least *say* that you are conquering. Anything to keep up morale. Never say die.

Shortly after I had begun my long and tedious search for an improved wax I happened to complain to a group of the Muckers that I felt handicapped by the loss of the old laboratory notes, so that the history of my subject was hidden from me. One sophisticated member of the group undertook to explain. "Say," he said, "are you really innocent enough to believe that they are lost? Do you know where you'll land if you believe everything the Old Man says? You'll land with both feet in the green cheese of the moon, and there you'll stick. The Old Man is all for taking, and for giving nothing. You just catch that bird giving away his hard-earned trade secrets to an innocent phenomenon like you who happens to breeze in here." But another Mucker broke in with a truer interpretation. "Of course," said he, "the Old Man knows all about the old work, and is deliberately keeping you ignorant of it. But I think he is right. He and Aylsworth and others had got into a mental rut, and for years they have not been able to improve on Aylsworth's wax. He is feeding you plenty of compliments for encouragement, but in his heart he does not

really think that you are any smarter than himself and Aylsworth, if as smart. If he should take you into his complete confidence, you would land in their old rut. He wants your fresh mind on the problem, and the only way to keep you unhampered by history and previous experience is to keep you entirely ignorant of it."

I speedily discovered that my problem was not such an easy one as the Old Man had represented. Any softener that I added to the old wax would either toughen or roughen it. If toughened, the wax would drag upon the recording needle so that the volume of sound would be reduced to a faint squawk. If roughened, as it usually was, it would give a noisy reproduction. The so-called wax, by the way, was chiefly a soap, with a small amount of real waxes and other ingredients added. Soaps, as you may know, are salts of the alkali metals, mostly of the metal sodium. When I began reaching the limit of my patience in trying to modify Aylsworth's "wax"—which was mainly a soap of sodium—I bethought myself of taking the chemical bull by the horns and starting with a wax analogous to Aylsworth's, but having a soap of lithium instead of sodium as its dominant ingredient. This idea seemed to yield promising results at first, at least the waxes obtained were smooth—neither tough nor rough. But they were even harder than Aylsworth's wax and chipped even more easily. Eyetalian love songs, as the Old Man would say, became the bane of my existence. I began resenting more and more the Italian's way of making love by giving vent to amorous outbursts and yelling bloody murder. When their unrestrained arias continued to injure my thousand and one lithium waxes, and visiting Muckers began murmuring that the entire laboratory was in danger of going deaf except Edison him-

self, who was already deaf—then at last I reflected that either the Italians must be exterminated and all their music destroyed, or else I must give up my lithium wax experiments and label their total yield "Negative Results."

When I first began experimenting with lithium waxes I felt a little timid on account of the comparative costliness of lithium. But the Old Man reassured me. "Don't let *that* worry you. Try anything, try *radium* if you like. I don't care if it costs a million dollars a cylinder. Just show me anything that'll do the work, then I'll show you how to make it cheap enough for commercial use. Go right ahead with your lithium experiments. They're fine!"

When the lithium experiments were abandoned, after taking a heavy toll of my moral energy, I became a bit despondent. I turned the lithium morgue over to the Old Man. "Well," said I, "here is another bookful of Negative Results. I'm getting to feel rather faint with it."—"You're all wrong," said the Old Man with enthusiasm. "Negative results are just what I want. They are just as valuable to me as positive results. I can never find the thing that does the work best until I know everything that *don't* do it!" And more in the same vein. Partly kindness, maybe. On me it had the effect of a powerful stimulant, and doubtless that was Edison's intent. I went back to work. More waxes, and more, without end. . . .

III

At one time the Old Man separated me from what had become "my steady" and put me on a temporary special job. Aylsworth's wax had not been patented, and its intricate composition was kept a trade secret. A rival (probably through a spying workman) obtained possession of the secret formula.

The first I knew of this was when the Old Man asked me to investigate it and ascertain whether the rival's wax was really new. He said I might be called upon to testify in court and urged me to make my experimental study thorough.

I prepared a quantity of the wax in accordance with the specifications and began an exhaustive comparison of it with the Aylsworth wax. And the grand total of my conclusion, after several weeks of painstaking work, was that the thing was nothing else than Aylsworth's own wax, which had been used by Edison for years. When I reported my results to the Old Man with spirited indignation at the unsavory ways of his rival, he asked with a merry twinkle of amusement, "What are you so excited about? Everybody steals in commerce and industry. I've stolen a lot myself. But I knew *how* to steal. They don't know *how* to steal—that's all that's the matter with them." I said nothing; my breath was taken away.

IV

And now, the patent job done, I returned to my waxes: more waxes, and more, without end. One day the Old Man sat down for a chat, and we exchanged confidences. "Do you believe in luck?" he asked me. I said, "Yes and no. My reasoning mind revolts against the superstition of luck, my savage soul clings to it."—"For my part," said the Old Man, "I do not believe in luck at all. And if there is such a thing as luck, then *I* must be the most unlucky fellow in the world. I've never once made a lucky strike in all my life. When I get after something that I need, I start finding everything in the world that I *don't* need—one damn thing after another. I find ninety-nine things that I don't need, and then comes number one

hundred, and that—at the very last—turns out to be just what I had been looking for. It's got to be so that if I find something in a hurry, I git to doubting whether it's the real thing; so I go over it carefully and it generally turns out to be wrong. Wouldn't you call that hard luck? But I'm tellin' you, I don't believe in luck—good or bad. Most fellows try a few things and then quit. *I* never quit until I git what I'm after. That's the only difference between me, that's supposed to be lucky, and the fellows that think they are unlucky. Then again a lot of people think that I have done things because of some 'genius' that I've got. That too is not true. Any other bright-minded fellow can accomplish just as much if he will stick like hell and remember that nothing that's any good works by itself, just to please you; you got to *make* the damn thing work. You may have heard people repeat what I have said, 'Genius is one per cent inspiration, ninety-nine per cent perspiration.' Yes, sir, it's mostly *hard work*." I said, "You will admit, Mr. Edison, that at least your patience is out of the ordinary?"—"Oh, yes," he replied, "I got lots of patience."

His statement is illuminating. In these homely words of his I find a partial answer to the question, What is that "genius" of Edison's, of which the products are his many inventions used the world over? As his words imply, his great working capacity and his extraordinary patience were important parts of his genius. Edison shrank from the word genius because of its suggestion of a miraculous power of creating by mere inspiration something out of nothing. His famous modesty regarding the title "genius" was honest and unaffected. On the other hand, from my own point of view, I am still compelled to recognize him as a man of genius both on account of his extraor-

dinary deeds and on account of the extraordinary combination of extraordinary traits which he possessed.

The Old Man was not always beaming smiles at me. In his opinion, a problem like mine called for "empirically" trying everything under the sun; and, therefore, theoretical notions of any kind, on account of their restraining and restricting influence, were to be feared above all. And as he became aware that, by natural inclination, I was forever struggling for some theoretical guide-light, he undertook a persistent campaign of re-educating my mind. By way of a morning greeting he got to screwing up his face into a disdainful grimace and calling out, "How is *theo*-retical chemistry this morning?" He began telling me stories of the triumph of his almost helter-skelter, trial-and-failure method over the prophecies of engineers based on scientific theory. One day he asked me to guess what material had made the first promising filament for the incandescent lamp. "You couldn't guess it in a hundred years," he said. "Limburger cheese! Now, can you show me a book of theoretical chemistry that explains why Limburger cheese must be good for the incandescent lamp?"

At times he would get away from the field of his inventions and start spinning theories on unrelated subjects. Then he often talked wildly. One day, he delivered himself of a discourse on the origin of warts. "A bunch of cells," he explained, "that belong somewhere or other in the body, git loose and sail away some place where they don't belong. Say, for example, a lot of cells git away from a toe and land 'way up in the nose. They don't know where they are or how in hell to act. So they go crazy and they start building toe, because that's all they know how to do—see? In this way a bit of toe grows up on the nose. We

call it a wart, but it's nothing but a piece of toe in the wrong place. That's how warts come," he concluded. And his face assumed an expression of complete satisfaction.

"How singular," Mucker Rafn once remarked to me, "that with all of the Old Man's contacts with science, he has never made one scientific discovery!" The explanation is that Edison's contacts were, not with science proper, but only with its facts.

A favorite topic with him was his theory of sleep. To this he came back again and again. "Sleep," he asserted, "is an acquired habit. Cells don't sleep. Fish swim about in the water all night; *they* don't sleep. Even a horse don't sleep, he just stands still and rests. A man don't need any sleep. You try it sometime. Work all day and all night, then early in the morning take a nap for half-an-hour, then jump up, wash your face with ice-water, and go back to work again. You'll be fresh as a lark and feel just fine."

Late one night, having spent the evening editing some troublesome encyclopædia articles, I was weary and yearning for bed, when my telephone rang. It was "Santcho Pantcho." "Say, we are working all night to-night. The Old Man says to ask you if you want to come up?" I groaned under my breath and said, "All right, tell him I'll be right up." The laboratory was brightly lighted up, Edison and Santcho Pantcho and a group of Muckers were there. Edison's son Charlie was there, pottering with something at one of the desks. The Old Man hailed me with exaggerated cordiality. "Say," he called, "let's you and I go to work on your damned problem to-night and make a resolution not to go to sleep until we have solved it!" This sounded to me like an invitation to join a suicide club. I pleaded, "Mr. Edison, you know I have been at my

problem for months; I have tried every reasonable thing I could think of, and no result, not even a lead!"—"That's just where your trouble has been, you have tried only reasonable things. Reasonable things never work. Thank God you can't think up any more reasonable things, so you'll have to begin thinking up *unreasonable* things to try, and now you'll hit the solution in no time. After that you can take a nap," he added reassuringly.

Sometime between midnight and one o'clock Charlie Edison complained to his father that he was getting "kind of dopey" and would like to take a *little* nap. "Well," said the Old Man, "if you *got* to sleep, go lie down under the table in the corner; nobody will step on you there." Charlie carried out the suggestion literally and was soon fast asleep on the floor under a table. About two in the morning, Mrs. Edison drove over, worried about Charlie. The Old Man emphasized that Charlie was safe where he would not be stepped on. Charlie's sleeping on the hard floor did not meet with Mrs. Edison's approval. She next disapproved of Mr. Edison's expectorating on the floor and politely offered to provide a spittoon, but he declined, saying that the floor itself was the surest spittoon because you never missed it. Charlie, however, was taken home to sleep.

We all chatted intimately while briskly at work, Edison keeping us alert by telling one good story after another. We were talking about mental concentration, and Edison brought up a remarkable instance from his own experience. "You know," he said, "when I was a young fellow I used to be a telegraph operator. I was a pretty fast worker in those days; and to work real fast you gotta keep your mind on just what you're doin' and forgit everything else. Well, one night a number of messages came over

the wire, and I received them as fast as they ticked in. All at once I hear the newsboys in the street hollering an extra and a lot of commotion and excitement going on. I ran out to see what'd happened and I hear, 'President Lincoln assassinated!' I asked how they'd got the news. A man said, 'You damn fool, didn't you just git the message yourself?' True enough, I had received the message a while earlier, but I had never got its meaning. My mind must have been glued pretty fast to my work for me to have missed the meaning of such a message!" He had told the story so vividly that we believed it to be an actual experience.

At six in the morning I went home and to bed. At eleven I was back at the laboratory. The Old Man frowned on my reporting for work so late. He said I should have felt much better if I had not gone to bed at all.

Later in the day I was compounding new mixtures of soaps and waxes for phonograph cylinders. Santcho Pantcho was deftly constructing a modified form of phonograph reproducer designed by his master. The Old Man was slumped in a chair close by, his feet comfortably crossed on top of the work desk. From time to time he made liberal use of his ubiquitous spittoon. After a while the Old Man fell asleep. His beautiful head began going down, down, then up with a start; down, down, down, then up with a start. Some sentimental person might have found inspiration in viewing the magnificent intellect at rest. But Santcho Pantcho only poked his finger under Edison's nose and wailed, "Look at this blankety blank. He tells the world he never sleeps, but he is fast asleep like this pretty near all the time. He just don't believe in nobody else sleeping!" Which was Santcho Pantcho's unpolished way of saying what Dumas père had once said of Napoleon.

I, too, saw Edison asleep at various times in various safe corners. If one approached him he was instantly wide awake, ready to answer any question. In another instant he would be fast asleep again. The twilight state, half-asleep, half-awake, seemed to be foreign to his physiology, or psychology. No, he was really sincere in preaching that sleep was a habit which could be almost dispensed with. His own great recuperative power, which made it possible for him to go long stretches with little sleep, was an important factor in his miraculous achievement. You may say it was an essential ingredient of his "genius."

V

Education was another topic that Edison knew nothing of but loved to talk about. He had not had any formal education himself, and one day he expressed to me in his picturesque way his belief that schooling would have done him more harm than good; in which belief I concur. A cub reporter from a Brooklyn newspaper had come to interview him about his storage battery. I offered to leave the room, but the Old Man told me to stay and listen, and later see if I could find any resemblance between the actual conversation and the report printed in the morning paper. While the reporter was being ushered in, the Old Man disguised himself to resemble the heroic image of "The Great Inventor, Thomas A. Edison" graven in the imagination of those who have no imagination. Suddenly gone were his natural boyishness of manner, his happy hooliganism. His features froze into immobility, he became statuesque in the armchair, and his unblinking eyes assumed a faraway look like a circus lion thinking of the Nubian desert. He did not stir until the reporter tip-toed right up to him, then he slowly

turned his head, as if reluctant to lose the vision of the Nubian desert. The interview itself was insignificant and lasted only a few minutes. Certainly not one word was said about Edison's schooling. Next morning the Old Man brought me the Brooklyn paper, saying, "Read this." The youngster had made a big spread of the interview. He told with enthusiasm how under his tactful and skillful questioning, Edison had abandoned his customary reticence and had for once unbosomed himself as to his beginnings; how he had admitted with becoming modesty to having been an exceptionally bright pupil at school, often astounding his teachers by searching questions, by keen and quick answers. And while thus unbosoming himself, Mr. Edison had *looked* every inch the Great Inventor that he was, verily the Wizard of Menlo Park.

"Well," said the Old Man, "didn't I tell you so? What do you think of this reporter chap now?" I said, "I am lost in admiration. *He* certainly deserves to make headway in the world. But do tell me, Mr. Edison, is it true that you were unusually bright at school?" He glared at me with a sudden fierce contempt and yelled, "School? I've never been to school a day in my life! D'you think I would have amounted to anything if I had gone to school?" And he turned and quietly strolled away from me, his hands behind his back. I was annoyed. I knew that he said this to me purposely, with my long schooling as a target.

But so far as his own career was concerned he was right. Conventional schooling is an excellent thing for ordinary pedestrian man: it delouses him, it spreads a coat of varnish over his rawness, sometimes it embalms him alive. But do not tame the eagle. Had the Wright brothers been schooled they would have known too much to

undertake so mad a thing as flying in the sky. Had Edison been formally schooled he would not have had the audacity to create such impossible things as the phonograph.

Edison wanted to see education, especially college education, revolutionized by throwing out all useless things. I wanted to see college education reformed by throwing out most of the "useful" things. And on this subject I once argued with him until my eyes popped.

Edison's question as to why colleges didn't teach "somep'n useful," I first countered with Bible wisdom. In the version of a great modern poet, when Judas raises his voice for consistent utilitarianism, Jesus gently reproves him with the question, "Who knows what is useful and what is not useful?" But the wisdom and poetry of this were lost on Edison. I argued on. I endeavored to analyze for him the educated mind. The object of education, I said, was to develop in the mind the habit of thinking in an orderly manner instead of jumping about like a flea, the habit and the patience to dwell on a given subject until it is digested and assimilated; to exercise the mind in discriminating between what is true and what is false, between what is beautiful and what is ugly; to exercise it unceasingly in recognizing and avoiding the pitfalls of appearance and the deadly traps of preconceived opinion; and to keep all this up until the mind is finely attuned to vibrate in generous response to all that is genuine—in nature, in science, in art. "We say briefly," said I, "the object of education is the discipline of the mind."

"Yeah," he shouted shrilly back, "but all this disciplining of the mind that you are yelling about can be accomplished just as well while teaching the boys somep'n *useful*. Why teach them Latin? Latin is a dead language; the professor himself doesn't know

how to order in Latin a sirloin steak with potatoes. Who the hell uses Latin outside the Catholic church? And *there* nobody understands it except the Pope, so even he can only use Latin when he is talkin' to himself."—"Mr. Edison," I gently reasoned with him at the top of my lungs, "the stately periods, the delicate shadings of Latin are like intricate finger exercises in learning to play a musical instrument." But I was not convincing, I was only irritating him. He shouted, "Then mebbe college boys ought to spend a couple of years exercising on the Jew's harp so's to become good at making faces? That'd be jist as useful." But I stuck to the defense of the usefulness of the useless in education. "Mr. Edison," said I, "take physical training. Pupils are not taught actually useful things, like digging a ditch, moving a piano, breaking somebody else's jaw. Have you ever watched a physical-training class? Nothing but useless motions: they bend over and back, over and back; then they are made to wave their arms, swing their legs—and all apparently to no purpose; yet these useless motions are calculated to educate the muscular system as a whole, and the result is accomplished far better than it would be by the exclusively useful things which *you* would recommend, like moving pianos and breaking jaws."

I thought I had won the day. But the Old Man got up, registering hopeless contempt for me, and by way of a parting insult shouted, "Say, you ought to be a college professor!" And he strolled away.

That hurt. It was not what he said; for there are some vivacious men among college professors. It was the hateful way in which he said it. If you did not understand his words, you would have thought he yelled, "Say, *you* are a damn fool! You ought to be a washerwoman!" I followed him

with furious eyes, and I said in my heart, "Uncle, whatever you have in your head must arise there by spontaneous generation. To get something in from outside, one would have to drill a little hole in your thick skull and pump it in under pressure."

No, Edison did not have what the French call *une intelligence ouverte*, which is poorly translated by the English "a receptive mind."

He once asked me to explain to him why the formula of water is written H_2O and not H_4O_2 or H_6O_3 , which would represent equally well the composition of water. We settled down comfortably in chairs, and I began. In the simplest terms I started lecturing to him on Avogadro's law, on Cannizzaro's formulation of compounds. . . . He listened bright-eyed for about five minutes; then the sparkle began dying in his eyes; he became absent-minded; and presently I knew that I had lost my audience, and my lecture died in a sigh of regret. What I could have taught any average college bozo, I could not teach to this, one of the most brilliant men of the century.

VI

Edison had a prodigious memory, and his mind was an immense junk yard of heterogeneous information. On one occasion I needed the prices of a long list of commercial waxes and went to ask him where I might find a wholesale price list. He was asleep on an untidy mattress on the floor of a kind of pantry. I started backing out, but he was already awake. "What do you want?" I told him and showed him my list. He said, "You don't need any price list, I'll give you the prices." Incredulous, I began calling out the waxes, and he shot back their prices one after another. He was snoring again before I had left the room. Af-

terwards I was able to check up most of his prices, and they were exact almost to a penny. He was master of his mental junk yard.

I understood that he had twice read through the whole of Thorpe's voluminous *Dictionary of Applied Chemistry*. This is as if, to acquire knowledge of English, you would twice read through Webster's *Unabridged* from A to Z.

No wonder conventional academic people would get the impression that his only gift was a shrewd capacity for finding trained men to make inventions for him. A couple of years after the incidents of this sketch, a student at New York University asked me to get him a summer job with Edison: it would be an instructive experience and enable him to save some money toward his Senior year. I got in touch with the Old Man through Santcho Pantcho. In a few minutes came the reply, "The Old Man says to send him over, he'll give him a job." The youngster walked on air. When, however, he reported back as a Senior in the fall, his feet were all on the ground: the Edison experience was a sad disillusionment; instead of an inspired inventor, he found an awfully commonplace sort of man, who could not pass a college entrance examination in math and knew less organic chemistry than he, the Senior, himself. I pointed out that it would be uncharitable to overlook the magic that Edison had taught us to perform. "If you would like to see some," said I, "turn that switch button on the wall." But the youngster went away respectfully unconvinced: you see, we had made good progress at the University toward conventionalizing him for the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Academic and scientific men were, in turn, puzzling to Edison. Although he was somewhat overawed—maybe *because* he was overawed—by their systematic intellectual equipment,

and employed them as the best available research assistants, he found great amusement in telling of their mistakes and in playing his sharp wit on them without mercy. "Say," he began one day, "what do *you* think is the matter with college men?"—"I grieve for all human beings," said I, "college men as well as the yokels."—"Wait," he interrupted, "let me tell you of an experience I once had with the crushing of big rocks. You see, in getting usable iron ore from rock, one of the main difficulties is to crush the rock. The chunks of rock which I produced by economical blasting were about as big as a piano. I made up my mind to crush those big babies by machine. I had engineers from the best colleges working for me, so I called them in and told them to design a crushing machine. They got out their slide-rules and mathematical tables and went to work. Well, sir, they figured and figured, but finally they came back to report, 'Mr. Edison, the thing can't be done; such a machine is impossible. According to the tables of strength of materials, the crushing machine would not crush the big rocks, the big rocks would crush the crushing machine.' And they were very much pleased with themselves for keeping me from trying such a fool thing. I said, 'All right, much obliged for putting me straight.' Then Freddie and I got a gang of Irishmen, just common day laborers, no college education that you'd notice—and we built a crushing plant. I still use this kind of crushing machine in my cement works near Phillipsburg. I'll take you up there some day and you can see for yourself: my machine crushed the rocks all right, the rocks don't crush the machine; it's working fine, smooth as a sewing machine, no trouble whatever. Now, what do you think of those college engineers?"

I think one reason that he particularly enjoyed telling his stories about

college people to me was, as I have said before, that my theoretical turn of mind disturbed him, and he persistently tried to re-educate and win me over to his empirical methods. I even suspect that some of his stories may have been embellished or altogether invented for this pedagogical purpose. One in particular tended to exceed the bounds of my credulity. "I had a fine electrical engineer working here," he told me, "by name of K. They made him a college professor afterwards. Fine mathematician, hard worker. When I made up my mind to build a car to be pulled by electricity instead of by steam or by horses, I told K. about it and asked him to figure out for me the thickness of the current carrier that I'd have to use. The idea of an electric train interested him. He went to work with a ream of paper and his slide-rule—K. never went anywhere or did anything without his slide-rule. He worked day and night on the problem for a couple of weeks, then came to me very much disappointed. 'Mr. Edison,' said he, 'an electric train is not a practical possibility. To carry the heavy current required, the current conductor would have to be three feet in diameter.'—I said, 'Well, K., no use trying to do what's impossible, I suppose we'll have to let steam or the horses keep on pulling the cars forever.'" Edison spat his disgust. "You've seen electric cars running everywhere. Did you ever see one with a trolley wire three feet thick? Well, I told Freddie to build me an electric car, rails and everything, right in the laboratory yard, and after while we had it running fine. K. came to see it. 'Well,' said I, 'what do you think of my electric train?'—'That's certainly funny,' said he, 'I'll have to go over my computations again.' Then I see him coming back smiling. 'The fault was all mine, Mr. Edison. I made a mistake in just one decimal

place, and that balled up the whole calculation. I've got it all straightened out now, your electric car is all right.'—I said, 'I'm mighty glad to hear you say it. I thought so myself when I saw the car running.'—Now tell me," Edison added, "don't the mathematicians have any common sense at all?"

Was this story true, or was it specially devised for my intellectual reformation? I do not know.

VII

Was Edison interested in literature? Did he appreciate music? The answer is definitely "no." In a life so thickly crowded with creative events, each event involving a myriad of details demanding concentrated thought, intensive struggle, where was there room for the undisturbed contemplation of, let us say, Tolstoy's immense canvases of *War and Peace*? When once I urged him to read this, the greatest of novels, he told me drily that he had no time for "such things."

If music is a language, it was Greek to Edison. I will not say that he was devoid of a sense of pitch and rhythm. Again and again I saw him fall in with the mood of some jolly bit of musical nonsense and cut dancing capers in front of a phonograph horn. But serious tone poetry was meaningless to him. If he had ever had the patience to listen to Beethoven's phantasy-sonata, he would have been sure that anyone claiming to hear in it a dream of divine nobility was just "pretending."

On one occasion he inveigled me into talking about music: did I like classical music in general? What did I think of Wagner in particular? I said Wagner's heroic poems were certainly dramatic and magnificent, but . . . And I launched out in a pæan of my infinitely more passionate

love and veneration of Beethoven's pure music. He interrupted me with, "Come 'ere, I want you to listen to this. I've got Wagner's top notch best here for you." Thereupon he set a phonograph going and settled down with an expression of keen musical enjoyment. A most incredible and macabre concert of sound assailed me out of the horn. Seeing my gaping unbelief, Edison asked with mock surprise, "*Now* what's the matter? I thought you liked Wagner? Don't you like classical music any more?" And he shook with laughter. What he had done was this: he had an old experimental machine with a reversible mechanism; the record must have been a many-voiced chorus with orchestral accompaniment; and he reproduced it for me backward! You have seen the bizarre effects of moving pictures run backward. Well, those are as nothing compared with a lively piece of music done in reverse. And Edison was as happy as a schoolboy to have played this practical joke on one who pretended to be a lover of the classics. Of course it was only a joke, but I really believe that Wagner impressed him merely as a lot of din.

His records in those days were mostly catchy tunes and plumber's family entertainment pieces in the vein of "Mary, Gimme My Boots." When a phonograph salesman returned from Europe and reported to him that in Germany people demanded "grand opera and other classical stuff," he merely said, "I don't believe it."

You may ask, "Did not Edison's deafness prevent his hearing any music at all?" It is remarkable how well he did hear some things. I *know* that he heard the faintest sounds from the phonograph. Part of my problem was the elimination of acoustic roughness from the records. I once obtained a record that I thought entirely free from foreign sounds and was

proudly demonstrating it to him. He listened for a while, then turned on me. "What's the matter," he asked, "are you deaf? Nothin' silent about *that* record!" It was disconcerting to be asked such a question by a deaf person. I listened more intently, and finally caught a distinct swishing noise behind the sounds of the record proper!

Edison's religion has been pried into by all sorts of people. Some classify him as an agnostic; others tell of his belief in the immortality of the soul and try to picture him as at heart a good Christian. As a matter of fact, his mind was so wrapped up in invention problems that he gave little serious thought to anything else. I believe, however, that when his thoughts did turn toward Heaven, he thought of the God of nature from a curious, fellow-craftsman's point of view as "the great Inventor." One morning at my desk, he was playing with a mass of mercury in a glass beaker. He asked me if I did not think mercury was a miraculous kind of material. I said I did. Suddenly his face lengthened into an unwonted look of reverence. "People," said he, "call me a great inventor. *I'm* no inventor worth talkin' about. When I think that I can't build even the damndest kind of a fool who could think and speak some damn fool thing of his own, then I know that I am just a hell of an inventor." Then, his finger pointing heavenward, he added, "*That's* the real Inventor!"

VIII

Edison, as I have said, enjoyed telling of case after case in which trained scientists and engineers had pronounced something impossible, yet which he had made work by purely empirical methods. It seemed interesting, therefore, to find out when and why he himself would discard an idea or a project as impracticable. So one

day I proposed to him the following question: "Physics teaches that wherever there exists a difference in temperature, the flow of heat from the higher to the lower temperature can be made to drive an engine. Now, the lower strata of the air are warmer than the higher strata; also, in the ocean, the water near the surface is warmer than the water at some depth. Theoretically it ought to be possible to utilize those differences in temperature-levels to drive an engine and obtain mechanical work indefinitely. Of course, such an engine is an utter impossibility practically. But if the idea of building such an engine should pop into your head, what would be *your* exact reasons for discarding it as impracticable?" His answer was disappointing. He looked at me with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes and burst out, in his deaf man's treble, "If you start building engines in the sky, you'll go crazy. There's plenty to be invented within three feet of the ground. No need going to the moon. An invention is no good unless it's commercial and people are willing to pay for it. There's no money in sky engines, see?"

"If that's the way you feel," said I, "if your value of an invention is fixed entirely by how much money you can get out of it, then it's a pity you wasted so much trouble on your lamp, your phonograph, and your other stunts. You should have spent your life manufacturing patent medicines. The sarsaparilla boys have made a lot more money than you have." The sourest expression came into his face—an expression of pain and surprise at being outrageously misunderstood. "That's an entirely different thing," said he: "*those* people are nothin' but degenerates!" And he quit the argument.

No, his aim was not just to make money. Though he never spoke of "service to humanity" or his "mission in life," he was unshakeable in a kind of

idealism of his own. He would not spend his energy and ingenuity on the construction of, say, such a curiosity as a mechanical man. Commercial demand was his measure of need. By giving, or rather selling, to the world what it needs and demands, he was performing a fascinating task, and all the nations of the earth would long remember him with gratitude and honor him for what he had done to enable them to live in greater safety and comfort. The fiery passion of his life, like Napoleon's, was to earn permanent fame. Once I told him playfully that if he had been born three hundred years earlier he would have been a famous pirate. "You think I would have been famous?" he asked. "Yes," I said with conviction, "*you* would have been famous in *any* time."

Edison's declaration that a certain inventor was crazy made me curious as to his attitude toward other famous inventors of our time. So I asked him what he thought of Bell and the telephone. He replied a little contemptuously, "The telephone was no invention. It was a *discovery*. Don't you know how the telephone was found? One day Bell was fooling with some wires and diaphragms in his laboratory, and suddenly he heard the voice of an assistant over the wire from another room. The telephone was *all there*; the rest was simple. No, the telephone was no real invention; it was an accident. In making an invention you find a need, then deliberately go to work to devise the means to meet that need. Bell never *planned* to invent the telephone."

I was about to conclude that Edison derived no joy from other people's inventions, when he added of his own accord, "If you are looking for a great inventor, take Marconi. *He* knew all the time what he was tryin' to git. It was a turribly hard thing to invent the wireless and it took lots of hard work

and ingenuity to invent it, but he *invented* it." And while the Old Man was saying this, his face lighted up with the warmest and most generous admiration for the famous Italian. I was reminded of the admiration with which he had spoken of the great Inventor in heaven, and became convinced that at least *some* fellow-inventors had Edison's unstinted applause. His failure to praise others was due, not at all to a lack of generosity, but rather to his definition—if you like, his narrow definition—of the word invention.

In conversations with me the Old Man repeatedly spoke of the incandescent lamp. The first material to make a practical commercial filament for the lamp was a species of bamboo discovered in Japan. He had induced the Kew Gardens in England to send him specimens of every species of bamboo known to botanical science. And then, mistrusting the omniscience of the naturalists, he had the daring to fit out a series of expeditions of his own, to search the world for bamboos unknown to botany. "I picked out some extra tough looking Irishmen," he told me, "and sent them to different parts of the world—into the interiors of China and Japan, into the jungles of South America, and other wild places. The Irish, you know, are good fighters, but even at that I didn't expect to see them again alive. I thought they'd sure be eaten up by cannibals or lions or somep'n. They came back, though: the cannibals and lions must have thought they weren't quite tender enough for food."

IX

I must turn back to the story of my own modest problem. Once again I was overwhelmed by the conviction that the excellence of Aylsworth's wax was like the highest peak of a mountain

range: no matter which way you got away from it, you reached a lower level. I saw myself as a victim of the insane obstinacy of an eccentric—my scientific hopes blasted, spending my entire life trying to improve an accursed wax that I *knew* could not be improved. On an early occasion I firmly summed up my feeling to the Old Man. "All my experiments of well over a year," said I, "prove conclusively that Aylsworth's wax is the best possible of its kind. The slightest disturbance of its balanced composition by any reasonable or unreasonable softener can only make it worse. My problem is, therefore, nothing but a wild goose chase—a problem without a solution, and the sooner we abandon it, the less of your money and of my life will be utterly wasted!" And I added in my mind, "Well, you Rocky Mountain, have I shaken you this time?" With a hand cupped around his ear, his face a mask, the Old Man had waited till I was through with my speech. But he was not shaken. "Mebbe you know best," he said, "but that's not *my* opinion. You know, I've been in the inventor business for over thirty-three years, and *my* experience is that for every problem that the Lord has made me he has also made a solution. If you and I can't find the solution, then let's honestly admit that you and I are damn fools, but why blame it on the Lord and say *He* created somep'n impossible—a problem that's got no solution?"—I said, "All right, if that's the way you feel," and went back to my "mucking." Deep in my heart I could not but admire his superhuman obstinacy, but I also could not help deploring my fate; and since he had long been coercing me to renounce the God-given power to think, and urging me to try unreasonable things, I promised myself the pleasure of next reporting to him the trial of chipped glass as a wax softener.

Then it came like a flash of lightning. Not the Edison way. On a Sunday evening I lay on my couch with a headache, smoking cigarettes. I tried to keep my mind a blank, but after a year or more of being held down to my problem by Edison, I could no longer shut out the waxes, not even in my sleep. And suddenly—through headache and daze—I saw the solution! True, the balanced chemical make-up of the Aylsworth wax must not be disturbed. But by a physicochemical process which instantly quickened in my mind, I could modify the intimate *physical* structure of the wax almost at pleasure, and thus bring about almost any desired change in hardness. Not a possibility, this time, that might result in another painful disappointment on the morrow, but a positive solution of my despicable problem.

I was restrained from rushing to the laboratory that evening. But the first thing next morning I was at my desk, and half an hour later I had a record on a softened wax cylinder. So soft was the wax that the deep grooves made by the recording needle actually overlapped, and under the microscope the surface of the grooves was like glass—not a trace of chipping or roughness. The acoustic reproduction was correspondingly excellent. It was the solution: I had learned to *think* waxes, and the solution had come without effort—after a year of Edisonian blind groping that had led nowhere except to my having learned to *think* waxes.

I found the Old Man sitting at a table, a microscope within reach. Without a word I handed him the precious cylinder. He put it under the microscope and focussed on a random point: deep grooves. Elsewhere, more deep grooves and more and more, all smooth as glass. "How'd you git it?"—I said with malicious pleasure, "I got it by *theo*-retical chemistry! It took exactly fifteen minutes to git it!"

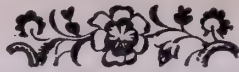
He did not argue. I explained to him the theory of the process and he listened with genuine interest. After all, the important thing was the solution, not the way it had been reached.

A word about Edison's personal appearance among us. In recent years you have seen him in the movies. But there he looked like a benevolent wreck, freshly raised from the dead, shaking his head as in blessing upon all the Thursday-night housemaids being civilized by his inventions. At the time of my association with him he was handsome. No creased trousers, no swanky ties, nothing like that, to be sure. Yet to appreciate his fine head, his strong features, the happy-hooligan light out of his gray eyes, it was not necessary to possess the artistic penetration of the little girl who discovered

that Abraham Lincoln was beautiful.

Edison was the most remarkable man I have known, and I have tried here to picture him faithfully as I saw him. If he chose to spit on the floor and to retain such "undignified" eccentricities of speech as "somep'n," "git" for get, and "doos" for does, it was, I believe, because of his contempt for the conventional and the artificial, which appeared to him beneath the dignity of man. I did not dare tamper with the remarkable truth of his personality and make him look—as he said his painted portraits made him look—"like a United States senator" by resorting to such stratagems as tidying up his speech and endowing him with a solemnity of manner which was not his. That would have been like forcing patent-leather boots upon the immortal Hephæstus.





MAN AS PLEASURE-SEEKER

BY SUSAN ERTZ

I OPENED the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the other day to look up something beginning with G, and, as so frequently happens, I was diverted from the original subject of my inquiry to others having no bearing whatever upon it. My eye chanced to fall upon "Games," and I read:

"The public games of Greece and Rome consisted in athletic contests and spectacles of various kinds generally connected with and forming part of a religious observance."

This fact, though I was more or less familiar with it, struck me on this occasion as significant, and set my thoughts in motion. I began to think about men and their sports and pleasures from a slightly new angle, and I pictured to myself thousands and thousands of these interesting bipeds all over Europe and America and other more far-flung places, bending, in attitudes suggestive of religious worship, to place a tiny white sphere upon a tiny mound, and then straightening themselves to swing and strike, and doing this not once but again and again and again, with all the high seriousness of those who genuflect before an altar.

"Part of a religious observance," I thought. "Yes, there's something in it. That grave setting-out in twos, threes, or fours; the gathering, solemnly, at the appointed place; the carefully observed ritual; the releasing of the burden of everyday existence; the putting away of the ordinary troubles

and trivialities of domestic or business life; the exclamations of remorse, pity, joy, regret; the inward prayers for help and betterment."

And then I pictured to myself the devotees of baseball or football assembling from miles around at some great out-of-door temple or arena, intense, hungry for some stirring experience, ready and willing to be worked up into a frenetic excitement as they take part in the triumph of their god or the discomfiture of his enemies.

And it seemed to me that there was indeed something akin to religious emotion in all this (that the average Englishman's feeling for cricket is close to reverence is too obvious to need pointing out), and I wondered if it were not a fact of some significance that the inhabitants of those countries where games are most played make least use of their churches.

And then I went on to consider the whole attitude of men towards games and pleasures generally, and the way they conduct themselves when bent on amusement and diversion.

"Lucky creatures," I thought. "They possess the happy faculty of being completely carried away and taken out of themselves by the most frivolous pursuits, while women—but for the moment let me consider men. Let me think about the ordinary, normal, normally intelligent male. Let me watch him when he is having, or thinks he is having, a good time.

In other words, when he is forgetting himself. For when a man can forget himself he is usually happy. Hence the fact that wars are not yet outlawed, and hence the universal and undying popularity of love."

And herein, I thought, they differ vastly from women. Women, as everyone knows, are made happiest by a heightening of consciousness, an increased awareness of self; and however much they may excel in games or in love, they will always regard them, consciously or unconsciously, as opportunities for being themselves in a new way. Not so men. To escape, to flee from himself and from reality, that is the goal and ambition of every pleasure-seeking male. And how does he do it?

II

Well, he plays games. So do women, but he plays them differently, with a deeper respect for their ritual, a greater exactitude and care, and, more often than not, some money on the result. Games are, after all, his province. He invented them—as, indeed, he invented most things; and unless he belongs to one of the younger generations, he still regards the incursion of women upon golf links and tennis courts with a slightly sour and deprecating eye. He has forgotten that Nausicäa played ball with her handmaidens while waiting for the washing to dry, and that Spartan girls were as skilled at games as Spartan boys. His memory is in this respect a short one, and goes back no farther than the reign of Victoria the Good, that strange period when Everywoman, having foolishly turned a receptive ear to Everyman's suggestion that what he really wanted was a fairy in the house and not a human being, obligingly aspired to be first and foremost a lady (as near as she could get, poor dear, to being a fairy), and a companion for

the rough, crude male only at those moments when he was remembering to be first and foremost a gentleman.

The awkward and unnatural situation resulting from all this, I thought, still lingers, and is artificially kept alive by extremists of the other camp. The truth is that woman has roistered and rollicked in man's company all through the world's history, and only in his comparatively recent role of Pretender and Defender of Propriety could he have succeeded in relegating her to that deathly drawing-room where she so nearly resembled the stuffed pug dog, or the lifelike salmon in his case of glass.

That our average man, however, should wish to exclude women from his pastimes now and again is surely perfectly right and natural, and if there is one thing more desirable than that the two sexes should be together whenever they wish, it is that they should be separated whenever they wish; and women who strive to be their husbands' companions in all things already have their names written down in the files of divorce courts in invisible ink. And at this point I recalled, with a good deal of sympathy, a man I once knew—well, perhaps I didn't actually know him, but friends of mine did—who was a very fine golfer indeed, and one day married. He didn't marry a golfer, he really fell in love. But his wife thought it unsuitable that he should continue to find pleasure in something that did not include her, and made up her mind to learn the game. Heaven alone knows with what icy dread and dismay the poor fellow first heard of her resolve, but he bore himself like a man, appeared to think well of it, and set his wits to work. He took her out day after day, and day after day he taught her all the wrong things: the wrong grip, the wrong stance (golfers will doubtless know what this is), the

wrong swing; so that the more the misguided woman labored at the game, the worse were the results. And in the end he triumphed, for her temper went to bits, she lost sleep, and so great were her humiliation and despair that she gave up golf for gardening. And the end of the story is a happy one, for they are still married and still in love. A pleasant tale and I hope a true one; at any rate it has a validity greater than mere fact.

But possibly it is only the Anglo-Saxon male who requires this considerable amount of freedom from the opposite sex, and so greatly enjoys it when he has it. Frenchmen and Italians show flatteringly little desire to exclude women from their pastimes, whether sporting or intellectual, the reason being, no doubt, that they do not suffer, as do Anglo Saxons, from the curse of self-consciousness, and are as little disconcerted by women in numbers as by one or two women at a time. The unfortunate Anglo Saxon, on the contrary, is made acutely miserable at the mere thought of a preponderance of women, and the spectacle of one of them who has strayed by accident into a feminine gathering is one of the most embarrassing and pitiful sights that I can call to mind.

Indeed, there is nothing in the world the Anglo-Saxon male dislikes so much as to be made self-conscious, and the desire to avoid this at all costs lies at the root of most of his pleasures and many of his failings. It explains why he so frequently drinks to excess, and why he is apt to seek pleasure with but one end in view—to forget himself, and why he enjoys himself or fails to enjoy himself precisely in proportion to his success or failure.

And how ruthless he can be in pursuit of those joys that bring forgetfulness! How almost religious in the thought and care he will expend on

obtaining them. Put enough obstacles in the way of a woman's pleasure, and she will easily convince herself that she never really wanted the thing. Put obstacles in the way of our average man's pleasure, and he will swim the Hellespont, lie to his wife about being detained at the office, and even, late in life, learn to dance. Nothing is too much trouble.

But here it struck me that there was another way in which men in their pursuit of pleasure differ from women. They tire sooner, I thought. They want what they want quite violently, and they will go to the most astonishing lengths to obtain it, but once it is obtained they more readily want something else. History and literature, I decided, are full of examples of this weakness. And I recalled, as an instance of it, a bit of the fourth act of Antony and Cleopatra, and took down the volume to refresh my memory.

Yes, there it was. Antony and Cleopatra come in, and Antony calls out, "Eros! Mine armor, Eros!" Poor Cleopatra says, "Sleep a little," and I have no doubt she said it as only Cleopatra could have said it, and the miracle is that Antony could have refused. To be urged by the one and only Cleopatra to sleep a little ought to have made any man hesitate and sigh and look back. But what does the great man reply? "No, my chuck," says Antony. "Eros, come! Mine armor, Eros!" He wants to be off. He's determined to be off. "No, my chuck." Shakespeare knew about men.

And I've sometimes wondered a little about the sincerity of the warrior when he said to Lucasta, who would keep him with her, "I could not love thee, dear, so much," etc., etc. I suspect that he was simply bored. He'd been at home too long. Happy though he was with Lucasta, he'd had enough of that particular bit of pleasure, and was ready to seek fresh

self-forgetfulness upon the nearest battlefield.

And yet, I thought, these odd creatures, passionate and variable though they are in their search for pleasure, are curiously apt to form small, unbreakable habits. A man may have twenty love affairs in one year and through them all retain his fondness for curried chicken, his preference for the left side of the bed, and an incurable habit of leaving the book he has been reading face downwards and open. This might lead us to conclude that the real being, the real noumenon, is that which likes curried chicken and the left side of the bed, and is careless about books, all the rest being merely the sport of chance and circumstance. But it is a conclusion that I for one shrink from, and doubtless my readers will shrink from it too.

III

The thought of curried chicken led me on to consider another aspect of man and another great source of pleasure to him. And that is his stomach—or, if he prefer it, and I am sure he will, his palate.

Here, I thought, we have a most potent and popular means of escape from self almost entirely denied to women. Women, though there are of course exceptions to this rule as to all others, have no palates. They eat because they are hungry or because they must, while men eat for love, they eat with zest, with gusto, even with passion. For every ten thousand women whose idea of bliss it is to have a bite of dinner in bed on a tray, you will perhaps find one man with a similar fondness. To eating, as to games, he brings an almost religious fervor and devotion. Dinner, to our male gourmet, is a sacred time, interruptions are a kind of blasphemy, and the sound of the telephone bell, or an

unexpected ring at the front door maddens him and destroys his pleasure in the meal.

"Can't a man be left in peace even while he's eating his dinner?" he will inquire, with frigid eye, while his wife, who can seldom bring herself to dislike the unexpected except in its more virulent forms, remains unmoved. "It's only Mrs. So-and-so ringing up to know if we can dine one night next week." "Tell her to ring up in an hour." "Oh, but, dear, don't you think—?" "Tell her to ring up in an hour."

It is a great pity that women lack this gustatory enthusiasm, for they too might be cheered and encouraged by the sight of a perfectly made soufflée, or induced to think far, far better of life by the label on a bottle of Mouton Rothschild. No, in this world of taste, this small, exciting world of the palate, men live for the most part alone, and whatever joys and consolations they may derive therefrom are unshared and unsharable by their womenkind. And just at this point in my reflections I remembered motoring through France some months previously in the company of a Frenchman who used to imperil our lives by taking his hands off the driving wheel to rub them together at the thought of the Châteauneuf du Pape he would drink that night at dinner.

Now all this enthusiasm on the part of men is enviable, innocent, and quite delightful until it is carried, as, alas! it all too often is, to excess. Whoever heard of a woman being drowned in a butt of Malmsey or dying from consuming too many lampreys? The Roman habit of eating until a visit to the vomitorium was a necessity and then returning to the table again was not much indulged in, I fancy, by the Roman matron. Greedy women there are, but they are poor, weak, half-hearted things compared to greedy

men; and the spectacle of the true gourmand seated at table with his napkin tucked into his distended waistcoat, empurpled face and prominent, gluttonous eyes, clearing platter after platter of rich food, is, as everyone knows, a common enough sight in the restaurants of Europe. (English gluttons, of course, unless they are the happy owners of good cooks, have to go abroad to indulge this hobby.)

Here, then, man worships alone. And how he loves the ritual and ceremony of a good meal, the servile bustle of waiters about him, the approving light that kindles the eye of the *maitre d'hôtel* (if he be a good one) when he chooses a wine not because of its price but because of its virtues. He loves to see the steaming dish brought to him for his inspection, his mouth waters, like one of Pavlov's dogs, at the sight and smell of his favorite sauce, and with each sip of his chosen wine, life, with its demands and problems and anxieties, recedes, farther and farther, until at last with coffee, brandy, and cigar, he is steeped in a holy calm, and a peace that passes feminine understanding. The process of digestion is then permitted to proceed undisturbed by a single thought, a single intruding care. Finally, not without a little effort, perhaps, he pushes back his chair and gets to his feet, sated, emptier of pocket, but oh how divinely full about the waistband, and makes his way out of the restaurant, while a look of deep understanding and respect, as between two priests of the same cult, passes between himself and the head waiter.

IV

And here my thoughts wandered from these grosser pleasures, and I gave a passing consideration to love, and the joys thereof; for though love in its more serious aspects hardly came

within the scope of my inquiries, it could not be wholly ignored, constituting as it does a perpetually recurring source of delight to man. But how much of it, I wondered, is delight, and how much pain and sorrow? Where would men themselves, even those who most pursue it, place it among the list of things offering amusement and diversion? If you were to put this question to one of them and look for a reasonable answer, it would have to be during a period of emotional calm, of amorous quiescence, for to ask it of a man actually in the throes of love would be to invite either a lyrical outburst or a cry of agony.

Housman, in his *Shropshire Lad*, made the returned spirit of his country boy ask first, "Is my team plowing, that I was used to drive?" And then, "Is football playing along the river shore?" And then, thirdly, after he had satisfied himself that his team was still plowing, the ball still flying, and goals still being kept, "Is my girl happy, that I thought hard to leave?"

And I fancy that Housman was right, and that the returning spirits of most Anglo Saxons would put their questions in the same order; for though there is nothing more potent than love to take a man out of himself, and though, as long as he is in the throes of it, he feels himself to be surrounded by a rosy splendor, viewed in retrospect, from a comfortable distance, love affairs have a way of merging themselves into the general grayness, and a man is inclined to make little of them, rather like a boastful small boy who, once day has come, makes light of his fears of the night before.

And then I passed on from these doubtful joys to the thought of pleasure in its most extravagant and light-hearted sense, the pleasure that men find or hope to find when people are gathered together in one place, and

when wine or some poor substitute for it begins to flow, and syncopated music fills all hearts, whether they are gay or sad, with a ready-made, synthetic happiness of its own. For however melancholy a man may be (or a woman either), as soon as he hears good modern dance music his mood is automatically changed, and however much he may wish to cling to his gloom or his pensive sadness, it departs, and it is as though he were under the influence of some powerful drug that imposes its own mood upon him and dictates to him how he shall think and feel. And as soon as the saxophone begins to trip and stumble, and perform its clownish tricks, our average man is lost to reality. In this atmosphere, this night-club or restaurant or dance-hall atmosphere, he loses his dread of women, of collective femininity and, looking about him with confidence, casts critical and appraising eyes upon backs, shoulders, legs, ankles, and feels himself to be a potential sultan, a potential owner of a harem, a sensation invariably pleasing to the male. Alcohol and that hypnotic music, the close quarters, the proximity of one body to another, all help to make him feel genial and confident. He has lordly feelings, and for these he is willing to pay dearly, and does pay. He says or thinks, when he sees a duchess or a famous actress or some woman who, socially speaking, is unaware of his existence:

"So that's the famous So-and-so, is it? Good Lord! You can see her spinal cord down to her waist."

And he discards her, with a mental gesture of repudiation, as unfit for him, unworthy of him, while if he actually found himself sitting opposite to her in her own drawing-room, he knows very well, in his less exalted moments, that she could make him feel as awkward as a schoolboy, and rob him in ten seconds of all this artificially induced lordliness.

The spectacle of a great many good-looking, well-dressed women who dance, laugh, talk, flirt, and eat under his very nose, so to speak, almost within touch, but to whom—and this is important—he is not called upon to make himself interesting or pleasant, never fails to please the average man. He observes them all with the careful eye of a possible purchaser in a slave market, and mentally labels them somewhat in this fashion:

"All right for a two weeks' holiday."
 "Wouldn't look twice at her if we were alone on a desert island." "She'll do. She's my sort."

And he feels that they are all there for his pleasure, that they exist to be bright and beautiful and dangerous (if they can) for him. And the more the music plays and the champagne (or anything that happens to be flowing) flows, the more he is convinced of the rightness of this point of view.

V

And it seemed to me that here our average man differs very widely from our average woman. He likes to feel a part of all this gaiety around him. He swims happily and innocently and un-self-consciously (many a wife has had cause to deplore this last) in all this light and music and movement, entirely forgetting, as often as not, that while he sees he can also be seen. Our average woman, on the other hand, never for a moment loses sight of this fact. She keeps a watchful eye upon other women and upon herself, and upon the impression she is making. She doesn't survey the scene as a whole, and identify herself with it, but stays outside, and busies herself comparing, contrasting, weighing her own desirability, importance, charm, looks, talents with those of other women, and feeling diminished or exalted in consequence. For a wom-

an's value in her own eyes is constantly fluctuating. Up to-day, down to-morrow, high in some surroundings and circumstances, low in others. And she enjoys herself or fails to enjoy herself in accordance with the rise and fall of this barometer. But what man ever dreams of comparing himself, favorably or unfavorably, with other men? Of comparing his height, coloring, build, powers of attraction, with theirs? He is himself, and that is all there is about it. He feels all of a piece, while she feels that she is a composite of a hundred things, some good, some not so good. She is conscious of ugly hands and tries to hide them; of poor teeth, and controls her smiles. Her feet are good, and she displays them; her figure excellent, and she stands rather than sits. But men are spared these agonies of competition and comparison, unless, of course, there should happen to be present some man of whom, and usually with good reason, they are jealous. For men, unlike women, are very rarely jealous on general grounds or from feelings of inferiority.

And that is why the word innocent came to my mind, to describe a sort of naïveté that our average man possesses. He is what and who he is, and he expects you to take him or leave him (though he would probably be willing to bet a hundred to one on the former), and on these gala occasions, after a little wine, he feels a happy, disembodied reveller, quite unaware that his wreath of vine leaves may be a little awry. And after yet more wine, his wife, unless she has kept pace with him, may shake her head, wink, nod at him in vain. He is out of himself. Whoopee! This is great. This is all right. Look at that little girl. What eyes, what feet, what a figure, what a little darling! She is not for him and never will be, but what matter? It's a good old world where such delightful creatures

move and incite and breathe and smile. Let's have another round. Let's open another bottle. Come on and dance. It's a good party.

And once this transformation has taken place, once this battle between reality and make-believe has been won for the latter, our average man's wife's enjoyment begins to die, and anxiety takes its place.

"Will he know where to stop? Hasn't he already told that story this evening once or even twice before? Will everyone think he is falling in love with Mrs. So-and-so, when the truth is he's only showing off a little, and will have forgotten all about her to-morrow? Why is it that when he's like this he always insists on trying to do that trick of balancing the wine-glasses? They're sure to fall with a frightful crash . . . there! Oh! Has everyone noticed how loudly he's beginning to talk? Or is it only my imagination? Darling, your tie is so crooked. Crooked, I said. Your tie. Well, I didn't want to speak any louder. Never mind. Yes, isn't it a delightful place? We always love coming here. It's got an atmosphere. . . . Darling, I wouldn't if I were you. No, I'm not trying to spoil things. Yes, he's marvellous, isn't he? Always the life of the party. Yes, but darling, it's nearly two, and I . . . No, of course not. Not if you really want to stay."

Among the men of a party there are no undercurrents as there are among the women, undercurrents that subtly flow and flash, weaving a dark web underground. Rarely are dramas ever enacted between them, rarely are friendly advances proffered or disdained. In fact the men of a party are barely aware of one another. Each one plays a lone hand, and it is only when the women have gone that they draw together into a masculine group. Rarely do the tremors and uncertainties

that assail the women trouble the breasts under the white shirt-fronts.

And should our average man fail to enjoy himself, rarely, rarely is it any fault of his own. Nor will he hesitate to allow it to be seen that he is not enjoying himself. He says to his wife:

"Come on, let's go."

"But dear," she may protest, "Edna will think it so rude of us."

"Serves her right for giving such a dud party."

And she may as well go. A man who expected to enjoy himself and didn't, or who didn't expect to enjoy himself and hasn't, stands out at a party like a bandaged thumb. His wife works hard to throw up a smoke screen about him, but it is little use. He's bored, and he doesn't care who knows it. He seems to be under the impression that he's invisible. He is unconscious of everything but the one great fact of his boredom. Few women will permit themselves the luxury of showing when they are bored. Their social sense, their nervous desire that everything should go off well, whether it's their own party or someone else's, prevents it. But they get little help, as a rule and, going home, their strained smiles die upon their lips. And then our average man is apt to hear what his wife thinks about it.

"Well, I can't help it. If I'm bored, I'm bored. Ask us again? I hope to Heaven she never will."

But there is, of course, this to be said for men. They are not, as a rule, good pretenders. A hostess usually knows whether or not her party is a success by the way the men behave. Bachelors, especially, are extremely good indicators, and will rarely remain at a party after the first yawn. They are nearly always obliged to go on somewhere else. Like the rats that scurry away from the ship that has received its death-blow, they know, in-

stinctively, when a party is likely to founder, and they gather about the doors. A skilful bachelor can tell almost at a glance whether the bridge is likely to be good or bad, and even what the stakes will be. He can give a lady the once-over and foretell the degree to which she will succeed in entertaining him during dinner. The cautious bachelor who whenever he went away for a week-end invariably arranged with his sister to send him a telegram on Saturday morning was a wise, though not perhaps an unselfish man. By Saturday morning he had taken the tempo of the party, and could either ignore the telegram or go to his hostess with a grave face and tell her he had been called away. But men who so assiduously flee from boredom are generally overtaken by it however far and fast they travel, and our average man, provided the food is eatable and the drink drinkable—and plentiful—and provided that the standard of looks among the women does not fall below a certain level, can usually manage to amuse himself well enough, provided he can get bridge, golf, tennis, dancing, plenty of baths, a really comfortable bed, and plenty of attention from the opposite sex.

But also he can enjoy himself without any of these things if he can find something to engross him, something to keep him in a perpetual state of mental and physical activity. Man wants but little here below, but wants that little to make him forget, for a while at least, the shortness of life, and the tinyness of the part he can play in it. He seeks but one thing—the happiness that comes from forgetfulness of self, whether it come through work, drink, women, music, sport, or love.

And that, I thought, is why men have made, and, I suspect, always will make, the best martyrs, poets, saints, scientists, and clowns.



EX-SUICIDE

ANONYMOUS

I COMMITTED suicide and live to write about it. A literal person would not of course consider this a possibility, but no lesser statement can convey so exactly the spirit of the deed. To say that I tried to kill myself might imply a shortcoming in intention or execution. I completed every motion of killing myself in the way I had chosen. It was through no action of mine and through no oversight on my part that I did not die.

About a year ago I found myself at the beginning of a period in which everything I touched would go to pieces, seemingly through no fault of my own. It was like one of those days on which all the people you wish to see are out, and no effort on your part enables you to reach them. My situation at that time differed so little from innumerable situations in which people find themselves nowadays that there is no point in describing it in detail. I had a good job and, through a reorganization brought about by hard times, I lost it. I had not reached this pinnacle easily but by surmounting difficulties and enduring hardships in the recent past—yes, in the era of prosperity—and my own prosperity had not lasted long enough to enable me to store up much of a reserve, either in finances or in vitality.

I had been through similar periods, had scrambled through them somehow, and had seen them, for no understandable reason, followed by other times when, without any special strain on my

part, everything I reached for would yield easily to the plucking and fall into my hands. I had learned that all circumstances come to an end, that a swimmer caught in a whirlpool can battle it to a finish, that it *is* a long lane which has no turning. Only I had undergone enough hardships to understand also that a swimmer may get cramps; that there exist no exact specifications as to the length of the lane; that the turning may come too late.

When I found myself in what I had come to recognize as the first loop of the whirlpool, I realized that this time I had fought through too many, had been obliged to pick myself up on the other side and begin to rebuild my life too often and too recently. My strength and my confidence were much depleted. If the difficulties should be too prolonged, knowing my own potentialities, I did not believe I could recover from them. I should not again be able to start from scratch and finish in good order.

I did not doubt that I could survive. But was the price of survival worth it—the surrender of the very modest standard of comfort at which I had contrived at last to arrive, the sacrifice of the work I liked to do—work which would go by preference, as I had often seen it happen, to all those who were coming up, looking for their chance, and to all those who had managed not to fall into obscurity? I should have to drudge—if indeed I could—for there are people who drudge much better

than I. In the past I had subdued myself to such drudgery at times when, being somewhat younger, I could regard the necessity as temporary; but even then work beneath my capacities and at right angles to my nature would turn me into an animal comparable to a city work horse, trudging and eating its feed, eating its feed and trudging. I said to myself that life was not worth to me such a permanent distortion of myself. I said to myself that in such case I had rather die and that I would die.

II

By a most unreasonable accident, an acquaintance saved my life. She lived around the corner from me. On the night that I had chosen for suicide she came home very late, found that she had forgotten her keys and, as the easiest way out of her predicament, thought that she would ask to stay with me till morning. From the street she could see a light burning in my house, but I did not answer the bell. An experience of her own (which she later told me about) had left her unduly apprehensive, or perhaps she had gathered more of my state of mind on one or two visits than I had supposed. At any rate, she felt sure that some untoward event had happened. She roused the janitor, had him open my door, and found me very near death from asphyxiation. She acted promptly, got the pulmotor and other help necessary to revive me. She saved me.

I resented it. I received her coldly, even bitterly, afterwards, expecting either trite remonstrance or that even more ordinary, rather gloating brand of pity (perhaps coming from a subconscious comparison of how much better off the sympathizer is) which causes self-respecting people to do their best to hide their misfortunes. Instead, this acquaintance gave me a

password to which I had earned the right. She told me that she, too, had once tried to commit suicide.

I have learned since that ex-suicides might form a considerable organization, not so large a club as, say, ex-wives, but still considerable. Although more men than women kill themselves, certainly just as many if not more women seem to have tried. Perhaps the methods which men prefer leave less chance for survival.

This club would have to be a secret society, however, for most ex-suicides will not so much as mention their attempt except to people who have passed similarly through—not the darkness—but that indescribable absence of light of which one can get a foresight by closing one's eyes. They say they are ashamed to have it known. I doubt the shame. Either they wish to avoid lip-licking curiosity or they remember vividly the suspicion and alarm they aroused at the time or—and I think this is an important reason for their silence—they fear the association in the general mind of suicide with insanity. When they insist upon their shame, usually it is not the memory of the act or the emotion surrounding it which makes them blush, but the memory of the cause which now appears to them so trivial that they hate to think they could once have accorded it such undue seriousness.

True enough, some suicides do diverge from normal mental balance so sharply in the period preceding their act that a term as definite as insanity might be applied to them. And there is another kind which uses suicide as a purge for a condition of hysteria, as the most dramatic and forcible protest against a situation which at that instant has become unendurable. But the latter never really mean to kill themselves. They always seize the poison, point the gun, attempt to throw themselves out of the window

under circumstances which are pretty sure to nullify their endeavor. Sometimes, involuntarily as it were, they die. As a rule they survive and accomplish what has been their real aim—to rid themselves of the strain of an emotion. But people like myself are neither hysterical nor mad—or, as I had better put it—no more mad than anyone else. No intelligent layman who reads a book on insanity can fail to trace in himself some of the symptoms described, sometimes fairly well-developed, too. And if you call a suicide by the gentler term of psychiatric case—which of us is not, or cannot remember to have been at one time or another, a psychiatric case?

I have come to believe that the conventional attitude toward suicide is simply part of the social defense mechanism and an unnecessary part at that. As a race we dare not permit a loophole for the belief that life is of any but paramount importance. Yet since we know nothing of what we call death, we might be so fair as to admit at least that we have no basis for comparison.

I believe (I am aware that this is nothing new, though too seldom acknowledged) that the desire for death is as potent as the desire for life; only in most persons it lies dormant until the terms offered by life are no longer acceptable. Young people, particularly, often declare they would like to die before a certain age because they do not see how they can bear the conditions which will be presented to them at that time; and comparatively few persons have the wish to live so strongly developed at the expense of the wish to die that they would care to exist forever, to exist for even a hundred years on the only terms available now—ever-decaying faculties, ever-rotting bodies. No honest person but could sympathize with the centenarian who said to reporters, “No—no—not another year.

I have lived long enough.” Perhaps some hint of this conception is seeping through the usual glib, quick defenses, for lately there have been at least two suicides of noteworthy men without any insinuation of insanity and with judgment conspicuous by its suspension. In the case of one, a seventy-year-old invalid, there was an implied acceptance that at least—well—there was much to be said on his side.

This is not a step toward the encouragement of suicide, but away from the unnecessary fear-born refusal to recognize, analyze, and comprehend it on the part of an over-timorous society. The world need not be so afraid. The vast majority of human beings will so long as the world endures find every concession which they must make to exist on the whole preferable to death during at least the span of a normal lifetime. The vast majority want to live so long as it is at all possible. But all of us would wish to die if we lived long enough and, like Voltaire, we sometimes do not see the necessity (on the part of other people) for living even their shorter lifetime.

What healthy, happy person, passing some queer old man or woman of the kind that crawl out of holes in bright weather; some worn-out beggar, or one of those who are always walking along the avenues looking like shipwrecked victims who have rowed for days without sight of help; or some remnant of a human form that holds out a hand or has a tin cup strapped to its chest—what healthy, happy person, before hurrying by with that ripple of repulsion which the more fortunate cannot avoid in the presence of the less, has not confronted these others with a grim subconscious inquiry—why don't they kill themselves? How can they bear to go on for the sake of a few months, a year or two of additional dragging pain? I never wonder now. Only an ex-suicide, a person who has

been very near to his own death or who has seen another struggling to realize in advance a death which was not naturally inevitable but which he could not escape (who has watched the condemned to die, for instance) can really not merely assent to but understand—with body and mind as food is understood or sleep or heat and cold—the wish to exist. Such a one can truly comprehend the adamant struggle which the will to live will make to harden itself and limber itself, like an athlete, so as to endure the elimination of much that one had thought essential, so as to fight and conquer the will to die. For danger strengthens the former. That is why people will suffer torture, will wait to be butchered, have let themselves be bound to the stake for burning rather than take their own lives beforehand.

A year ago I did not know this. I thought, as most of us think, that suicide was a simple way of escape in case of need.

This idea helped me to exist through the following year. It gave me a certain defiance, even at times indifference. For, of course, I then believed in the possibility of my own death as little as any of us. I am not a person who thinks that the world owes me a living or anything at all, but my experience has led me to sympathize with those who do. I know now that their belief is akin to mine then and that it proves their naïveté of heart. They really have faith in the kindness of the universe toward them, in their own importance to it, as individuals and as a species.

Although I lived through that year as one lives in a besieged city with the knowledge of just one secret passage of escape—death, I still could not imagine that I should be abandoned. I clung closely to the last egotism. The verdict had been handed down, but there were all the appeals, all the reprieves to

be gone through. All our lives we are reprieved and many of us in such a way or at such a time that we have a sharp sense of the rescue, the turn of the corner, the burst of light after darkness. It took me a long time to arrive at that apathy, that pause in my sentience where I had to at least make an effort to begin to comprehend that there would be no rescue. Of course, I could spare myself, I needn't kill myself; but that would be no real rescue any more than in the case of that person in the ancient beleaguered city who knew that he hoarded his life only to yield it up in massacre, to starvation, to a master. My resolution to die did not slacken, though at the same time I struggled to find a way to nullify it.

I reached the last month during which I could pay my rent and still borrow a few dollars to subsist on. I set the date of my death, for various reasons, on the last possible Saturday, more than three weeks away.

III

At first, with a fling of arrogance, I made no further efforts, I contemptuously freed myself from all worries. I threw all the knots into a corner. No longer should I have to unravel them in order to live. I rested and was serene for the first time in a year, so carefree that I knew my friends would say afterwards (as is said of so many suicides), "But she was in such good spirits!"

And it seemed to me that never till then had I been so acutely sensitized to life. I remember springing up from under warm blankets one night to shut a window and the keen pain of the cold cutting me like a sharp sliver of life through the breast, filling me with such delight, such ecstasy in that moment just because I was sentient. That must be the pleasure strangely

inherent in suffering, the pleasure of feeling one's aliveness, usually inarticulate, like a violin without a bow, wring out a piercing note of music under its intense stringency.

A week passed. Nothing happened. My disbelief in the end of my life closed in upon me little by little each day that passed and made no difference, yet there still remained a gap of two weeks through which an event, an accident, a stroke of fortune might force its way. Then, suddenly, it seemed that I noticed how narrow this gap had grown, and I had a fit of soul-shivering for no reason that I could explain, like a dog that all at once during the night sits erect and trembles all over at a sight or sound that is not perceptible. I could not be still. I did all I could think of; I did more than I could think of, and always I was enclosed by that wall of my limitations to which each day that destroyed my incredulity that I could be allowed to die had added a brick. There was no getting out of it. I not only could be allowed to cease to be but—but apparently I *should* be; and my supplications and all my activity made no change in conditions, won me not the slightest alleviation. They were as they were. I paced in that understanding as a prisoner tramps his bounded cell.

At the same time part of myself went ahead relentlessly preparing for my death. I packed my trinkets and personal papers to send to my family. I saw that my effects were in order. I wrote some letters, wondering why suicides generally leave letters. To justify themselves? Not exactly. I think partly it is an attempt to survive just long enough after extinction to soothe those to whom it might matter. It is also an endeavor to sum up the case concretely to oneself so as to convince oneself for the last time of its unalterability. And, finally, a suicide

letter is an irresistible chance to arraign the world and the universe. It is a sort of "J'accuse," each after its own puny fashion.

Yet such letters are nearly always so banal that it used to be a source of wonder to me. My own when I came to write them were no different. In the actual final throes of an emotion, the mind—or at least my mind—cannot spare the detached thought necessary for distinguished or memorable sentiments. Only by accident, it seems to me, does the instinctive and, therefore, the commonplace thing to say at a crucial moment happen also to be the agonizingly appropriate thing, like "*Et tu, Brute.*" The animal wordlessness of a groan or a cry alone truly expresses the inexpressible and that, of course, repeats the note trite to all of us through usage.

Strangely enough, I found that every task I did instead of bringing me nearer accomplishment took me farther away. The more complete my plan grew the less probable it seemed that I could carry it through. I realized that while I was laying each finished task down as a step on which to go forward, I was actually using each to walk backward, because a plan that leaves nothing to chance seems, through a deep-sunk cynicism of the human soul, the likeliest to tempt chance to destroy it. Each finished task of mine, therefore, was really a challenge to fate to make it useless.

A few days remained. Sometimes for hours, for a day at a time, I was again reconciled, or rather exhausted, and out of that exhaustion was bred such a detachment from living that I could feel it physically. It very nearly eliminated my body. Walking the street and looking in shop windows, surrounded, jostled by all the manifestations of life which could no longer concern me—I was so free of these that I was free even of any current reaction

to them. I used to choose to walk on poor streets; I was not yet so apart but that I could imagine how shabby I might look to others. But now it was as if I were seeing others from an airplane at a height which makes those below and those above invisible to one another except imaginatively.

Only a short time ago every street beggar or amateur huckster—a woman with a basket of flowers on a windy corner, a ragged man holding out one of a dozen packets of shoe-laces or one of a handful of chocolate bars—every dreary-looking, dilapidated person had made me wretched. I used to catch myself pausing, staring after them. "There—in a few more years—go I." But now if any one of these stopped me, I was stony with insensibility. I would say, "No!" I would turn away without a tremor. They could not make any rift in me and, though I heard their appeals, they could not make me understand, just as, if I had tried, I could not have made anyone understand. There was no speech between us, no signs, not even a silence that could in any way be interpreted, almost as if I had been already dead.

Yet it was the kind of insensibility which is inclusive of pain, as when one takes a headache tablet that does not so much thrust the pain without as break it up into many particles that can be absorbed, impalpable within oneself yet infinitesimally existent so that one moves carefully, tremulously, always with the fear that a sudden jolt may reunite these particles into a combination again strong enough to make itself felt. And sometimes I would be thus jarred.

If there was any matter which I did not need to consider, I thought it was practical responsibility—the effect of my death. Except for the shock, it could make no difference to my family except to release them from worry, or to my friends, none of whom could

help me save at a cost to themselves which I would not accept, and to whom I formed a distressing addition to their own cares. I did not even owe more than a few dollars, the loss of which no doubt had already been taken for granted. Yet, looking at the friend whom I had chosen to arrange details after my death, I could not help imagining her reaction when she heard the news. Reading those family letters, letters always serenely expectant of the morrow, always "to be continued in our next," I imagined the receipt, the blow of a final one from me. My people were old; they had had hard lives, and I should shatter their slight peace. Worst of all, they might accuse themselves, they might feel that they should have anticipated my state of mind, made further sacrifices; they must know they couldn't have; but logic has no power over conscience.

All sorts of little things cropped up as if to demonstrate just at this moment how securely my life, how securely every one's life is embedded among those of others, so that its plucking out must always create a disturbance and a rearrangement, a very tiny earthquake. For instance, the maid who worked in the house, a woman who had been very kind to me, told me that she and her husband and children had only her job to rely on, and that the landlady would dispense with her if another furnished apartment fell vacant. I knew mine would be empty in a few days.

I reassured myself, of course. I told myself that I was too squeamish, that, as is true, readjustments are made, must be made with such comparative swiftness that the cleft seems to have been a mirage or non-existent. I might be cruel, necessarily cruel, in disturbing other people's tremulous balance; but they would be cruel, too, necessarily cruel, in their survival of my disaster.

IV

The date came closer. I no longer thought of the instances with which we like to lull ourselves, or, as we call it, encourage ourselves. I no longer thought of the one wife of Bluebeard whose brothers had galloped to her side at the last minute, but of those other wives which the fable passes over so carelessly in its emphasis on the happy ending, those others who had waited in as great a tension of surprise, hope, incredulousness, despair—and who were murdered. (Perhaps they had no brothers.)

So many people, in so many ages, in caves, in cells, in torture chambers, in rooms like mine, on islands never passed by ship to see the flag of distress waving, behind walls that crumbled at last to let in the invaders, on highways along which some had no more strength to flee—so many people, and upon all of them forced inch by inch, as if through their clenched teeth, the relentless, the final, the incommunicable understanding: no reprieve—no reprieve. There is no such thing as a reprieve—for me! We forget them. The accidents. No good to think of them, we say. They might harrow our feelings, they might keep them ever stirred, instead of letting them smoothly congeal into complacency, into gelatine-blandness. Yet if the sincere repentance of one sinner is more to the glory of God (for it implies a clarification of Him snatched out of the fire of an individual agony) than the tranquil acceptance of a hundred good people who have never been obliged to reevaluate what it is they accept—then the anguished dive into the incommunicable of one obscure, frustrated person should be worth more to the interpretation of life than the hundred skimming optimism of those rescued at the last moment.

I had not any fear of death. I am not

so avid as to console myself with the idea of recompense in an after life. The peace of no life would be sufficient recompense for me. And I have always thought that people who believed in hell and demoniac punishments were paying their All-powerful God a very left-handed compliment. If I could have been run over, say, and killed at once when I was not expecting death, I should have been glad. But the contemplation, the imagining of a set last second within the known and then—timelessness—that sent a poisonous fear coursing through me. In this sense the murderer is less cruel than society which orders his execution on a certain date; for his victim can have had no time to imagine death until it was upon him.

It seems to me that some people must choose a quick death—a gun shot, a leap from a window—in order to make the transition so swiftly that they have the sense of evading awareness, evading a clutching of the last second of time. Others, like myself, choose a slow means for the same reason. It soothed me to think that for a period after I had adjusted the gas tube I should still be alive in time, even though unconscious of it; that the iota of time in which the connection between pipe and mouth would vanish would be a false last moment, a false bottom. There would still remain a particle of time between that and the most fundamental last moment, a particle so precious that it had the value of years at another period; for while I was in time I was in the known, I was safe. In my gaseous sleep I should still be safe, and when I was no longer so I should not have the least perception.

Each portion of this time I clung to, extending it between myself and timelessness; and as it grew shorter, stretching it, so as to drive the end so far into my consciousness that I could never

contemplate arriving at it. It would always be, so long as I could feel at all, just a step away . . . and just another step away. On the second morning before I had planned my death I said, "I have still two full days," and that evening, "I have still a night and a day and an evening and a few hours."

That night (Friday night) I could not sleep, and it began to seem strange that I should drive myself to my death when I was so afraid. I did not have to . . . yet I knew that I had only so much will in the matter as to decide between what would be the greater and what would be the lesser wretchedness and that choice, like a needle in a compass, swung around the circuit and always came to rest at death.

And when I said death I came again face to face with what I had been thrusting away—the contemplation of the last second in time. There in the darkness all the atoms of my being seemed to have detached themselves, to be flinging themselves in ever and ever dizzier circles of panic against the looming second, to be shattering themselves against it and after that, broken into invisibilities, to swim in vast unlight, in immense non-space . . . and I, that central attraction of *me* around which they had cohered . . . ? The loneliness of that confronting! Without liaison between oneself and the universe, the last fragments shivered of that childish image of a God, all-knowing and all-compassionate toward human identities, who would act as intermediary.

How obtuse, how ignorant, how smugly egotistic are those who call suicides cowards! Nothing in life—not the most hideous, not the meanest eventuality can compare in the demand for sheer physical grit with the act in one's right mind of self-inflicted death. For all that takes place among the living is selected from the interchangeable

details of human experience, all happens in a world with whose phenomena we have associations, under a sky whose colors we have names for, amid stone or steel, trees or grass, the touch of which sends through us familiar responses. Nothing that any living being has felt is unassimilable; all has been uttered and bewailed; in all our emotions we have companionship. But death cannot be imagined, and what others have felt in it cannot be explained. To push one's shrinking self, open-eyed, into what it cannot realize requires far more resolution than to stumble on within the charted boundaries of time. To most people life is not the struggle they complacently assume; it is a following of the line of least resistance. To drudge to breathe, to breathe to drudge would have been far easier for my body than to renounce both drudgery and breath, for in the former case it would have died so much more slowly.

V

Saturday was a bright, crisp day; and if anything could have bolstered up my resolve, it would have been the contrast between the weather and my state—or what my state would have been if I had not made up my mind to die. I should have dragged my chains of next month's rent and listened to the chatter of the first spring sparrows which cheeped so briskly, "What shall I do? Where can I go?" But now I could enjoy the day—I had at least twelve hours of perfect freedom—twelve hours without a single care for the morrow. All my preparations had been made, so I was free of the thought of death too for awhile.

My only resentment was that I could not celebrate the day fittingly. I should have liked to die with a synthetic taste of the good things of life in my mouth, in the full comfort of

appeased senses. Even criminals get a last good dinner, and I understood now why they eat it with appetite.

I seemed to be divided into two parts, one of which had been with me for a long time, a part of shaken nerves, anticipatory dread, and sad wonder at the end in view of the beginning. But the other part was still cheerful, even sardonic. I could laugh when I caught myself going to see whether the gas jets had been turned off. (I used to get up in the middle of the night, struck by the idea that I had left them on, and investigate, noting the irony of it all the while, but still I would get up.) I had that sense of a load being lifted and left behind which I used to have when I had got a windfall and was packing my things madly to move out of some dreary room in which I had been economizing.

But of course I still had a few hours left. I had decided that after midnight would be the best time for suicide—no possibility of chance callers, the house deserted.

I packed and locked my suitcase, bathed and dressed myself. Somewhere in the midst of these preparations my varying moods gave place simply to a nervous emptiness and dogged forcing. I was in a hurry then to get it over with and irritable because I had made an elaborate process of a simple enough business. What did I care how I was found or who looked over my things?

Somewhere I remember reading the account of a man who had been as close, perhaps closer, to death than I. His loving fellow-citizens had strung him up in order to make him confess to a crime of which he was not guilty, and had cut him down when a doctor said that he was within the slightest possible margin of death. Afterwards, in recounting his experience, he said that "the choking sensation was indescribable," that he fought it instinctively,

gave himself up for dead "and then everything went dark." But my own memory is just as innocuous. As a child I had once taken gas for a tooth-extraction. I remembered the smell of the gas like whiffs from an oven where a queer, sweet sort of bread was baking, the whirring blood in my head, and the second of revulsion, of struggle. Only I never remembered there had been darkness so much as an absence of light.

After I placed the tube in my mouth, unconsciousness came very soon, and this time I do not even recall any struggle, nothing but a gathering of my will to force myself to breathe more deeply.

Exactly as in my childhood experience, I felt, I do not know how long afterwards, a species of mechanical reflex that was then the rebound of my awakening body to the displacement of the tooth, and now the reaction of my awakening body to the displacement of the gas in my lungs. It was like the automatic kick-back of a gun, but repeated, and the effort muffled as if a gun were recoiling under piles and piles of woolen blankets. Although I was so far from complete consciousness that this effort cost me no pain, no trouble, seemed as a matter of fact very distant, yet it was related to me—and my returning consciousness knew it—in that it was extracting from me huge amounts of energy the lack of which I would feel as soon as I was capable of feeling. A machine which responds at the touch of a lever with a series of mighty, impersonal revolutions that can wear out the gear muscles without affecting their insensitiveness would feel as I did—if it could feel.

VI

The pulmotor had pumped the gas from my lungs. I was alive. I was saved after all. And at the last minute.

At first I thought of that ironically.

Later, in view of the superb indifference of an intervention which could snatch me out of the jaws of death and leave me, just as weaponless, facing those jaws, irony seemed childish. One of my first instincts also was to cling closer to myself, to feel that my life must have been returned to me as a solitary miracle, an omen. But I soon saw that the fact of returning to life did not automatically mean a change, still somewhere naïvely hoped for, either in myself or life.

I was saved, and my friends were kind to me. But they had been as kind before. They could be no kinder. I went to stay with one of them, a choice at which I had balked before. It was now forced upon me, but that did not make it any the less unpleasant. However, whether I had been so drained physically that I had no more strength left for defiance or whether, having gone through the torment of personal decision, I was glad to accept fatalistically the determination of accident, like most ex-suicides, I did not think of trying to kill myself again. Not just yet.

In this receptive state I went over again all the arguments and all the varying answers which my friends had adopted for themselves and which they did their best to interpret and share with me. I felt like Job when his three cronies came to sit with him.

When my friends had stopped talking, however, and there was no response but a silence, I listened and the answer was there which had always been there, the sum total of all their answers, the same reply which, after the magnificent incitement of the whirlwind, Job must have listened for and

heard, echoing secretly all the while, in his own heart.

Then the real meaning of humility became clear to me, not that cringing, pseudo-meekness which we associate with it, but that humility which is part of the deep-flowing emotion that moves the head to bend in church, the humility of admission and acceptance—admission of any and every anguish that goes with the breath, acceptance of any and of all of them for the sake of drawing that breath.

Right or wrong, futile or momentous, under a heaven or none, in the lowest muck of human misfortune, on a bed that is all but the grave—give us this day our daily breath! Happy the man who thus bows in his heart to the potent evanescence of his breath, no master of his fate but content to be its faithful and grateful servant. He truly is invincible. Nothing can annihilate him except that which finally annihilates his breath.

I saw that in order to have some measure of peace either I must die or I, too, must make up my mind humbly and invincibly to live. I saw that otherwise my existence would be only an irritating postponement.

To unite myself with that fellowship of common humility, that—not courage and not love—which men live by; to join the multitude of those who have reached to the bottom of life, who count themselves without scorn, with simple gladness, alive while they breathe and joy in just that, the veritable breath of life—this I must do. When I did so and only then, I, too, would be able to live at ease with myself.

But could I thus unite myself? Can I? That is the real question.



NOTHING AT ALL

A STORY

BY LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

THE first year he went to camp he used to ask his tent counsellor, every other day or so for the first month, "Now is camp in full swing yet?" For there were physical examinations, preliminary swimming tests, tests for setting one's ability in riding and marksmanship, shifting of bunks, and a thousand and one necessities constantly breaking up the hypothetical monotony of camp routine which he so desired. He wanted it in full swing, going along with a secure inevitability, mainly to convince himself he was really in it, a part of the swing, the stream of summer itself. And at about the end of a month his counsellor answered with some consideration, "Why, yes, Billy, I should say camp is in full swing now."

The relief, the exultation, the freedom to immerse himself in a blessed solidity of routine for another month! Reveille, setting-up exercises, a dip in the lake; breakfast, teeth and digestion check-up, a work period, a play period, a swim; lunch, siesta, riding, or shooting or hiking all afternoon; supper, stories or a marshmallow roast, and lights out. The mournful clarion of taps penetrating the pine sough, and the gracious warmth of one's body under a rough blanket. If life held more, it had never made it manifest. He was happy in his superiority in power, since he was a little older and a little cleverer than the rest of the boys,

and he was just vaguely conscious of his own amiability and pleasantness. He was to be eleven in three weeks, and for the first time in his life he was actually, if vaguely and unconsciously, directing a passionate affection to people outside of his own family.

For there was Dan, his own tent counsellor. When Dan said, "Why, yes, Billy, I should say camp was in full swing now," he looked at him, warmed by the kind freshness of the older boy's frank eyes. Dan was wonderful, the apotheosis of a physical-culture education. He was stronger than any other counsellor, and proved it constantly. They sometimes had supper at home, sometimes canoed to an island or some other point down the lake, and ate out of tin cups. At these times Dan often provided thrills. He could break belts by binding them around his contracted chest. The rattle of tin spoons in the cups stopped short when he filled his hairy breast with the summer air and snapped the strap. Or he would climb one of a pair of small pines up to its fuzzy tip and sway the tree fearlessly back and forth to drop lightly into the other lower branches. Or he would be the base of a very large human pyramid or portage a war canoe by himself for a quarter of a mile.

And then also there was the head counsellor, the camp director. Doc was considerably older, that is, about

thirty-five. He had been brought up in Texas. He sang cowboy songs and could swing ropes and carve chains out of pine kindling. He was lean and rangy, slightly bald, with a curious detachment, and a surprising power of apparent abstraction in a crowded room. He was also subject to sudden bursts of petulance. He was very nice to Billy. One night he said, "Do you want to come on an adventure?" Billy said, "Oh, gee, Doc." "Well then, get two mattresses and my canoe, and meet me at bedtime here." They spent the night on the lake. Billy woke often to hear the slap of the light boat against the water. Doc guided the canoe all night by rocks and the pines on the shore, and dozed only at intervals. Billy was extremely stiff in the back, neck, and knees in the morning, but it all increased his attachment to Doc a thousand times.

Doc's wife was called Bobby. She was very large and dark. She dived marvellously. She assumed an authority over the young counsellors and seemed to order them about a lot more than Doc did. She talked like a man and smoked a corn-cob pipe and read the Song of Hiawatha to the boys in the siesta hour. Billy was wary of her; she was quite tolerant of his affection for Doc. She kidded his clevernesses and the fact that he couldn't dive. He wasn't really afraid to, only it hurt his ears terribly and made him belly-flop continually.

It was a wonderful summer. Billy never forgot the long stretches of undiluted happiness. He could dash about and throw himself on the grass for pure joy, and he became almost unbearably helpful as the summer drew on to its close and his affection for Dan and Doc increased. But the time came at last for them to leave. In their city clothes, with the city bus waiting to pack them off, they stood for a moment in the dust in front of the

big barn and gave the camp cheers. Tears welled up and fell on his cheek and his throat was full of tongue. "Good-by until next year, good-by, good-by."

But somehow the winter was got through with. The snows dissolved, and he was back at camp again. But there was a curious difference. Billy had never considered the possibility that things might be different. He was an old boy now, and he had an intensely proprietary feeling about the barn, the lake, but mainly about Doc and Dan. He looked over all the new young boys with profound disapproval. He could tell at once that they had practically no camp spirit and, so far as he could see, they never could have. On their first real night at camp, after they had been somewhat unpacked and arranged, the four war canoes were launched to have supper at Beggars Island, about four miles up the lake. Billy was towards the end of his canoe, paddling with great conscience, digging the blade deep into the resistant lake and feeling the ungrateful strain of winter-softened muscles. The round whirlpools swirled whitely back into the dusk. He was vaguely uncomfortable. In the first place, he had failed to get a place either in Dan's or in Doc's canoe. His boat was led by a young man called Ralph, who was long and loose and silly, who was not really a camper at all, but just camped in the summer to pay his way through college. He also smoked cigarettes. But worst of all, when the canoes had been beached and the supper-pails had been taken out and up the little hill for dinner, Billy saw one of the new boys disappear into the bushes. Like a hound he followed him and was astonished. He gasped in as severe a tone as possible, although his blank horror muted the severity. "Why, what do you think you're doing?" The new

boy glanced back at him with his horrible new-boy leer and said quietly, "I'm shaving; what the hell do you think I'm doing?"

At supper Ralph sang some popular songs and made jazz gestures. This nauseated Billy; one could at least keep that kind of thing for the city, for the winter. No camper would ever think of doing such a thing. The new boys also sang the choruses. But Billy was resentfully still. Dan noticed his quietness, his noble silence, his hurt authority. He said good-naturedly, "Why, give the kids time. They'll be O.K."

"Oh, I know, Dan," said Billy, with tears of gratitude, "but I'm so afraid it won't be the same as last year . . ."

"Don't worry, kid, it'll be a lot better."

Billy kept close to Dan so as to be next to him when they joined arms and said the Lord's Prayer together in a circle before going to bed.

But it didn't get any better, it got worse. Bobby kept taunting Billy because his diving didn't improve. He saw lots of new boys paste more stars on the accomplishment chart than he would ever be able to. Doc seemed to be terribly busy and preoccupied. Whenever Billy hung around and asked him if he couldn't do something, he was told almost abruptly to run along and pick up nails. The main lodge used to be a barn, and the horses had been shod in front of the great door for fifty years. To save the bare feet, a favorite occupation was to hunt for rusty nails with electro-magnets made out of a dry-cell battery or two and a magnetized rod. Billy would obediently run to the storeroom and get the paraphernalia and hunt desperately for ten or fifteen minutes, until that fool Ralph would come up, his loose fleshy jaw wagging (and how anybody could think he was attractive was more than Billy, for one, could see),

and ask, "What's a matter, sonny, lost something?" then grin and go away. Dan never called him sonny; he called him Bill or Billy; and whenever he had time he gave him boxing lessons or taught him to do gymnastic tricks. They played a game together, Billy pretending he was Dan's slave, and they went through a ritual often for the benefit of the rest of the camp. Dan would clap his hands twice and call "Boy." Billy would dash and throw himself at Dan's feet and lie prostrate until Dan would say "One." Then Billy would get up on his knees, at "Two" he'd put his arms up, at "Three" raise his head, at "Four" stand erect on his tip-toes, and at "Five" jump into Dan's arms and be lifted over his head. They practiced it a lot at first, and Billy could do the simple performance with some speed and precision. He loved the maneuver, and nobody thought it was silly. But even Dan now seemed to be busy a lot too. He seldom ever called "Boy." Billy, as a slave no longer in favor, grew to expect little attention. He had his cross to bear and he bore it, and everyone he could show it to knew how very painful it must be to bear. He should have spent more time with the boys themselves, but if he couldn't have the society of Doc and Dan he preferred to be alone.

One night, some time later, he was whittling on an arrow, when he suddenly heard Dan cry "Boy." Billy quickly threw down his arrow and dashed over to where Dan and Ralph and Bobby and Doc were sitting working over the camp accounts. Dan had been bored and had abruptly remembered his slave. Billy threw himself at his master's feet. "One" said Dan. Billy jack-knifed to his knees. "Two" said Dan. Billy's arms flew up. "Three" said Ralph, a sudden flicker came between the eyes of Billy and the sun. "Four" said Bobby, and she

laughed. Billy was horrified, shocked, and hideously embarrassed. He blushed and boiled with rage and sorrow. It was dastardly of them to spoil his game, to break his beautiful friendship with Dan. He stopped short and looked at Dan. Perhaps he'd got him over just to make fun of him; perhaps they all had arranged the whole thing beforehand.

Then Billy turned quickly and ran as fast as he could to his own tent. He threw himself on his pillow under the vacant canvas and gave over to hot brackish tears. Then his tears gave out and he lay silent on the moist pillow, waiting for Dan or Doc to come and apologize and comfort him.

But it was supper time before he saw them again; Doc and Dan were getting into the Ford truck to go to the village for the late mail. The sun was low over the lake, and wild birds flew from the forward face of night. Though some of the small boys shouted, their voices were thin in the clear cooling air. It was a suspended moment in the flow of day. Every object, every personality lost its connection with one another and stood sun-lapped and clearly isolate. Some of the young kids were sitting opposite one another on the ground playing mumblety-peg, pricking their earth-stained knees with the pin points of their scout-knives. The clarity of the hour refined Billy's loneliness to an exquisite agony, a personal nostalgia for friendship. Bobby and Ralph and the rest of the counsellors had charge of supper. Everybody was extremely gay. Ralph sang college songs and everyone seemed excessively friendly. If Billy hadn't been so frightfully hungry he would surely have gone without supper to punish them all for their satisfactions.

And so the summer slipped by, and there was a constant itch under Billy's jersey. Things were not going well for him. He was lying down on the job,

he was not trying, he was not being a good camper; he knew it and he knew Doc and Dan knew it, but they were so busy with their duties to the other boys and their own private affairs that they had practically forgotten Billy as Billy; he was merely a boy to whom they were dutiful counsellors.

One night he couldn't sleep. The warm sky seemed to be the top blanket of his distress. At least he could kick the corporeal sheet and shift noisily, hoping to wake one tent mate and perhaps elicit some muted conversation. But everyone else slept on, under the fading stars, in spite of his signals. Billy got up, put on his sneakers, and decided he would go down to the beach. It was quite bright outside, twigs snapped like distant fire-crackers, and he hurried silently to the shore. Rocking gently fifty yards out was the raft with Bobby's tent on it. She slept there over the water. Water was her true element. She dived like a kingfisher and severed the water like a fish, and she must sleep upon the bosom of the lake. But Billy sententiously considered that she was a cold fish, a wet bloodless fleshy fish, and it was Bobby he hated as the personification of everything that had spoiled his summer. He stooped down and picked up a large round white flat stone. He fitted it into his palm and skimmed it smartly over the moony water, hoping half-maliciously that it might skip the fifty yards, hit against her tent, and spoil her sleep. It leaped four or five times and fell short with a splash. He skipped another and another and then absently tossed stones haphazard into the water. Then he remembered the place, and the time, and that he should be in bed, and turned to go back.

He had walked only a few steps when there was a soft splashing in the water. At first it seemed almost as if it had been the last echo of the stones he'd tossed. But impossible. The

interval was too great. He stepped behind the shadow of a birch and strained his eyes against this sight. The moon on the waters splashed a hard mercurial light. A blackness here, a splashing blackness, disengaged itself from the dim locality of the tented raft and seemed to be making for the shore. Perhaps it was an otter, maybe it was a fish. But no, it must be Bobby. She had been awakened by the noise of the stones he'd thrown and was characteristically swimming to find out what the trouble was. Billy couldn't get back to his tent without being discovered and it would be hideously difficult if he were caught, for there was no explanation, and Bobby in her cold comic way would bait him for it, his little piddling infantile revenge on her for not being able to dive as well as he should. So he waited in the shadow, holding himself tightly together and feeling the dampness of his pajamas against his armpits and around his waist. The splashing came louder and closer. Suddenly a smooth dripping head rose out of the lake, then a pair of shoulders, then a man. Billy was amazed. The water sluiced off him as he walked to the beach. Who could it, who could it be? . . . And just as the figure turned away from the shore to take the path that led up to the tents, the moon slid across the face and belly and the boy in the shadow saw that the face in the light was Ralph.

After a while Billy went back to his own bed. He was extremely careful to be silent. The mattress springs hardly even tinkled. The cold sheets covered him wholly and he fell asleep almost at once.

In the morning the sun came up as usual. But Billy's day had two sources of illumination, and the other was that he had seen Ralph stride across the beach and quietly disappear into the

night before. He focussed his mind on that physical fact. His instinct warned him to go so very slowly because the spreading rings, the overtones, the implications that fact had startled in the pond of his imagination would be terrifying. Well, Ralph had walked across the beach. . . . I never liked Ralph although he's not a bad sort and I can see what they mean when they say he's good-looking. Ralph walked across the beach and probably went to bed, and I wish to God he'd stop singing those dizzy jazz songs instead of "Casey Jones" and "Sam'l Hall" and giving these kids the wrong idea. Ralph walked across the beach. . . . I'm silly about Ralph. . . . I should really not think. Ralph walked across the beach. He slipped off the raft from the raft into the water from the raft. Stop it, on the raft is the tent, under the tent is Bobby asleep, asleep, I'm not sure what I mean but I'd better shut up. . . .

And it eventually dawned on Billy that he had stumbled over the most horrible thing in the world, and what was the most horrible of all was that he held the key of the situation absolutely in his hands. Why, he knew everything . . . he could tell everyone, and he would now. Wait. No one will believe you. Wait. Wait, and see how Doc acts towards you. If he is more friendly for the rest of the summer I won't tell. If he goes on this way, I will. Wait. That has nothing to do with it. It's more than that. I ought to tell Dan. Then Dan could tell Doc. But why tell anybody? Wait.

Billy was really upset, bewildered, and lost. He went around carefully with an assumed and painful casualness, looking searchingly and significantly first at Ralph then at Bobby. But they looked the same. They bantered each other and splashed each other and

ignored Billy in just the same way, just the same as—before last night. Then Billy regarded Doc. He was just the same too. Nothing was different. But he, he was different. Before yesterday, the summer was all but lost. Now, it was more than the summer that he had found. "I must think," he said; "you can get out of anything if you think about it."

All day he thought; if perchance his thoughts strayed away from this central problem of his life he forcibly jerked them back. He surely must tell someone, and night seemed to be drawing on again. Perhaps he would tell Dan. Dan used to come into the tent when they were all undressing and ask them questions: how they were getting on, how they were feeling. Sometimes he would sit on the bed and lean his head next to Billy's and ask him if there was anything he wanted to tell him. Dan could always know; Dan would see it to-night. Billy would simply whisper the whole thing. But, no, wait, I can't do that. I must ask how to do it. I must pretend I know a boy who wants some advice. I mean, Dan, if you knew something awful about two people; I mean, if you knew a man whom you cared about a lot and his wife; I mean and you didn't like the other guy, and suddenly found out that this woman and this man, and Dan would suddenly, why supposing Dan would suddenly jump and say, "You dirty-minded little rat!" What then? You'd better wait.

If Billy went to Ralph and Bobby and put it up to them, perfectly honestly, that they must tell Doc or he would tell him . . . No, he couldn't do that. Maybe Ralph would kill him and hide his body. People do get lost in the woods. Maybe Bobby would drown him. Maybe they would anyway. They could see pretty quickly in his eyes what he was thinking. They could tell. Then they would

have to kill him. There would be nothing else left to do, and yet they can't kill me. If I go on seeing them I'll be more and more frightened and I'll spill the beans anyway. Perhaps I'd better write Doc an anonymous letter; but then he wouldn't believe me. You can't trust unsigned letters.

Billy was really worried. Sometimes when he hurt himself he still cried, but that was with the hope of soliciting sympathy almost as much as from the pain itself. But he always smiled secretly to show himself that he was not really hurt. Now he didn't smile at all. He went around in a daze. Everything he did seemed to end before he reached the climax of his action. Everyone he spoke to seemed to guess his intention before he finished his sentence. I must keep still, but I cannot. I'll burst. I think I'll go crazy and tell everybody. I love Doc though, and it would hurt him more if anyone else knew. I must tell no one. Not even me. Me. But I know. Yes, but shut up. Wait.

Then Dan came and said, "You look peaked, kid. What's the matter? Been working too hard?"

"No, Dan, I never work too hard."

"Stick out your tongue." Billy smiled and did so. "It looks green!"

For a second, a wild second, Billy thought, I'm sick, I'll go home, I won't have to tell, at home.

But Dan said, "You're all right as far as I can see."

"Yes, Dan."

"Do you want to see Nurse, kid?"

Nurse? If I'm sick, I'm really sick. I may have possibly dreamed all this last night. I do really sleep badly. Billy held himself in. He knew how perilously on the verge of tears he was. If he dissolved, the whole thing would come out in the crying. He turned quickly and walked off to his tent.

Dan sensed something, and called loudly, "Boy." Billy heard the an-

cient command and turned in his retreat. He walked slowly back to Dan and got down on the ground. "Not much pep in my slave now. You need some whipping." Dan started to pommel him.

"No, Dan. Don't. Don't. Not now."

But Dan felt that nothing could cure a tendency to weep so much as a good roughhouse, so he turned the boy over and stuck his foot in his ribs. Flesh could stand only so much. The exquisite pain of the tickling was the last straw. Billy burst into a hysteria of sobbing. He couldn't stop. He wept and wept. He gasped convulsively. The tears wouldn't come. Dan became alarmed. He sent a boy off for Doc. He stood Bill up and tried to slap his back. This only accelerated his spasms. Then Doc came.

"What's the matter, Dan?"

"I don't know, Doc. I was only kidding with Bill."

"What were you doing with him?"

"I was only tickling his ribs."

"You ought to be more careful with these kids."

"But really, Doc, it wasn't anything; I've done it lots before."

"What's a matter, Billy, are you hurt?" Doc's hands felt his ribs and back.

Billy sobbed. "No, no, it's not that. It's not that."

"Well, what is it? Come, tell me."

Dan still looked frightened. He backed away from the boy and from Doc. Then Doc said, "Everything's all right. You come and tell me." Dan went off with a glance over his shoulder and shoved away the rest of the boys who had been attracted by the scene. "Come along, Billy, we'll go for a walk." Doc took him by the arm and walked down toward the beach where it would be quiet. "You don't have to tell me anything, you know, if you don't want to," he said. "I just said

that to get you away." Doc was so kind. He knew everything.

"Oh, but, Doc, I want to tell you. I must tell you."

"Well then, shoot. I'm here to listen."

"You really will believe me?"

"Why of course I'll believe you!"

"You must promise me. It's so terribly important."

"Of course I promise."

"Well, Doc, I'm going crazy."

"Why, Billy, of course you're not."

"Yes I am, Doc, unless you help me."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I'm going nuts. Didn't you ever feel you were going crazy?"

Doc breathed easily and prepared himself for his not unaccustomed act of elder brother, combined with old family physician. He had had to lay the ghost of meddling nursemaids time and time before. "Why sure, lots of people, why almost everybody when they're boys . . ."

"No, Doc, I'm really going crazy."

"It's nothing to worry about. It's just a stage we can't help. We get over it."

"No, Doc. It's things I see. I see things."

"Sure," said Doc. "You'll get over it. Just don't do it too much."

"No, Doc. You don't get me. I see things."

"Oh . . . you see things."

"Yes, I see things."

"Where do you see things?"

Billy pointed out into the lake where the raft and tent were riding at loss on the calm water. It seemed too easy to Doc, the coincidence of the indicated direction.

"Well, what do you see?"

"Mostly people," said Billy.

"What sort of people?"

"Well, like you and me. Only not you and me."

"Like who then?"

Billy felt terribly sick to his stomach.

"Like who then?"

I must not cry. . . . I must tell. . . .

I must not cry.

"Like Ralph and Bobby."

Doc got up from the log he sat on and lighted a cigarette. Then he sat down again. "Come over here."

Billy went over with white horror in his heart and eyes.

"Come sit here." Billy sat on his lap and put his arms around Doc's neck. He was glad to feel like a baby.

"Listen, Billy, I know all about Ralph and Bobby. There's nothing I don't know. They told me a long time ago."

Billy's head dropped farther on the man's chest. He was crying again.

"You know . . . and you don't do

anything?" A sobbing pause and then the considered answer:

"Well, Billy, what is there to do?"

In the long silence Billy stopped weeping and looked up at Doc.

"Is there anything to do?"

"Nothing at all."

And then Billy knew and it was so plain, as plain as everything simple, and all the fuss and fuming slid away, and he felt terribly lonely in spite of Doc's protection and he was lonelier and lonelier until it amounted to pain, and his heart and his brain seemed to contract and the one thing left in the world changed like a kaleidoscope in front of his eyes, only it was behind his eyes, for he saw, he also, should have done nothing, nothing—at all.

THE CLIMBER

BY CARL CARMER

OUT of a world where beauty is desire,
 A twisting flux where nothing is complete,
 And life's one hope is hope's eternal fire,
 He strives with aching arms and weary feet.
 Dizzied by time and the dark height before him,
 Leaving behind him all his sires called light,
 And heedless of the jeering age that bore him,
 Alone he climbs into the starless night.
 Almost a song whose echoes never ended,
 Almost a picture telling all he meant,
 Almost a poem ultimate and splendid,
 Almost a love whose first dream never went:
 Upward he yearns, heartsick and vision blurred,
 To read in the black sky one finite word.



OUR WHISPERING CAMPAIGNS

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

PRESIDENTIAL campaigns, from nomination to election, are among the most characteristic features of our national life. In their conduct, as in the handling of all large affairs whether public or not, some things are done openly and some behind the scenes. In spite of democracy, either economic or political, it is impossible to run a great corporation or a political party by discussion in a stockholders' meeting or a national convention. This holds true of other countries as well as our own; and there can be no cure for the fact that a campaign is always composed in reality of two—the one open to the public in speeches, campaign documents, or newspaper and magazine articles, and the other, a subterranean one, consisting of all sorts of political wire-pulling. Where there is darkness there is likely to be dirt, and political bargains do not flourish in the light of day and publicity. That in the making of Presidents, as in the making of treaties, we cannot reach Wilson's ideal of "open covenants openly arrived at" is unfortunate but true. Much work of even an honest sort in a campaign has to be done quietly, human nature being what it is, especially in large aggregates of population.

No practical man—few indeed except the most rabid of impractical reformers—can object to the fact that everything is not shouted from the housetops or through the microphone. The two campaigns, the open and the quiet one, are likely always to be car-

ried on simultaneously. It is with neither of them that this article deals; but there is a third type of campaign, different from either of these, which, in at least more than a majority of our elections, has been carried on in addition to them. This is what has come to be known as "the whispering campaign."

Once in a while such a campaign has broken into the open in some utterance by an indiscreet editor, occasionally followed by a libel suit, but its essential value is in its not being allowed to come to light. It differs from the ordinary behind-the-scenes campaign in that it must be conducted among as wide a public as possible instead of being kept among a few, and differs from the open campaign in that it must be kept dark. To a great extent, certainly in the peculiar form it has assumed with us, it is limited to the United States.

As an example, we may take the campaign of just over a century ago when John Quincy Adams was running against Andrew Jackson. Both candidates were strong characters but they differed from each other in almost every respect. Adams was a New Englander, the son of one of the most distinguished Americans. He had had wide experience of social life in his diplomatic residence at several foreign courts, was an intellectual, even in his democracy, and a staunch Puritan, whose morality in public and private life was, from the standpoint of the politicians, hopelessly unyielding. Jackson was a fron-

tier Westerner, a duellist; he had had little education, and was familiar with only the rougher outer fringe of even American civilization. They possessed, however, one trait in common—their deep respect for womanhood. Sexual sin was peculiarly abhorrent to the Puritan. The frontier, except for its lowest riff-raff, had also bred, for reasons of its own, a high standard of sexual morality and honor toward women. Whatever faults Adams and Jackson possessed, one could not find in American history two men about whom scandal of a sexual sort would be more outrageously untrue. Yet in each case the whispering campaign against the candidate turned precisely on that point.

The campaign was fought in 1828. Back in 1789, Jackson had met at Nashville a Mrs. Robards, who was the unhappy wife of a worthless and insanely jealous Kentuckian, from whom she had to flee to Natchez. Jackson, who was extremely chivalrous, had fallen in love with her, but there was no breath of scandal and no cause for it. In 1791 word came that Virginia, of which state Kentucky was then a part, had granted a divorce to Robards. Jackson hurried from Nashville to Natchez and married the supposedly divorced wife. Two years later it transpired that all the Virginia legislature really had done was to give Robards the right to sue for his divorce in a local Kentucky court, but that he had not continued the proceedings. He did so, however, in 1793, on the ground that his wife was living with Jackson, this being the first intimation either Jackson or his unfortunate wife had had that their marriage had not been legal. Jackson, who then and throughout his life, was tenderly devoted to his wife, at once remarried her.

After a happy and faithful married life of thirty-seven years this mistake,

due largely to lack of communication in the early frontier days, was brought out to serve against the Presidential candidate. It was whispered about that both he and his wife were immoral and had knowingly lived together in adultery. In this case the story passed beyond the whispering stage and got into print in the *National Journal*, a paper closely connected with Adams who was then President. It was claimed, though the charge was not proved—and in the light of Adams's character it is almost incredible—that the item would have been kept out of the paper had Adams wished it to be. Jackson was naturally furious and in a letter to a friend wrote of Adams that "he is certainly the basest, meanest scoundrel that ever disgraced the image of his god—nothing too mean or low for him to condescend to *secretely* to carry his cowardly and base purposes of slander into effect: even the aged and virtuous female is not free from his secret combinations of base slander."

The bitter campaign then turned against Adams, who was accused of having acted the pander to a rich Russian nobleman while U. S. Minister at St. Petersburg, of having procured for him a beautiful American girl and of having sold her into a life of shame. The fact that the story was fantastically false was not regarded as lessening its value for campaign purposes. The contest ended in tragedy. Mrs. Jackson, whose one thought in life had been the happiness of her husband, had been shielded by him from all knowledge of the slander being circulated about them. By chance she saw it in print. A brave effort to keep from showing Jackson what she had discovered broke down. He knew her too well to be deceived by her assumed cheerfulness. Already suffering from heart trouble, the strain was too much, and within three weeks she had died. Jackson

entered the White House alone, having endured the heaviest blow in his life from what he not unjustly considered the cowardly and dastardly attacks on his wife's honor by his political opponents.

I have told the story of this particular whispering campaign somewhat at length, not simply because in this case it ended in the tragedy of death and lifelong unhappiness, but because, from the character of the two men involved, the charges would seem to have been so far removed from the truth that they might have been considered not even plausible enough to make believable slander. It is evident, as in other cases, that the public's will to believe was considered more important than the plausibility of the stories.

II

Unhappily, the revolting attacks on Adams and Jackson were no worse than those made on many of our other candidates for the highest office. In addition to the terrific campaign waged against Thomas Jefferson by New England clergymen on account of his falsely alleged religious atheism, he was charged in the whispering gallery with being the father of several negro children and with having debauched the daughter of a well-born Virginian while on a visit to her father. An affidavit testifying to the second charge is still in existence in manuscript, but the character of its maker destroys its value as testimony; and no evidence of the truth of either charge has ever been discovered after a hundred and thirty years. There is no reason whatever for believing either to be true.

In the campaign in which Van Buren was elected the charge was circulated, whether true or not, that his running mate on the ticket had negro blood. The story was also spread that Van Buren himself was an

illegitimate son of Aaron Burr. Both he and Johnson were elected, however, as Jefferson had been, as was also William Henry Harrison in spite of false rumor that he was a drunkard. The whispering campaign of 1860 centered largely on Lincoln's running mate for the Vice-Presidency, Hannibal Hamlin of Maine; it being alleged that he was of negro descent.

In the Grant campaign the charge—easily made on account of his intemperance at one stage of his career—was that the candidate was a drunkard, and the whispering on that occasion was again double-barrelled, as it was also stated that the candidate for Vice-President, Henry Wilson, was illegitimate. When Garfield ran, the charge was whispered over the country that his relations with his wife were such that she intended to sue him for divorce, and that it was with difficulty his political managers had been able to win her consent to a postponement of the proceedings until after the election. All of these candidates won their elections. On Garfield's assassination, the Vice-President, Chester A. Arthur, became President, and stories at once began to go round that he was carrying on illicit relations in the White House itself with a woman prominent in Washington society. He was not re-nominated, but would not have been in any case.

The Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884 was rather dirtier than usual. The morality of both Blaine and his wife prior to their marriage was attacked in the whispering gallery, where also the story (the only true one of all these mentioned, except possibly one) was spread of Cleveland's having an illegitimate son. Cleveland had made one slip in early youth, which he had done his best to redeem by his subsequent treatment of both woman and child, whom he had always provided for to the best of his ability, although

he was a poor man. Cleveland insisted, against his political advisers, on dragging the story out into the daylight and making a clean breast of it all, as Alexander Hamilton had done under somewhat similar circumstances nearly a century before. He was elected, but the stories of his brutality to his wife persisted, although utterly without foundation.

The married life of the Clevelands was peculiarly happy, but the slander grew and grew and was given wide circulation by clergymen in the campaign of 1888. On one occasion Mrs. Cleveland wrote to a woman (who had offered to refute what her clergyman was saying if Mrs. Cleveland would write to her) that every statement made "by the Rev. C. H. Pendleton . . . is basely false, and I pity the man of his calling who has been made the tool to give circulation to such wicked and heartless lies. I can wish the women of our Country no greater blessing than that their homes and lives may be as happy and their husbands may be as kind, considerate, and affectionate as mine." Nevertheless, the clergy continued to spread the tale among their congregations everywhere, and the President was actually held up as a terrible example in some of the Sunday Schools. In the campaign of 1888 it was whispered everywhere that the President got drunk every night and beat Mrs. Cleveland. Silas Burt wrote that the lie was "uttered not openly but whispered about in secret detraction," and that "in the long list of foul calumnies that have been hatched by partisan rancor in the past I can recall none so utterly base as this."

Most of us can well recall the constant whisper that went round that Roosevelt was a drunkard, frequently the worse for drink even in public. This story was sometimes embellished with additional details of his being

partly insane and a drug addict. It started as early as October 1900, when George Fred Williams accused Roosevelt of having been drunk at Senator Wolcott's place at Wolhurst, Colorado, when on a campaign tour. Senator and Mrs. Cabot Lodge, as also their niece, were with him, and there was, of course, not a word of truth in the tale. It and others like it, however, spread and spread until a large part of the people believed them. At last, in 1912, an unlucky editor went too far and printed in his paper, *Iron Ore*, that Roosevelt "lies and curses in a most disgusting way; he gets drunk, too, and that not infrequently, and all his intimates know about it." Roosevelt decided it was time to stop the lie. He brought and won a libel suit in the course of which the editor could not bring an iota of proof for his assertion, whereas witness after witness testified to the former President's complete sobriety at all times.

In the Harding campaign the candidate was attacked by whispers from two directions. One of the charges passed from a whisper to a newspaper and was publicly answered. This was that he had negro blood. The other, which concerned his pre-marital relations with his wife, prospered better because kept in the whispering stage. The horrors of the Smith campaign are of so recent date that they need not be repeated. The stories of his bestial drunkenness even in the publicity of Pullman cars as told by otherwise respectable people were too crude to deceive a child almost, yet they gained wide vogue. Roosevelt and Harding both won their elections, whereas Smith lost his.

There are several interesting points to be noted in such whispering campaigns as have been mentioned. One is that of the sixteen men against whom the whisperers directed their attacks, ten were elected to office, and four

were defeated. But of these four, two were opposed to other men who were being similarly attacked in the same election. One, Arthur, was not nominated for the Presidency after having served out Garfield's unexpired term. A Vice-President, however, succeeding to office does not usually receive the nomination in his own right, Roosevelt and Coolidge being the conspicuous examples to the contrary. We may, therefore, say that ten men subjected to the false calumnies of a whispering campaign were elected and only two defeated. Of course, the whispering campaign is only part of the triple one. It is impossible to say how much or how little influence in any election the whisperers have had. It would seem evident, however, from the figures just quoted that false slander is an extremely weak weapon against a candidate. Otherwise ten slandered candidates out of twelve could hardly have won.

The other point to be noted is the persistence of the same topics as subjects for the unfounded slander stories. For over a hundred and thirty years of campaigning these have been almost wholly confined to sexual relations, treatment of wives, drunkenness, and the alleged possession of negro blood.

III

As we consider the general American use of this abominable campaign tool we are led to ask why it is used so much with us and why the false slanders should be only of the sorts noted?

In trying to answer the first question we may recall that of all the great nations the United States alone elects its most powerful official. In power the President corresponds to the prime ministers or chancellors of other states, not to their figurehead presidents or kings; and prime ministers or chancellors are not elected by popular vote.

As Bryce long ago pointed out: "Imagine all the accusations brought against all the candidates for the 670 seats in the English Parliament concentrated on one man" and you can realize "what is the tempest of invective and calumny which hurtles round the head of a presidential candidate."

Again, to a very great extent in our politics it is men and not measures which count. I happened to be in England in the general election last autumn. I heard and read almost nothing of persons. The discussion in print and conversation centered almost wholly on ideas and measures. The issues were momentous, and they were discussed. This spring in Washington I heard scarcely anything of measures, only of possible candidates. The talk, even at intelligent dinner tables, was all of the chances of Hoover, Roosevelt, Smith, and others. To a great extent it has always been so with us, but is becoming more so as the politicians more and more dodge real issues, and the parties have become indistinguishable except for personalities. Against ideas or measures you can bring to bear other ideas or measures. If, on the other hand, the issue is only a person and you desire to defeat that person, the campaign will be a personal one, attacking character or fitness. You can misrepresent an idea in a campaign of ideas. In the same way you can misrepresent a person in a campaign of persons only. In all elections with our great electorates there will be much appeal to emotion, the cruder the more effective. In a campaign centering around personalities only, slander seems to be—though it would appear from experience really not to be—an effective weapon in appealing to the mob. And with us in a presidential campaign it is not simply the mob which loses its sense of truth and values. In the Jefferson and Cleveland campaigns the worst slanderers of

all were the clergy; and one has only to recall the Smith campaign and the kind of stories retailed by people who might have been expected to know better, to agree with Roosevelt when he said that "we are a queer, emotional, hysterical people on occasions."

There is yet another point in this connection. We are noted the world over for doing everything in the professional and not in the amateur spirit. At a great boys' school in England the other day a distinguished visitor, addressing the boys, admonished them to remember that "it is not winning that counts but how you play the game." The complaint made against us is that whether it is in sports, business, or the whole art of living we go in solely to win without caring how we play. I believe some of our foreign critics exaggerate this trait of ours, but I believe also that we do possess it. Whether it is an examination, a football game, or making a fortune, we go in to win without thinking much about anything else. One has but to compare the two stages of many great American fortunes, the stage of accumulation and that of distribution in charity, to realize the strength and ruthlessness of our idea of winning first and being decent afterward. Politics has been called the great American game. Its highest prize is the most powerful office in the world. The ruthlessness with which it is played corresponds to the size of the stakes.

But no one uses weapons unless he considers them effective. Why, with us, should it be considered so effective to calumniate a candidate by claiming that he is sexually impure, beats his wife, drinks, or has negro blood in his veins?

The last, of course, is an appeal to that racial antagonism and pride which have developed from our relations with the fifteen million negroes in our midst and the difficult problem which we

have inherited from our history of slavery. The other allegations are evidently considered, by those who use them as charges, to be the worst which they can bring against a candidate in the opinion of the largest number of voters. Wife beating is peculiarly abhorrent to a nation which treats its women with more consideration than any other on earth. Drunkenness, besides appealing to the vast number of fanatics on the subject of drink, would obviously make a man unfit for the duties of President. Sex, as part of our inheritance of inhibitions and suppressed emotions in that regard from Puritan days, has always been an obsession of the American people.

It has been said that in England the open possession of a mistress would very seriously damage the career of a public man, in France it would make no difference, in Italy it would help. We need not insist too much on the truth of this generalization. In America, at least, it would damn him utterly. In the same way, it may be noted that politicians, as shown by the campaigns mentioned, consider the people to be deeply opposed to a candidate who might be so unfortunate as to have been an illegitimate child. This was also brought strongly to my attention on returning to America after the general election in England. I had never heard a word there in my talks with all sorts of people of all grades as to the personal life of any candidate. I had no sooner landed at home than for the first of many times I was told that one of the greatest figures in the English election was illegitimate. I do not believe it, and there is nothing in the English *Who's Who* to indicate it; but the point is that, whether true or not, it was never mentioned in the English campaign, whereas the American public seemed to be greatly intrigued when not shocked by the possibility.

The whispering campaign, disgusting

as it is, would appear to be a permanent campaign method with us. So long, at least, as our politics are primarily concerned with men rather than with measures, it will be the men who will be attacked; characters, not ideas. The attack will be planned not with reference to the real characters of the men themselves; for almost every charge ever made has been abominably false, but with reference to the dominant prejudices or standards of the voters to be influenced. If these prejudices or standards should change, the slanders of the politicians would change. So long as our political system remains as it is, with its enormous number of elective offices, with its high prizes in wealth and power, and so long as we care more about winning than how we play the game, the fights will be fierce and ruthless.

A man who goes into public life in America thus has to take one risk which he does not have to assume in any other civilized country—he has to risk the happiness and perhaps, as in Mrs. Jackson's case, even the life of his wife. The slimy tongues of the whisperers may start their hideous slanders at any stage of his career. No proof, no denials suffice to silence them. The people listen gladly and seem to prefer to believe the worst of their leaders.

The whispering campaign is a cruel and a cowardly weapon but it will probably be used as long as it is accepted by the people themselves. It would not be employed in a decent and a civilized electorate, but, however decent and civilized we may be as individuals, we are neither when it comes to a political campaign. This article has not been written to rehash old, forgotten, and false scandals. It has been written solely to show the long history of such successive bringing of identical charges against a long line of innocent men for more than a century. Brought in the past, such charges will be brought in the future. False in the past, they will probably be as false in every case in the future. One man or woman will hear them, and as in the old systems of "endless chains," tell them to ten. A review of the past, however, may lead some of us to pause in our credulity and desire to pass on scandal, and help us to use our intelligence and maintain our decency. The politicians will not become decent in their methods of winning at any cost so long as we, the members of the electorate, give them every help in their debauchery and depravity. If the whispering campaign is a blot on our national political life, it is yet more a blot on our characters as individuals.



IN DEFENSE OF LUXURY

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

LUXURY to-day has a flavor of vice. In the ancient world it was nearly a virtue. In fact, Aristotle described a virtue called magnificence, which was by no means unlike what we should now call luxury. But with the coming of Christianity, luxury, though still practiced, was no longer preached. Indeed, the word luxury has a disreputable and fallen sister, lechery, derived from the same Latin parent, *luxuria*, and many virtuous people regard luxury as only less wicked than lechery.

Now among the arguments used against luxury are some of a biological character. We are told that luxury softens the body and soul, that it renders the luxurious incapable of serious work, that it is unnatural, and so on. I think that some biologists would favor this point of view. "We are not competent to decide on moral questions," they would say, "but we do not doubt that a man or woman bred in extreme luxury is not so good an animal as one who has to endure moderate hardness and discomfort." That may be so, but is not conclusive, for in my opinion at least the chief end of man is not to be a good animal. But at this point the moralists would step in and say that on all higher grounds luxury must certainly be condemned. I need not specify all the reasons which they could give for this condemnation. Some would be irrelevant. They would point out that in society as at present constituted luxury is very un-

evenly distributed, that people brought up in luxury regard it as a necessity and are unhappy if they lose it, and so on. But it does not follow from these premises that luxury is an evil. We are only justified in concluding that ill-distributed or insecure luxury is undesirable. We should also hear that what was good enough for the great men of the past is good enough for us, an argument which may be brought forward against progress of any kind. And finally we should be told, perhaps in a slightly disguised form, that all pleasure is bad, especially those forms to which our mentors are not addicted.

But there is something real behind all these arguments. A person who adopts a luxurious life loses in adaptability and becomes more dependent on external circumstances. Is this loss compensated by any corresponding gain? To answer this question we shall have to consider the natural history of luxury and go back as near as we can to its beginning. Luxury is as old as life and, as a biochemist, I strongly suspect that it is even older. It may be (though I am beginning to doubt it) that life will always elude the attempt to describe it completely in terms of physics and chemistry. But it is certainly based on very definite physico-chemical facts. The green plant makes its living substance from air, water, and minerals with the aid of sunlight. The animal eats the green plant, and uses the energy so gained for movement. This is still true whether

we eat the plant at second hand, as when we eat beef, or at third or fourth hand, as when we eat herrings, which themselves have fed on other marine animals. The chemical machinery with which these processes are carried out is now at least partly understood. Life does not use the rather violent reagents of the chemical laboratory or factory, such as strong sulphuric acid and caustic soda, but much more complicated and delicate substances, such as the proteins and enzymes. They can exist only in a solution that is not too hot, too acid, or too alkaline. It should not contain too much or too little salt, and so on. Only when all these conditions are fulfilled do proteins begin to show the remarkable properties which render them a suitable physical basis for life. If the ordinary laboratory reagent such as silver nitrate or barium chloride could talk, it would despise the proteins for their luxurious tastes, but perhaps secretly envy them for the speed and accuracy with which under suitable circumstances they perform certain reactions, for example, carrying oxygen. The prerequisite of life is the placing of proteins and other complex molecules in the specialized and, so to say, luxurious environment found within a cell. Only later can conditions outside the cell be improved.

The simplest living beings of which we know much are the bacteria. Any particular sort can flourish only in a very special kind of environment. For example, the organism which causes diphtheria can multiply at an immense rate in the human throat or in an artificial medium kept at just the right temperature in the laboratory. The *Meningococcus*, which causes epidemic meningitis, or "spotted fever," also prefers the human throat; and it is much harder to make a medium in which it can be grown artificially. It seems to need vitamins, or something

of the kind, as we ourselves do. The bacillus of tetanus will grow only in the absence of oxygen. Others have even more peculiar tastes. In their chosen habitat bacteria grow in an explosive manner, sometimes doubling their number in twenty minutes, so that if a suitable medium could be provided, which is fortunately impossible, the progeny of a single bacillus would be larger than the earth at the end of two days! Very nearly all the descendants of any given bacillus fall into unsuitable environments and die. An infinitesimal fraction finds a place where growth is possible, and even there conditions are not particularly good. Nine-tenths of the members of a bacterial culture grown under quite favorable conditions turn out to be dead, perhaps because accidents readily occur in reproduction at so enormous a rate.

Bacteria are well adapted for rapid growth, and many of them can move aimlessly about. A few of them can perform chemical tricks such as making smells. These are generally bad smells, but the smell of old earth is due to a particular bacterium, and so are a few other pleasant odors. That is almost all that there is to be said for them. The protozoa, or one-celled animals, are somewhat more complicated, but they too are at the mercy of their environment. With the evolution of many-celled animals and plants began the age of luxury for the individual cell. Even in so simple an animal as a jellyfish or sea-anemone the conditions of cellular life would seem luxurious to a protozoön. The cells in the stomach of the jellyfish are constantly being supplied with food, without the necessity of seeking it. Its other cells are supplied with predigested foodstuffs, and all but the outermost layer are sheltered from the rude shocks of the world. But instead of stagnating in luxury, they develop new properties. Some

specialize in contraction, and move the jellyfish about. Others become stings; others again develop special sensitivity to light. Finally a few perform the functions of transmission of stimuli from one part of the animal to another. To a protozoön it is these very cells that would seem most hopelessly lazy and effete. Yet it is just among them that we find the rudiments of what appears, in the higher animals and man, as mind.

The arrangements for food transport and protection in the jellyfish are, however, very imperfect. The cells are vastly better off in a more highly evolved animal such as a snail, a lobster, or a fish. Here they are kept bathed in a blood of nearly constant composition containing foodstuffs and oxygen in suitable quantities. Their waste products are carried away in the blood and meticulously removed by the kidneys.

One more refinement of luxury, from the cellular point of view, has been added. Birds and mammals keep a nearly constant temperature. When the temperature goes up or down the organ most affected is the brain. You cannot think clearly during a fever. And it is only the birds and mammals whose mental processes seem to resemble our own to any great degree. We can probably form a not wholly inaccurate idea of what it feels like to be a singing bird or a hunting wolf. But we have no real clue to the state of mind, if any, associated with spinning in a spider or migration to fresh water in a salmon. Indeed such actions seem to be so stereotyped and machinelike that they may be as unconscious as is the equally complicated process of digestion in ourselves.

II

At every step in the process of luxury evolution the cell becomes more de-

pendent on its artificial environment, and more helpless when this is altered. But it also develops new powers and enhances old ones. The same has, I think, been true of the human race. Unfortunately, I am a rather bad example of the theory which I wish to expound.

I am writing this article in a third-class wooden-seated German railway compartment in which I have slept the night, so that a luxurious environment is not, in my case, a prerequisite for such intellectual activity as may be required for popular writing. However, I am not quite insensitive to my environment, for I have just failed to grapple with a mathematical problem which would have demanded the utmost from my brain.

But it is not, I think, so much the intellectual as the æsthetic, moral, and hygienic progress of humanity which has been conditioned by luxury. All that one requires for intellectual work is a modicum of leisure, peace, and quiet, and the absence of muscular fatigue. These are, indeed, luxuries beyond the reach of many members of the working classes, especially women, but they are not luxuries of a very excessive character.

Until seventy years ago, when Pasteur discovered the nature of infectious diseases, such progress as humanity had made towards an art of healthy living in large communities was almost wholly due to the spread of luxury. It is at least probable that cooking began because cooked food is softer and generally tastier than uncooked. Quite certainly its inventor or inventors did not realize that it serves to kill bacteria and other potential parasites and, unless carried too far, has little destructive effect on vitamins. The Romans may have owed their empire to their virtues. But it is probable that they kept it by what they, at least, thought was a vice.

*"Balnea, vina, Venus, corrumpunt corpora
nostra,
Sed vitam faciunt balnea, vina, Venus."*

(Baths, wine, and Venus do our health
destroy)

But Venus, baths, and wine make all life's
joy.)

wrote a Roman poet. Perhaps they did spend too long in their baths, but even if, as one infers, the bath left them with a "morning after" feeling, it preserved them from two groups of pestilences. Where a large proportion of the population get a good hot bath at least once a week, as it would seem that even the poor Romans did, the louse is at a considerable disadvantage, and the flea runs a certain risk. Now typhus fever is carried by the louse, and bubonic plague by the flea, so the Romans suffered little from these diseases during their prime. Moreover, the baths could not be fed from wells which might have sufficed for drinking water. They demanded clear running water which had to be brought from a distance in aqueducts, and was, therefore, rarely infected with typhoid fever or cholera. With the coming of Christianity washing was regarded as a sin more easily avoided than indulgence in wine and Venus. The great public baths were destroyed or fell into decay, and plague, typhus, and enteric shortened the path of the faithful to heaven. Saints prided themselves on their lousiness as much as on their chastity, and it was only in the eighteenth-century that a few eccentric Englishmen brought back the habit of the daily bath from India, where the heathen in his blindness had practiced it for some thousands of years. The gradual spread of this habit rid our country of typhus, which, under the name of gaol fever, had been put down to bad air, and other fictitious causes. I should have made quite a good saint, so far at least as lousiness went, since

I acted as board, lodging, and central heating to a number of these engaging, but not very intelligent, little creatures in the trenches in 1915, without feeling any particular discomfort or disgust. Fortunately this type of saintliness is rare to-day. But it was encouraged in the university of Cambridge long after the Middle Ages. In the spacious days of great Elizabeth an undergraduate could be publicly flogged for bathing in the river, while a bachelor of arts passed a day in the stocks. It was not until this abandoned twentieth century that most of the colleges installed bath-rooms, and many students' lodgings still lack them.

In general our ancestors' luxuries are our necessities. We are really horrified if we find a white man living in a building with no chimney, but a fire in the middle of the floor; in fact, as the average European king lived a thousand years ago. About eight hundred years ago fireplaces in living rooms were introduced as a great luxury. Glass window panes were noted by Elizabethan writers as a symptom of the corruption of the times. And so on. More rarely our ancestors' necessities have become our luxuries. Palæolithic man hunted or fished for a living. To-day large numbers of men overwork for eleven months of the year in order to be able to hunt or fish during the twelfth. Neolithic man went in for rather primitive agriculture, but had not yet invented the plow. We work eight hours a day in the office and come home to dig in the garden for fun. Perhaps our descendants will pay large sums to spend an occasional holiday working in a factory as a relaxation from pure thought. Such periodical returns to the primitive are commonplaces of biology. We ourselves pass a period of our lives as aquatic animals. Not only does each of us owe half our life to an actively swimming spermatozoön, but

we pass the first nine months of our careers in somewhat brackish water. There is no absolute need for such holidays from terrestrial life. The higher plants, which are in many ways more respectable organisms than ourselves, and quite as beautiful, manage very well with dry pollen and seeds. We have not taken the trouble to do so in our evolution.

All art is a luxury. Unfortunately the converse is not true. Each art form appears to generate a vast body of technical practice which is commonly mistaken for it, and sometimes strangles it. We insist on having pictures on our walls largely because a few thousand men have contrived to make painting into an art form. There is far less to be said for this type of luxury than for purely technical luxuries such as the telephone. A really well-designed telephone receiver, such as may often be seen in Germany, and rarely in England, is much more beautiful than the average picture. It may be that fewer good pictures would be painted if there were not a demand for bad ones. Certainly some would be, as is proved by the case of the *douanier* Rousseau. I think I should be willing to surrender to the moralists most of the pictures and pianos, and almost all the sculpture to be found in private houses, if they would leave us the other luxuries. But they disapprove of my motor car and greenhouse, and of my wife's sealskin coat and silk stockings. And as for our wine cellar!

I think I could make out a case for the wine cellar as a necessity. I am paid by various institutions, and by the public which reads my articles, to produce new ideas. Now I do not for a moment suggest that I am more likely to hit on a new idea under the influence of liquor. The only liquid which I can honestly say ever inspired me is bath water, applied externally at that.

I have had new ideas in my bath, but never, so far as I can remember, in my cups. However, the production of new ideas is a tiring process, and it is rather difficult to break it off at will. If I work till half-past eleven at night and go to bed without a drink, I tend to go on thinking and cannot get to sleep. A couple of stiff whiskies suffice to stop me from thinking and render sleep possible. Sleep, by the way, is somewhat of a luxury from the evolutionary point of view. Only the more brainy kinds of animal sleep; and the first animal that slept might have been accused of wasting its time and endangering its life. But sleep paid in the long run. So, I think, does liquor, at least for an intellectual. An occasional bottle of wine affords an ideal holiday from serious thought. Doubtless there are people who think so little that they require no alcohol for this purpose. Such are, for example, many of the more fanatical advocates of prohibition, a policy based on much emotion and little thought. A bottle of Burgundy reduces me to their level, and there is no point in going farther. But if alcohol is a luxury in my case, it is a luxury that enables me to do about an extra hour's work per day.

I wish I could say as much for my car with any degree of assurance. It saves me some time, and a good deal of fatigue, but it diminishes my output of popular writing. I generally write essays of this kind in the train; so as I now very rarely travel by that means, my output of them has fallen. I am inclined to think that I have made up for this by producing more pure science. Certainly I have seen a lot of England which I should not otherwise have seen. I am much clearer about the greenhouse. I now possess quite a number of cyclamens of incredible beauty. They seem to me to require no justification whatever. Indeed, an impartial observer might think that

they justified my existence rather than conversely. But in addition they act as what the Germans call *Himmels-schlüssel*—keys to heaven. As long as I am looking at one I am probably incapable of a really ugly thought or action. Moreover as the emotions aroused in me by a cyclamen and a newly discovered scientific law are very similar, they probably assist me in my work. To sum up, they enable me to live on a somewhat higher level than I could without them. Really good architecture has the same effect. That is why there is more to be said for life in the thoroughly uncomfortable, but beautiful, colleges of Cambridge and Oxford than might be supposed. My wife's clothes appear to perform a similar function in her case, besides enabling her to express her personality. If she dressed like my worthy friend Mrs. Blank she would not be capable of the nice æsthetic discrimination which she constantly exercises; and on which, indeed, her code of behavior mainly rests.

III

Here, I think, lies the real justification of luxury. It is, of course, the mother of invention in the technical sense. Necessity is the mother of routine. We make bread by relatively primitive methods and employ incredible ingenuity over radio. When we must go somewhere at all costs we often walk; when we go for pleasure it is likely to be in a car. But luxury is also the mother of moral progress. Consider the most unselfish of all human actions, namely kindness to animals. If we are kind to other men we may earn their gratitude and kindness. If we are polite to spiritual beings many of us hope for similar rewards. But an atheist who saves a frog from being run over is an example of really pure and disinterested benevolence. Now

kindness to animals is practiced by believers in reincarnation, and to a less extent by Mohammedans, on religious grounds. It developed in Europe only after man had achieved a certain level of luxury. (If anyone quotes St. Francis against me I shall rebut him with the story of Brother Juniper's gross cruelty to the pig. Moreover, it is an act of doubtful kindness to preach to anyone.) When we had reached a stage where a man could reasonably hope to get through life without very severe pain it began to strike us that the pain of animals was an evil also. About the same time some cranks doubted whether the infliction of pain on children was such a good thing as Solomon had supposed. And perhaps even soldiers, sailors, and criminals could be exempted from torture without entailing the collapse of society. It is extremely difficult to desire good things for others until we have experienced them ourselves. Feeding the hungry is no doubt the foundation of moral behavior, but it is a rather narrow social code, and we can only really begin to see the full scope of our duty to our neighbor in a society where, as in England, the state automatically keeps him from starvation. We then find that it is our business, not merely to keep him alive, but to make his life worth living. And that means that we must consider him not as a mere animal (accompanied, perhaps, by an immortal soul to be saved from damnation by fair means or foul) but as a person with individual tastes and interests, which it is our duty to study. At this point morality blossoms out into something complicated and difficult, but also interesting and beautiful.

In any case, I ought not to attack luxuries, because I am one myself. The world could get on without pure scientists or authors. More accurately, it could remain stationary or slip

backwards. But we are not indispensable. I am not a pillar of society, but an ornament, or if you like, a gar-goyle. Any utility I may have is likely to be in the future. My scientific work, being pure, will not mostly bear useful fruit in my lifetime, though one of my discoveries has been applied rather indiscriminately in medicine, and has, therefore, cured some people, but possibly killed more. Some of my other work may find medical or agricultural application, but a great deal of it is merely interesting, and may never be of any use. Of course in an age where intellect enjoys prestige, intellectuals may render considerable public service of a straightforward kind after their death. Thus Sparta specialized in the art of war, while Athens found time to produce Socrates, Aristophanes, Sophocles, and

Plato, among others. During the Roman conquest of Greece, Milton tells us that

the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

At a later date the Goths destroyed Sparta but spared Athens because of her great intellectual past. I do not think that this kind of posthumous utility is likely to continue. The Goths were rude barbarians, and it is not to be supposed that a respect for Newton, Darwin, and Milton would deter a modern civilized power from bombing Cambridge should such a measure present any military advantage. So it is mainly as a luxury that I can be justified, and it is in that capacity that I plead for other luxuries.

PERMANENCE

BY RIETTA TRIMM

I NEVER wanted permanence before—
 Roamer of fields and seeker after stars,
 I have not loved the cold, unlenient bars,
 Nor known delight in any shuttered door.
 But now I find that, better than unrest,
 Better than open doors and transient flaunting
 Of freedom, I am permanently wanting
 To come, to put my head upon your breast,
 To lean against your body, and to know
 That while the incessant moments come and go,
 Though cities rock, and earth careens in space,
 This is forever my appointed place.
 I never wanted permanence before . . .
 Give me the key! I run to lock the door!



THE SCARECROW

A STORY

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

JOAN went down the path to the hen yard, her mother's voice still telling her to feed the brooding hen. Away from the voices of the house, she entered into the mid-morning quiet of the farm. She stopped at the hen's nest and she ran her hand among the soft feathers of the brooding mother, her sense of the place spiced with the odors of sweet lime and the odors of feathers that lay decaying in the dry dust underfoot. Her hand under the breast of the quiet fowl and warm in the soft down that hovered the eggs, she stopped, listening for some fact which might be more true than the fact of her hand. The shed was dim even in the brightest hours of the day. The hen had been sleeping over the eggs for two weeks. In another week she would be wasted of her strength, her feathers dull and ragged, her body thin. Then the eggs would begin to peck themselves open from within, unassisted, and they would give birth to more life.

Joan lifted the hen from the nest and put her on the ground, setting her gently down. Then she gave her food from her hand and set a can of water before her. The hen clucked with anger and anxiety but she accepted Joan's care.

Chattie, her mother, had said that if a dozen of the eggs hatched she would count the outcome very successful. Joan saw again her mother's strong,

thin hand going into a basket to choose the eggs, taking one, rejecting another. The care of the hand that went cautiously into the basket, feeling for surfaces, lifting eggs, turning one gently aside to pry out another of a more choice shape or weight, these lay now with the eggs in the nest, and Joan touched them with her thought. When the hen had settled back to the nest Joan shut her safely in, and turned to go from the shed. Infinities of planning lay before her as she walked in the path going back toward the house. The path wound as feet had made it, swerving to the right or to the left. Infinities of rises, hillocks, low difficulties which the feet met, all feet, daily, and she was at the back door, her hand on the knob of the latch, her ear ready for the cry of the door when it should come at the end of the beating of her footsteps. She touched all these things without a care and sensed them intimately, feeling them with the senses and with memory.

Joan would not let any hand touch her. Since she could first remember she would scarcely endure to let any other flesh touch her own. Her mother had given up trying to wash her or comb her hair when she was four years old.

In the kitchen she drew back her hand from the salt jar because her mother's hand went there. Seeing Joan draw away from the salt, Tiny, her sister, said:

"Some day I aim to catch Joan by the back of the neck and rub my hands on her."

"Yesterday I touched her accidentally, and she flinched," Betsy, the other sister, said. "The way she flinched you'd think she was a horse."

"Since she was born she was always like that, I remember. Less than a year old and she'd push your hand off."

"I don't see how anybody so touchy ever got borned, firstplace. To get borned is a right touchy matter," Chattie said.

"What makes her flinch?"

"She's just like her pap," Chattie said as she went past Tiny and Betsy on her way to the pantry.

"Won't Pap let anybody touch him? How do you mean? Won't Pap?" Tiny asked.

"Not all the time," Chattie said, half whispering.

"Joan, though, she's more techous than Pap. Two hundred years ago and they'd say it was witches had ahold of her."

"One time I asked old Maundy Simms what was in Joan made her flinch whenever anybody touched her and she said . . ."

"What did she say?" Betsy asked.

"She said . . . I hate to name what she said."

"Be quiet," Chattie called out. "Don't you, Tiny, name such. Don't name witches and such hags when it's your own sister you're of a mind to speak of. Get me two cups and bring me two good eggs. Quit all this gabble and get the work done."

The sounds of the house were continually blended now. Tiny putting the wood into the stove and Betsy taking butter from the churn. The scraping clatter of the vessels and the clink of iron on iron as the fire was mended, and Betsy was speaking:

"When I get a home of my own I'll

have a newer style churn. I can't abide this old rick much longer."

"Marry to get a new churn?" Tiny asked.

"I'd as lief marry and get a new churn as marry and not get e'er one." The reply was made without malice, a good-natured retort. Tiny's lover was thought to be stingy. Joan turned Betsy's reply about in mind and adjusted it to what Betsy continually said of Nelse Smith—that he was not a free spender. Marry and get a churn. Marry and get no churn at all. She was amused at the retort, laughing softly within, hearing Betsy's voice. Being the youngest, Joan waited to be told what to do. It was her continual office to wait upon the others. She stood beside the door, waiting.

"If you get a good home and plenty to do with," Chattie said, "why then, it makes no great matter of difference about what he gives you in the way of money." All that Chattie said seemed true. All was accepted without belief or disbelief. Words rolled swiftly through the air, as they had rolled many times before, as true as the air itself. "A yard full of hens and turkeys, two good cows, and a woman can make for herself, and ought to. A man has got his hands full to pay off the notes and buy the tools to do with."

Chattie was right, Joan reflected, was always right. Joan had been called to make the bread, and her hands were now in the bread tray. Chattie's words told her one thing while her hands were retelling it. There was flour in plenty in the bin, for her father had rolled a barrel of it into the kitchen in the early spring.

The hour was given entirely to the bread. Her hands in the tray, Joan knew the whiteness of ground wheat. She stirred the mellow sponge into the flour and felt the resistance of the froth as it took the wheat into its moisture and became dough, her hands soft in

the mass, her hands partaking of the softness and making whorls as the flour subdued the paste. Chattie and rightness ran together through the air, admonitions and assurances. Betsy was rolling old potatoes into a pan. They were a household, a house full of demanding life, and all outside existed for them. They were a house demanding bread for itself. It is thus, Chattie said, being right. Joan stirred the dough and kneaded it, making it ready for the oven.

A great voice, rough and broken, came, breaking and scraping the air apart. A great rough voice broke through the outside air and beat roughly on the house, a voice that belonged nowhere inside. It broke her contemplation of the bread and it broke the chatter of the kitchen. It was her father out toward the barns crying:

"Where's Joan? Joan! Joan! The crows! the crows! The crows are pullen the new corn! Come quick, Joan. The crows! the crows! The crows are at the new corn!"

Running up to the new field, she was haunted by rhythmic words, phrases that matched her father's voice and her own feet going quickly. The throb of a foot and a foot, and into the sound would come, "Joan, joan, joan, joan, the crows are at the corn." The words seemed never sufficient to state the speed of her limbs. They were not near enough to the down-throb and the up-bending of her feet. She had grown tall at some time when no one was noticing how she grew, not even herself. She leaped forward now, dressed in an old short skirt Betsy had outgrown. She herself had outgrown it too, had stretched out, more tall than Betsy, but nobody had noticed this or cared. She was still the youngest, hardly of any weight. Blown in the wind, the short garment no more than a flutter of drapery about her loins, she walked or leaped out to the hill field to

the right of the house to frighten away the crows. Sometimes she would sing a part of what her feet were beating:

"Tinker, tinker, tell me true,
Have you seen all there is to do?"

The words would fade and blood would prevail. She went lightly along the edge of the cornfield, walking in the year-old grass that was refreshed now with new growth. Tiny had said of her:

"I believe Joan draws all the crows here. No other farmer, you'll notice, has got such a pest of crows. She scares crows away with one hand and waves howdy-do to the whole flock with th' other."

"How draws crows? What you say is nonsense," Chattie speaking.

It was late summer. The air was hot and full of fulfilled life, and the sky changed day by day from blue to hazel violet. The crows often came to the field of ripening corn, working now in small groups, not in the great flocks of the early spring. They plucked at the sheaf that covered the roasting ear and tore their way into the tender corn.

Her father would not send Tiny out to the field, she reflected, and he would not call Betsy to run to the pasture to find the straying sheep. It was "Joan, Joan, come, come," that broke over the quiet chatter of the house and the fixed admonitions of their mother. Since she was a small child her father had made a helper of her for himself, as he had no boys. He seldom talked to her, or to any other, but he knew that, following his great outcry, "Joan, Joan, the corn!" the field would be tended. It was late summer when she observed that she and Tiny and Betsy were three women now. Chattie was good to them. She wanted to get them out of the house so that the place would be her own, as it had been when she was first married. She sewed all day for

them, making wedding clothes for Tiny, making things for Betsy whose marriage would come soon after Tiny was gone.

Joan was a tall girl now, a woman with long round legs and quick fingers. Sometimes she carried the long breadths of her sewing with her to the field when she ran to frighten away the crows from the grain or from the young ears. Her father's voice would boom among the barns. Out in the field beside the fencerow she would wave her dress in unsewed fragments and shout and hiss in rhythmic jargon until the birds flew away to chatter and talk on some distant glade-side.

The young men were here and there. Jacob said to her, "I saw you back in the field just now, after the crows. How comes it you're here?" Tony Wright came close to her, as if he were about to kiss her. His eyes were soft and full of fondness. He leaned near and held his hand toward her, teasing and familiar:

"I saw you up on the hill with the buzzards."

"And now I'm down here with the buzzards."

"Which buzzards do you like best?"

"As lief one kind as the other. It's all one which kind I'm with."

Then Jacob, running off the point toward a wide-spread flow of comment, diverting Tony from the acute point of herself, "I see a turkey buzzard one day, close up, and how it did smell."

"Close up, they do smell a bad odor out of themselves," Joan said.

"Ifen I'm a buzzard," Tony said, "I'd as well go on home to roost." His eyes were on her as if he would ask her to bid him stay.

They came and went, the year moving slowly toward the new spring.

Tony Wright had a creeping, three-cornered crow's foot that twinkled at the side of his mouth and made a smile there. Hedger Hill could lift a hun-

dred pounds and never spread his legs apart to do it. There were strong ripples in the muscles of his thighs, and his hands seemed to know the use of every tool and to set themselves upon each with practiced carelessness. He would lift up his head, rolling upward his strong neck, and smile at her. Riley had a sure look in his face. He would hold out his hand for Tiny, and she would slap at his fingers. He walked straight forward, kicking the grass with his toes, being certain of where he meant to go, and Tiny had discarded the close-handed lover for him. Tony would make a light boast of himself as having more mishaps than any other, as carrying more bad luck.

"What did I do but blow out a tire. Trust me to spill the whole parcel of oats before I got the mule inside the field."

He made a boast of these mishaps as if he were of sufficient force himself to carry any amount of bad luck. He had a pretty twinkle in the skin under his eyes, and his hair curled lightly upward. They were all about in the spring, and Betsy was marrying. They were on the roads, in the house, in the yard, on Sunday afternoons and weekdays. They were under the trees playing on Sundays, or walking away, two and two. Joan knew all of them. Lifting weights, lifting Betsy, Hedger Hill was something more than Tony Wright, but Tony's creeping, three-cornered, crow-foot smile was something more again. Riley would fling his arm about Tiny and cry out something pert to her, Joan, as she poured water out of the pitcher into the glasses. Joan liked all of them and wanted them to be near her. She liked for them to be coming along the road, to be shouting for her from the gate, to shout at her as she ran away to tend the corn. "It's only Joan," Betsy said.

"Nobody but Joan."

Tiny was not jealous when Riley

followed her to the hill, and Betsy let Hedger call her from the gate, shouting, "Joan, Joan, it's Joan is wanted" when he was drunk a little. When he was sobered again he went with Betsy, whom he had married. Tiny had married now. As formerly, Joan would never let anybody touch her skin or finger her hair, man or woman or child.

It was morning, spring being well advanced. The house seemed pleasant as she left it, as she was drawn outside by her father's voice, "Joan, Joan, where's Joan? come, come! The crows! The crows are on the new corn!"

The great cry beat upon the house from the barns, and she was running away through the garden. The house seemed delightful in memory as she ran, for Chattie was moving indoors among the upturned beds, was making precedents by which her girls must be guided. A maternal warmth ran through the rooms with the flow of spring air and the odors of feathers as the beds spread their great cheeks to the sun of the open doorways. Chattie had brought quilts down from her boxes above stairs to divide among her daughters. Chattie's shrill voice followed her as she ran over the new clods and leaped her way swiftly up to the high field where the crows were pulling the new sprouting corn.

Then Joan made a scarecrow of some of her clothes. She set up first a post for a body and made a stiff arm that bent upward toward the sky to threaten. She fastened a staff in the hand. The apparition walked on the brow of the cornfield, its skirt fluttering in the wind, its hat bent over its white face. She made the image as near to a likeness to herself as she could, using her own habitual clothing, and she tilted it forward lightly as if it ran through the field as she continually ran.

The field was large that year. The crows heeded the apparition, and they kept away from it, but the other end of the field was not guarded unless she went there often to tend it. She thought she might make another image of herself, to free herself entirely from the task of watching.

Thinking that she would make this image, she sat at the side of the field, the spring being late and warm. The image was never executed with her hands but it came into being in her mind. A great flock of crows was encircling the lower field, ready to alight, or it took fright at the image in the upper field and at her image in the lower part and flew off in a wide arc. Tony Wright came to the field, passing up and down. He shouted her a sudden good-by and went away, but he came back shortly after. There were three crooks bending at the skin at the side of his mouth, as if three smiles contended there. Her thought settled downward to the earth, the ground, the rolling world, and thus she saw, as apart but near, the image, herself, flinging up its arm to the sky to frighten the crows.

The image was built of a bony frame over which was drawn a quivering curtain of skin and blood. The three smiles walked under the tent of shrinking skin and began to fondle the blood. The image screamed lightly when it was touched, but the touch made its horror drunk so that the horror flattened to a plane and then drew inward to a line or a thread that lay as an unwilling serpent crushed beneath a weight of willing blood. Herself and the image fell asleep in the glade, Tony Wright fending her away from the little briars. She saw the blue sky overhead and the small fleeces that floated through it. The crows came down on the lower corn and pulled the small blades to eat the sprouted grain.

Tony said, "I have got the world in my hands." She was herself the world, the sheaf gone off from it. Tender and unprotected, she was wrapped in hands. He smoked his tobacco and blew the smoke over her. He rubbed gently downward on her face and her throat and stroked her body. He laughed with her and took her shoes from her feet and he bent her this way and that, glad of his power over her.

She waked when a flock of geese went noisily along the creek, going home for the night. She brushed whatever bound her aside and sat upright, and she took her shoes to her feet. She stood up in the glade and when Tony came near to her again she flung him aside, her strength gathering. Anger and renewed horror made her strong and she warded herself from his fingers. She ran down the hill and out to the corn rows, leaping over the new green shoots and the plucked grain that the crows had despoiled, and she scattered the clods to a small dust that trembled in the air after her foot was gone.

She walked through the house the next day on the duties assigned to her, as if she were no part of the place, as if she were an unrelated gadget pitched awkwardly through the utensils and through the prescribed hours. Her father spoke at the table:

"I spent the day in the corn. I replanted fifty hills the crows uprooted—a flock, a thousand strong, you'd think."

"I thought Joan made a scarecrow." They talked about the image in the upper field. "No crow went anear the upper field," they said.

Tony Wright came to the door of the house late in the morning and asked for her, but she would not go out. The next day he found her as she sat by the window to mend a rent in her smock.

"I believe Joan draws the crows," Betsy said, there to visit for the day. "No other farmer has such a blight of crows in his field. Scares off the crows with one hand and waves a hello to the whole flock with th' other."

Tony stood outside the window and talked to her, delicately embarrassed, in a blush under his sunburnt skin. When he came inside the door she slipped away to the back room of the house and climbed to the roof. She sat against the chimney until dark fell, seeing the tall image of herself in the field of corn and planning how she would make another as true as the first.

There was talk below stairs. The voices came to her as loud, flattened speech, such as the crows used, a dull continuation of opinions and a sudden outcry of demand and admonition. Tony Wright was below, speaking, and Chattie was angry. Tiny and Betsy were speaking. Once her father's voice same as a great rough blow thrust across the flattened chatter of the crows.

"Very well," Chattie said.

Very well was the burden of all that was said. The voices came through the opened windows and broke against the chimney, and they came again through the chimney opening from below. They came swiftly and slowly, so that there were often two reports of a word, the slow and the fast, not falling together. The plan was made below. "She's shy," Tony said. They set the day for her wedding.

When they began to name a day for her she went below from the roof and walked slowly among them. They were sure and final in all that they said. Her father was not at hand. Betsy and Tiny looked at her, questioning her with their looks, as if they expected maternity to settle each moment upon her.

"I'll give her the blue quilt, lovers' knots," Chattie said. "And she can have the twenty yards of pure linen in the big bolt. Because she's the last, she can have the lovers' knots and the linen for sheets."

They looked at her, but they did not answer her. "And Tuesday it will be," Chattie said, "right after dinner time, in the middle of the day. I've already told Tiny to spread word of it over on the ridge and farther." Tony walked about among them proudly, as if he had done a righteous thing. Humble and proud, with rightness coloring him over, he walked up and down.

"I'm ready to marry her," he said.

"It will be Tuesday, soon after twelve o'clock," Chattie answered.

Tony looked at her with fear and pleasure as he turned his car toward the east road. He was going home to live with his father, now that he had a wife. "You'll like the girls over there," he said. "And my father, he'll wake you up, against he makes his jokes. Nobody in the house but you and me and my old daddy."

They slipped lightly down through green pastures and brown fields where new corn wavered in a pattern that spread in fan shapes as they passed. "You'll like the girls at McGill's," he said. "They'll be your closest neighbors. There'll be a plenty to do, but I won't work you too hard"—a joke he was making about the housewife's office, and he gave her a pretty look as he spoke. She did not speak on the drive, and when the car went into a farm gate and stopped before a house, she alighted and looked slowly about her.

She studied the house quickly as she stood before it. There were three rooms below stairs and two above. She saw into a remote future and herself settled into it, but on the instant she rejected it as never being her own.

An old man came forward to greet her, speaking with restrained politeness. He took her hand stiffly and said how-do-y-do to her. She saw Tony carry her baggage up the stairs that went upward in the hall.

She walked about the yard and looked at the hens, Tony showing her about. She was sorry for the old man as he went stiffly about the yard. He came from the barn presently with a pail filled with milk, and he said that he would always milk for her, making some joke that he imagined. A negress had prepared supper in the kitchen, but when the table was set and the food brought in, the cook went away. Joan answered the old man stiffly.

After she had eaten a bit of the food the old man arose from the table, saying that he would go to his daughter's house three miles away. He did not like to stay near the newly married, he said.

"I'll leave this place to the turtle-doves," he said again. He did not like to stay around the newly-wed. They were silly, and a selfish lot. He would go for a few days.

"So much loven makes me sick inside my stomach," he said. "The turtle-doves can have this place for a spell."

He went away on a horse in the dusk, and the new moon came out clear in the western sky. The late birds were singing. Joan carried the dishes to the kitchen and began to wash them, her arms wooden and her mind choked with pity. Tony went back and forth outside but he stopped at the kitchen door to say that she should not work, that she should let the dishes stand. He would send for Rose, the colored woman, in the morning.

Joan went steadily through the housewife's task. She washed each piece and dried it carefully. She stopped once and stared at three sharp knives that lay together on the table. Her eyes were fixed on the knives,

measuring them with one another. She chose one, the one of the sharpest point, a paring knife four inches long in the blade, and she concealed it in the bosom of her dress.

The new moon became large and red, a long arc of light near the place where the sun had set. Old John Wright's words wheedled and droned before her ears, "the house . . . the turtle-doves." Tony stayed outside, and the moon set. She heard nothing but the mules thumping the boards of their stable and the night insects ticking in the grass, the clock slowly ticking in a rocking pulse. One lamp burned in the house, that in the dining room. She sat beside it, waiting. The stillness was opened and infinite sounds were discovered inside. There was no step without, although she strained her ear in the silence to hear one.

A great tree grew near the house. In the stillness there came an irregular faint tapping, a light tap and a lighter, down-falling, slow-moving thud of muted tone, as soft as a breath, as if the tree were dropping a leaf at a time, slowly and fitfully, letting go a leaf and then a leaf. She turned toward the window and listened, but there was no sound outside and no leaves lay on the window sill or in the shaft of light that extended from the window. The old clock on the mantel shelf marked the hours without chime or bell, and presently the hands folded together to point to midnight.

Then Joan remembered herself washing the crockery, the shadows of twilight creeping outside. She remembered the lifting of her hands and the light flow of the water, the low chime of the milking tin when it was lightly shaken together. The shuffle and whisper of feet outside in the grass and on the stones came again to her, and the old man's passing voice, "Turtle-doves . . . I'll go to my daughter's." A remembered shuffle and whisper of

feet outside, moving among the tools at the back of the house, a face passing near the window glass, and she knew that Tony had seen her take the knife into the bosom of her dress. She took the knife from her dress and laid it before her on the table. She covered the blade with a paper but left the handle clear to see, within the reach of her hand.

The clock marked another hour, moving swiftly. The world, all the creatures in it, lay crying in her own breast. The clock, slowly ticking, made beings, each one a human being, jointed with sound, a man and a man, dripping one by one, falling sadly through the eternal dark, within herself. Three hours passed thus, swiftly.

There was a faint tread somewhere outside, as if feet receded in the damp grass. Three steps, falling swiftly away, moved backward from the house.

A faint gray light began to powder the air, and a bird chirped faintly in the tree beside the house. A realization that this gray light would be the dawn of another day filled Joan with hate and horror. She got up from her place, leaving the knife where her hands had been, and she went out the front door, passing through the hall and near the stairway which she had never climbed. She went quickly, without stealth, out into the highway, and she set her way toward the west, along the way she had come.

She walked toward the west, passing along the empty road in the first gray of the dawn. None passed her for an hour, and when she was tired she went a little way into a field to rest. She was walking back to her own place, to her own way of life—not to her people, for they had driven her out—but to her own scenes. The field of corn, the pasture where the young lambs fed, the nests where the hens brooded, the run of the hills, the accidental meeting, the

young men calling for her, the strange, unpredicted, unprepared, wind-blown and furrow-tumbled, lost-and-found afternoon, herself, one and the same, laughter on the hill, above the cries of the crows. She went forward when she had rested for a little time. The day passed into noon. A woman took her into a car and she rode five miles, and later a man gave her a short ride. As she neared her own region she left the highroad and went across the fields.

The last miles were hard to go, for the shoes were worn from her feet and her limbs were tired. At dark she walked into her father's house and her mother cried out at the sight of her.

"What is this?" her mother asked. She pulled her sleeve and jerked her into the light. "What is this?" She brought a basin of warm water in which Joan bathed her torn feet and she asked questions, scolding. Then she hurried Joan up the stairs, to have her away from the questioning eyes of any neighbor who might come, lured by the lights that burned late in the house. "It'll be all over the country," she said, "how Joan came home in such a state. A body would think Tony, he whipped you." There was a great noise in the upper room where Joan habitually slept. Betsy and Tiny had come.

Joan was glad to be there. Beyond the uproar of Chattie's voice she sank into a pleased drowse of weariness and gratitude. For her the incident was well over. She had not thrust with the knife; no great anger had hurled her hand through the air clenched tightly around the handle. The matter was well over. She was tired. She wanted to sleep. Chattie was speaking:

"That's your home now. Not this." She bustled about the house, getting linen for Joan's bed, getting clothing for Joan's soiled and broken body. "It's no light matter," she said. She was angry, scarcely able to talk, and her gestures were rough and strong. "Turn down the light," one said.

"Up, you mean," an answer.

"Shut the blinds. Don't have all the country here to ask is something the matter. Joan goes back. Bring the salve for her feet and let her rub it on. She's got no marks of violence on her, as I can see. On her skin, Tiny? Look and see."

"She's Mrs. Tony Wright, no matter."

"Yes, she's Mrs. Wright." Pride and hard feeling drew her mouth about into set shapes.

She had married marriage, and they were satisfied. She lay on the bed and heard their plans for her. "She goes back," Chattie said. She began to scream in dry, sobbing tones, voiceless, in great panting whispers. Her father's voice thundering at the foot of the stairs:

"Joan, Joan! She won't marry where she's not of a mind to. She's not bound to."

He was coming up the steps slowly. His strong tread shuffled along the flight, his shoes too large for his feet, his feet too large for the staircase. He pushed the door of the room open and stood, his hand on the latch.

"Joan, she's not bound to marry where she's not of a mind to. She's not bound to marry. Let Tony Wright stay away from here. You all harken to what I say. Joan, she's not married. You leave Joan be."



RADIO GOES EDUCATIONAL

BY TRAVIS HOKE

AMERICAN enlightenment is, of course, the greatest in the world. The United States has the biggest schools and keeps people in them longest. It has the most foundations, conferences, and seminars, and its art-collecting, religion, and opera cost the most. No other nation takes so many courses, hears so many lectures, sends for so many booklets.

However magnificent our erudition and polish may be now, they may one day seem like stammerings from a torn primer. Now only one of four inhabitants gives all his time to education, but soon the whole population will be exposed to it, and Americans may turn out to be the most extensively educated, intensively cultured race that ever lived. This is to be achieved by—radio. So, at least, we are told.

Educators organized for the purpose are engaged, even now, in compelling radio broadcasters to obey the dictum of Mr. Ira E. Robinson, formerly of the Federal Radio Commission, that "all expression over the radio should be of inspiring and enlightening order . . . the sanctity of the home and school, the foundations of our government, should be preserved and nurtured by the use of the radio."

At the moment broadcasting falls short of the Robinson standards, it must be conceded, but in extenuation there are circumstances to be cited such as its youth and, especially, its nature.

Radio is, essentially, a means by which sound may be communicated to an illimitable number of ears. Many sound impulses at a time may occupy the ether, but for reasons that pertain both to physics and to public policy the number of ether lanes has been limited, in the United States, to ninety. Six hundred and fourteen broadcasting stations occupy the channels, but since a number, grouped as "chains" and "networks," merely relay the same sounds, some 450 or 550 different sounds are being broadcast at a given moment. The sounds are chiefly those of the human voice or of musical instruments, and each station broadcasts them for periods up to twenty hours a day. The kind of sound or the agency producing it is changed, on an average, every fifteen minutes, and the groups of sounds, or "programs," are picked up by the 14,000,000 receiving sets of the country, which serve an audience of 55,000,000 who spend more than 100,000,000 hours a day in listening.

The reason for this staccato uproar is not merely the American love of noise for its own sake, but another habit that is also partly nervous, that of selling things. The first commercial broadcasting stations were opened, in 1920, for the purpose of selling radio receiving sets, and no time was lost thereafter in discovering that broadcasting could sell other goods also, as well as services, beliefs, half-truths, and lies. The prime object of broadcasting, then, has always been to make the

greatest possible number of people listen. It was assumed that the way to make people listen was to give them, free, something entertaining to listen to; that only a limited number of kinds of sound were entertaining to the majority of people, and that if the entertainment were satisfactory its hearers would be substantially grateful to those who supplied it. These assumptions are still held valid.

Thus advertisers pay for—"sponsor"—much of the broadcast entertainment, and the stations themselves pay for the rest, which, with engaging candor, they call "sustaining" programs. One widely sold cigarette offers the high-crooner Downey, the inevitable band, and an Anthony Wons who recites rhymes of viscous optimism and whose Scrapbook was the best selling book published in America last year. The blackface team of Amos 'n' Andy, during whose nightly fifteen minutes the telephones of the nation used to be silent, are hired by a tooth-paste manufacturer, one of whose rivals sponsored the astrologer Evangeline Adams. Irvin S. Cobb has broadcast, not incongruously, for a meat packer; Count von Luckner talks for a cod liver oil; Beatrice Fairfax advises the lovelorn through a cosmetic firm's Romance Exchange; Lawrence Tibbett, from grand opera, is the "voice" of an automobile tire. A proprietary drug is the reason for the excellent Mills Brothers; the mad Stoopnagel and Budd—unique in that they satirize radio inanities—perform in honor of a toilet soap; and Uncle Don, thought to have a way with children, is roguish impartially for an ice cream and a savings bank.

Most of the calisthenic commands and cooking recipes that fill the morning air are "sustaining," for not many advertisers find valuable the hours before noon, but rival breakfast food manufacturers hire persons to be jovial

as early as 7:45, Colonel Goodbody dramatizes *Our Daily Food* for a chain of grocery stores, and La Monica is at the organ for Mrs. Wagner's pies. In midmorning the cosmetic and department store people burst forth, and until six in the evening almost everything on the air is aimed at the housewife. From six-thirty on, the programs become more expensive to advertisers, for then the greatest radio audience is assembled, and only star performers are worthy to be heard. Public utilities, coffees, razor blades, chewing gum, cigarettes, ginger ales, more cosmetics—all trying to get themselves listened to.

Certainly in all this jabberwocky of saxophones and soap there is little that Judge Robinson would find inspiring and enlightening, and still less that does much about the sanctity of home and school. Radio, frankly, has been trying to entertain the greatest possible number of people and sell them the greatest possible number of things.

But the picture is not as somber as it was. Broadcasting for some time has moved toward higher quality in entertainment; there are programs that an adult of cultural pretensions may listen to with comfort—symphony orchestras, civilized clowning, first-rate jazz, and—assuming for the sake of peace that grand opera is adult—grand opera. In the past two years there has been a great stir about elevating programs, and now at last radio, a spur buried in either flank, is going to take the upward leap. The stimuli for this sudden bound are the public and the educators.

II

With so many costly noises to hear, it might be thought that the radio audience would be well content, but there are mutterings. Either programs are shopworn or advertisers are overreaching themselves with sales

talks; whatever the reason, there is dissatisfaction with broadcasting. There is less rapt attention to Amos 'n' Andy; Rudy Vallee may have lost a maiden heart or two; sales talks are tuned out, and protests creep into the fan mail. Dissatisfaction has not, it is true, reached the point of silencing receivers; radio may have lost novelty, but meanwhile the public has fastened upon itself the habit of hearing, and it has long been trained to take what it is given. Nevertheless, there is enough public discontent with radio to offer an indirect reason for its impending revision upward. But the immediate cause is the fight of the educators for control of the air, of which Mr. James Rorty has told so ably in HARPER'S.

The educators who want radio for culture are led by a militant offshoot of the National Education Association, the National Committee on Education by Radio, composed of representatives of the American Council on Education, the National Education Association, the Association of Land Grant Colleges, the National Association of State Universities, the National Council of State Superintendents, the National Catholic Educational Association, the Jesuit Educational Association, the National University Extension Association, and the Association of College and University Broadcasting Stations. The N. C. E. R. believes in the use of radio in schools, and its contentions are that radio in the United States is a monopoly which deprives the public of its rights to the air; that commercial broadcasting is uneducational; that if the public had its way, broadcasting would be educational; that broadcasters do not know how to educate; and that educators should be allowed to do such broadcasting. As an opening wedge, therefore, these educators back the Fess Bill assigning fifteen per cent of the radio facilities of the country to educational institutions (Mr. Tracy F.

Tyler, their secretary, calls it an insignificant percentage), and meanwhile fight a running battle with the Federal Radio Commission over the licensing of educational stations.

The broadcasters reply that they are already doing much by way of educational programs; that if the public wants still more they will supply it; that educators do not know how to broadcast, and that even educational broadcasting should be done by the established broadcasters. Rowelled by public, educators, and politicians, they utter the holy word with as much reverence as do educators, they proclaim a desire to become a shining tower of culture, but they would rather have advertisers than taxpayers keep it shining.

Already there is more educating going on than might be supposed. The chain stores of the air, National and Columbia, maintain departments of education. Columbia has the American School of the Air; NBC's Doctor Damrosch broadcasts appreciation of music to 6,500,000 listeners, mostly children, and working men are educated on Monday afternoons in "fundamental economic principles to the end that the policy of labor should be more intelligent" by that able educator of working men, Professor Irving Fisher of Yale. There are radio universities such as the Pacific Coast School of the Air, many terrestrial universities give radio courses, and there is more than idle talk of a Harvard Hour. Ames College, in Iowa, gives such educational programs as "Father's Place in the Home," "Frocks for Furniture," and "Sea Weed and the Goiter Problem." The Smile Lady of Ohio State School of the Air, Mrs. Alma C. Rhumschussel, teaches "Rhythmic" to pupils in twenty-nine States. Notable for enterprise is the University of Florida, which gives live alligators as prizes to

honor air students. The station director at this University has been quoted as saying, "I take the attitude that every program that goes out should be so presented that it has educational value." To launch the university courses, his station sponsored the Princess Serene and her psychic answers to listeners' questions. (In her first broadcast the Princess discussed the whereabouts of a missing husband, following which thousands of questions were sent her by mail, and thus the programs were presented so that they had educational value.)

Public school curriculums in several States include radio periods, and Cleveland teaches arithmetic over the air. Municipal stations such as New York's WNYC instruct classes in shorthand, aviation, housekeeping, and Spanish. The National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, a foundation supported by Rockefeller and Carnegie endowments, surveys, holds conferences, broadcasts economics and psychology—enlightening us on Agricultural Stabilization Through Co-operation, and how to Grow a Personality. Many sustaining programs are classified as education—the New York Bar Association's digest of the fundamentals of law, the warnings of health departments against medical quackery, NBC's famous course in playwriting that included "The Tragedy of Trying to Market a Play Once You Have Written It," and courses in public speaking and government.

A good deal of this culture is aimed at adults but, adult or juvenile, education has its place in the air. Of six hundred stations, eighty-three are operated by schools, universities, churches, municipalities, or charitable institutions. Forty-nine are officially educational and are licensed to operate a total of 3700 hours a week. Six minutes out of every sixty on the air are devoted to education.

All of this is as nothing and apparently satisfies nobody. Senators Couzens and Dill investigate; the British government monopoly system looms on the Radio Commission's horizon. The educators press for more wave lengths, the broadcasters concede that listeners rebel at dismal sales falsehoods and soberly offer to place their facilities at the educators' disposal without charge. The fight for the air is on, and each side shouts the same slogan. Whoever wins, education wins.

So it is the will of a free people, after all, that is making radio go educational, even though it is educators who force the issue; for the public, it seems, wants culture. Weary of moons coming over mountains, satisfied that only God can make trees, familiar with longings to return to various States, the public now hungers for Gestalt psychology and shorthand, entomology, fractions, Parsifal, and nature talks. The public begs radio for culture, say the educators. The educators, fired with visions of illimitable classrooms, are willing and happy to supply it. Advertisers still favor jazz and the sales talk, but the broadcasters are convinced that a change is due, that uplift now is the thing.

III

Bearing clearly in mind these convictions and demands, and knowing all too well what radio is to-day, what may we suppose that radio education will be like five years, ten years hence? May we speculate about the educational programs of the future? It ought to be possible, for the essential outlines have been distinctly drawn, the future itself is almost upon us.

If the dreams of the radio educators are realized, classrooms and forums may fade forever. In the days to follow all education may come by air. Steadily the school benches empty; more and

more the children do their listening at home. Mothers, at last more pal than parent, listen with the children while thirty million loudspeakers broadcast 540,000,000 hours of culture a day. We shall find one receiver in every family, each receiver a combination university, opera house, world cruise, and laboratory from 6 A.M. to midnight. No microphone in the land will emit a sound that is not cultural, no croon nor joke nor boopadoop that is not enlightening as well as entertaining.

There will be plenty of joking and boopadooping, however. The new cultural process will be pleasant and tedious will be gone. What an improvement over the old schooling—no gems of literature to dissect and embalm, no Plantagenets to assort, no improbable A dividing apples, no grim blackboard! For it will be discovered that the “radiot,” no matter how many questionnaires he has signed in favor of culture, will not listen long nor to big words, and cannot be forced to stay in class nor after school. It is too easy to flip the dial to another station. The honor system cannot apply to the “radiot,” with no way of threatening to provide monitors to watch him. Education, therefore, will have to sell itself to the listener. Does such a vision seem improbable? Consider for a moment how important the art of condensation—always a prime factor in broadcasting technic—has become at the present day.

Already there have been pretty feats of tabloidizing: “International Trade Balances, Gold and Prosperity,” “Transient Changes in Personality,” and even “The Scale of the Solar System” have been broadcast in fifteen minutes apiece. At this rate doubtless the day will soon be at hand when five minutes will be enough for Einstein, theme song and all.

In dramatizing knowledge for us, the

way has been shown by the American School of the Air. This is no flimsy pretext at pedagogy, but an impressive institution equipped with a Dean, Dr. William C. Bagley, Professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University; with advisers such as Edwin Markham, Dr. Julius Klein, George Pierce Baker, Mary Garden, Daniel Beard, and the Hon. Ray Lyman Wilbur, and with a complete faculty including dramatist and sound “effectician.” To quote Dean Bagley on the “dramalogs” by means of which literature and history are presented: “From the outset every effort has been made to insure their accuracy and educational adequacy. A staff comprising recognized authorities in each of the fields included in the programs has been organized and every program must pass muster at the hands of a specialist in the field that the program represents.” Consider, for example, “Proserpine,” a model of brief dramatized accuracy and adequacy presented in the literature course broadcast in 1931 by the American School. (In this educational playlet, incidentally, Dean Bagley’s authorities and specialists displayed a pleasing originality in nomenclature.) Here is a brief excerpt from the script:

(Pluto has kidnaped Proserpine and carried her off to his dark home.)

Pluto

I told you I was a man of some importance.

Dog

3 barks

Proserpine

What’s that!

Pluto

That’s Erubus, my watch dog, who guards the gates of the Underworld.

Dog

2 barks

Proserpine

He looks very fierce!

Pluto

As gentle as a kitten. Look at him wag his tail. Here, sir, come here.

(Rumble)

In the future heyday of radio education, when the art of condensation has been fully mastered, the dog (quaintly called Cerberus by the ancients) will presumably have his part cut to one bark and no rumble. Yet does not this excerpt suggest what is already happening? At last radio education has "appeal." Guided by advertising men, merchandise counsellors, slogan writers, the radio educator has battered down sales resistance. He has developed a nice feeling for consumer acceptance, he no longer tries to foist on his clients the unpalatable educational messes of the past. Instead he dramatizes, tabloidizes, sets to music, sweetens.

As we listen to his sweetening, we begin to realize that the day may not be far off when Georgia will no longer be a pink block on the map but the setting for Huffnagle's Horehound Harmonists. The repulsive person in the Arithmetic who was always stacking wood in cords will doubtless become a radiant hero in the Funny Fraction Hour, and higher mathematics may come easier when imbibed with the burnt-cork adventures of Sine and Cosine and Madame Surd. Imagination sees no morsel of learning escaping the confectioner's art: the Ablative Boys impart First Month Latin, and gerund becomes distinguishable from gerundive when one sings tenor and the other bass.

When the family reunites in the evening, the curriculum will doubtless become less academic though still profound. There will be something for everyone. The Vitamin Players will make health seem worth while; the Medical Melodists will explain in three-four time how to recognize appendicitis; other specialists will ex-

patiate on What To Do Till the Psychiatrist Comes. Perhaps the Swiss Wage Cutters will accompany the sobbing of Charles M. Schwab, and for a nightcap, there will be a foot-stirring monograph on Some Aspects of Cnossan Ideology by the United States Marine Band.

One of the beauties of the new culture is that it will descend unaware on those least expecting it. Vast quantities of it will be acquired through auto-absorption, without even listening. It has been said that Americans do not listen; they hear. They work against a background of typewriters, telephones, flat wheels, backfires, and cut-outs. They eat amid baby cries and leave the radio turned on at all times. They like noise; it is a drug, their nerves demand its stimulation; the more noise they hear, the more of it their nerves demand. And though they do not listen, what they hear—according to psychological theory—stays in the Unconscious, and the Unconscious never forgets, and thus they provide themselves with culture without knowing it. As more radios are turned on for more hours, this capacity for hearing many sounds at once will be enlarged until the least ear-minded "radiots" can play backgammon, converse, and absorb "Mighty Lak a Rose" as the background to a dramalog on sheep-dip, all at the same time.

IV

What may we expect, then, when radio finally and completely combines with education?

With mass production of learning stepped up so high, will Americans be mere shuffling pedants, mussy and absent-minded? On the contrary, they will be cast in the roundest mold of culture, they will be a race of Chesterfields (for broadcasters assert that already children are more courteous

from having listened to the gentlemanly announcers); they will be rich in eloquence, unctuous of voice, and if an infinitive is split it will be with a broad *a*. They will be quite ready, furthermore, to solve each and every problem with which our civilization is still afflicted.

"Our unemployment problem is primarily a problem of education," says Mr. Joy Elmer Morgan, chairman of the National Committee on Education by Radio, an educator whose conservatism is vouched for by his statement that "the right to live is one of the most fundamental rights of the individual." "Our graft problem in city government is primarily a problem of education. The enrichment of our home life and the preservation of our national vitality against the inroads of a machine age are primarily problems of education. . . . Their solution lies in a new education which will reach to the remotest parts of our country as only radio can reach."

So everything is going to be all right, once education has its will of the ether. All will not be blessed at the same moment of course; some States may rank high in inaudities as they do now in illiterates, and in the mountains quaint, eye-minded persons may survive for generations. But elsewhere, by and because of radio, we shall be polite, erudite, and pure, and we shall spurn graft, obey laws, have jobs, and live at home.

Admittedly fantastic, this picture of the future of radio education is painted on outlines of solid probability. Mr. Joy Elmer Morgan may be over-emphatic when he says that "as a result of radio broadcasting there will probably develop during the twentieth century either chaos or a world-order of civilization," but there are a great many educators who believe as he does. They are committed to the belief that radio is a promising educational me-

dium, and they are determined to make education the chief end of broadcasting. They may succeed and if they do, the result may well be grotesque.

If we are to prevent such a preposterous outcome of the present agitation, we had better be prepared to acknowledge some bitter truth.

A part of this truth is that a thing can go by the name of education and still be worthless. This is hard for Americans to believe for, with the passage of time, education has become our great save-all, solve-all, cure-all. We have come to believe that it will grapple with the problems that we dare not face, make real the ideals to which we give but lip service, it will give our sons both job and benediction, and, if we leave it money when we die, it will shrive our souls. At the name of Education every knee shall bow. We have bowed, and given to the cause of education rich grants of money and land and endowments and bequests. The total now spent on public and private education is three billion dollars a year. We have made laws that force people to go to free schools. We have shown a faith that would move mountains. And the result? There has been and is some genuine education in America—some discipline of the mind, some solid training in the practical application of facts, in the liberal enjoyment of the arts. But not enough has been worth while. Much has been shoddy, worthless, and beneath contempt. We have heaped so much gold on our idol that its clay feet crack. We have given more money to education than it could use, and to employ the rest we have dragged in all sorts of extravagant absurdities. These absurdities, in turn, have dragged in still others until we are confronted with a School of Hotel Management at Cornell University, which permits students to present for credit toward the degree of Bachelor of Science courses in

"meat cutting" and "front office procedure." The University of Chicago confers a Master's degree on students who present theses on "Photographic Studies on Boiled Icing" and "A Time and Motion Comparison on Four Methods of Dishwashing." These instances are not the imaginings of a comic weekly; they are true. How, then, shall we say that our picture of radio education in the future is outside the bounds of possibility? Is it any more preposterous than what has gone before? Is it any sillier than the fact that a monograph on "the origin and nature of common annoyances" was prepared by a learned educator of the University of Rochester and read before the Ninth International Congress of Psychology in 1929? After several years of labor, this eminent scholar had condensed this list of annoyances to 507, arranged on a scale from 30 to 0. "A dirty bed" is an annoyance scaled at 28, "to find hair in food I am eating" is pegged at 26, "to see a bald-headed man" gets the low score of 2. All this is education; we do not protest, however trivial it may be, because it is education. If such balderdash has already received the blessing of our supposedly academic institutions, what, in all honesty, may we not expect from education when it reaches the radio?

Lately a conviction has been growing that drivel in education is like drivel in anything—worthless. There appears a suspicion that we might better educate those with intelligence and teach the others how to remain comfortably in ignorance. But the radio is here, and there is before us the awful possibility that the educators may try to half-bake America all over again.

Where do educators get the idea that radio is a promising educational medium? There is no proof that, except for the broadcasting of important events as they occur, radio is any better in education than phonograph records would be. Education by radio will do anything but discipline the mind; it will have to be too glib, emasculate. We have done our best to sugarcoat education already. All radio can do for education is to sugarcoat it farther and standardize it farther. It is sheer fatuousness to suppose that the public demands education by radio. People will listen to half-witted broadcasts; the sugared education already given them makes them like it. Must we sweeten it farther with more treacle and syllabub? The radio is suited for diversion and for the communication of news and speeches, not for the spewing of predigested culture.

Let the broadcasters frankly and for money improve the quality of their entertainment, forgetting dramalogs and lectures on How to Grow a Personality until their audience is content. Let the educators keep to book and blackboard and leave alligators and Smile Ladies alone. Let them rid themselves of the American conviction that nothing pleasant is noble, that dullness is profundity, and the sad ending is art. Let them remember that the Mass in B Minor was not written to teach counterpoint, nor "Œdipus" to set forth a complex. Let them educate, then, with the means we have given them, until their flocks are ready for the best that radio can bring—the music, the mirth, the poetry—whatever new it may be that radio shall have created with illimitable sound.



THOUGHTS ON THE IRISH

BY STIOBHÁN PÁDRAIG MACEOCHAGÁIN

NOW that I am back in Ireland I realize that it is the one country in the world where distance does not lend enchantment to the view. In other words, it is all very well for Irish-Americans and other foreigners to see the Emerald Isle through a haze of Boucicaultian sentiment—they do not have to live there; but an Irishman who wishes to preserve his self-respect should never cross that choppy sea which so effectively separates Kathleen ni Houlihan from John Bull. So long as he remains in Ireland he can comfortably maintain a sense of his own identity. He can even sign his name in Irish (as I have done at the head of this article) without feeling ridiculous. But, when he leaves Dun Laoghaire (otherwise, Kingstown, or Dunleary) for Holyhead, his first problem is to reconcile his synthetic Gaelicism with the simple and completely unadvertised fact that in Holyhead the Welsh actually speak their own language to one another, while refraining from imposing Cymric nomenclatures upon their fellow-Celts from Baile Atha Cliath (alias Dublin). The Irish Free State calls its parliament the Oireachtas, its chamber of deputies the Dáil Eireann, and itself the Saorstát Eireann, but the language which greets one on arriving in Ireland is English. Is it possible that Welsh nationalism is more authentic than Irish? I have frequently encountered people in Wales who could hardly speak English, but never in Ireland, where most of us can

hardly speak Irish. That is why we are assisted by useful bilingual sign posts. Otherwise, how should we know that Parnell is buried in Glasnevin cemetery, when that suburb is described as Glas Naoidhean?

Thus, at the outset of his hegira the Irishman is assailed by doubts as to his national authenticity. Is he, as an expatriate Irish critic once put it, a "synthetic Gael"? At home no such doubts assail him, for a total absence of any sense of humor closes the eyes of the people to the palpable absurdities of Irish life. The bastard Gaelic with which the Saorstát embellishes our postage stamps and official documents does not disturb us, as we are thoroughly aware that the actual language employed by our legislators is English, and that those who "put Irish on it," as the phrase goes, are the despair of genuine Irish scholars. So government officials peacefully continue to start their communications and to close them with Irish words, but the contents are in the language that is understood of the people, even if the eye is a little bewildered by such signatures as Peadar MacBhloscaidh, Tadhg Mac Carrthaigh, Mairéad Mhic-Chathmhaoil, Domhnall OConchobhair, Seamas Oh-Aodha, Criostoir OSeochfhradha, and Muircheartach Ua Mathghamhna. Sean O'Casey first revealed himself as P. OCathasaigh. After all, what is Micheál OMurchú but Michael Murphy? These transliterations are merely the homage

we pay to the cult of national self-consciousness. They are the modern equivalent of the "begorrahs," the "bejabers," and "more power to your elbow" of the stage Irishman of yesteryear.

So long, therefore, as we do not stray outside the twenty-six counties known as the Free State our lack of humor saves us. We do not see ourselves in perspective and have only the vaguest notion of how we appear to the outside world. That is not to say that we do not have very definite notions as to how we *think* we appear to other nations. English opinion, of course, we disregard and, even when it is sympathetic, we find it faintly ridiculous; for we reserve for the English the exercise of that faculty which is our peculiar substitute for a sense of humor. But in the eyes of nations other than the English we loom very large—in our own imaginations. The United States, needless to say, was designed by Providence chiefly for the purpose of reflecting the brightest rays of Irish glory. There, we are confident, Ireland is appreciated at its true worth, and the amazing virtues of our great and noble people achieve their finest flowering. France and Spain are naturally akin to us, Germany and Scandinavia obligingly pursue the study of Gaelic philology, in South America Irish names are historic, but our proudest crown is that which we have won from the hands of Uncle Sam. So long as we remain at home this comforting illusion consoles us, and in times of stress we are pleasantly reassured of the soundness of our assumptions by the assistance lent to us by Irish-Americans.

What we have never paused to inquire is: what do the millions of non-Irish Americans think of us and our exiled friends and relations? It would be no exaggeration to say that a great many Americans view the presence of

the Irish in their midst with the same dislike as they extend to the lesser breeds without the law of Nordic Blond Christianity. Having lived for some years in America, and having carefully avoided there all association with my so-called compatriots, it was my melancholy duty to return to Ireland with the tidings that, on the whole, Americans think very little of their Irish fellow-citizens, and much of that little is erroneous so far as Ireland is concerned, being based upon the conduct and character of the Irish in America. During the War it was extremely difficult, in fact, for a long time impossible, to persuade people in Ireland that America strongly resented the Irish attitude towards that conflict, that the overwhelming majority of the nation was much more concerned about England than about Ireland, and that the last person in the world who could be conceived of as championing the cause of Irish independence was Woodrow Wilson. I was regarded as a brute, a cynic, and a blasphemer when I tried to convey those facts to my ingenuous fellow-countrymen at the time when the freedom and prosperity of the world were being planned by the statesmen who subsequently attended the Versailles Conference. The naïveté then demonstrated on a grand scale is characteristic of the incapacity of the Irish to envisage the facts of the outside world and to rid themselves of their belief in their own superior claims upon the sympathy and attention of mankind.

II

In considering those claims a sharp distinction must be drawn between the claims put forward on behalf of the Irish in Ireland and those put forward by the Irish in America. At certain points they coincide, but at others they diverge, for the very good reason

that Irish-America is several generations removed from Ireland and as curiously ignorant of that country as it is to-day as it is ignorant of the true circumstances of contemporary Irish life. Perhaps the simplest and most obvious illustration of this fact is the spectacle afforded by that travesty of Irish nationality, a Saint Patrick's Day parade in New York. Why Saint Patrick should be involved in such peculiarly American and such peculiarly ridiculous proceedings as a parade only Irish-America can tell. As a mere Irishman I assure you that we do not parade in Ireland on Saint Patrick's Day, and if we did, I should hope, at least, that the procession would be illustrative of some of the real qualities and achievements of the Irish people. In New York, it is clearly designed to promote the sale of flags, fake shamrocks, and other strange "Irish" knickknacks, to enable candy stores to unload green-tinted sweets, and to advertise the Tammany politicians who trade on Irish sentiment and cater to the Irish lust for corruption. As the cheap, dingy cortège proceeds up Fifth Avenue, one may scan its straggling, slovenly lines in vain for a banner bearing a word of the Irish language or a group representing any intellectual or cultural contribution of the Irish to American life. At least in Ireland our men can march in step, and on analogous occasions they pay some tribute to the intellectual factors in Irish culture.

New York's Saint Patrick's Day parade, it seems to me, is an accurate microcosm of Irish-America and, to that extent, it is the measure of what the Irish in America represent. No intelligent Irishman could look at it unashamed. If staged in Dublin, it would be hooted and stoned off the streets. In America it is perfectly congruous, as the elements missing from it are precisely the elements which

are present in Ireland but absent from Irish-America. The crowds who watch it see the Irish as America likes to think of them: good-natured buffoons, pugnacious bullies, pious sentimentals, blarneying spellbinders, unscrupulous politicians. That these characteristics are common to the Irish in Ireland, as to other nations, cannot be denied, but in America they are the outstanding features whereby non-Irish citizens recognize the Irish race. In Ireland, whatever else may be said of us, these are not our most marked characteristics. That is why, when discussing the Irish, it is important to distinguish between the autochthonous and the expatriate. It seems universally true that all races, with the possible exception of the Germans, are unrecognizable in America to those who know them in Europe. In the effort to survive transplantation they lose those qualities which give them distinction at home, preserving those which are least creditable. One thinks of the Scandinavian countries, three of the most prosperous, enlightened nations in Europe, and then gazes sadly at the vast tracts of Mid-western dullness, largely populated by Scandinavians. Not a Strindberg, an Ibsen, or a Brandes in a million. There is more intelligence, culture, and civilization in the single city of Copenhagen, or Stockholm, than in the entire ghastly stretch of Minnesota, Nebraska, and the Dakotas. Ireland is most emphatically no exception to this rule, which contradicts Horace's statement that people change their sky, but not their souls, when they cross the sea.

It is, I believe, the custom at Irish-American gatherings of a patriotic kind to dwell proudly upon the achievements of "the Race" in the building up of the United States. Less, of course, is said of the prominent but too often ignoble part played by the Race aforesaid in American politics. To

the Irish mind this record offers nothing which particularly redounds to the credit of Ireland, nor is there any reason why it should, since it is American not Irish history that is being made. We in Ireland come into the picture only because of the tendency of Irish-Americans to imagine that they have endowed the United States with some God-given element due to their affiliations with the Holy Isle of Inisfail. That is precisely what they have not done, and Ireland is no more responsible for their achievements, real or imaginary, honorable or dishonorable, than she is responsible for the fact that American politics are corrupt and that Irish-Americans seem to meet American political requirements exactly. If Mr. de Valera had been playing the great game of American politics he would not have been obliged to describe as intolerable an oath which he had himself taken. Who would care about a mere matter of perjury? Irish politics are incomprehensible outside of Ireland, but one thing is certain of them, they do not resemble in any way American and Irish-American politics. I cannot conceive, for example, of Mayor Walker emulating his colleague the Mayor of Cork and hunger-striking for a principle, and I doubt if the metaphysics of an oath would weigh heavily in the councils of Tammany Hall.

It was Anatole France, I think, who said that to hold any belief to the point of being willing to die for it demanded an unpleasant degree of presumptuousness; that fanaticism, in other words, is an offense against good taste. In Ireland we have been accustomed for generations to such breaches of good taste. Most of us know, as our forebears have known, people who have died for their belief in Irish freedom. We have friends and relatives who might be alive and prosperous if they had known how to be

discreet, to compromise. Their loss is something quite different from the losses incurred in the great wars of the world, when the bereavement of individual families merges in a general spirit of national sacrifice and exaltation. Irish deaths are often lonely sacrifices of men misunderstood or hated by their own countrymen, of men unsupported by the unanimous fervor of an entire, united country. Could any death be lonelier than that of Roger Casement? Remember the insurrection of Easter, 1916, when the majority of the population was hostile, indifferent, or simply skeptical. Those who died fighting, or were executed, on that occasion, came as near as is possible in Ireland to the illusion with which the armies of other countries go forth to battle. But, neither the rising that was planned nor the one that occurred could by any stretch of the imagination be said to correspond to military conditions in normal countries in a state of war. Of the lives given for Ireland since 1916 it may be said, in the deepest sense, that they were lonely lives, sacrificed by harassed individuals who never enjoyed the tangible evidences of national status which support and encourage the soldiers of other nations. Men who have lived or died in such conditions necessarily differ markedly from the millions of other men who, between 1914 and 1918, risked their lives for their countries.

It is commonly held that a man who is willing to die for a principle is a fine fellow, that he can offer no greater earnest of his integrity. Most of us profess to be more sympathetic towards martyrs than was Anatole France. But most of us, likewise, have never known a martyr; martyrdom is not a pastime much in honor with our friends. The nearest we come to the experience is when in time of war friends, acquaintances, or chance mili-

tary comrades lose their lives or otherwise distinguish themselves on the field of battle. It is not usual for us to think of these as martyrs, but as heroes or victims of a sense of duty, largely independent of the individual's own personal convictions. In Ireland martyrdom is a national virtue, and it is impossible to live there without counting several martyrs among one's friends, living and dead. In 1916 friends of mine were killed by both the British and the Sinn Feiners, none of whom was compelled by any law, save that of his own being, to participate in the Rising. They were not conscripts or professional soldiers. They were all Irish and they died voluntarily for the Union Jack and the Free State Tricolor respectively. Why? Because we Irish are cursed by our capacity for holding beliefs to the point of presumption. Erskine Childers, having served England against the Boers, when most decent English people were revolted by the South African adventure, was equally zealous during the late War in the British Navy, so much so that a joking reference to the success of the German submarine aroused him to a white heat of passionate denial. Yet, he became so ardent an Irish republican that he was executed by the Free State, that is, by the order of men who were risking death for Irish independence when he was defending England.

III

A country given over to martyrdom very naturally presents a topsy-turvy spectacle to the citizens of normal countries. My experience as an Irishman is that the world at large is not impressed by our men of principle. They incline towards Anatole France's view and are only too eager to evade the issue by referring vaguely to the "wild" Irish and to their incapacity for rational agreement. Northeast

Ulster, having almost upset the British applecart by arming to fight Home Rule in 1914, having demonstrated its loyalty to England by fomenting mutiny in the British army, and having howled against self-government ever since the Battle of the Boyne, now has its own government and even calls itself "Northern" Ireland, although the northernmost county in Ireland is not within its boundaries. The Irish Free State, the creation of men who went through an armed insurrection and civil war, most of whose comrades were shot as rebels, paints the red letter-boxes of Old England green, and then devotes itself to suppressing republicanism. Its Governor-General is drawn from the British Civil Service in India, and its representatives abroad seem to be selected on the basis of their former loyalty to England. All of these contradictory and inconclusive facts confirm the universal notion that the Irish do not know what they want and will not be happy till they get it.

As an Irishman sees it, the situation is wholly different. Each of these apparently illogical phenomena is the achievement of our men of principle, our martyrs; each represents the triumph of some "ideal" for which its sponsors were willing to face a firing-squad, or to engage in the desperate and heart-breaking business of guerilla warfare, including cold-blooded murder and arson. The house of a Horace Plunkett, after a lifetime of absolutely disinterested and generous service to Ireland, is burned down, so have the ancient and lovely houses of other deserving Irishmen been destroyed because they, too, had principles and the courage to stand up for them, just like the incendiaries. Apparently it takes America and the subtle spirit of Tammany Hall to induce in my compatriots that easygoing temper, that total disregard for everything but the

main chance which so strikingly divides the expatriate from the native Gael. I confess I prefer a James Connolly to a James J. Walker; a Padraic Pearse seems to me a superior type to an Alfred E. Smith. But it is the tragedy of Ireland that her choice appears to lie between the gerrymandering of Tammany and its like or the fanaticism which is the stuff of which martyrs are made. Having known well some of the most eminent specimens of the latter, it is my sad duty to avow myself as unfavorably impressed by them. Readiness to lay down one's life is by no means a proof of superior intelligence; martyrdom does not fit men and women either for the tasks of statesmanship or for the normal pleasures of intelligent living. The best Irishman is not a dead Irishman, nor even one who is prepared to die on behalf of his ideals. Some of my best friends in Ireland are actually living, and have no more desire to be martyred than have my friends in New York, London, or Paris.

It must not be assumed that this Irish insistence upon principle, this craving for martyrdom, springs from any exhibitionistic tendency or desire for public applause. Most of the Sinn Fein leaders were the most modest and least self-seeking characters whom I have ever known in public life. They displayed for years the utmost patience, ingenuity, and bravery, without a trace of the swagger which renders the average militarist, and the rhetorical braggadocio which renders the average politician, intolerable. Further, as the supply is more than ample to meet the demand, an Irishman cannot take up martyrdom as a profitable career, and his facing of tremendous odds and hardships in the face of danger is accepted as a matter of course. In Ireland we know ourselves to be not as other men, especially Englishmen, and traits which are unusual or rarely mani-

festated elsewhere are commonplaces to us. Careerists exploiting Ireland for their own advantage inevitably joined the Irish Parliamentary Party, or betook themselves, on one pretext or another, to England or the United States. Those who stayed to work for what they conceived to be the country's advantage did so at their own expense, cutting themselves off from a thousand profitable openings and realizing, if they thought of it at all, that their reward would be betrayal, execution, death, as all the precedents in Irish history show: an Emmet succeeds a Wolfe Tone, a Parnell an Emmet, a Connolly a Parnell, a Collins a Connolly. As W. B. Yeats's Kathleen ni Houlihan says, in words which no one in Ireland forgets:

"It is a hard service they take that help me. Many that are red-cheeked now will be pale-cheeked, many that have been free to walk the hills and the bogs and the rushes, will be sent to walk hard streets in far countries; many a good plan will be broken; many that have gathered money will not stay to spend it; many a child will be born and there will be no father at its christening to give it a name. They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that, they will think they are well paid."

Not that the majority of the Irish people and their leaders care anything about any other work of Mr. Yeats, and even *Kathleen ni Houlihan* is looked upon with suspicion because it was not written in Irish. The Island of Saints and Scholars may still maintain an interest in saints, or in what passes for sanctity in a Catholic-Puritan country, but in literature and art our national indifference to merit and beauty is equalled only by that of Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. Yet, whereas those States are definitely classed as illiterate, Ireland has a reputation for wit and learning, for

prose and poetry, which is as much at variance with the facts of the situation as all the other superstitions concerning the country. There is not one first-rate newspaper in the entire island; there is no weekly periodical of even the faintest intellectual pretensions; the only magazines making any effort to deal with literary and other ideas have a negligible circulation and play no serious part in the mental life of the country. Once upon a time attempts were made, with moderate success, to publish the works of Irish writers in Ireland. Now the following writers are published in England and America exclusively, and for the most part live in those countries, or elsewhere out of Ireland: James Joyce, W. B. Yeats, Æ., Padraic Colum, Bernard Shaw, Sean O'Casey, Liam O'Flaherty, Seán O'Faoláin, Shane Leslie, Austin Clarke, Lord Dunsany, Lennox Robinson, St. John Ervine, and James Stephens, to quote a few names at random. From 1800 to the present day the roll-call of distinguished Irish names in every field of literature is one of which any country might be proud, but most of them could neither make a living in Ireland nor find a publisher there, for the not very mysterious reason that Ireland is not proud of them, does not read them, nor does she substitute for them any equivalent, which would make publishing possible, or the existence of newspapers and periodicals for adult minds. The popular press is ignominious, and were it not for school texts and religious books, the three Dublin publishers would be bankrupt. Of late, the deplorable spectacle of what the Irish actually read has been aggravated by pietistic crusades and a censorship even more disgraceful than that of Boston's Watch and Ward Society, so that English and other foreign newspapers are barred, together with the works of outstanding authors of to-day, including

Irish, who express ideas dangerous to "faith and morals."

Owing to the genial attitude of Irish-Americans toward the question of Prohibition, those Americans who are incensed by prurient censorship and Puritan obscurantism, are inclined to attribute all their woes to Baptist and Methodist influence. Little do they know of what an Irishman once denounced as the "Protestantism of the Irish Catholic." Ireland is the only Catholic country in the world that is Sabbatarian and puritanic, in the Protestant sense. The two religions vie with each other in trying to prove their formal piety. It is impossible for a Protestant or other non-Catholic to obtain a divorce in Ireland because of the veto of Irish Catholic-Puritanism. As W. B. Yeats pointed out, in an effort to secure divorce facilities for Free State citizens whose religious scruples were not opposed to divorce, Ireland is so pure that it condemns all such people to lead lives of absolute chastity or commit adultery. Mr. Joyce and Mr. O'Flaherty have done ample justice to the charms of that portion of Dublin and its repulsive denizens who cater to such lusts of the flesh as the Irish male is allowed to satisfy. Mr. O'Casey, with that absolute fidelity to the daily facts of Dublin life which enhances the dramatic power of his plays, has been hooted for showing an Irish prostitute in conversation with two patriots. Mr. Joyce is banned, likewise Mr. O'Flaherty. This ardent care for the spiritual welfare of our virginal population did not extend to the raising of the small sum subscribed by Americans for the support of *The Irish Statesman*, which died unwept, unhonored, and unread by the bulk of the so-called reading public in Ireland. It is true that the Free State government contributes a slight subsidy to the Abbey Theatre, but it has invariably

been the experience of the Irish intelligentsia that Irish money can be raised for liquor, horseracing, religion, and patriotism on all occasions, but never for any intellectual or artistic enterprise affecting Irish men and women whose names and achievements are recognized all over the civilized world.

We are apparently so wealthy in men and women of talent that we like to export them where they do not depend upon our support. If, despite this treatment, they contrive to maintain contact with their own country, and are always proud to claim it, then our retort is to deny their nationality. Mr. Shaw is not a "real" Irishman because he lives in England. Æ., who has never desired to live elsewhere and has given all the years of his life and his career to Ireland, is not Irish because he believes in Buddhism. Mr. Yeats may be an Irish senator, born of generations of Irish—he is an "English" poet. Mr. O'Casey is not Irish because he admits there are brothels in Dublin and his political heresies are offensive. J. M. Synge was repudiated because he used the word "shift" and suggested that an Irishman might try to kill his father and boast about it. George Moore is not Irish because he is "immoral," James Joyce, because he is "obscene," and so on and so forth. The Irish view seems to be that unless an Irish writer uses the Irish language and is chemically pure of religious, political, or moral heresy he forfeits his nationality. This is a grand gesture of repudiation which not even the richest country, intellectually speaking, would be so foolish as to make. Imagine England denying Shelley because of his private life, or Wordsworth because of his illegitimate child, or Byron because of incest, or Shakespeare because he was not a model husband, or Fielding because he was coarse, or Kipling because he did not vote for Lloyd

George, or Conrad because Polish was his native language. It takes men of principle to push their convictions to this point, but it is easy enough when one of the convictions is that the things of the mind do not matter, that Ireland is a natural-born republic, and that Heaven is our home.

IV

As has been evident, these reflections of an Irishman upon his country do not tally with the popular picture of Ireland as peopled by gay, witty, quarrelsome, mystical, poetic dreamers, moving in the shadows of a Celtic twilight and conversing beautifully with leprechauns and fairies. My country is an entirely different place. It is full of undersexed, undernourished, uneducated, despondent people, who live uncomfortably, in a damp, rainy climate, where mournful gray tints, and lowering skies, rare sunlight, absence of opportunity, poverty, oppression, and unrest have produced a nation chiefly conscious of and concerned about one thing, to demonstrate that they are not English. They are bending such efforts as they may to the sordid problem of economic development, of making a backward country fit to support not too luxuriously the dwindled population that remains. Although agriculture is our mainstay, we have the worst milk, butter, and eggs in western Europe, and the toughest beef. Our national libation, stout, is a cheerless, heavy concoction, which at once causes nostalgia for English ale or German beer, our whiskey is excellent, in fact superb, but nobody but ourselves seems to drink it, and most of us cannot afford it.

It is a country in which the intelligentsia have hitherto occupied a position comparable to that of the Russian intellectuals in pre-War days, and quite unlike that of their con-

temporaries in England, America, or on the Continent. We have neither the temperament, the money, nor the ordinary facilities and amenities of life which make for gaiety. We are a leisurely people who are obliged to work harder than any country in Western Europe for the meagerest rewards. We are an analytical, argumentative, fundamentally cynical people, whose history has compelled us to use our power of analysis destructively and our dialectical skill to thwart the desire for action which the circumstances of our fate impose upon us, while our cynicism has become strangely transmuted into an indifference to death and to worldly success, for which we find consolation in a powerful religious anodyne. If our history had been different, I am afraid we should merely have been like the Irish in America. Relieved there from the burdens under which we suffer, placed in a modern industrial civilization, with a good climate, we show few traces of the qualities which, for good or evil, the course of our history has developed in us.

Bernard Shaw once said that the Irish were a lost tribe of Israel, and I confess that the parallels to be drawn between the Irish and the Jews lend some point to the argument. Both peoples are unhealthily race-conscious and race-proud, while always prepared to suspect others of belittling them. Both have a naïve and distressing belief in the virtues of multiple child-bearing. They are hypersensitive and introverted, and have marked racial characteristics which even the steam-roller of Americanization and standardization has not obliterated so easily

as in other races. They are disliked on racial and religious grounds by vast numbers of their so-called fellow-citizens. They both have a long and distressful history and an ancient language which few of them can understand and which is with difficulty adaptable to the needs of modern life. They fervently believe in a highly formal religion transacted in what, to the majority of the faithful, is a foreign tongue, reserved only for ritual occasions, imperfectly comprehended, and left to priestly interpretation. An Irish native song is as melancholy as the howling dirges of a cantor, and the pseudo-racial exaggerations which both adopt for humorous purposes are there to disguise an inferiority complex. The ceaseless Jewish preoccupation with food and the abstention therefrom reminds one in its perfect mechanical punctiliousness of an Irishman eating an expensive cut of salmon because his God forbids him to eat a cheap lamb chop, or even that horrible American bacon which is his chief diet. Because they are rivals in the game of self-conscious nationalism, the Irish are antisemitic, especially in the United States, where both races have a profitable audience. There is one point where these two Chosen People diverge. The Jews secretly or avowedly long to be spared irrelevant reminders of their origin; the Irish never do. Yet, the one thing all foreigners have difficulty in believing is that Ireland is not really a part of Britain and that the Irish are not, for all practical purposes, just like Englishmen. To this I can only reply, with all of my countrymen, thank God, we are not!



WRACK AND RUIN

BY CENETHE THOMAS

THE first time I heard Wrack's and Ruin's bells I thought it the singing of the teakettle, the sound was so high and clear, so thin and far away. But it drew near rapidly.

I was sitting on the corner of the wood-box, watching Swartwout, the camp cook, peeling potatoes for the next day. It was already past my bedtime. The day crew had long since gone to the bunk-house. Through the still, cold night air—it was close to thirty below outdoors—we could hear the intermittent whine of the saw, the accompanying thunder of the exhaust, the steady burring snarl of the planer, and, now and then, the screech of the trimmer as the fireman cut slabs for the engine. The mill was close to a quarter of a mile west, and there were barns and haystacks and a good stand of timber in between.

The timber was still with winter stillness. If the mill had not been running I could have stepped to the door and heard coyotes howling on the hills above Battle Lake two miles to the south. Sitting there in the kitchen on the corner of the wood-box, I was well aware of the stillness of the timber. To the north it stretched away toward the plains of the Peace River country, and west to the foothills of the Rockies. South more than a hundred miles was Calgary, and east over forty miles was Wetaskiwin. East was our only way out. East, somewhere, hundreds of miles, the Battle River struck the Saskatchewan. Though I was only

eleven, there was never a waking moment, day or night, when I was not aware of the bigness of the timber.

I liked to stay in the cook-shack and watch Swartwout. He had a dueling scar on one cheek. He said, shaking his head, "The man who made that scar sleeps under a tree." He told me of student days in Germany. Besides his shift in the *Landsturm*, he had been in the Imperial army. Later he had gone to The States and had been a stage-coach driver in Kansas. For all his fat, he was a romantic person in my eleven-year-old judgment.

The price I paid for being allowed to stay in the kitchen was to crawl into the potato-hole under the dining-room floor and claw out potatoes each night for the next day's meals for the thirty men in our little camp. The hole was dark. Some of the potatoes were rotten. I loathed it. This evening I had got through in good time.

There was still a hot fire in the stove, for Swartwout was baking bread. The flour sack he had tacked over the open window beside the stove to get ventilation without a freezing draft was motionless. The teakettle was on the back of the stove. He had just filled it with water which still had chips of ice in it. Much to my astonishment, it began to sing. I leaned forward and stared at it for several moments before the truth dawned on me. It wasn't the kettle. It was sleigh-bells.

I jumped down and ran for the door, knocked up the big wooden latch so hard that it flipped clean over, yanked the door open—it was always frosted tight in such cold weather—and ran outdoors. I was barely in time.

Some team was coming in along the trail from the southeast. I knew the bells of all the teams in the bush. These were strange. They came faster than any others I had ever heard. I was barely out on the path before I jumped back onto the step. The team shot round the corner of the house, across the yard, through the gate, and down to the barn, the bells ringing madly, steam pouring behind them in a cloud, their swift feet sounding on the glare ice of the path. Lanterns came out from the barn where the skinners were bedding down their teams. I could hear voices and see the team rearing and plunging darkly about. Then I recognized my brother's voice.

Shivering with excitement as much as chill, I ran back to find my mother, and cry out, "Joyce has got a new team. They're white."

I was at the door when my brother came in. He drew off his mittens and his gauntlet gloves, caught me by the arms and swung me up over his shoulder, rubbed the frost off his eyebrows against my cheek, set me down, and said: "Well, Tommy, I have got a new team."

"What are their names?" I cried.

He took my place on the wood-box while I started working with the lacings of his shoe-packs.

He slapped his gloves against his leg. They were new, of yellow leather, with red stars and fringe on the gauntlets. He smiled. "Wrack and Ruin."

Mother had come in. At those names she sighed. She, too, must have heard the bells come through the timber so madly. "I hope you haven't got some more wild horses," she said.

Joyce was an excellent horseman, fond of too spirited horses, and a constant anxiety to Mother because of them.

"Yep," he said, full of a horseman's pride on making a good buy. "They have been standing in the livery stable with their harness on for three weeks. There was not a man in town with nerve enough to go in and take it off."

"And so you had to, I suppose," Mother chided.

"They have still got it on. But I am going to go out and take it off of them as soon as my fingers limber up."

It was then I realized that it was really his hands he had been slapping and working as much as his gloves.

"Came out from town in five hours. That is nine miles an hour. Had all four traces down most of the way."

Swartwout said supper was ready. I tagged Joyce to the table. I knew that it was forty-four miles to town, that all four traces down meant the weight of the sled had been on the lines all the way. Running horses easily kick their traces loose, and then one second's slack on the lines means the tongue down too, and the driver over the dash-board, trying to stop a sharp-shod team on an ice trail.

I must have gone to sleep while Joyce was eating, for it was long past my bedtime, though I remember one of the other men coming in to rub Joyce's arms and shoulders, and that Joyce said he had driven Ruin to a single cutter thirty miles during the day, and the team the forty-four miles home that evening, which made seventy-four miles that day for Ruin.

The first thing in the morning I exacted a promise from Joyce to bring the team to the house to let me see them by day—I was forbidden to go near the barns—and I scratched a hole in the frost on the dining-room window and waited patiently. Presently I

saw the team led out of the barn, though there were so many men about that I could see little of them, except their tossing heads and towering shoulders, for they were on their hind-legs most of the time.

Then the men leaped away, the horses came toward the house, their manes and feet flashing. I ran outside. It had taken four men to hitch them, but Joyce, with scarcely a word, pulled them down in front of the house.

I experienced a moment's disappointment. I had thought them white, they had been so covered with frost the night before. They were not white, but a dark brown, not quite black. They were not beautiful. They were something far more interesting, almost terrible. There was something lean, sharp, weaponlike about them. Shivering with cold, blowing rainbow breaths, they danced, restively a-tip-toe, on the long sharp caulks of their steel shoes. They were lean with a leanness I had never seen in any other horses. Even their winter coat, every hair rigid in the cold, could not soften the sharpness of their bones, the stringiness of their muscles. They had the slender legs and flanks of greyhounds. Every rib showed. Their long, slightly ewed necks held their bony heads at a serpentlike angle. They were speed incarnate.

Joyce differentiated them for me. Wrack, the taller by half an inch, was on the right. He had two white hind feet. Ruin's off hind foot only was white.

Suddenly Wrack reared. Ruin plunged. In a shower of sound they were off, down the knoll from the shacks, and out of sight beyond the first bend in the timber road, their little red cutter whipping behind them.

Joyce ran on an errand down the valley. Returning in the late afternoon, he stopped at the post office, four miles from home, to see a friend, the

postmaster's son, who was ill. While he was there two lumberjacks on their way to camp came in. Joyce told them to take the camp mail and Wrack and Ruin and go on to camp. He would stay the night with his friend. He saw them in the sled and off.

Not quite an hour later Wrack and Ruin cantered into the yard and down to the barns alone. Burrus caught them and put them up. Not even a whiffle-tree had stayed with them. Burrus started down the trail to look for Joyce and met the two men coming. They were unhurt. When Burrus asked about the sled they merely shrugged their shoulders.

It snowed that night. For weeks after the spring thaws came we children, on our way to and from school, found bits of red cutter along the trail. We never found even one piece big enough to make a fair-sized paddle. Wrack and Ruin had literally kicked the little red cutter to splinters. Joyce got a new sled, a double-bob.

II

From then on the team was the most important thing in my world. I listened for their bells as one might wait for magic creatures. I ran out every time I could to catch a glimpse of them. I listened for every word I might hear about them. Joyce was the only man in the camp who would harness and groom them, though there were a half-a-dozen teamsters about. One old fellow, whose width was almost as great as his height, and whose amiability was as great as his girth, attempted to walk behind Ruin one day. Ruin speedily and firmly placed a foot in his solar plexus and lifted him across a twelve-foot alley. None of the other men bothered the team after that.

Then I heard the story of their origin and found them more romantic still.

One of the teamsters said he had known the team when they were colts, and pointed out a little knot on Ruin's throat, evidently a barbed-wire scar, to prove it.

They had been born and raised on a ranch in Montana. They were brothers. They had a good cross of bronco and standard-bred blood in them. According to his count, Wrack was nineteen and Ruin was seventeen years old. Indeed, the slant of their teeth and the hollows in their temples put them definitely somewhere in their teens. They had been broken together and had earned their names then. It had taken three weeks of hard riding to run them down on the range. They had been roped, thrown, hog-tied, harnessed, hitched to a buckboard and, with a man on the seat, let up to run their terror off on the open prairie. They ran themselves free of buckboard and harness at least. It took another fortnight of hard riding to catch them again.

The marvel was that they had stayed together as a team all these years and had kept their names.

Gradually my admiration turned to a deep sympathy. It filled me with pity to see them come in after forty miles in the cold—cold so bitter that most horses labored along with nostrils like brimming cups of blood—their heads still high, and their feet still full of rhythm, though they were white from head to foot, except where their steel caulks had ripped their ankles and the blood hung in scarlet icicles.

Twice during the cold weather I was allowed to ride behind them. The first time was New Year's Day. The temperature had dropped another twenty degrees. We children had not been out of the clearing for weeks. We were invited to go to our neighbors', the Bunnys' three miles away, for New Year's Day dinner, and we were going, cold or no cold. The Bunny

children had spent New Year's Eve with us.

By ten o'clock we were ready. The sled-box was filled with hay covered with blankets and cowhides. We climbed into the box of the sled, sardine fashion, and pulled the blankets over all but our noses. Only my brother Burrus, who was to drive, stood up in the front end. There were six of us altogether.

We were to go two miles straight south to the lake, then up the lake on the ice perhaps a mile to the Bunny homestead, which lay a quarter-of-a-mile back from the shore.

As usual, the team went out of the yard running on their hind feet. It was later that I understood why. The miles and the years had stiffened their shoulders and forelegs. In the morning they were comparatively useless for the first quarter of a mile or so. But to Wrack and Ruin harness and the trail meant only one thing: to run; and run they would, their hind legs driving like pistons.

When at last they settled into their trail gait I knew a deep pleasure that nothing else has ever given me. Each had a rope of small silver bells about his girth. It was these which made the high clear chiming. But their feet made another music. The trail was packed. The ice rang hollowly. They would run six steps in unison, break on the seventh, and be together again in three strides. I never figured out which horse it was that took the hitch step, but I think it was Wrack. It was counter-point of which I never wearied. I have often wondered why no realistic-minded musician has put the sound of the horses' feet into a sleighbell piece. And then, too, there is the chink and jingle of clips, snaps, and buckles.

Wrack and Ruin's harness of light black leather was very modest, compared to the outfits of the sleigh-haul

teams. No brass or silver mountings, no tassels, no red and blue spreader rings. The new sleigh was of steel-bound oak, so light I could have run with it alone.

All went well for the first half mile along the accustomed trail in the timber. Then we came out into the brush. The trail dropped steadily, with a fall of perhaps four hundred feet in two miles. In a few moments all four traces were undone. How the horses ran! The last descent to the lake was down a frozen spring in a poplar-picketed canyon bed. Then the lake, barren snow-white under a frost-black sky!

By the time we reached the Bunnys' my brother's mittens were frosted to the lines, and his hands were so cramped the others had to help him loose them.

I don't remember the trip home that night. I must have been asleep.

It was February when I rode behind Wrack and Ruin again. The bitter weather had given way to days when the snow crust softened after noon. This time my sister and I sat on the seat in front with Burrus. It was just before noon when we started. The sled ran easily on the softening snow. The horses' breath floated past us in rainbow colors. Sunlight and shadow flickered over us as we sped along beneath the heavy spruces.

We were going to Ferguson's mill, which lay across a divide, and on Pigeon Lake. At the end of the first mile we swung east from our road. The next two miles were hard going, mostly up hill on an unused trail, the winter's snow crusted by repeated thawings and freezings. At last we topped the divide and struck the Ferguson logging trails. Almost as wide as a city street they seemed to us, banked and iced. From there down to the very mill-yard was a glassy glorious run.

The sawmill lay in a dark jumble

at the edge of the white lake. Pigeon Lake was nine miles wide. If it had been cloudy we might have seen across it, but the sun upon the shining snow was too blinding for more than a moment's glance. The timber as we approached the mill grew thinner, for it had been logged more closely. After we had eaten and Burrus finished his business we started back. It was a relief to our eyes to return to the heavy shadow of the uncut timber.

III

I should probably never have known either of the team any better had not misfortune fallen upon them.

The weather turned cold again. Joyce was away from home with one of the big freight teams. The book-keeper, a young Englishman, hitched Wrack and Ruin to the light bob-sled, and with the sleigh full of lumberjacks who wanted to enliven a week-end, drove to town. There were half a dozen men, all of them big, sturdy fellows. They ran the team the forty-four miles into town, tied them to a telephone pole, and went to find a bar.

It was thirty-below weather. The team was lathered from head to foot. A livery stable man finally saw the team and put them in his barn. They got hay and water, but no grain. Three days later the week-enders who were not too tipsy to stand got the others into the sled, and with a supply of whiskey on which to sober up started back to camp. Wrack and Ruin set out at their usual gait.

Some fifteen miles out from town the team got off the tote-road and ran for hours over strange trails, their drunken driver as careless as they must have been bewildered. In the afternoon they finally got back onto the road. As they approached a place where they had other times stopped for feed they turned in. As they drew

up at the barn door Wrack fell and could not get up. They dragged him into the stable, hired another horse from the owner of the stopping place, and started on home.

They were within a mile of camp when, as they climbed a little rise, Ruin slipped, fell, and could not get up. The driver, beginning to sober up now, took what whiskey the men had about them and poured it down Ruin's throat until he got to his feet and staggered on again.

Burrus heard them as they came in late at night. He jumped up and ran out to take the team. He had been worried ever since he learned they had been taken, and now, hearing the bells of a strange horse, he was frightened. Ruin, shivering and blowing, was weaving in his tracks. Burrus unhooked the team and left the sled beside the shack. He thought Ruin was sick, and got him to the barn and to bed as fast as he could.

The next morning Ruin could not rise. It was a week before he could walk at all and then only with the most pitiful hobbling steps.

As Joyce was returning from his trip, the men at the stopping place hailed him and asked him if he didn't want to take his horse home. And there he found Wrack, still lying in the stall where he had been left days since, the lather of that terrible run dried upon him. Joyce worked with him and after a time got him up, and led him home behind the plodding freight team.

On his next trip to town, before a new snow fell, Joyce discovered the tracks where the team had left the trail, and where they came on again. Their detour, all on unpacked trail, had taken them an extra twenty miles out of their way.

The snow was thawing almost every day now. A night with brilliant northern lights, or a three-day *chinook*

would be followed by a driving snow, and then another thaw.

There was an Englishman, a Mr. Stelfox, who came to the mill once in a while. He had a homestead on the far side of Battle Lake. One day he saw Wrack and Ruin. The team was still useless. Some thought they should be put out of their misery, for hay and grain were expensive and had to be hauled some distance. But to mother and the boys it seemed a shameful thing to do. Spring would soon come, with a thousand lush green meadows in the bush.

Mr. Stelfox saw Wrack and wanted him. Mother refused to sell a horse so crippled as Wrack. He must have made some agreement with the boys, for one sunny spring day he called mother to the door. He was sitting on Wrack's thin back, holding the reins of a bridle he had evidently brought for the purpose. "I'm taking Wrack, Mrs. Thomas," he said, smiling jovially through his red beard. Then, touching his stetson hat, he rode the poor hobbling creature from the yard jauntily enough, his puttee-clad legs gripping the bony barrel in precise military fashion.

It was shortly after that that I first touched Ruin. Both Joyce and Burrus were away. I was again at my old pastime of watching Swartwout in the cook-shack. It was a sunny morning. Swartwout came back from a trip to the barns to empty a pail of swill. His scarred face was troubled. I had not realized till then that he loved Ruin, too. He told me that, in so far as he knew, no one had gone near the horse either to feed or water him since the morning before, and there he was tied in his stall.

Swartwout went ahead getting dinner. I reconnoitered and ascertained that mother was busy. Slipping out of the door, I sped to the barn, lifted the big latch, and peered in. The big

barn seemed dark indeed after the sunlit snow. I could hear Nig, one of the skidding horses which was lame, chewing lustily in a back stall. A hen, cackling, flew out of a feed-box and dashed past my legs and outdoors.

Ruin was in the stall next the door. He was standing quietly, one foot a little forward. He swung his head about and looked at me. In the dark his eye glowed red. I hurried. I didn't want any of the teamsters to come in and catch me on forbidden ground. I scrambled to the loft, pulled loose a great lot of hay, pushed it down the hay chute, and scuttled down after it. I loaded up my fork with all the tines would hold and so, hidden behind all the hay I could lift, I struggled across the alley and into Ruin's stall.

I thought, "Even if he does kick, he'll hit the hay and the tines of the fork before he hits me." But I really had no idea that he would kick. I was sure, even then, of his understanding my love for him. And I trusted perfectly that he would come to love me too.

I put the hay in the manger. He fell to eating immediately. "Whoa, Ruin," I said, with my voice as deep down as I could put it, and I walked out of the stall and to the grain bin, and came back with a bucket of oats. He left the hay for the oats.

I put my hand on his throat latch and rubbed it gently, and felt the little knotted scar on his windpipe. He paid no attention save to cock an ear. I had never felt more daring. I untied his halter-rope, said, "Come on, Ruin," and led him out of the barn, down to the well, drew water for him, led him back, and tied him up again.

That evening Joyce came home. I told him what I had done. "Good for you, Tommy," he said. "Don't you want to take him out this evening and lead him along the skidding paths to give him some exercise? I haven't time."

I was happy those evenings, walking along the narrow hollowed-out icy paths, leading old Ruin. Usually he walked with his nose against my shoulder, the lead-rope slack. Sometimes I walked beside his neck and reaching up, held onto his mane. But I was undersized, even for eleven, and to reach his mane was not easy for me. Sometimes our dog, Rats, walked with us, padding along on the trail in front of us, the white tip of his tail wavering in the dusk like a white moth, his shirtfront gleaming when he swung partly toward us, listening with contemptuous silence to the coyotes howling beyond the lake. Low down through the dark spruce trees, red triangles of afterglow burned, while the snow paths held all the blues and lavenders in exquisite and subtle blendings.

From then on Ruin limbered up rapidly. Before the snow was gone he was on the trail again. But they could find no other horse to keep up with him. We had one two-year-old colt, Dan, a thoroughbred seventeen hands high, with splendid withers, chest, and legs. He came nearest to staying with Ruin, but he was still leggy and thundered along beside Ruin's bladelikey grace so awkwardly that we were afraid he would injure himself. Because he was still growing, the boys hated to shoe him, and so he went barefooted behind.

Spring came. The crews left the woods and the mill. April with silver pussy-willows instead of snow, and birch and poplar catkins swinging against a sky bronze with distant burning forest fires, brought partridge nests between the south roots of poplar trees, and new green in every little open glade. May, and mosquitoes and rain and cowslips in sheets of gold across every slough, and an endless chorus of frogs. June, with johnny-jump-ups and daffydownillies in the

timber and tiger lilies and bluebells on every slope and wild roses, vetch, and pea-vine. July, with bear-trampled vines in the berry patches.

Ruin lost his shaggy winter hair. His coat grew black, shining, with a deep bronze-brown inside his ears and the turn of his flanks. He even rounded out perceptibly. After the snow went he stopped being a harness horse. The trails were all but bottomless with thick black mud. It was too hard for his slender body to drag the heavy lumber wagons through it, though I never saw him balk at any pull, either quick or prolonged. His fragile legs would weave in and out, bending till one feared they would snap. In harness a fury always possessed him. Under the saddle he was gentle pliability itself.

School had started with the first mild weather in March. As long as the ice trails lasted we children could often catch rides with the lumber haulers. When the camp shut down we were sometimes permitted to ride some of the big horses, often two or three on a horse.

I was never happier than when I was permitted to ride either Bay Dan, or Ruin. My sister usually got Ruin, for she was afraid of tall, swaying Dan. Then Burrus found out that Ruin was an excellent cattle pony, and from that time on we other children saw little of him. Sometimes, if I could get out of the yard on him without either saddle or bridle, I could have him, for Burrus did not like to hunt cows bareback. Claspings Ruin's thin ridgepole between my legs, I could ride him kneeling, guiding him by my hand on his neck, or stopping him by a word. He had corns in both fore feet and on hard ground he limped pathetically, but on the soft moss and needles of the timber paths he was still delightfully agile. He would jump a sizable barrier. He could either follow or pick a trail. His

canter was sheer pleasure, but his running walk was his most enjoyable gait. I studied more than one lesson with my book on the pommel before me. Riding so I memorized Scott's "The train from out the castle drew—" and any number of other poems.

I remember the feel of him beneath me, gliding almost soundlessly along a mossy trail, the sunlight filtering down through the trees, in wheels of green and gold, shimmering on innumerable little spider webs thrown across the path during the night, while I learned, "To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms—" I often talked with Ruin, told him how fine he was, how much I cared for him. I had never heard of free verse, but I scarcely ever rode him anywhere alone that I did not make some verse and whisper it to him. I rarely dared to talk out loud in the timber. It was all too awesome a place. He would weave along, his head turned slightly to the left, his brown eye limpid, cool, and immeasurably sad. While I dreamed him a splendid mount and me a brave hero, the futility and courage of all living things swung before me in every line of his lean bony head.

I depended on him utterly. I had no doubt but that if we met a spring-hungry bear he would save me, that if we were lost he would find the way, that if any danger threatened he would sense it and forewarn me. Once he brought me home through a sleet storm so cutting that I turned about and sat backwards in the saddle to be able to bear it at all. Another time he walked calmly and unafraid through a thunderstorm that frightened me till I was almost ill. The night was so black that I could see nothing at all between the blinding lightning flashes. Thunder shook the forest. Great limbs and whole trees crashed down about us. The trail was blocked by

fallen timber. He left it and picked out his own way home. With any other horse I should have ridden with my feet drawn up under me to keep them from being scraped by the snags and rough bark of the trees. But his slender body would sway aside just enough to give me an inch of clearance. And once, hunting cattle, we loped into a little glade and he found himself belly-deep in slime that had been coated with a deceiving, thin green sod. Any other horse would have reared and floundered. He simply lifted his legs clear, one at a time, laid them full length on the quivering sod, and crawled carefully out. Most cows know how to worm flat-legged across a *muskeg*, but few horses possess the trick of it.

In August I was visiting at Bunnys'. Madge and I were playing in the shade of the house. I heard the quick staccato sound of a single-footing horse on the hillside road that was now packed and dusty. It was Stelfox on a horse. The sun gleamed on his stetson, his leather puttees, burned in his short red beard. It flashed on the mane and tail and flanks of his black horse. I stared. I could not believe my eyes. The horse was sleek, fat, nimble, and utterly without a limp even on the hard packed road. Yet it was, undoubtedly, Wrack. I never saw him again.

That winter Ruin served as a trail horse again, but one day shortly after the freeze-up Bay Dan fell on the ice and came up dragging a broken hind leg. He had to be killed. After that we never had a horse that could pace with Ruin. One absurd little *cayuse* after another loped beside him, with Ruin a neck ahead. Spring came, and summer. We moved to The States.

IV

As we left the homestead the last time I was permitted to ride Ruin to

Fullerton's mill where our possessions were to be sold. It was July. There had been a short rain in the night. The morning sun was brilliant. The poplars and willows, all the brush, were in an ecstasy of shimmering and dancing. Innumerable wildflowers were out. Every leaf, bud, fern, and grass blade had its own keen scent. The trail was neither too hard nor too soft; though Ruin, probably from habit, chose the grass at the edge.

I did not talk. It was the last time I should ride him. I gripped him with every inch of my legs, felt every pull and movement of all his lean muscles through all my body at every step. I listened to every little gradation of sound in the creak of the saddle and bridle, and of his feet on the ground. I leaned forward and put my hands in his mane, the short gray-sprinkled collar-worn mane already growing longer since spring. I was full of feeling. I was leaving the timber to go out into the world. Yet I had a sort of awed fore-knowledge that I was leaving behind the most real thing I would ever know. Other things would happen to me and be forgotten again. The timber and Ruin were indelibly and forever in me. His head, his left eye that I could just see were as sad, as hopeless, as gallant as ever. As we topped a knoll I looked back. The timber still towered above the brush, a black green rampart, the edge of immensity.

When we went to town to take the train Ruin, hitched to a light buggy, took mother and the baby to town ahead of the heavy team and wagon carting our belongings. The last I saw of him he was going over a hill, mane and tail lifting in the sunlight, his flanks flashing, his lean hind legs thrusting splendidly, his nose out, the old fury of the trail in every line of him.

We had been in The States over a year when Joyce, who had stayed in

Canada, wrote, in one of his letters, "You will be interested to know that Wrack is dead. A lumberjack out on Buck Lake broke his leg. They hitched Wrack to a single cutter to bring him in. Wrack dropped dead when they stopped in front of the hospital."

Buck Lake is about seventy miles from town.

He wrote too, "I have seen Ruin several times. He is in good shape and seems well taken care of."

A year later he wrote that Ruin, too, was dead. He died in harness, running.

CHANGE IS NOT ALL OF BEAUTY

BY DOROTHY HOBSON

ONCE, in the dawn of wisdom's youth, I wrote
"Beauty is change"; by sight of truth struck blind
I saw its one side only. Now I find
Change is not all of beauty: one may note
With wonder shifting shapes of cloud that float
Upon the breast of sunlight—till the wind
Rend them, unveiling suddenly, behind,
The peaks of mountains, dreaming, poised, remote.
Let youth, then, learn the loveliness of change,
In transient moods of earth, in deaths that are
The opening of new doors; but age will see
The miracle that carved the mountain range:
Eternal beauty binding star to star,
Mother to little child, and you to me.



THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING EDUCATED

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

MY INTEREST in education had been comfortably asleep since my late youth, when circumstances waked it up again about six years ago. I then discovered that in the meantime our educational system had changed its aim. It was no longer driving at the same thing as formerly and no longer contemplated the same kind of product. When I examined it I was as far "out" on what I expected to find as if I had gone back to one of the sawmills familiar to my boyhood in Michigan, and found it turning out boots and shoes.

The difference seemed to be that while education was still spoken of as a "preparation for life," the preparation was of a kind which bore less directly on intellect and character than in former times, and more directly on proficiency. It aimed at what we used to call training rather than education; and it not only did very little with education, but seemed to assume that training *was* education, thus overriding a distinction that formerly was quite clear. Forty years ago a man trained to proficiency in anything was respected accordingly, but was not regarded as an educated man, or "just as good," on the strength of it. A trained mechanic, banker, dentist, or man of business got all due credit for his proficiency, but his education, if he had any, lay behind that and was not confused with it. His training, in a word, bore directly upon what he could do or

get, while his education bore directly on neither; it bore upon what he could become and be.

Curiosity led me to look into the matter a little more closely, and my observations confirmed the impression that the distinction between training and education was practically wiped out. I noticed, too, that there was a good deal of complaint about this: even professional educators, many of them, were dissatisfied with it. Their complaints when boiled down seemed to be that education is too little regarded as an end in itself, and that most of the country's student-population take a too strictly vocational view of what they are doing, while the remainder look at it as a social experience, encouraged largely in order to keep the cubs from being underfoot at home, and reciprocally appreciated mostly because it puts off the evil day when they must go to work; and that our institutions show too much complacency in accommodating themselves to these views.

These complaints, I observed, were not confined to educators; one heard them from laymen as well, and the laymen seemed to be as clear in their minds about the difference between education and training as the professional educators were. For example, one of America's most distinguished artists (whom I am not authorized to quote, and I, therefore, call him Richard Roe) told a friend of mine that when his

ship came in he proposed to give magnificent endowments to Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale on the sole condition that they should shut up shop and go out of business forever. Then he proposed to put up a bronze plate over the main entrance to each of these institutions, bearing this legend:

CLOSED
THROUGH THE BENEFACTION
OF
RICHARD ROE
AN HUMBLE PAINTER
IN BEHALF OF EDUCATION

As I saw the situation at the moment, these complaints seemed reasonable. Training is excellent, it cannot be too well done, and opportunity for it cannot be too cheap and abundant. Probably a glorified crèche for delayed adolescents here and there is a good thing, too; no great harm in it anyway. Yet it struck me as apparently it struck others, that there should also be a little education going on. Something should be done to mature the national resources of intellect and character as well as the resources of proficiency; and, moreover, something should be done to rehabilitate a respect for these resources as a social asset. Full of this idea, I rushed into print with the suggestion that in addition to our present system of schools, colleges, and universities which are doing first-class work as training-schools, we ought to have a few educational institutions. My notion was that the educable person ought to have something like an even chance with the ineducable, because he is socially useful. I thought that even a society composed of well-trained ineducables might be improved by having a handful of educated persons sifted around in it every now and then. I, therefore, offered the suggestion, which did not seem exorbitant, that in a population of a hundred and

twenty-odd million there should be at least one set of institutions, consisting of a grade school, a secondary school, and an undergraduate college, which should be strictly and rigorously educational, kept in perpetual quarantine against the contagion of training.

II

This was five years ago. My modest proposal was hardly in print before I received a letter from a friend in the University of Oxford, propounding a point which—believe it or not—had never occurred to me.

But think of the poor devils who shall have gone through your mill! It seems a cold-blooded thing . . . to turn out a lot of people who simply can't live at home. Vivisection is nothing to it. As I understand your scheme, you are planning to breed a batch of cultivated, sensitive beings who would all die six months after they were exposed to your actual civilization. This is not Oxford's superciliousness, I assure you, for things nowadays are precious little better with us. I agree that such people are the salt of the earth, and England used to make some kind of place for them. . . . But now—well, I hardly know. It seems as though some parts of the earth were jolly well salt-proof. The salt melts and disappears, and nothing comes of it.

As I say, I had never thought of that. It had never occurred to me that there might be disadvantages in being educated. I saw at once where my mistake lay. I had been looking at the matter from the point of view of an elderly person to whom such education as he had was just so much clear gain, not from the point of view of a youth who is about to make his start in the world. I saw at once that circumstances, which had been more or less in favor of my educated contemporaries, were all dead against the educated youngster of to-day. Therefore, last year, when I was appointed to deal

again with the subject in a public way, I went back on all I had said, and ate my ration of humble-pie with the best grace I could muster.

Every shift in the social order, however slight, puts certain classes irrevocably out of luck, as our vulgarism goes. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the French feudal nobility were out of luck. They could do nothing about it, nobody could do anything about it, they were simply out of luck. Since the middle of the last century, monarchs and a hereditary aristocracy are out of luck. The *Zeitgeist* seems always arbitrarily to be picking out one or another social institution, breathing on it with the devouring breath of a dragon; it decays and dissolves, and those who represent it are out of luck. Up to a few years ago an educated person, even in the United States, was not wholly out of luck; since then, however, an educated young man's chance, or an educated young woman's, is slim. I do not here refer exclusively to the mere matter of picking up a living, although, as I shall show, education is a good bit of hindrance even to that; but also to conditions which make any sort of living enjoyable and worth while.

So in regard to my championship of education it turned out again that everybody is wiser than anybody, at least from the short-time point of view, which is the one that human society invariably takes. Some philosophers think that society is an organism, moving instinctively always towards the immediate good thing, as certain blind worms of a very low order of sensibility move towards food. From the long-time point of view, this may often be a bad thing for the worm; it may get itself stepped on or run over or picked up by a boy looking for fish-bait. Nothing can be done about it, however, for the worm's instinct works that way and, according to these philosophers, so

does society's, and the individual member of society has little practical choice but to go along.

Hence our institutions which profess and call themselves educational, have probably done the right thing—the immediate right thing, at any rate—in converting themselves, as our drug-stores have done, into something that corresponds only very loosely to their profession. No doubt the lay and professional complaint against this tendency is wrong; no doubt the artist Richard Roe's proposal to close up our four great training-schools is wrong. No doubt, too, our young people are right in instinctively going at education in the traditional sense of the term, with very long teeth. If I were in their place, I now think I should do as they do; and since I am in the way of recantation, as an old offender who has at last seen the light of grace, I may be allowed to say why I should do so—to show what I now plainly see to be the disadvantages of being educated.

III

Education deprives a young person of one of his most precious possessions, the sense of co-operation with his fellows. He is like a pacifist in 1917, alone in spirit—a depressing situation, and especially, almost unbearably, depressing to youth. "After all," says Dumas's hero, "man is man's brother," and youth especially needs a free play of the fraternal sense; it needs the stimulus and support of association in common endeavor. The survivor of an older generation in America has had these benefits in some degree; he is more or less established and matured and can rub along fairly comfortably on his spiritual accumulations; and besides, as age comes on, emotions weaken and sensitiveness is dulled. In his day, from the spiritual and social point of view, one could afford

to be educated—barely and with difficulty afford it perhaps, but education was not a flat liability. It netted enough to be worth its price. At present one can afford only to be trained. The young person's fellows are turning all their energy into a single narrow channel of interest; they have set the whole current of their being in one direction. Education is all against his doing that, while training is all for it; hence training puts him in step with his fellows, while education tends to leave him a solitary figure, spiritually disqualified.

For these reasons: education, in the first place, discloses other channels of interest and makes them look inviting. In the second place, it gives rise to the view that the interest which absorbs his fellows is not worth mortgaging one's whole self, body, mind, and spirit, to carry on. In the third place, it shows what sort of people one's fellows inevitably become, through their exclusive absorption in this one interest, and makes it hard to reconcile oneself to the thought of becoming like them. Training, on the other hand, raises no such disturbances; it lets one go on one's chosen way, with no uncertainty, no loss of confidence, as a man of the crowd. Education is divisive, separatist; training induces the exhilarating sense that one is doing with others what others do and thinking the thoughts that others think.

Education, in a word, leads a person on to ask a great deal more from life than life, as at present organized, is willing to give him; and it begets dissatisfaction with the rewards that life holds out. Training tends to satisfy him with very moderate and simple returns. A good income, a home and family, the usual run of comforts and conveniences, diversions addressed only to the competitive or sporting spirit or else to raw sensation—training not only makes directly for getting these,

but also for an inert and comfortable contentment with them. Well, these are all that our present society has to offer, so it is undeniably the best thing all round to keep people satisfied with them, which training does, and not to inject a subversive influence, like education, into this easy complacency. Politicians understand this—it is their business to understand it—and hence they hold up “a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage” as a satisfying social ideal. But the mischief of education is its exorbitance. The educated lad may like stewed chicken and motor cars as well as anybody, but his education has bred a liking for other things too, things that the society around him does not care for and will not countenance. It has bred tastes which society resents as culpably luxurious and will not connive at gratifying. Paraphrasing the old saying, education sends him out to shift for himself with a champagne appetite amidst a gin-guzzling society.

Training, on the other hand, breeds no such tastes; it keeps him so well content with synthetic gin that a mention of champagne merely causes him to make a wry face. Not long ago I met a young acquaintance from the Middle West who has done well by himself in a business way and is fairly rich. He looked jaded and seedy, evidently from overwork, and as I was headed for Munich at the moment I suggested he should take a holiday and go along. He replied, “Why, I couldn't sell anything in Munich—I'm a business man.” For a moment or two I was rather taken aback by his attitude, but I presently recognized it as the characteristic attitude of trained proficiency, and I saw that as things are it was right. Training had kept his demands on life down to a strictly rudimentary order and never tended to muddle up their clear simplicity or shift their direction. Education would

have done both; he was lucky to have had none.

It may be plainly seen, I think, that in speaking as he did, my friend enjoyed the sustaining sense of co-operation with his fellows. In his intense concentration, his singleness of purpose, and in the extremely primitive simplicity of his desires and satisfactions he was completely in the essential movement of the society surrounding him; indeed, if his health and strength hold out, he may yet become one of those representative men like Mr. Ford, the late Mr. Eastman, or Mr. Hoover, who take their tone from society in the first instance and in turn give back that tone with interest. Ever since the first westward emigration from the Atlantic seaboard, American civilization may be summed up as a free-for-all scuffle to get rich quickly and by any means. In so far as a person was prepared to accept the terms of this free-for-all and engage in it, so far he was sustained by the exhilaration of what Mr. Dooley called "th' common impulse f'r th' same money." In so far as he was not so prepared, he was deprived of this encouragement.

To mark the tendency of education in these circumstances, we need consider but one piece of testimony. The late Charles Francis Adams was an educated man who overlived the very fag-end of the period when an American youth could afford, more or less hardly, to be educated. He was a man of large affairs, in close relations with those whom the clear consenting voice of American society acclaimed as its representative men, and whose ideals of life were acclaimed as adequate and satisfying; they were the Fords, Eastmans, Owen Youngs, Hoovers of the period. At the close of his career he wrote this:

As I approach the end, I am more than a little puzzled to account for the instances I have seen of business success—money-

getting. It comes from rather a low instinct. Certainly, as far as my observation goes, it is rarely met in combination with the finer or more interesting traits of character. I have known, and known tolerably well, a good many "successful" men—"big" financially—men famous during the last half-century; and a less interesting crowd I do not care to encounter. Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again, either in this world or in the next; nor is one of them associated in my mind with the idea of humour, thought, or refinement. A set of mere money-getters and traders, they were essentially unattractive and uninteresting. The fact is that money-getting, like everything else, calls for a special aptitude and great concentration; and for it I did not have the first to any marked degree, and to it I never gave the last. So, in now summing up, I may account myself fortunate in having got out of my ventures as well as I did.

This is by no means the language of a man who, like my acquaintance from the Middle West, is sustained and emboldened by the consciousness of being in co-operation with his fellows—far from it. It will be enough, I think, to intimate pretty clearly the divisive and separatist tendency of education, and to show the serious risk that a young person of the present day incurs in acquiring an education. As matters now stand, I believe that he should not take that risk, and that any one advising or tempting him to take it is doing him a great disservice.

IV

An educated young man likes to think; he likes ideas for their own sake and likes to deal with them disinterestedly and objectively. He will find this taste an expensive one, much beyond his means, because the society around him is thoroughly indisposed towards anything of the kind. It is preëminently a society, as John Stuart Mill said, in which "the test of a great mind

is agreeing in the opinions of small minds." In any department of American life this is indeed the only final test; and this fact is in turn a fair measure of the extent to which our society is inimical to thought. The president of Columbia University is reported in the press as having said the other day that "thinking is one of the most unpopular amusements of the human race. Men hate it largely because they cannot do it. They hate it because if they enter upon it as a vocation or avocation it is likely to interfere with what they are doing." This is an interesting admission for the president of Columbia to make—interesting and striking. Circumstances have enabled our society to get along rather prosperously, though by no means creditably, without thought and without regard for thought, proceeding merely by a series of improvisations; hence it has always instinctively resented thought, as likely to interfere with what it was doing. Therefore, the young person who has cultivated the ability to think and the taste for thinking is at a decided disadvantage, for this resentment is now stronger and more heavily concentrated than it ever was. Any doubt on this point may be easily resolved by an examination of our current literature, especially our journalistic and periodical literature.

The educated lad also likes to cultivate a sense of history. He likes to know how the human mind has worked in the past, and upon this knowledge he instinctively bases his expectations of its present and future workings. This tends automatically to withdraw him from many popular movements and associations because he knows their like of old, and knows to a certainty how they will turn out. In the realm of public affairs, for instance, it shapes his judgment of this or that humbugging political nostrum that the crowd

is running eagerly to swallow; he can match it all the way back to the politics of Rome and Athens, and knows it for precisely what it is. He cannot get into a ferment over this or that exposure of the almost incredible degradation of our political, social and cultural character; over an investigation of Tammany's misdoings; over the Federal Government's flagitious employment of the income-tax law to establish a sleeping-partnership in the enterprises of gamblers, gangsters, assassins, and racketeers; over the wholesale looting of public property through official connivance; over the crushing burden which an ever-increasing bureaucratic rapacity puts upon production. He knows too much about the origin and nature of government not to know that all these matters are representative, and that nothing significant can be done about them except by a self-sprung change of character in the people represented. He is aware, with Edmund Burke, that "there never was for any long time a corrupt representation of a virtuous people, or a mean, sluggish, careless people that ever had a good government of any form." He perceives, with Ibsen, that "men still call for special revolutions, for revolutions in politics, in externals. But all that sort of thing is trumpery. It is the soul of man that must revolt."

Thus in these important directions, and in others more or less like them, the educated youth starts under disadvantages from which the trained youth is free. The trained youth has no incentive to regard these matters except as one or another of them may bear upon his immediate personal interest. Again, while education does not make a gentleman, it tends to inculcate certain partialities and repugnances which training does not tend to inculcate, and which are often embarrassing and retarding. They set up a sense of self-respect and dignity as an

arbiter of conduct, with a jurisdiction far outreaching that of law and morals; and this is most disadvantageous. Formerly this disadvantage was not so pressing, but now it is of grave weight. At the close of Mr. Jefferson's first term, some of his political advisers thought it would be a good move for him to make a little tour in the North and let the people see him. He replied, with what now seems an incomprehensible austerity, that he was "not reconciled to the idea of a chief magistrate parading himself through the several States as an object of public gaze, and in quest of an applause which, to be valuable, should be purely voluntary." In his day a chief magistrate could say that and not lose by it; Mr. Jefferson carried every northern State except Connecticut and every southern State except Maryland. At the present time, as we have lately been reminded, the exigencies of politics have converted candidacy for public office into an exact synonym for obscene and repulsive exhibitionism.

Again, education tends towards a certain reluctance about pushing oneself forward; and in a society so notoriously based on the principle of each man for himself, this is a disadvantage. Charles Francis Adams's younger brother Henry, in his remarkable book called *The Education of Henry Adams*, makes some striking observations on this point. Henry Adams was no doubt the most accomplished man in America, probably the ablest member of the family which as a whole has been the most notable in American public service since 1776. His youth was spent in acquiring an uncommonly large experience of men and affairs. Yet he says that his native land never offered him but one opportunity in the whole course of his life, and that was an assistant-professorship of history at Harvard, at four dollars a day; and he says further that he "could have wept

on President Eliot's shoulder in hysterics, so grateful was he for the rare good-will that inspired the compliment." He recalls that at the age of thirty:

No young man had a larger acquaintance and relationship than Henry Adams, yet he knew no one who could help him. He was for sale, in the open market. So were many of his friends. All the world knew it, and knew too that they were cheap; to be bought at the price of a mechanic. There was no concealment, no delicacy, and no illusion about it. Neither he nor his friends complained; but he felt sometimes a little surprised that, as far as he knew, no one seeking in the labor market even so much as inquired about their fitness. . . . The young man was required to impose himself, by the usual business methods, as a necessity on his elders, in order to compel them to buy him as an investment. As Adams felt it, he was in a manner expected to blackmail.

Such were the disabilities imposed upon the educated person fifty years ago, when as Adams says, "the American character showed singular limitations which sometimes drove the student of civilized man to despair." Owing to increased tension of the economic system, they are now much heavier. Even more than then, the educated youth emerges, as Adams and his friends did, to find himself "jostled of a sudden by a crowd of men who seem to him ignorant that there is a thing called ignorance; who have forgotten how to amuse themselves; who can not even understand that they are bored."

One might add a few more items to the foregoing, chiefly in the way of spiritual wear and tear—specific discouragements, irritations, disappointments—which in these days fall to the lot of the educated youth, and which the trained youth escapes; but I have mentioned enough for the purpose. Now, it is quite proper to say that the joys and satisfactions of being educated

should be brought out as an offset. One cannot get something for nothing, nor can one "have it going and coming." If an education is in itself as rewarding a thing as it is supposed to be, it is worth some sacrifice. It is unreasonable to court the joy of making oneself at home in the world's culture, and at the same time expect to get Standard Oil dividends out of it. Granted that your educated lad is out of step, lonesome, short on business acumen and concentration, and all the rest of it—well, he has his education; nobody can get it away from him; his treasure is of the sort that moth and rust do not corrupt, and stock-market operators cannot break through and mark down quotations on it. Agreed that if Charles Francis Adams had not been an educated gentleman he might have become another Gould, Fisk, Harriman, Rockefeller, Huntington, Morgan; but given his choice, would he have swapped off his education and its satisfactions for the chance to change places with any of them? Certainly not.

Certainly not; but times have changed. If economic opportunity were now what it was even in Henry Adams's day, a young person just starting out might think twice about balancing the advantages of an education against its disadvantages. In that day, by a little stretching and with a little luck, a young person might come to some sort of compromise with society, but the chance of this is now so remote that no one should take it. Since the closing of the frontier, in or about 1890, economic exploitation has tightened up at such a rate that compromise is hardly possible. It takes every jot of a young person's attention and energy merely to catch on and hang on; and as we have been noticing these last two years, he does not keep going any too well, even at that. The question is not one of being willing

to make reasonable sacrifices; it is one of accepting every reasonable prospect of utter destitution. The joys and satisfactions of an education are all that Commencement orators say they are, and more; yet there is force in the Irishman's question, "What's the world to a man when his wife's a widdy?"

V

Things may change for the better, in time; no doubt they will. Economic opportunity may, by some means unforeseen at present, be released from the hold of its present close monopoly. The social value of intellect and character may some day be rediscovered, and the means of their development may be rehabilitated. Were I to be alive when all this happens, I should take up my parable of five years ago, and speak as strongly for education as I did then. But I shall not be alive, and I suspect also that none of the young persons now going out into the world from our training-schools will be alive; so there is no practical point to considering this prospect at present. Hence I can only raise my voice in recantation from the mourner's bench, a convert by force of expediency if not precisely in principle—rice-Christian style, perhaps, and yet, what is one to say? I belong to an earlier time, and for one reason or another the matter of rice does not present itself as an over-important problem, but nevertheless I see that the Christians have now "cornered" all the rice, so I cannot advise young persons to do as I and my contemporaries did. No, they are right, their training-schools are right; Richard Roe and I are wrong. Let them be honest Christians if they can possibly manage the will-to-believe—one can make astonishing successes with that sometimes by hard trying—but if not, let them be rice-Christians, they can do no better.

The Lion's Mouth



DEPRESSION DAN

BY PHILIP CURTISS

IT HAD been a long time since I had seen Dan Diddleworth looking so happy and prosperous. With an air he had not worn in years, he leaped from a fine new runabout and came whistling up the garden path, but the minute that he had planted himself in front of my study fireplace I saw the reason.

"Pete," he announced, "I've got something that I know will interest you. It's a brand new proposition."

My heart sank. "Dan," I replied, "if you will turn around and look in that old toddy bowl on the mantel you will see a five-dollar bill, a one-dollar bill, and about thirty cents in loose change. If—"

With a sweeping gesture Dan cut me short. "Fine!" he exclaimed. "Dead broke, eh? Then you're right in the market for my line of goods."

I looked at him blankly. "What is your line of goods?"

"Just that," replied Dan. "I'm selling depression. My business is to go around and talk with people about the hard times."

"Now, Dan," I broke in. "Just a moment—please. When you came to sell me a vacuum cleaner that wouldn't work you must admit that I took my

punishment like a man. And even when you wanted to sell me an asbestos mine in Honduras, at least I listened to you with a straight face. But now if you won't take my word that I couldn't raise five cents to buy the United States mint and that I haven't sold—"

As I reached this point I noticed that Dan had taken out his watch and when, eventually, I had spluttered myself into silence, he nodded sagely.

"Three minutes and twenty-two seconds," he remarked. "You're not so bad. My last patient took nearly an hour."

"What in the world are you talking about?" I demanded.

"Well, here's the idea," explained Dan. "You know that until a year or so ago I never seemed to strike the main channel of fortune. I always seemed to be stuck with some piffling little thing like that asbestos mine."

"Or a vacuum cleaner," I remarked.

"Or a patent lock for keeping chickens inside until they laid eggs," finished Dan, promptly. "Well when the depression came you can imagine what happened to that sort of business. Where people once used to greet me with a pitying smile, now they began to set the dog on me. Our sales managers pepped us up with talks on 'The smile that wins,' but it didn't work. I was actually down to my very last penny when one morning I happened to call on the man who owns that great big place over in Eastford."

"Old Blinkers?" I suggested. "Wow!"

"That's just what I thought my-

self," agreed Dan, "but I hadn't had any breakfast that morning, so I tightened my belt and went in. The old chap was fooling around his rose garden. He turned in a snarling sort of way and snapped, 'Good morning.'

"Well, sir," continued Dan, "I don't know what struck me, but instead of opening with my usual line I came right back at him. 'No,' I said, 'it *isn't* a good morning. It's one of the rottenest mornings I ever saw in my life and I hope you choke.'

"For a minute old Blinkers just stared at me in a dazed sort of way and then he broke into a broad grin. 'Well, if that's the way you feel,' he answered, 'come in and sit down. It's just how I feel myself.'

"And so," explained Dan, "the old man and I sat down on a bench and told each other just what we thought. And, believe me, as a hard-luck talker I was a piker compared to him. He knew ways of losing money that I hadn't even heard of. However, in a couple of hours he began to feel better and, the first thing I knew, he asked me to lunch. When I left he gave me ten dollars and told me to call again.

"So out I went," said Dan, "and the first thing I did was to throw my sales outfit over the nearest fence. People didn't want silver paint or patent chicken locks or little gadgets to hold up their sleeves. What everybody wanted was a good fat chance to say just how he felt. So there was my job, ready made and right to my hand. I became a professional hard-times listener. The next thing I did was to stop where a man was hoeing corn. 'Well, neighbor,' I said, 'we're all having pretty hard luck, but I suppose the worst of it is falling on you farmers.' Like a trout to a bait he laid down his hoe and five minutes later he had asked me to supper. And when I got him on the subject of milk prices,

his wife said that I'd better spend the night."

"Well, what happened next?" I suggested.

Dan made the wide gesture of a confident and successful man. "A cinch!" he replied. "It went like wildfire. Of course I can't stop to tell the intermediate stages but inside a month I had all the business I could do and I had been paid in everything from gasoline to white rabbits. I even got one free trip to the Yellowstone.

"And, after all," he argued, "wasn't it perfectly logical? For the biggest bunk in the world is this idea that people don't want to talk about the depression. As a matter of fact it's the only thing they *do* want to talk about. It's the only way they get any relief. The exhorters keep saying, 'Come, come, don't talk about the depression. Say something cheery.' Cheery me eye! Go to a party nowadays and the fun doesn't even begin until someone starts off on the depression. Then watch the eyes brighten and the heads pick up. It's the only topic in the world big enough to crowd out prohibition."

I glanced through the window at the new runabout which rested by the garden gate. "That's all very well," I remarked, "but don't tell me you bought that car with white rabbits."

"Oh, that," explained Dan, "was just how I started. When I saw what a gold mine I'd struck I opened an office and went into the thing in a really big way. 'Mental Revitalization' is what I now call my profession, but actually it's just the same. All I do is mention the depression to my patients and then let them shoot the works."

"But as that is what everybody is doing anyway," I replied, "why do they have to go to you?"

"Listen," said Dan. "You don't stop going to a doctor just because you

know about quinine. I have to study my cases, like any expert, and no two of them are exactly alike. For example, some people want to talk about their own troubles but they don't want to hear about anyone else's. With them I keep mum. Others like to tell their own troubles just to get the ball rolling, but what they really want is to hear how much worse hit someone else has been. I was called in last week for a woman patient who went to smash nervously because she couldn't go to Europe this year. I simply told her that the Van Stuyvesants, over in Greenport, had had to take their boy out of Harvard and that the Hoyt-Willards, of Hoytsville, were eating in the toolhouse and sleeping in the garage. Instantly the color came back to her cheeks and she slept like a child."

"From which I gather," I ventured, "that your practice is now entirely among the rich."

"By no means," replied Dan. "By the very nature of the case I have many patients in very straitened circumstances. For instance I call every week on a world-famous author who is now down to nothing. He couldn't pay me anything even if he wanted to, but watching him eat bean soup out of an agateware basin gives me a bit of color that is invaluable in my other practice. Then, besides, I have what I call my observation clinics, where I do not even make myself known. One morning each week I spend in town in some stockbroker's office—just to listen and keep up my technic."

Dan rose to his feet but lingered suggestively. I recognized the signs.

"And this visit?" I asked. "Do you regard it professionally or is it just an observation case?"

Dan rubbed his hands and shrugged his shoulders. "That is for you to say. Have I done you any good?"

"Oh, lots of good," I admitted, un-

guardedly, "but you remember what I told you."

Dan glanced at the toddy bowl on the mantelpiece. "You said, I believe, that you had a one-dollar bill and a five. How about the five?"

With a practiced air he extracted the bill, then turned back to me, all briskness and cheer. "Now just relax," he ordered, "and I'll call again in about two weeks. And if, in the meantime, you feel the old trouble returning, just think about that other author who is eating bean soup."

Before I could even reply he was out of the door, and a moment later I heard his car starting off. I looked in the toddy bowl and found that the one-dollar bill was actually left there.

"Oh, well," said I to myself, "what does it matter? Two years ago I'd have bought a vacuum cleaner or an asbestos mine."



A LITTLE LEARNING . . .

BY FRANCES WOODWARD PRENTICE

EARLIER than usual this spring Aunt Agatha departed for her farm in the Berkshires. Conversation in New York, she said, consisted exclusively of people's detailed accounts of their financial misfortunes. She found it worse than what she went through in the heyday of surgery.

"I thought then that gall bladders and appendices plumbed the final depths of social boredom and lack of reticence. But I was wrong. The amputations of my friends' incomes make for still more indecent chatter. Fortunately, I have practiced being unsympathetic for years, and now it is second nature to me."

Last week we were motoring to Maine and stopped off for the night with Aunt Agatha. In the morning we walked down to her garden and settled ourselves rather uncomfortably on a stone bench to read a book we had brought along. Aunt Agatha appeared suddenly around a box hedge, and cried out angrily:

"Don't bring a book like that into my garden! Or anywhere on my place, when it comes to that!"

Bewildered, we protested that it was a very interesting volume, written by a woman who, having led a brilliant cosmopolitan life, had finally married an American Indian, and settled down to a beautiful, elemental, simple existence in the desert of the Southwest.

"I know it is," replied Aunt Agatha with some fierceness. "That's just the trouble. It's another of those frightful pieces of propaganda for the back-to-the-farm movement. You can't pick up a book or a magazine these days without being told by some zany that the salvation of mankind lies in a return to the soil. Even these tabloids suggest the thing, with a sort of hot cha-cha leer at the private lives of cows."

"Hot cha-cha" struck us as an unlikely addition to Aunt Agatha's vocabulary. We said as much.

"I know," she said bitterly. "It comes of knowing how to read. There were a couple of magazines at your house this winter; one, as I remember, was a burlesque on advertising, and the other was a burlesque on a burlesque on advertising. Modern taste and, therefore, very bad. That sort of thing used to be confined to whispers in woodsheds, with occasional chalk illustrations drawn on fences. Those artists have apparently graduated to the magazines now, taking their preliminary training, I gather, by adding mustaches and other embellishments to

the faces of ladies pictured on billboards. It makes a pathetic unsophistication of Hogarth.

"I notice the manufacturers have given up advertising that the way to keep the young people home evenings is to install a billiard table. Possibly because the thing now is to install a reproduction of the old-fashioned smoking car, complete with traveling salesmen, and scented by stale minds?"

She removed her gardening gloves, laid down her pruning shears, and sighed profoundly. "Farms!" she muttered morosely, "Bah!"

All her life Aunt Agatha had been an ardent country dweller for the major part of the year. We didn't, we ventured, understand her bitterness.

"Of course you don't. You still think that Gutenberg, or whoever it was, did the world a service by inventing the printing press. Pickles and whey! The presses have been belching one sort of poison or another ever since. And now it's the farms. I am rejoiced at my extreme old age. I have at least the hope that I shall die before people really begin living simple rustic lives."

She stamped angrily on a beetle.

"It isn't economics that have ruined the country," she said. "It's this fever to teach everyone to read. My husband would never hire a coachman who could read. He said if the man could read he would probably do it, and not take care of the horses. Well, these fools in Washington have taught 'em all now, and then let loose a flood of pamphlets on the rural free delivery boxes. The farmers were getting on all right. And then their mail boxes were stuffed with printed matter telling them how to get on better. And what happened? They sat around and tried to keep up with the latest methods of putting in carrots, and got so confused that they didn't put in any

carrots at all. The present situation is that every farmer is reading, and the farms are perishing of neglect."

We remarked soothingly that her farm seemed to have survived. But she was not soothed.

"And why has it?" she demanded crossly; "Because not one of those government bulletins about how to farm has ever come on my place. Bulletins, indeed!"

"And now," she said somberly, indicating my book with the gesture of a housewife who has discovered moths in the cedar chest, "this kind of thing. The charm of simple life. The goodness of the soil. The return to elementals. It's the beginning of the end."

"What kind of a book did they give the Pulitzer prize to this year? A good rousing romance set in an insane asylum, like the best sellers a year or two ago? Not at all. They picked something setting forth the lure of being unwashed and unhappy on a farm. Of course the farm was in China. But that makes no matter. It's the typewriting on the wall. It simply means that literature about farms has been taken out of the rural mail boxes, where at least it was sometimes eventually used for lighting fires and other useful domestic purposes, and distributed to the cities. It's going to do untold harm. In six months the urban population of the nation will be infected with a desire to keep bees, and then God knows what will happen."

"People in towns used to have a healthy hate for the country. There was dear Mrs. Bell in Boston who used to instruct her friends when they went away for the summer to kick a tree for her. She was also the one who, being one day seduced into walking through a garden, was amazed to see asparagus growing in its native state. She had always thought, she

said, that it came straight and the cook braided it. Now that," said Aunt Agatha gazing wistfully at a robin, "was the sound state of ignorance which made for prosperity and decency."

"If printing presses ruin the farm for me," she continued, "it means that the last thing I have managed to cling to is gone. First it was my furniture. It belonged, most of it, to my grandfather, was considered ugly and unfashionable, and so had some distinction. And then the writers set up a roar about Early America. I had to stop having people to stay here, after the day I found Carrie Saunders actually lying under the mahogany secretary in the library and scratching its bottom with a nail. She said she wanted to see if it was authentic Something or Other, and tried to make me read a lot of tosh in a seventy-five cent magazine."

"The thing died out when those nincompoops, the reading public, discovered that cracker boxes covered with aluminum paint were chic. But in spite of myself I picked up some of the chatter, and even now I can't walk through my house without thinking of the furniture in obscene terms like Duncan Phyfe and Sandwich."

"Obscene?" we murmured doubtfully.

"Obscene!" cried Aunt Agatha, loudly and a little wildly; "I *choose* to think of those words as obscene. If I don't I have no obscenities left. I used to have. I think the things I most enjoyed ten years ago were my unclean Victorian mind and my conviction that children should be neither seen nor heard. Then the printing presses fell on psychiatry and the importance of the child. First they discovered sex, then they popularized it, and in no time it was not a delightful scandal, but rather a dreary obligation. What the young women do these days

to bolster up their secret sense of self-importance I don't know. It used to be that a couple of surreptitious kisses in a conservatory would result in the most agreeable sense of sin, lasting for weeks. Now an entire month spent in Bermuda with a man you're not married to is looked on as a wholesome exhibition of therapeutic common sense. And, what's more, you can't tweak a child's ear in natural distaste without being given an article to read about it. Articles! Reading! Holy saints!"

She brandished the pruning shears savagely and rose.

"By next summer we shall be treated to the spectacle of all the citizens of this unhappily literate nation sitting around the farms they have taken up and reading aloud to one another from books about silos and sheep dip, to the steady accompaniment of the crash of falling barns.

"I can see them now. The women will wear those pajamas that look like slip covers, and the men will wear black shirts, which they will wash anyway, thus defeating the whole Fascist purpose."

She decapitated a couple of flowers with determined grimness and turned to go.

"Of course," she paused to say, "there may be some natural end to the thing. Perhaps everyone will go blind with eye strain. Maybe the country's forests will be completely destroyed to make paper on which to print the charms of the country's forests. But as far as I am concerned it is too late. Reading!" said Aunt Agatha. "Educating the masses! I personally think that massacring the educators would have been a sounder plan."

She bade us good-by absently. She was, she said, preoccupied with the problem of her potatoes. They were not doing well, and she was trying to find a reliable spray for book rot.



IF LITERARY CRITICS WROTE LIKE MUSIC CRITICS

BY ERNEST BOYD

AFTER a brief exordium, which is one of the author's most beautiful examples of synathroesmus, the theme is posited in a split infinitive, which is later repeated in its negative and affirmative forms, and in every mood and tense, until a daring zeugma introduces a brilliant brachycatalectic passage, terminating in a semicolon. The ensuing anacoluthon, which is merged, after a gradual transition, in a long parenthesis, is retrieved in antanaclasis, being finally resolved into an auxesis. A series of exquisite hendecasyllabics, enhanced at frequent intervals by hendiadys, and punctuated by the skilful interjection of four commas and six colons, brings us to the second motive, in which the author's characteristic use of the cæsura is noted. The non-dominant rhymes of the virelai are transferred to the ghazel, with which the first movement reaches its triumphant close.

In the second movement the principal subject, hitherto heard only in paradiastole and parenthyron, emerges in repeated synecdoches, to the accompaniment of tapeinosis, and glides insensibly into the passionate symplotic by a combination of epanaphora and epistrophe. Then the style is reversed and, instead of the original mere accompaniment figure, trochaic tripodes take up the subject in a threnos, whose strophe and antistrophe afford us a perfect stasimon. The sestina, with its alexandrines arranged in three six-line stanzas, followed by a three-line half-stanza, rhymed on two rhymes

only, shows the author's superb mastery of his medium, and prepares the reader for the paraenetics in which the audacity of the *paraleipsis* baffles description.

The great diapason of the last movement is achieved by the introduction of *ithyphallic* verses for the duration of one canto, after which they are transposed, by the deftest *Toscanaggia-mento*, into a *stornello*, which some have condemned as *soraismus*, but which lifts the whole composition to the plane of the loftiest *pragmatographia*. The *polyptoton* in the antepenultimate paragraph caused a sensation in Prague in 1864, when the author first used it in his memorable *Trobar Clus*, dedicated to his master Arnaut Daniel (1180-1200). By the boldest *antonomasia* the author finally resumes his main theme, the eternal problem of life and death, and the *aposiopesis* with which he leaves the question unsolved is equalled only by the soaring beauty of the *enthymemes* in which the *cæsura* is *hepthemimeral* for the space of six hexameters, until the *prosopopoea* is reached. The magnificent *rondel*, with its two quatrains followed by a quintain rhymed after the formula *abba abab abbaa* fittingly brings to a close this monument of enduring rhyme.

Messrs. Jones and Brown, Inc., produced the work yesterday before an enthusiastic audience, which was again impressed by their masterly technic. They kept the deckle-edge rag paper well under control, although a certain weakness was noticeable in the joints of the brown buckram binding with bevelled edges. The foreedges and margins were beautifully balanced by the gilt top, and the colophon at the conclusion of the performance brought down the house. The electrotyping and binding were worthy of the printers, whose ensemble work on the linotype has so greatly improved since last season. The passage in the second canto which Messrs. Robinson and Jones set in Caslon old face when the work was published in Boston two years ago is now presented in Bodoni, and yesterday's applause amply demonstrated the effectiveness of those square serifs without fillet, rendered only as Messrs. Jones and Brown know how to render them, with the slight shortening of the ascending and descending letters and the marked contrast between the light and heavy strokes. When the foreman locked the forms in the chase, every *em* was given its full value, and the roar of the presses thrilled every member of the audience.



Editor's Easy Chair

ABATEMENT OF DELUSIONS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

AT THIS writing the Conventions are just over. The captains, the queens, and the camera-men have departed, the blare of the mechanical music is stilled, the radio ceases to distribute to mankind words of variable wisdom. Blare and brag, solicitation, and defiance have for the moment faded out.

All this is about the Democratic Convention; the Republican meeting, being a foregone conclusion about almost everything, and timid in its handling of such issues as there were, had no tumult in its galleries and was much seemlier and much less interesting. When the Democrats met it was a big show. If the main combatants had been gloved and on a platform with a rope around it, the show could hardly have been more stirring and tumultuous. Hot it was too, and very tiring, so that everybody who was there was glad to get home no matter on what terms. Alfred Smith landed in Long Island and immediately took to the surf. Franklin Roosevelt, whose visit to Chicago after the battle was brief, was less fatigued.

The Democrats have two special successes to their credit—an excellent platform with that forthright and admirable demand for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. That is one, and the other is that they were able to nominate someone without bursting

the Convention wide open and starting the campaign with every man's hand in his brother's neckband. Mr. Roosevelt has not inspired great enthusiasm among Democrats hereabouts, but it is quite possible that, taking the country by and large, he is as good a vote-getter as the delegates could have put up.

And now what is the summer's job? To try out the candidates of course, but that is no more than incidental. The real work of the summer is the Abatement of Delusions. There have been many—all sorts of fancies about candidates, rating them as supermen, as crooks, as incompetents, as statesmen of discernment and valor; all this particularly among the Democrats, though really in the Democratic line-up there are notable men—Alfred Smith, Newton Baker, Owen Young, Ritchie, and plenty more. Out of office for twelve years, the Democrats have developed talent. If Mr. Roosevelt is elected he can have notable men in his administration. He can draw on what is left of Mr. Wilson's lieutenants. He can take counsel with Colonel House, whose candidate he has been from the beginning.

As to that we shall see. But, as said, the main duty of these intervening months is the abatement of delusions. Nobody can do very much for the country until that has made much further progress.

AND what delusions in particular are we to abate?

First of all, and last, and all the time, prohibition, that disastrous fallacy that an organized minority can impose its will permanently on a majority of their brethren in matters relating to their personal habits. The delusion that Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, Mrs. Ella Boole, Bishop Cannon, Dr. Daniel A. Poling, and their like are majestic sovereigns of mankind whose edicts must be obeyed.

Walter Lippmann just touches in a discussion how far Alfred Smith's religious allegiance was a hindrance to him as a candidate for President. The fear of the Catholic Church nowadays is a good deal of a delusion and one that is probably on the way to abatement. The other day when the Pope blew out the votive candles in the churches of Rome that was something. But after all, the fear of the Catholic Church is the fear of the greatest corporation in the world. It is a fear of organization. It is a hang-over from the terrors of past history. In the years of persecution in Europe when nearly all the sects persecuted, the Roman Catholics either did the biggest job or have been best written up. The extermination of the Albigenses by Simon de Montfort at the instigation of Pope Innocent III, and the terrific exploits of Torquemada in Spain still live in the minds of men, and especially Torquemada.

The Roman Catholic doctors of course know that. A number of years ago—not many—a publishing house that issued school books published one which contained something about Torquemada that was probably not to his credit. Several times by members of the Catholic clergy it was brought to the notice of those publishers that these said lines in that book were not acceptable at Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street; but the book con-

tinued to go out, until finally there came a notice from the said seat of authority to stop it; and then it was stopped, for that publishing house at that time could not afford a fight with Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street.

All this is merely to introduce the suggestion that the Roman Catholic Church, though it canonizes many persons, seems to have no process for cleansing itself by open abjuration of servants whose ministrations have made them a discredit to their order. The destruction of the Albigenses may have checked Protestantism in Southern Europe and so seemed to help out the Roman Church, but who can say that Torquemada, that monstrous fanatic, from first to last did it anything but harm?

Here in America we have had proceeding under our noses a form of inquisition, a vast persecution of people, attended by killings and imprisonment, because they dissented from views of certain other people about what drinks are expedient. The evils of this contemporary inquisition have been enormous. Alfred Smith is a champion of opposition to it, and look at him!—impaired as a candidate for the highest public office by the show put on by Torquemada four hundred years ago, by the fires of Smithfield in England, by the outcome of the ferocious horrors of the Thirty Years War, by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes that sent many valuable Frenchmen to the American colonies, and all of them sore, by St. Bartholomew's massacre, by all the harryings of Ireland, and so on, and so on. If there remains in the United States an anti-Catholic sentiment, it has only too much historical basis, and though it is out of date and profoundly modified, one cannot wonder that traces of it remain.

Time and good lives have cleared away most of it. But is it not possible

even now to propose some large process of disinfection by which the Catholic Church shall disavow and get rid of Torquemada, and American politics get rid of Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, Mrs. Ella Boole, the Rev. Daniel Poling, and the Rt. Rev. James Cannon, Jr.? These things are coming to pass. The Roman Catholic Church is by no means at a standstill, but has great treasures of knowledge and of faith. The big Protestant Churches—the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian especially—have much to learn, but they have probably learned something in the last twelve years. It is time they burned a few idols, blew out a few votive candles, and turned their faces back to the faith that they have so gravely mishandled.

So now, if we can clean up the delusion that the Catholic Church would bite our heads off if we elected a Catholic President and that the Protestant Inquisition is really the noble experiment that Mr. Hoover described it, here would be two delusions that the season might dispel.

ANOTHER, that it makes a vital difference who is President or whether the Democrats or the Republicans occupy the high seat, is likely to receive ample attention from the candidates and the campaign speakers.

Our method of providing our government with a head, a new one every four years, seems hardly as good a quest for the best man as the British method of selecting a Premier. They take a man tried out in actual government. We take whoever looks like the best bet to delegates in a convention. We usually get not even that, but a compromise between antagonisms and conflicting interests. But at least it gives us continuity of administration for four years running, which is sometimes an advantage, and it discourages us from relying for governmental salvation on

the presence of exceptional talent or wisdom in the White House. It was curious that immediately on the heels of Torquemada's appalling exhibition in Spain came Columbus and the first discovery of America which produced real results. Isabella, a patron of the Inquisition, though not at all a bad woman, scraped together the money for his first voyage, but the later ones drew apparently on a treasury that was enriched by the spoils of exiled Jews. And that was only four hundred and forty years ago, a mere wink of the all-seeing eye! A good many evils followed—Indian slavery, dreadful barbarities, pirates, buccaneers, all manner of looting, and presently the rise of England as a maritime power, and the decline of Spain.

But why go back to these matters? Because we are to so great an extent the heirs of them. We came from Europe, except the Indians who were here and the blacks that came from Africa and the yellow people from Asia. The great bulk of our population is of European descent and heirs to much which that implies. We are not in a separate world because New York lies three thousand miles from London and San Francisco another three thousand miles from New York. We are not alone in this world nor free from obligations and concern about its management and prosperity. On the contrary, as the heirs of the ages we are the heirs of Europe, tied to her by more bonds than is always appreciated even in Congress. And that brings us to the delusion about the Foreign Debts, that extraordinary infatuation which planned to receive from the war-riddled countries over there large and increasing payments running through a period of sixty years. One laughed years ago at the thought, because it was so evident that anything that upset the immediate order in Europe would blow those arrangements out of

court. The order has gone to grass, and they are done for. The nations of Europe seem at this writing to have pretty much agreed about them at Lausanne, but what the United States will do is still matter for discussion. Mr. Hearst has been for collecting the debts. Mr. McAdoo is said to incline that way, and these two statesmen were very important figures in procuring Mr. Roosevelt's nomination. What will happen in the end is not doubtful—our treasury will get something but not much: the bankers will work it out as well as they can. But what will happen about them between now and election is much more speculative.

Just now Mr. Garner and Mr. Hoover are at odds about details of relief, but that will pass. There has got to be relief, a lot of it, but what we count on to get us out of this quagmire we are in is the compulsion of events. Good men will do their best, and there are a lot of good men, also good women; also thousands of kind people who help one another out of their surpluses if they have any and by word of mouth and lift of hand if they have not. They will beat the bad eggs, the over-selfish, the over-gainful, the mean; but we need not count on miracles of foresight or of administration so much as on the character of the people of the country. It does not take such a lot. Five upright citizens might have saved Sodom. A million or two will save the United States, and there are that many, not including Bishop Cannon nor the Rev. Daniel Poling; and even they have doubtless redeeming traits and might not be bad neighbors on a desert island with a limited water supply. At many things we do well to laugh. It is more kindly and good for the spirit.

Many delusions must here be left untouched, and especially the get-rich-quick schemes, the vast overbuilding in

this monumental city, the towering skyscrapers full of empty floors and mortgages, the immense debts, huge extravagances of government, state, local, and national. It is a strange condition, a tornado has passed, and to be sure the buildings are left standing, but empty. One may conjecture that the original Tower of Babel started in some great boom time in Chaldea.

IT IS not unlikely that in due time the Great War will get more credit than it has yet received as a road-breaker to the New Era and the New Freedom, but that may take some time. A good many current commentators, as Mr. Brisbane, of the Hearst publications, and Mr. Villard of the *Nation*, see nothing but bad in it and think we made a great mistake when we got in. They see what our situation now is, are not pleased with it, and attribute it largely to our participation in the War. Of course they do not see and do not know what our situation would now be if we had stayed out. But after all they seem to be a small minority. The prevailing opinion still is that it belonged to us to get into the War when we did, and that our action simply accorded with destiny.

About all that, we have to go by faith, consoling ourselves as far as possible with the thought that our present sufferings and apprehensions are consequences, not of a great mistake in policy and action in going into the War, but to extraordinary processes in the reconstruction of society which we could not have avoided no matter what we did. By going into the War we incurred very little permanent ill will. The Germans do not hate us and, for that matter, we have never hated them. Our ties with Britain, France, Italy, and other nations have been strengthened so that if any country looks to anybody like the hope of the world, it is still probably this one.





Victoria Ebbels Hutson 1930.

PINE TREE

By Victoria Ebbels Hutson

Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries



Harper's Magazine

HOME AGAIN FROM AMERICA

AN IMMIGRANT REVISITS HIS NATIVE LAND

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

LAST spring, when I received a Guggenheim Fellowship which required me to go to Europe for a year, I was thirty-three and had been in the United States nineteen years. At fourteen—a son of peasants, with a touch of formal “city education”—I had emigrated to America from Carniola, then a tiny Slovenian province of Austria, now an even tinier part of a *banovina* in the new Yugoslav state.

In those nineteen years I had become an American; indeed, I had often thought that I was more American than were most of the native citizens of my acquaintance. I was ceaselessly, almost fanatically, interested in the American scene—in ideas and forces operating in America's national life, in technical advances, in social, economic, and political problems, and generally in the tremendous, tempestuous drama of the New World.

I spoke, wrote, and read only in English. For sixteen years I had practically no close contact with fellow-immigrants of my native nationality. For three years I had been a soldier in the American Army. After the War I had roamed over a good half of the United States, and had been to Hawaii, Philippines, Central and South America. In the last few years I had become an American writer on American subjects for American readers. And I had married an American girl.

To Stella I had told but a few main facts about my childhood and early boyhood in the old country; and what little I had told her of my parents and the village and the house in which I was born, had seemed to her “like a story.” She scarcely believed me. To her I was an American from toes to scalp.

Now, because of my fellowship, we were going to Europe.

One day early in April Stella said, "We'll visit your family in Carniola, of course." She evidently thought this would be the natural thing to do.

"Oh, of course," I said. . . . "Of course," I repeated inaudibly to myself. Then I added aloud, "Just a short visit, though—for an afternoon, perhaps."

She said, "I suddenly realized that you told me you have people over there—in Carniola (I like the sound of the name)—and now I'm curious to know what they're like."

"So am I," I said, though actually, I think, I wasn't; not in any deep, vital sense, at any rate.

None the less, I wrote to my family in the old country that my wife, who was an American and spoke no Slovenian, and I should, in all probability, visit them on Sunday afternoon, May fifteenth. Our ship was scheduled to arrive in Trieste on the fourteenth, and I planned to get the visit over with at once; then we should immediately find a place in the mountains somewhere in Italy, Switzerland, or Austria and I should begin to work on my new book dealing with America.

Three weeks later, in mid-Atlantic, I said to Stella, "I'm a bit scared of this visit home. It's a long time since I left. I was very young and I've changed a great deal—fundamentally—since then. I belong in America. My old country, somehow, is a million miles away. And my old country includes my people.

"Of course, I remember my parents as they were before I left home, but I realize that in these nineteen years they, too, must have changed—not merely grown older, but changed, probably, in their characters. This adds to the distance between them and me.

"I have four brothers and five sisters in Carniola. Seven of them were already in the world nineteen years ago. Two of them were born since then.

Of these two, of course, I have no notion, except that their names are Yozhé and Anica, and their ages are seventeen and fifteen, respectively. The other seven I remember but dimly as they were in 1913. I was the oldest (three children before me had died). My oldest sister, Tonchka, was thirteen. My oldest brother, Stan, was ten. The youngest brother, Francé, was a little over a year. Now he is nearly twenty-one. Tonchka is thirty-two, married, and has two children. Stan is twenty-nine. Another sister, Mimi, was four when I left. Now she is twenty-three, a nun in a hospital, and her name is Manuela. Why she became a nun is more than I know. Then there is my brother Anté and my sisters Paula and Poldka—barely more than names to me. And now I'm going to visit them because that, somehow, seems the proper thing to do."

"It'll probably be very interesting," said Stella.

"It'll probably be very awkward," said I. "During the last fifteen years my contact with home has been exceedingly thin. For two years after America's entry into the War, I could not write to my people because I was in the American army and they were in Austria. For two or three years after the War my circumstances were nothing to write about to anybody; so I didn't. In the last eight or nine years I wrote home, as a rule, once in six months—a card or a short note, to the effect that I was well and hoped they were all well, too. I could not write much more. For one thing, I could not begin to tell them about America and myself; how I felt about America, what a wonderful and terrible place it was, how it fascinated and thrilled me. They might misunderstand something; then I'd have to explain, and there would be no end to writing—to what purpose? At the end they would really know nothing about America or me. Another

thing: of late years I could express only the most ordinary things in my native tongue.

"At home, of course, they did not understand me and why I wrote so little; and they, with their peasant patience, and in their peasant pride (which, as I recall, does not break down even before members of their own family)—they, in turn, asked me for no explanations, and their letters to me were almost as brief as mine to them. They—mother or one of the sisters or brothers—usually answered that they were well, too, thank you. Occasionally they added some such information as that Tonchka had married or had had a child, or that Stan or Anté had had to go into the military service, or that Mimi had become a nun—bare facts, nothing else.

"So I don't know what I'll find. When I left for America, my father was a well-to-do peasant in the village. Now, if one is to believe the American newspapers, all of Europe is on the dumps, and I have no idea how they stand. Then, too, you must remember that I'm coming from America, and when one returns from America, one is supposed to bring with him a pot of money and help those who have stayed at home—while all I have is a fellowship, which is only enough to keep you and me in Europe for a year!"

Stella was optimistic. "The chances are that it won't be as bad as you fear. Perhaps your people are as scared of you, of what America has done to you, and of the kind of girl you married, as you are of them and of what the nineteen years have done to them."

"Maybe," I said. I felt a little better, not much, and not for long.

II

Our ship stopped for a few hours at Lisbon, Gibraltar, Cannes, Naples, and Palermo. Save in Cannes, every-

where, on getting ashore, we were mobbed by ragged youngsters, crying "Gimme! Gimme!" and making signs that they were famished and wanted to eat. In the streets (especially in Lisbon) women with children in their arms approached us and made signs that their babies were hungry. Most of these, no doubt, were professionals, dressed and trained for the business of begging; but even so it was depressing.

"In Yugoslavia it's likely to be even worse," I said.

On the morning of May thirteenth we began to sail along the coast of Yugoslav Dalmatia with its tiny islands and bright little towns along the shoreline, and gradually I began to feel better. I scarcely know why. Perhaps because the hills looked like the hills in Southern California where I used to live. Perhaps also because the Adriatic Sea was even bluer and lovelier than the Mediterranean.

But even so, I was hardly prepared for Dubrovnik, or Ragusa, as the Italians call it. From the ship, as we approached it, it appeared unreal. "Like a stage set for a play," Stella remarked. And another American leaning next to her on the rail, said, "One expects a bunch of actors to appear out there at any moment and begin to sing, 'We are the merry villagers. . . .'"

The boat stopped for three hours and we went ashore. Here we were not mobbed by beggars. Some of the young boys on the pier were almost as ragged as those in Lisbon and in Palermo, but they looked anything but starved or sick. Their grins reached from ear to ear. Their teeth were white and strong. Their faces were brown.

To one of the ragamuffins Stella offered a coin. He looked at her startled. "*Zashto?*—What for?" he asked. I explained to the youngster in Croatian (which, to my surprise, I sud-

denly began to speak with very little difficulty) that my wife wanted to make him a present of the coin. His face went into a scowl. He said: "*Hvala liepa!*—Thank you!—No alms!" Then, as if something just occurred to him, his sun-tanned young features lit up. "If you and the lady wish to be friendly and generous," he grinned, "please give me an American cigarette if you have one."

He got several cigarettes; then his mouth and eyes—his whole face—broke into a smile that I cannot describe. "*Hvala liepa!*" he shouted and dashed off.

I felt grand. "My people!" I said to myself. "No alms!" I could have run after the urchin and hugged him. "My people!" I said aloud.

We walked through the ancient, sun-flooded, and shadowy streets of Dubrovnik, whose early history reaches back into the pre-Christian Roman era. Many of the streets were not streets at all, but twisty stairways running from the main thoroughfares along the waterfront up the steep grades. Some of the people we saw were obviously foreigners—visitors or tourists—but the majority of them were native Dalmatians of all ages in homespun costumes, and Serbo-Mohammedan laborers from Bosnia and Herzegovina, wearing Serbian sandals with upturned toes and Turkish breeches, jackets, and fezzes. On one street we saw two veiled Mohammedan women walking on one side; on the other side were two Catholic nuns. In the clean doorways sat mothers, giving their breasts to infants. There were swarms of growing children all along.

"Such faces!" exclaimed Stella every few minutes. "So sunny and wholesome-looking and lovely. Even the homely ones are beautiful, they're so healthy and brown."

In Dubrovnik—unlike Lisbon, Naples, and Palermo—no one forced him-

self upon us to sell us something. Here no guides were offering their services; there were no shifty-eyed peddlers of obscene photographs. In the little bazaars, where business evidently was poor, the men and women in charge seemingly did not care whether the passers-by stopped to buy their hand-made peasant embroidery, jewelry, and earthenware or not. They talked and laughed among themselves or sat still in the warm sun.

On the way back to the pier, going down a steep stair-street, we came upon a tall, splendidly proportioned Dalmatian girl, dark-haired and blue-eyed, clad in an agreeably colorful medley of several Yugoslav costumes. On her head she balanced a great basket; it seemed a part of her. She walked and swayed from her hips. Her arms were firm and bare. One of them she held akimbo. In the other hand she carried a bunch of golden-rain blossoms. She slowed her pace to look at us; possibly Stella's American dress interested her.

I said, "*Dobar dan!*—Good day!"

"*Dobar dan!*" she returned, smiled—again one of those smiles to which words cannot do justice—and stopped. "Are you *nashki*—of our nationality?"

"I was born a Slovenian," I said. "My wife is American. We come from America."

"So!" said the girl, eagerly. "An uncle of mine is in America. He is a fisherman in Louisiana, where the great river Mississippi falls into the ocean." She smiled all the while.

"She is beautiful," said Stella.

I translated, "My wife says you are beautiful."

The girl's smile widened and deepened, and her face and neck colored. "*Hvala liepa!*" she said. "Please tell your American wife that *she* is beautiful."

I told Stella what the girl had said. Then from the bunch she carried the

girl handed her several twigs of golden rain and, without saying anything, went on up the stairs.

I had a sudden feeling that everything would be all right in Yugoslavia; that, perhaps, even my visit home would be more a pleasure than an ordeal.

III

Fifteen hours later—Saturday morning—the ship docked in Trieste.

Before we got off, there came aboard a Slovenian gentleman, overwhelming in his eager politeness and courtesy. He bowed, shook my hand, bowed again and kissed Stella's hand. Then he proceeded to inform me, in most precise, formal, and yet not unbeautiful words, that he was the personal representative of the *ban*—governor—of Dravska Banovina (which includes Slovenia), and that his special duties were to welcome us officially to my old country, to see that at the Italo-Yugoslav border the Yugoslav customs and immigration people would not disturb our luggage or cause us any other annoyance, and generally to see, so far as was within his power, that our stay in the *banovina* would be the essence of comfort and delight. He was at our command—and he bowed again. Then he bowed once more and said that Slovenia—indeed, entire Yugoslavia—was honored and overjoyed by my homecoming.

All this I tried to take matter-of-factly. I thanked the gentleman in as good a Slovenian as, in my embarrassment, I could command after not having spoken it for sixteen years. Then I told Stella what it was all about.

Wide-eyed, she said after a moment, "But why? Because you're a writer?"

"I suppose so," I said.

"The boy who went into the big world and made good comes home!"

We laughed and the Slovenian, who

understood no English, politely joined in our laughter. Of course, I did not explain to him why the thing was funny to us. I did not tell him, for instance, that the two books I had published in the United States, while praised by critics and reviewers throughout the country, had had tragically unsatisfactory sales; that in America I was a nobody—one of many young scribblers living in eternal dread of the rejection slip; that in America practically no writer draws much water; that for the government officially to honor an author was almost inconceivable in America.

Out of his briefcase the gentleman produced a batch of Slovenian and other Yugoslav newspapers of recent date. Here were long articles about my "wide fame" and "great achievements" in America, containing translated quotations from favorable reviews of my books. In addition, some of the papers carried brief editorials which ended: "To our distinguished countryman and visitor: WELCOME HOME!"—in capital letters.

"As you see, sir," said the *ban's* representative, "the whole country is agog. The newspaper men in Ljubljana"—the capital of the *banovina*—"are eager to interview you, but since the first thing that you doubtless wish to do is rest after the trip and visit your people, I have warned them not to disturb you, say, until Monday or early next week, when and if it shall please you to receive them."

"Oh, thank you very much!" . . . Interview me! On what? I had never been interviewed in my life.

At first I could not understand how all this publicity had broken loose on the eve of my arrival. I recalled that I had sent copies of my books to my parents, but surely they had not engineered the ballyhoo. I recalled, too, that now and then my people had enclosed in their letters one or two little

clippings about me from the Lublyana papers, but that could not be the genesis of all this. Then it occurred to me that a week before we sailed, a man had telephoned to me who said he was the American correspondent for several journals in Yugoslavia, and that he had read in the New York papers about my getting a Guggenheim Fellowship and my forthcoming trip to Europe, which he hoped would include Yugoslavia—would it? I said that it would. What ship was I going on?—and a few other such questions, which I had answered. Then he said that he had followed my “career in America for years” and, now that I was going home, he would write “a little piece” about me. And these columns of stuff in a dozen papers printed in three or four different cities of Yugoslavia were the “little piece.”

But the real reason and significance of all this, which had little to do with me, I learned much later.

IV

The short train ride from Trieste to Lublyana was a delightful experience, especially after we crossed the Italian border, when I was in my old country, at last.

It was a perfect mid-spring afternoon and most of my misgivings of the week before had vanished. Carniola, to all seeming, had not changed a whit. Here was the same river Sava with the same tributaries; the same little lakes and waterfalls; the same thickly wooded hills and mountains, with the snow-capped peaks above them; the same fields and meadows; the same villages and the same little churches, with crude frescoes of saints painted by peasant artists on the outer walls; and the same people, toiling in the same old way—slowly, patiently, somewhat inefficiently (to my American eyes) with semi-primitive tools, on the same fertile black soil. The World War and the

drastic political change, in 1918, from Austria to Yugoslavia—these events had had no effect upon its essential aspects, its exquisite and wholesome beauty, which every few moments took me by the throat.

I am on the verge of raving about my old country, I know, but I do not mean that the regions of Carniola by themselves, with all their congestion of lovely valleys, lakes, rivers, hills, woods, and mountains, are more beautiful than other regions I had seen elsewhere in the world. I know of places in the United States which are vastly grander. But houses and towns in America—a new country—often spoil a natural scene. If not houses and towns, then outdoor advertisements and heaps of tin cans and discarded machinery. In Carniola, however, the simple peasant architecture of the small villages seems to enhance the beauty of the countryside. The houses and villages *belong*. They appear to have grown out of the soil. Most of them have been where they are for five, six, seven hundred years. They are harmonious with the woods, the fields, the lakes. They are in the pattern of the country as a whole, an elemental and sympathetic feature thereof.

The same goes for the people. The peasants driving the oxen on the dirt-roads; the women, young and old, in their colorful working clothes, weeding or hoeing in the fields and now pausing in their work to smile and wave to us in the train; the girls by the riverside, with their up-drawn petticoats, washing the heavy homemade linen by slapping it on big smooth rocks; the woodmen floating freshly felled logs down the river; the barefooted, sturdy children playing before the houses—they all seemed to me inextricably and eternally an important, indigenous part of the scenery, the beauty-pattern, the deep harmony of Carniola.

I was glad to be back in Carniola.

My reaction to its beauty, of course, was enhanced by the fact that it was my native land. I felt like shouting greetings to the peasants in the fields along the railroad.

There was another general impression that I got even on the train. Carniola seemed very, very small. I remembered, for instance, that in my boyhood a trip from Lublyana to Trieste was considered a long journey. It was an event in anybody's life to make it. And here Stella and I were coming from Trieste to Lublyana in a couple of hours by a slow train, humorously called an express, and we thought it was a short trip. The train stopped every few minutes in villages and small towns, which I suddenly recalled at least by name. With my consciousness of distances in the United States, the distances in Carniola now seemed scarcely one-tenth of what I had thought them to be nineteen years ago. Carniola had shrunk from an Austrian province to something hardly bigger than a big Western ranch or a small national park in America.

When, toward evening, we arrived in Lublyana, which once I had considered a large city, it, too—with its 75,000 inhabitants—impressed me as a very small place; for I had behind me New York, Los Angeles, Kansas City, Chicago.

I had an impulse to go from Lublyana right on to my native village, not far from the city, but since I had written to my people that we should not come till Sunday afternoon, we let the *ban's* representative put us up for the night at one of the hotels.

After dinner, Stella went to bed, but I couldn't.

I went out and walked in the dimly-lit, quiet, almost deserted streets till past midnight, and discovered—to my great satisfaction—that, like the rest of Carniola, Lublyana, too, had not changed in its essentials. The old

Roman wall seemed a little more crumbled than I remembered it, and in the middle of the city there was being built a twelve-story *nebotichnik* ("sky-toucher"). But there were the same bridges over the river; the same nine-hundred-year-old fort and castle on the hill; the same five-hundred-year-old City Hall, except that in place of the statue of the Emperor Francis Joseph in front of it there was now a new statue of the late King Peter of Serbia. There were the same old churches and monuments to writers, grammarians, musicians, orators, and poets; the same old stores, with the same old signs over the doors. Here, I remembered, I used to buy paper and pencils while attending the Gymnasium in my early teens. And here I used to buy rolls and apples for my midday lunch; here, in this three-hundred-year-old bookshop, my books; and here my mother used to come shopping for drygoods once in a fortnight. ("She probably still does," I said to myself.) And here was the school I had gone to; here, the house I had roomed in for two years; and here, the theater where I had seen my first Shakespearean performance. Everything came back to me, and once more Lublyana was an important, vital part of my life. . . . Here were street-sweepers, old men with long birch-brooms, sweeping the streets at night in the same old way. Here was a lamplighter with his tall pole, now—toward midnight—putting out some of the lights. Here I almost bumped into a black little fellow—a chimney-sweep! Here glowed the curtained windows of an old coffee house. I entered and ordered a coffee, just to make sure that its tables were occupied by the same types of men as nineteen years ago, reading newspapers, playing chess, talking, talking, talking in low tones so as not to disturb those who read or played chess. . . . Here was stability.

I returned to the hotel tired, inwardly excited, deeply content.

V

Tired as I was, I didn't fall asleep till after daylight. A tenseness, not unpleasant, from which I could not relax, held my body, and my mind throbbed with new impressions, newly stirred memories, thoughts of to-morrow. . . . My mother—how did she look? This, suddenly, was very important. When I had left, she was still on the sunny side of middle life; now she was in her late fifties; she had borne thirteen children, raised ten, and worked hard all her life without pause. My father? He was over eighty. Our house? It was over six hundred years old, but with the possible exception of a new roof it probably was unchanged since I last saw it.

On coming down the next morning, Stella and I saw two tall young men in the middle of the otherwise deserted hotel lobby. They did not see us immediately. One of them nervously paced up and down. The other was furiously smoking a cigarette.

"They must be your brothers!" breathed Stella. We stopped on the stairs. "They resemble you terribly," she added; "only they're handsome—Lord, they're handsome!"

Then the boys saw us, too. They recognized me and their broad, bronzed faces split into big white-toothed grins. They rushed toward me, I rushed down, and we collided at the foot of the stairs. Shaking hands, we began to laugh, all three of us at once. Then Stella joined us, too. We didn't say a word for minutes; we just laughed.

They were Francé and Yozhé, my two younger brothers, Gymnasium students; only, unlike myself in my time, they did not room and board in Lublyana, but came in daily by train. Basically, however, beneath the thin crust of city polish, they were young

peasants: strong and healthy, each with a pair of enormous hands. Looking at them, I had a weird-happy feeling. It was as if I looked in a magic mirror and saw myself at once twelve and sixteen years younger. Stella and I could not take our eyes off them. They spoke a little German and some French, and Stella could exchange a few words with them. But at first they could hardly talk at all, owing to excitement only partly under control.

By and by they explained to me that mother had sent them to Lublyana on the early morning train with orders to find us in the city and fetch us home on the first afternoon train without fail.

Francé said, "The whole village—the whole valley, in fact—is excited as it never was before. For a week now nobody in the seventeen villages of our county has talked of anything but your homecoming, and the talk has already spread to other counties. In our valley the circulation of city newspapers has increased an hundredfold. Everybody has read about you. Everybody wants to see you. The girls and women want to know what sort of girl you married. You're the first from our valley to marry an *Amerikanka*. It's a sensation. . . . At home, in our house, of course, they are all beside themselves. None of us has had a decent night's sleep for a week. Mother, Paula, and Poldka—they sleep in the same room—scarcely closed their eyes for three or four nights, talking, speculating. Last night they spoke of killing our newest bull-calf to celebrate the return of the prodigal, but the calf, poor thing, is only two weeks old and as yet not particularly 'fatted'—so they decided to wait a week or two, till it gets a little closer to the scriptural weight."

We laughed for several minutes. I was unable to translate Francé's words to Stella till later.

I began to realize that during these

nineteen years I, in America, had meant much more to my people than they, remaining in the old country, had meant to me. In the excitement of my life in America, I had lost nearly all feeling for them and for the old country in general. To them, on the other hand, I had been their own intrepid Marco Polo who had ventured from tiny Carniola into the big world at the age of fourteen. Now, after long years, I was coming home! And according to the newspapers, I had become a great man in the big world. I had become "famous," and thereby I had brought renown to Carniola!

VI

That afternoon we took the train home. At the little country railroad station, which is in the village next to ours and which seemed ten times smaller than I recalled it, there stood a crowd of people—peasants, women, young men, girls, children, all in their Sunday-best, some of the men in coat-sleeves, some of the girls in the costumes of the region.

"Lord, I hope they don't begin to cheer or something," said Stella; "that would be just too much."

They stood in silence, save that some of the girls giggled. I didn't know any of them; only a few faces seemed faintly familiar. It was a grand, sweet, painful moment. Here and there, as we walked from the train, one of the young men stuck out his paw to me and said, "*Pozdravljen!*—Greetings! Remember me? I'm So-and-So."

I remembered him, then we laughed, and there was a loud murmur in the crowd.

Then two young men who looked very much alike and resembled Francé, Yozhé, and myself stepped out of the crowd. My two other brothers, a little older than Francé and Yozhé, and even a little taller. One of them was

better-looking than all the other three put together. Stella let out a little shriek of delight. We shook hands.

"I am Stan," said the older one, grinning. He had a tremendous hand, but his grip and the look in his eyes with which he greeted me had the gentleness of a truly strong person.

"I am Anté," said the other, also grinning. He was the handsomest, but, like Stan, a plain young peasant, without city education or polish.

Then all five of us brothers and Stella laughed for all we were worth, and the crowd joined in.

"Where are mother and father and the girls?" I asked.

"At home—all of them," said Stan.

And, I don't know why, but we all laughed again, and we walked home through the fields and meadows, with a mob of young boys behind us. The valley seemed very, very small to me, and very beautiful. The spring was late and things were just beginning to grow. In the bright green of the meadows were big splashes of yellow buttercups and purple clover. Along the ditches grew forget-me-nots in great abundance, and in the shade of a row of hazel bushes I noticed more lilies-of-the-valley in one spot than I had seen during all the nineteen years in America. . . . For a minute everything threatened to go soft in me and I barely managed to hold back my tears.

In Blato—our village—there was another, smaller crowd. I recognized a few faces. There were two or three uncles and as many aunts and scores of cousins, some of whom had come from other villages, but no one said anything. With deep innate tact, they let me hurry on to our house.

The sight of my mother, who waited for me on the same spot in the courtyard of our home where I had said good-by to her in 1913, gave me a sharp sting. She had aged and her body had shrunk; her hair was gray

and thin, her eyes and cheeks were sunken, but her hug told me that she still was hale and strong. Suddenly I was sorry that I hadn't written to her oftener. I wanted to say something; but what was there to say? She herself said nothing. She smiled a little and, as she held my hands, her body swayed a little, right and left, in sheer, inexpressible happiness.

My father, also gray and shrunken, offered me a trembling, wrinkled hand, but on the whole, despite his age, he was well and in full possession of his faculties. He smiled and said, "You have come at last. We greet you."

And there were the girls. Four of them stood against the wall of the house.

"I am Tonchka," said my oldest, married sister, who had come from Belgrade to be home when I arrived. She looked like a young matron.

"I am Paula"—my next-to-the-oldest sister. Great coils of brown hair were wound around her head. A tragic love affair, of which I learned subsequently, had etched into her face, which was lovely before, a beauty that now causes a crisis in my vocabulary.

"I am Poldka"—my third sister, a vivacious, open-faced girl, dressed in a national costume. Two thick light-brown braids hung down her back. She was the only one who gave way to emotion and cried a little. "I'm so glad!"

"I am Anica"—my youngest sister, the baby of the family, a reticent, shy young girl, whom, like Yozhé, I had never seen before.

Finally, a nun appeared in the doorway above the stairs—my sister Mimi, now called Manuela. This was her first visit home since her profession a year before. I ran up to her. She said nothing; she smiled—a young Madonna face, if a face ever was entitled to be called that. She said, "I am Manuela." We shook hands. I

had been told a moment before that because she was a nun, I could not embrace or kiss her. I could shake hands with her only because I was her brother. I looked at her—at the oval, smooth, serene face, with its lively blue eyes and glowing red cheeks, under the broad, starched white headgear of her order—and couldn't (and can't yet) understand why she became a nun.

After a while we all trooped into the house, in which all ten of us had been born, and before us, our father and grandfather, and our ancestors for I don't know how many generations back. But for some improvements here and there, the house had not changed; only, of course, it seemed much smaller than I had thought it was. I noticed that my mother and sisters used the same sort of utensils in the kitchen as were used in 1913. There were the same old tile stoves downstairs and upstairs; the same beds, tables, chairs, benches, and chests; the same pictures and ornaments on the walls. Upon the windowsills were flower-pots with flowers just beginning to bud. The curtains, bed spreads, and table covers throughout the house were brand new. They had been spread and hung for my homecoming. They were my sisters' handiwork: lace and embroidery, exquisite designs and color combinations. (Later I learned that my sisters were members of the Yugoslav Peasant Handicraft Institute, which sold the products of their hands to Belgian lace merchants and to English curio dealers in Egypt, who then sold them to American importers and to foreign tourists as Belgian or Egyptian native handwork. One of my sisters showed me lace she was making with sphinx and pyramid designs. She said: "Some American lady will probably buy this in Alexandria or Cairo next year!"—and we all laughed.)

In the large room, the table was set

with a great bowl of forget-me-nots in the center. There was food and wine for all of us, and we sat down and tried to eat and drink, but to my mother's dismay none of us was very successful. We were all too excited, too happy, too full of emotions for which we had no expression.

In the middle of the meal, apropos of nothing in particular, my sister Paula, her sad, sweet face all in a big smile, silently pinned a few lilies-of-the-valley on Stella's jacket and a few on my coat lapel.

"They're beautiful," said Stella, which I translated to Paula.

"Yes," said Paula, "there are so many of them this year that one could take a scythe and mow them like grass or clover." Then she added, "I guess it's all in your honor," and smiled again.

This "got" me; she was so sincere and fine. I seized her rough hand and tried to kiss it. But this was too much for Paula. She tore herself away from me, burst into tears and fled from the room.

"She can't stand anyone's being affectionate with her," remarked sister Tonchka. "Just leave her alone."

Stella found herself in an awkward position. At first she understood almost nothing of what was said. I translated some of the conversation to her. She could not eat, either. Everybody looked at her. I was discreetly questioned as to her family. They all tried to please her. Of course, as they were unable to speak her language, it was as awkward for them as it was for her. But after a while she and they developed a system of hands-and-eyes language, with which they managed to communicate some of their simpler thoughts to one another without my aid.

Essentially simple and straightforward, Stella won my people from the start. My sister Poldka said to me,

"You have no idea, we were all so scared that you—a famous writer—would come home with some stiff, haughty foreign dame, and now, I guess, you can imagine how relieved we all are. God, but I wish I could talk with her!"

And Stella said to me, "It's almost unbelievable, this family of yours. It's the sort of family one could write a saga about. . . . I thought that, having let you go to America at the age of fourteen, they would be indifferent to you. But now I see that they love you without being possessive. I suppose that, peasant-like, they accepted your going to America as they accept any other trick of fate, without changing their basic affection for you. When you didn't write for a long time, that was another trick of fate which came along for them to accept, but it really made no difference so far as caring for you was concerned. I think it's wonderful to be that way. . . . Please tell them that I love them all."

I told them.

"*Hvala lepa*," said mother and Poldka. The others said nothing. They grinned and lowered their eyes. Poldka, who, as I say, is the most free-spoken in the family, said, "Tell her for us that we love her, too. We could just hug her—even though we have no practice in hugging."

I translated this to Stella. We all laughed again.

VII

In the courtyard and in the apple-orchard people began to gather: people of our own village and of adjoining communities, neighbors, relatives, friends of the family. "I guess they want to see you," said mother, "and since we can't ask them all into the house, you will have to go out."

So out we went, Stella, a few of my brothers and sisters, and I. Then there was much sincere handshaking.

"*Pozdravljen! . . . Pozdravljen! . . .* Welcome home!" The men made some reticent remarks and asked a few hesitant questions. "I remember well when you went to America. . . . After all these years, how does the village look to you?" Some of them seemed embarrassed, acting as they thought simple peasants should act in the presence of a man who was written up in the papers, but after a while this manner broke down, whereupon there was a lot of fine, simple talk, punctuated by bursts of honest mirth.

I talked with a young peasant, now married and father of five children, who claimed that once he had licked me in a fight over the possession of a whistle. Another young fellow admitted that I had beaten him up several times and recalled to my mind the causes of our frequent battles. One old peasant woman insisted that I come to her house, a stone's throw from ours, and there she showed me something I had scrawled on a wall about another boy in the village when I was ten or eleven years old.

I talked with Uncle Mikha, my favorite uncle, who is some fifteen years younger than my father. Till lately, he had been mayor of our county; a sound, intelligent old peasant. He and I had been good friends in my early boyhood. First we exchanged a few conventional remarks, then he drew me aside, cleared his throat, shifted the weight of his body from one leg onto the other and back again, and said, "You may be a big man in the world, as the papers have it, but I am going to give you a piece of my mind anyhow. I think it wasn't at all nice not to write to your mother oftener than you did. She talked to me about you when you didn't write for a long time. She worried. At night she couldn't sleep thinking maybe you were in trouble or dead. I am telling you this because I have liked

you ever since you were knee-high, and because your mother herself won't say anything about it to you—and when you go back to America I want you to write to her oftener."

"I will, Uncle Mikha," I said.

"But don't feel bad about what I said," said Mikha. "She has forgotten all about it, now that you've come home."

Then there were the several *Amerikanci*—men who had been laborers in America for a few years and had come back. They each knew a few words of English and tried to parade their knowledge before their fellow villagers. They asked me about America. Was the *kriza*—the economic crisis—really as bad there as the papers said? Were there really so many people out of work?

Other questions: Were the buildings really so tall in America? Was it true that there was a tree in California so thick that they had bored a tunnel through it for an automobile road? How did the American farmers till their soil? Was it true that most of the work on the land was done by machinery?—that New York had a population of seven million?—that there were ranches in the West bigger than entire Carniola?—that there were underground railroads in New York?—that there was a tunnel under a river in New York?—that Henry Ford was worth a billion dollars? This man Seenclair Levees—was he the biggest writer in America? Were these books *Arovsmeet* and *Babeet*, which have been translated into the Yugoslav, his best? . . .

Stella went walking with my brothers through the village, and the women, especially my cousins and aunts, commenced to ask me about her, at first discreetly, hesitantly, then more boldly: How old was she? How long had we been married? Were her people well-to-do? How much dowry had she

brought me? Had she sisters and brothers? Did she make her own clothes? . . . Which led to questions about American women in general: Did they all buy their clothes in stores? Did any of them bake their own bread? Do their own wash? Do fine needlework? Were houses in America very different from houses in Carniola? . . .

No end of questions, naïve, foolish, and sensible, which I found pleasure in answering, nevertheless. But I was glad too, when, toward dusk, mother came and said I should come in to eat and drink something. "You must be starved and tired, talking all afternoon," she said. "And where is Styelah?" . . . I loved the way she pronounced her name. . . .

In the house mother said to me, "Yesterday I had a million questions to ask you, too, but now I forget them all. It doesn't matter. You are back and have a nice wife. Why ask questions?"

We sat down. "Mother," I asked, "how do you all manage? I mean, what do you use for money?"

She laughed a little. "There's this *kriza*, of course, which does us no good, but we sell enough of what we produce to buy what we need and can't produce at home. Ours is a big family, but Poldka and Paula make the clothes for all of us, and the clothes they make are better made than those one can buy in the city. Anté is handy with tools and he can make or repair almost anything. He can build a wall. Last year he and Stan put a cement bridge over the creek. The year before they dug the new water well, which you saw. Stan is a plowman second to none hereabout. They are all healthy and capable, thank God. We don't need to employ help even at harvest-time. And because there are so many of us, our *domachia*"—house and land—"is tax-exempt by law." She laughed again: "It is beginning to pay,

my having had so many children. . . . We manage."

That night, after a supper of home-cured ham and mildly spiced cooked wine which came from one of our relatives' vineyard in Bela Krayina, I slept, between sheets of rough home-made linen, in the bed in which I and all my brothers and sisters had let out our first wails.

VIII

Stella and I wanted to stay in Blato a couple of weeks, but that soon became impossible.

The Sunday papers had reported my arrival and on Monday morning there came to the village reporters from Lublyana. Would I tell them my impressions of the old country and "the social, economic, political, and literary life in the United States"? On Tuesday the newspapers carried columns reporting my impressions of Carniola, my views of America, and the fact that Stella, who also was delighted with Carniola, already knew a dozen Slovenian words. The same day there began to come to Blato letters and telegrams by the handful. I was welcomed by literary and cultural clubs. One magazine writer requested "a comprehensive interview about America." There were invitations to house parties in Lublyana and elsewhere, to picnics and "evenings," to excursions into the mountains.

To be able to accept at least some of the invitations we moved back to the hotel in Lublyana. We no sooner re-registered than the gentleman from the *ban's* office appeared, in semi-panic. Breathless and wiping his brow, he began to talk about some hammering that was going on in the house next to the hotel and begged us to let him transfer us to a hotel where he was certain no noise would discomfit us. We laughed and told him that, used to the din and tumult of New York, we

hadn't even noticed the hammering next door!

We were taken to Bled Lake by a group of young journalists, most of whom were also poets. All afternoon we drifted around the little island in the middle of the lake in a huge rowboat, which, beside us, contained kilograms of sausages, loaves of black peasant bread, containers of thick sour milk, flagons of red and white wine, an accordion, and two stringed instruments. By the end of the picnic my head whirled in consequence of our hosts' insatiable curiosity about America which, in my lame Slovenian, I tried to satisfy with such information as I had.

On Thursday was our first "evening," at the home of Slovenia's Leading Living Novelist, who is also a Gymnasium professor, an editor and publisher, and a grand person. It was like our two subsequent "evenings"—one at the home of Slovenia's Greatest Living Poet and the other in the house of the editor of Slovenia's Best Literary Review. There gathered all of Slovenia's literary and cultural lights and their wives. Fortunately some of them spoke English and helped me with my Slovenian when I tried to answer a thousand and one questions about Sinclair Lewis, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Robert Frost, Countée Cullen, Hart Crane, Walter Winchell, and the New Trends in American Literature; about the Depression, Racketeering and Al Capone, the Labor Movement, the Race Problem, Henry Ford, the New Woman in America, and the Future of the United States. Stella sat between a minor poet and a promising young novelist, comprehending not a word, except my occasional bursts of English when I could not express myself in Slovenian. I answered questions from nine in the evening till three the next morning. Then, according to custom, the host, the hostess, and all the other guests—some thirty people—

walked with Stella and me to the corner nearest to our hotel. Before we said good-night to all of them, dawn was breaking over the mountains.

There were ten days of this sort of thing, and opera, theatrical performances, and concerts, for all of which tickets were sent to us.

Gradually, I realized what I had dimly known in my boyhood, that, next to agriculture, Carniola's leading industry was culture. It was an intrinsic part of the place. In Lublyana were seven large bookshops (as large as most of the hardware, dry goods, and drug stores in town), three of them more than a hundred years old. Every year, I learned, the bookseller-publishers and the book clubs, of which there were eleven, published close to one thousand books. Besides, each store carried a selection of the latest German, French, Czech, Serbo-Croatian, and a few English and Italian books. The publishers did no advertising, for in Slovenia nearly everybody—merchants, peasants, and intellectuals—bought books anyhow, or subscribed to book clubs. In Lublyana, Stella and I saw young and middle-aged peasant women, after selling the eggs they had brought in from the country, walk into bookstores to buy books.

In two years, I was informed, there had been forty-eight performances of "Hamlet" in Lublyana. Most of the city's streets are named after poets, novelists, and grammarians. The largest monument in town is to a poet. When students take hikes into the country, their destinations usually are the graves and birthplaces of poets, dramatists, and other writers. In the coffee houses most of the talk I heard was about plays, paintings, sculpture, architecture, books, and music, and social and economic ideas. Most of the questions I was asked about America had to do with cultural and

social problems, and among the people who asked them were a young priest, an army officer, the wife of a book-binder, and a veterinary whom I met casually. Their interest, evidently, was not of a dilettante nature. It was definitely an intimate part of their lives, of Lublyana, of the country.

The fact that I had written a few things in America, and received some recognition there, impressed my native countrymen much more than if I had come back, say, a millionaire industrialist. Hence all this publicity and this whirl of hospitality.

There was another reason for the ballyhoo and excitement. Slovenians, as I have stated, are a tiny nation; they had been a minority in Austria and now—inevitably—are a minority in Yugoslavia. At the same time they are immensely proud of their culture and their country. Therefore, whenever one of "Slovenia's sons" achieves anything they make a noise about it. If his achievement is cultural, they are naturally impelled to make their noise even a little louder. They do their utmost to make the Serbians and the Croats take notice of him. This happened in my case.

After I became better acquainted with some of my new friends in Lublyana, I tried to tell them that they had an exaggerated notion of me, but by then it was too late. They accused me of modesty.

IX

Off and on, during the ten days of glory, Stella and I managed to run to Blato for a few hours in the afternoon. We became better acquainted with my family, our relatives, and the other villagers. My brothers Francé and Yozhé taught Stella to say whole phrases and long sentences in Slovenian, which gave the village much satisfaction and cause for merriment.

Uncle Mikha and I sat in the sun in

front of his beehives and talked. One day we talked of the World Situation. He had been reading about it in the Lublyana papers. Some of the articles, he said, were full of evil foreboding. Was it really as bad as that? Did I, who had been all over the world, think that things were on the verge of collapse? I told him what I thought.

Then he said, "I guess this *kriza* is pretty bad for some people in some parts of the world, but so far as we here on the soil are concerned things probably will straighten themselves out in one way or another, and in the end we peasants will be just where we are, here in the villages, on our little bits of land, doing the same things that we have been doing for a thousand years. I don't understand what they mean by these things—gold standard and so on—but whatever they mean, I know that this sun is going to shine for a long time yet, and this black soil hereabouts"—he swung his arms toward the fields around the village—"will yield as long as we have our tools and beasts, and our hands. These things together—the sun, the soil, our hands, our implements and beasts—mean that we shall eat and live."

In his own narrow way, I thought, my uncle was largely right. No matter what happened in America, in Russia, and in the rest of Europe the peasants in the village of Blato would stay where they were. To American eyes Carniola is a backward agricultural country, but in this crisis, its backwardness, or its slow technological development in the past, turns out to be a blessing. Hence my uncle's sun-and-soil optimism, and his sense of stability, which are typical of peasants not only in Carniola, but in most parts of Yugoslavia. . . .

Meantime the young calf in our barn was gaining weight, and the family council at home decided that the Feast of the Fatted Calf would occur on the

second Sunday after the Prodigal's Return. My father sent for wine to the Island of Korchula, in Dalmatia. My sisters and mother schemed for a week as to the sort of cakes they would bake. My brothers Stan and Anté took some lumber and improvised tables and benches under the apple trees, just then coming to full bloom. All our relatives and family friends were invited.

Then it occurred to me to invite all my new friends, the literati and their wives. The idea startled my whole family. But would they come? . . . For a son of our family to invite to Blato the Greatest Living Poet, the Leading Living Novelist, the Editor of the Best Literary Review in Slovenia, and other writers potentially as great, was as though a farmer's son in Pennsylvania got the notion to invite to a Sunday dinner such people as Henry Ford, Will Rogers, Calvin Coolidge, Al Smith, and Gene Tunney. It must be remembered that the writers are the biggest people in Carniola, especially to the peasant folk.

But I invited them, in my father's name, and they came with their wives—so many of them that Stan and Anté were required to build hurriedly another table. It was a bright, warm Sunday afternoon, with a light mountain breeze blowing through the valley. The literati mixed with the villagers, praised the village, exclaimed over the beauty of the fields and the meadows, and raved about the Prodigal's sisters and brothers.

The Greatest Poet was pleased to the verge of tears when a little peasant girl, urged by my sister Poldka, stepped before him and recited his Most Fa-

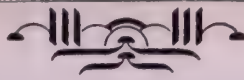
mous Poem. Pleased, too, was the Greatest Novelist when peasant men and women brought him old copies of his books and asked him to "write something in them with your own hand."

My sister Paula and mother were in the kitchen, both happy beyond utterance. Francé and Yozhé, coatless and be-aproned, brought out the plates (borrowed from the whole village) and platters heaped with pieces of the Fatted Calf. Stan and Anté poured the wine. Poldka pinned forget-me-nots and lilies-of-the-valley on the garments of the guests. My youngest sister, Anica, brought on the bread and the cakes.

The feast lasted all afternoon. The mountain breeze shook the apple blossoms upon the tables and the heads of the guests. There was much talk and laughter around the tables. By and by, the villagers and the literati began to sing Slovenian national songs about love, wine, and beautiful regions.

During a lull in the singing, the Poet rose, glass in hand, and everyone became silent to hear him. He spoke awhile of the fine afternoon, the breeze from the mountains, the apple blossoms, the Fatted Calf, the wine from Korchula. He eulogized the village, its people, and especially my mother and father; and referred to the fields and meadows around the village in words of sheer poetry. Finally he came to "the Prodigal" and spoke of his departure for America and his return. It is not possible for me to give his words. He ended: "Let us drain our glasses!"

The glasses were drained. Someone began another song.



WHAT ABOUT HAWAII?

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THE RACIAL SITUATION

BY LILLIAN SYMES

SOMETIME during the past year, mainland America, which receives its geographical education largely from travel literature and color-plate advertisements, discovered that those fragrant islands in mid-ocean, popularly known as the Paradise of the Pacific, have a significance apart from lei-weaving, hula dancing, surf-boarding, and other lighter aspects of life in the tropics. The Territory of Hawaii became a National Problem and a subject of tabloid sensationalism. It was as though one were suddenly confronted with a serious industrial crisis in Carcassonne or a Seabury investigation in Capri. Spots such as these have no right, in our imaginations, to those mundane concerns and difficulties that plague the rest of our dusty world. It is enough that they be decorative and a temporary refuge for the world-weary spirits of our travelers-de-luxe. If once in a decade they produce some minor scandal or headline crime, such as are of fairly frequent occurrence in the environs of Manhattan, Chicago, or Los Angeles, we are excited into an orgy of silly chatter and gratuitous advice.

The average traveler knows little and cares less about the essential problems which may confront the work-a-day world of his romanticized playgrounds, nor is he likely to remember that the production of wine and olives, milk and honey, sugar and pineapples may have

as many connotations of pests, sweat, and labor troubles as has the production of wheat, potatoes, and steel rails. Hawaii, for example, has problems that are urgent, complicated, and internationally significant, as fascinating to the ethnologist, the social economist, the educator, and the thoughtful layman as is rape to the yellow journalist; but she has never thrust them upon the visitor, and he has seldom made a special business of discovering them. Hawaii believes that it is her first duty to be charming, and her hospitality has been one of the seven wonders of the modern world. It still is, in spite of her past year's experience.

No matter in what capacity one goes to Hawaii, or returns to it after a mainland absence, its welcome is the traditional one of a thousand songs and stories. To the traveler who has lived through to disillusion the claims of high-pressure publicity and tourist propaganda during the past decade, this initial fact alone is entirely disarming. Before his boat has docked to the accompaniment of a Hawaiian band, while the waiting crowds are still only a blaze of color in the sunshine, he will find himself drenched in the fragrance of ginger, gardenia, plumeria, or jasmine blossoms that someone has thrown about his shoulders. He will wonder why such a royal welcome should be given to total and obscure strangers in a tourist-ridden land.

But this is the way Hawaii disarms the disenchanted. He knows, of course, that this is merely an old Hawaiian custom that has become a stable industry, a gesture as conventional as the Mothers' Day messages in our mainland telegraph offices. But it is a gesture so lovely, so intoxicating to the senses as to win the most hardened cynic. It is impossible to be totally unaffected with the heady scent of plumeria blossoms in one's nostrils.

There is no reason why the tourist should suffer any of the usual letdown in spirit from that first intoxicating moment of his flower-laden arrival to the last moment of his equally flower-laden departure. The water is as vividly blue and miraculously warm, the flowering trees as brilliant, the days and nights as fragrant and equable, the hotels as gorgeous or as charming as promised by the full-page advertisements. The beach boys, slim, brown, and handsome—though they may be fathers of growing families—are there to teach him surf-boarding or the art of handling the outrigger canoe. The professional hula dancer—not quite so slim and not nearly so *décolleté* as in the illustrations, but as full of grace—will dance the legends of her islands at a native *luau* where he may, if he wish, squat on a mat and eat roast pig baked underground with *poi* and *lomi-lomi* salmon. He may swim in the moonlight or dance on a country-club veranda that overhangs the sea while boys and girls on horseback, their horses hung with *leis*, canter up and down the sands below. He may hike across a crater at Kilauea, go deep-sea fishing off Kona, or punch cattle with Hawaiian cowboys at a dude ranch on Haleakala. He may play bridge in a charming home on Tantalus with an excellent *oke* highball at his elbow, or consume beer and peanuts—an inspired combination—in the backyard of some side-street speakeasy where

native babies crawl about his feet and mama smiles from the doorway. The incurable romantic (and I am told by travel agents that he is fast becoming extinct) will be distressed to find Honolulu a modern city with echoes of Hollywood in its far-flung sub-divisions; but he can continue on to "the big island" of Hawaii where grass huts may still be found on the farther beaches and a few Polynesians live as their fathers did before them. For those who prefer their exoticism tempered with paved highways unblemished by a single bill-board, golf-links, iced drinks, and perfect service, Hawaii Nei is the travelers' paradise. And if they are not nearly killed with kindness by the end of their first fortnight, it will be merely because they are strong-minded and know when to say "No."

All this is in the best tradition of island hospitality and constitutes Hawaiian life for even the frequent visitor. In scientific circles, to be sure, Hawaii has long been famous as an invaluable laboratory in genetics and racial relationships, a test-tube paradise for the biological and sociological student. Readers of the Hearst newspapers have been reminded frequently enough that here is the pivotal point of our defense against the Yellow Peril. But the average mainlander does not dwell in scientific circles, nor is he profoundly impressed by the Hearst newspapers. His is the Hawaii of Richard Walton Tully, with modern improvements.

I am inclined to think that it is only within the past few years, and more particularly during the past ten months since Hawaii has begun to feel the effects of the world-wide doldrums, that more than a small section of white Hawaii itself has been acutely conscious of its most significant realities, and of the problems which the Territory's unique geographical and agricultural situation are bringing to a head. Life

here for the average white resident—salaried employee, professional man, wealthy factor, or plantation owner—has probably been the most idyllic left in this chaotic modern world. Even though at the moment sugar sells below the cost of production and golden pineapples must be left unharvested in the fields, they are as yet comparatively untouched by the anxieties and sheer panics of mainland America, believing that the worst can never happen in such a friendly land. It is not remarkable that the clamors and alarms, the rumors of war and revolution, as well as the social and industrial changes of European and American mainland life, should seem like echoes from another world. Even much of the phraseology connected with these phenomena are unfamiliar to their ears. Once when a charming and intelligent man was telling me about the official handling of a plantation strike some years ago and I asked, "Has the Territory a Criminal Syndicalism Law?", he replied hastily, as though surprised at my irrelevance, "Oh, no, we have no organized gangsterism in Hawaii."

Nothing has happened yet to threaten white Hawaii's sense of security or the continuity of a very pleasant way of life. For anyone, above the status of plantation or sugar mill worker who must labor twelve hours a day in unshaded fields or by the sticky heat of the sugar caldrons, this is a lotus land of natural beauty and physical comfort unequalled in any other time and place. If, at rare intervals, the breeze at sea level sickens and dies, leaving an atmosphere that midsummer New York would consider balmy, the townsman can, within thirty minutes, be perched on his veranda a thousand feet up the mountain side, enjoying a temperature ten degrees cooler. The prosperous resident usually boasts two and sometimes three houses, all within an hour's

ride from one another, and giving him two or three changes of climate. He may golf or play polo every day in the year and he need never wear an overcoat. Hard physical labor is performed by darker-skinned peoples; domestic labor by decorative little Japanese maids in colorful kimonos.

It is easy to understand, after being here a short time, why upper-class Hawaiian life, feudal as it is in its social and economic structure, has borne such gracious fruits in public-spiritedness and intelligent generosity. Hawaii has done well by the children of the white conquerors—the early missionaries, traders, and soldiers of fortune—and these have certainly done better than any other ruling group I can think of by the land that has treated them so generously. Their paternalism is probably as benevolent as paternalism can ever be. On its medical, nutritional, and health-promotion side generally, it is also remarkably intelligent—due no doubt to the direction of this work by a group of unhampered and advanced physicians and research men fascinated by the opportunities of their human laboratory. The birth control clinic at the Palama Settlement, where overburdened, working-class mothers receive scientific advice and practical aid in the limitation of their families, the dental clinics, baby clinics, visiting nurse services, etc., would impel the mainland social worker to throw her hat in the air.

The *noblesse oblige* tradition surviving in Hawaii's planter-factor aristocracy probably springs from the fact that sugar and pineapple have known little absentee ownership. Since their beginnings they have been controlled largely by the same families. Sons educated on the mainland come back from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, or Stanford to serve their apprenticeship in island plantation or factor's office. Once, at a polo game on one of the

larger islands, I saw such a representative family—squires of the island's vast plantations—in a representative role. The island team, which played the Army, was composed solely of members of this one family, father and sons, ex-college polo stars and owners of a famous string of ponies. The white audience—the players' relatives, business men from the small towns, plantation officials, etc.—watched the game from their cars, while on the grass around the field squatted the brown, yellow, and mixed population. The lives of these planters are probably closer to those of nineteenth-century English county gentlemen than to those of modern American millionaires. But something of the restraint of their New England missionary and trader forbears has survived the influence of the tropics in their unostentatious way of life. They are proud of their plantations and the decency with which they are administered, and they would probably regard any manifestation of dissatisfaction from their workers with complete incomprehension. Charming, intelligent, and humanitarian, they are also invincibly Tory—Tories with a Christian conscience and an unshakable faith in the Republican Party.

All of this is not to intimate that Hawaii's white rulers, social and financial, are unaware of the fact that Hawaii is beginning to face a very serious economic problem; that its very successes in the fields of education and human values generally are creating a situation which may eventually prove its Waterloo. This is the problem of the second-generation Orientals and Oriental-Hawaiians who are taking their Americanization too seriously to live and work as their fathers did before them, in a community that must remain essentially agricultural. This, not the "Japanese menace," is the core of the Hawaiian paradox, and its most thoughtful leaders know it. But the

planters are confident of their ability to solve it without any serious changes in their own traditional status quo. I am inclined to think that this confidence is born of their isolation from the main currents of modern industrial life. However, this whole plantation-labor situation—this other side of Paradise—needs a separate consideration of its own. It is both too important and too interesting to be treated casually here.

II

While Hawaii's most pressing problem—like that of the mainland—is essentially economic, it is its race situation that has occupied the most space in the headlines and that has been the subject of so much controversial frenzy. One hears little of this frenzy in Hawaii and that little is usually to be found among the comparatively recent residents. To some of these, it is undoubtedly a shock to open to the society page of a Honolulu daily and read that "Mrs. Sun Kee Lung entertained at a bridge tea yesterday in her charming home for Miss Maisie Wong, debutante daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wong Yat Lo"; that "the parents of Miss Beatrice Fuchita announce her engagement to Mr. Sessue Takamara," or to find not only Portuguese and Hawaiian, but Oriental names scattered among the familiar Anglo-Saxon ones on the list of an official reception. For Oriental Hawaii has its business, professional, and political leaders with a social life as formal and as sensitive as that of white Hawaii. Here, indeed, is a unique situation for the Anglo Saxon raised on "the white man's burden" formula. He is the over-lord in a community where the darker skinned native inhabitants are not really subject races. White Hawaii controls the Territory's industry and its money bags, but it does not, as a distinct racial group, control its votes; and

it must meet the Hawaiian, part-Hawaiian, and native-born Oriental on terms of political equality. Its financial control is unshakable, but the terms of that control are dependent somewhat upon the good-will, the indifference, or the antagonism of the citizenry. So far, the entrenched power of Hawaii's "Big Five" has been no more endangered by its inter-racial political democracy than has that of our mainland industrialists by the votes of our proletarians and intellectuals. But men and women whose fathers made their fortunes from the generous lands of the Hawaiians and the labor of the Orientals, and who know themselves to be in a decided numerical minority, do not snub the children of these races. One is not likely to hear from their lips, any more than one would read in a Hawaiian newspaper, such expressions as "Jap," "Chinaman," "Kanaka," or even "half-caste." For race antagonism, *per se*, in white Hawaii, one must look to sections of the Service and to that comparatively small but growing group of lower-middle-class residents who resent the competition of the educated native Oriental in business and offices.

It would require the presumption of a Floyd Gibbons for any visitor to be dogmatically emphatic about Hawaii's many complications. But there are a few matters upon which the observations of the impartial outsider square with the experienced conclusions of the islands' most intelligent educators and laymen. One of these is that there is no "race conflict" in Hawaii now, and that there need never be, in spite of the excessive proportion of Southerners in the Navy contingent and the nervousness of the group I have mentioned above. The Hawaiian situation is a particularly irritating one to the professional Nordic. There is a type of mind that cannot conceive of white and darker skinned races living

side by side on a basis of political equality and mutual respect without conjuring up orgies of mixed parties, wholesale intermarriage, and general mongrelization. Such people seem to forget that the Japanese, for example, may have an even profounder feeling for racial purity than the whites, because it more frequently extends even to extra-legal intercourse. But before discussing to what extent such apprehensions may be justified in Hawaii, and the social relations of the races there generally, it may be well to quote some of the 1930 census figures on the principal racial constituents which give the key to its population problem. The separate classification for Portuguese and Other Caucasian is official. Hawaii has a total population of approximately 360,000.

Hawaiian.....	22,636
Caucasian-Hawaiian.....	15,632
Asiatic-Hawaiian.....	12,592
Chinese.....	27,179
Japanese.....	139,631
Filipino.....	63,152
Portuguese.....	27,588
Other Caucasian.....	44,859

Of all these groups, the Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians alone are 100 per cent native Americans. (The Filipinos are classed as Americans but have no vote.) The Japanese are by far the biggest element in the population, and herein lies the basis of Mr. Hearst's agitation and much of the propaganda for Commission control. After the Chinese Exclusion Act cut off the importation of Chinese coolies to the plantations, the Japanese were imported for many years until they were similarly excluded and gave way to the Filipino importation. They have propagated generously. At the present time only about thirteen thousand are eligible voters: that is, native-born adults. What, we are asked, is going to happen when all the little Hawaiian-born Japanese grow up and become American citizens? Noth-

ing less, we are told, than a Mikado's colony in mid-ocean, its guns pointed toward our Californian coast. For the Japanese, we are told again, unlike the Chinese who have long since graduated from plantation to respectable business life, are the world's most intense nationalists, loyal to the Mikado to the third and fourth generation, and thoroughly incapable of Americanization. As one indication of this, the apprehensive Islander will point to the Japanese-language schools attended by the young Nipponese after regular school hours.

Aside from the fact that it is the natural instinct of large, segregated foreign groups to wish their children to speak the language in which they can best communicate with them, and that many thousands of young Jews in America attend Hebrew-language schools for purely cultural reasons, one has only to observe the young Oriental and his habits, whether in Hawaii or California, to realize how groundless is the fear of future Japanization. In the event of war between Japan and the United States to-morrow, undoubtedly a large proportion of the adult Japanese population in Hawaii would sympathize with their homeland; though just what such a group, many of whom are unarmed and frequently undernourished coolie laborers, could do about it, is not clear. During the recent Japanese-Chinese difficulties they showed little excitement and no marked antagonism toward their Chinese neighbors; and by no means all the Japanese in Hawaii were pro-Japan. One thing is certain and that is that they would not have the support of their own younger generation—unless white Hawaii itself forced that younger generation into such allegiance by its own shortsighted jingoism.

A story told me by the President of the University of Hawaii further illustrates this fact. During the recent

Chinese-Japanese conflict he was requested by a class composed largely of Chinese and Japanese students to discuss the issues involved in the unofficial war, the students declaring that they were insufficiently informed on the subject. With a great deal of care lest he show any personal prejudices, the President outlined the Far East situation and the stated claims and principles of each nation. His talk was followed by a long, lively, and quite objective discussion, and the amazing aspect of it was that the differences of opinion were by no means determined by the speakers' racial origins.

If there is one universal truism about a first, native-born generation anywhere, it is the inevitability of its rebellion against the customs and loyalties of its foreign-born parents and its slavish imitation of the dominant group around it which it wishes to conciliate. To be "different," an "outsider," a "greenhorn" is probably the most painful experience in the world to the young person of any race or color. And, unfortunately perhaps, the young Oriental, both in Hawaii and on our Pacific Coast, strives to be more American than the Americans. He is already indistinguishable, except in color, from a million American youths in Oxford bags, cords, and sport shirts, just as his older brothers, who have gone into business, are indistinguishable from their white fellow-members of Rotary, the Kiwanis, and the Lions. He will do or die on the football field for dear old Union High, just as five years hence he will whoop it up for the Republican Party and higher sugar tariffs. His conversations, colloquialisms, and inflections, his loyalties, ambitions, and prejudices are those of young America. Babe Ruth, not the Mikado, is his hero. Norma Shearer, not the Crown Princess, is the lady of his dreams. The little Japanese maid will wear her kimono and *obi* under the compelling eye

of her mistress, but out of the house she goes in for finger waves, sports styles, and the photoplay magazines. Anyone who has watched the detachments of eager-eyed Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, etc., doing their good deeds, struggling for merit badges, making and breaking camp all over the islands, will not lose any sleep over young Hawaii's loyalties, unless—like myself—he is distressed by so much uniformity. It is against its own older generation, not against the world of its white contemporaries, that young Oriental Hawaii is rebelling.

The public schools of Hawaii, bringing light and literacy to as many as twenty-three different nationalities, are making a thorough success of their job of Americanization. Hawaii would be a more interesting place for the white visitor, probably, if they were not quite so successful.

With the exception of the "Japanese menace," no aspect of the Hawaiian situation has been discussed so widely or so unscientifically—especially during the past year—as that of its "mixed-breeds," mixed-breeding being synonymous with degeneration in the minds of many editorial writers. There are, as the census figures have shown, over 28,000 Hawaiian-Orientals and Hawaiian-Caucasians in the territory—the Hawaiians having no race prejudices. The part-Hawaiian is increasing more rapidly than the pure-Hawaiian is dying off. (As a matter of fact, the latter is now almost holding his own, numerically.) There has been a gain of 125 per cent in the part-Hawaiian population in the past twenty years, and the part-Hawaiian is much more resistant to disease than his pure-bred brother. The Chinese-Hawaiian combination is usually admitted, even by the race purists, to be a fortunate one, but there is nothing to indicate that the inter-breeding of the Hawaiians with other groups has, in itself, resulted

in physical or moral degeneration. When this has occurred, it has been due largely to the bad social conditions which frequently surround the children of such marriages. This fact has been forcibly emphasized by a man who knows the Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian intimately, Dr. Frank E. Midkiff, president of the famous Kamehameha Schools, in his report for the Seth Richardson Investigation last spring. Doctor Midkiff says in part:

Concerning the statement that the weak qualities of both races are inherited and the strong characteristics lost, I would say that this is purely a social matter. . . . Ethnologists and anthropologists of the Bishop Museum find clear evidences of racial improvement due to crossing. . . . Moral qualities are not inherited. They are the results of culture, especially of the early impressions of children in the home environment. . . .

A new race is growing up here in the Pacific, which may be known as a new Pacific race; it will have the characteristics of many races. The Hawaiians are, in origin, Caucasian-Mongolian and there is biologically no reason for the Hawaiian not mating happily with Chinese or whites. The physical characteristics of this new race are excellent and the mental and social characteristics are excellent also when the early home environment is fortunate and proper. . . . One thing that hinders progress toward desirable results is the fact that many of the fathers of these children are globe-trotters, ne'er do wells, and persons of low character qualifications.

And he might have added that many of these latter are whites.

What have been the political and social effects of this preponderance of yellow, brown-skinned, and mixed residents in an American community? Except for the fact that the Hawaiian's passion for politics and his oratorical gifts have given him an extremely influential place in public affairs, there has been no emergence of any special racial politics; that is, there is no Japanese, Chinese, or Hawaiian bloc.

Japanese, Chinese, and Hawaiians seem to divide just as inexplicably into Republicans and Democrats, fight one another as bitterly for office and vote across racial lines just as regularly as do Jews, Yankees, and Irishmen. The Hawaiian is the Irishman of the Pacific. He gravitates naturally into police departments, political and civil service jobs, and probably gets more than his share of public improvement labor when he wants it. He is the world's most eloquent orator with a keen instinct for the dramatic.

As for that other nightmare of the apprehensive Nordic—mixed social intercourse and intermarriage—it can scarcely be considered a problem in island society. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred seem to be attracted, socially and sexually, by persons of their own race, habits, and general physical characteristics, when these are available. The great mass of Hawaii's darker-skinned residents belong to a laboring class that would never mix socially with upper and middle-class Hawaii even if it were white. In politics, as in business, and in the official social life of the islands, the race line is ignored. The wife of a Chinese educator or the daughter of a Hawaiian legislator may assist the Governor's wife in pouring tea at a garden party, and both these women may be better educated and more charming than some of the white guests. In Honolulu's very small Bohemia, intellectual and artistic association, social and otherwise, is based upon congeniality of spirit, as it is in similar circles everywhere. The wealthier Hawaiian residents send their children to private schools and colleges on the mainland, but in the island preparatory schools, high schools, and colleges the races mingle in classes, clubs, athletic teams, and other school affairs with little consciousness of color. At the University of Hawaii, while Orientals and Hawaiians

far outnumber the "haoles" or whites, I am told that the students almost always elect a white president of the student body. In more intimate social life, the members of the various racial groups tend to associate naturally with persons of their own color, background, and common interests; and without any specific taboos, other than individual prejudices, there is little intermingling between whites, Hawaiians, and Orientals. Among the upper and middle classes there is practically no intermarriage. A few of the older white families are proud of their royal Hawaiian blood, providing it was acquired legally during the days of Hawaii's royalty. Portuguese-Hawaiian marriages have been fairly common and account for a large part of the Caucasian-Hawaiian strain. But with the growth of a larger white middle-class from the mainland, with all that class's traditional conservatism, social-race lines are becoming more rigid.

It would be foolish to claim that there is no race problem or race feeling in Hawaii. The Territory has a race situation that requires patience and clear-headedness for its solution and that military control could easily turn into a hotbed of seething resentments. One need only talk for five minutes with the average naval officer—who for some unaccountable reason is usually a Southerner—to realize that he is straining at the leash to put Hawaii's brown and yellow peoples in their "place." The unwarranted generalizations of Navy officials regarding Hawaiian racial and moral conditions during the past year have probably stirred up more racial antagonism than anything that has ever happened in the Islands. The Territory is succeeding far better than might have been expected in working out that solution in terms of decent human relationships, and it is, in many ways, setting an ex-

cellent example to similarly situated communities in other parts of the world. There is race feeling in Hawaii as there is anti-Semitism in New York, anti-Mexicanism in our Southwest, dislike of the Filipino in our California valleys, nationalist prejudices in every block of Manhattan's East Side. There are Hawaiians who are "haole-haters," Japanese who dislike Filipinos, whites who dislike Japanese, and there seems to be a general prejudice among all of these groups against the more recently imported Porto Ricans. But there is no basis for excitement in this. If Hawaii ever develops a race conflict, it will be the result of white carelessness and stupidity, and the failure of its rulers to find a productive, self-respectful place in its social and economic life for its new American citizens.

III

If I seem to have dwelt at undue length upon Hawaii's race problem it is because it has been the subject of so much controversy and is probably one of the most interesting aspects of Territorial life to the outsider. Hawaii's other problems are much like our own, with sub-tropical trimmings.

Its politics, so far as a persistently inquiring visitor could judge, seems neither better nor worse than that of our mainland communities. Its inter-racial legislature and county boards divide along the self-same lines and for the self-same reasons, apparently, as do our State senates and local law-making bodies. The Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian dominance has not been altogether fortunate so far as law enforcement is concerned—not because it has been particularly corrupt, in our mainland sense, but because the Hawaiian is temperamentally a lax disciplinarian. He is much too kindly, accommodating, and good-natured, much too endowed with a childlike faith in

human nature to make an effective policeman. Prison breaks have been too frequent and police matters none too competently handled; and the same breakdown of restraints in the younger generation that the mainland has witnessed during the past ten years, complicated by the drift from plantation to city, has given Honolulu its quota of hoodlum trouble. Recent shake-ups have done much to remedy this situation.

These facts by no means validate much of the past year's hysterical comment on Hawaiian morality in general and the safety of white women in particular. A white woman is probably as safe in Hawaii as she is in Chicago or Los Angeles—much safer indeed than a brown or yellow woman. There are less than half as many Caucasian women in the Islands as there are Caucasian men. There are fifteen thousand soldiers stationed at Fort Schofield and several thousand more sailors at Pearl Harbor, most of whom are not married. Most of them are not celibates, and Hawaii no longer has a segregated district. One of the classic stories of Honolulu's public schools concerns the small boy who in response to a question on his first school day declared himself to be "half-Hawaiian, half-sailor."

Honolulu, on the Island of Oahu, is no more Hawaii than New York is America, as the residents of the other islands, and particularly of the second city, Hilo, are so fond of reminding the visitor. These will speak of the vast plantations, the great cattle ranches, the National Park at Kilauea, the charming smaller towns like Wailuku, and say, "This is Hawaii." But Honolulu is metropolitan Hawaii and the nerve center of the Territory.

As a metropolis, it has the limitations of its isolation. It is no abiding place for the person who must feel that he is living with his finger on the world's

pulse, or for the crusader who must always be doing his bit about the country's most recent injustice. One goes to the Islands to let down, not to keep up, and those who cannot let down do not stay long. Even to those who are tied by regular office hours, life here must be something in the nature of an extended vacation. The drama-lover must be satisfied with the talkies (long after their release) or a re-hash of mediocre plays by some visiting stock company. The islander who is particularly interested in the news of international affairs, must, like the resident of Los Angeles, await the arrival of the New York newspapers. Cable rates are too high to permit any extensive reporting of such affairs in the two Honolulu English dailies. The city supports a short symphony season, has an excellent library and what is probably one of the world's most beautiful art museums—small but quite perfect in architecture and decoration, with a positively inspired arrangement of old Chinese paintings and art objects. On the whole, the Islander must create his own intellectual life with the aid of books, magazines, and the conversation of a few like-minded people; and this is no small task in an atmosphere more conducive to bridge and swimming than to cerebration. Doctor Jung's extrovert will have much more fun in Hawaii than his introvert.

For the physical well-being of its peoples, and particularly of its children, both official Honolulu and private philanthropy have been unsparing in expense and thoughtfulness. Great playground spaces and parks with equipment for tennis, basketball, and other outdoor recreation, occur with amazing frequency. A fine public bathing beach and natatorium, just beyond Waikiki, is crowded daily with families of every size and color. (It is not safe to swim everywhere along

Hawaii's unending shore-line.) Schools of one kind or another are even more plentiful than playgrounds. The University of Hawaii is in Honolulu, as are also the two famous preparatory schools—the Kamehameha, endowed by the Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop for boys and girls of Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian extraction, and Punahou, the old missionary school to which early white settlers in California, before the Gold Rush, sent their children in sailing vessels over twenty-five hundred miles of sea. In addition to the regular public elementary schools, there are, in Honolulu and some of the larger towns, "standard" public schools to which admission is gained only by an oral test in English. It is these schools that most of the small whites of these communities attend. The demand for these standard schools grew not so much from race feeling as from the fact that parents of the white children objected to the pidgin-English habits of speech which their offspring were acquiring from their small schoolmates who came directly from foreign-language homes.

There has been a certain amount of grumbling among white tax-payers at the amount of money spent on the welfare and education of the non-white populations. But for the most part, white Hawaii remembers that it brought most of these people to the Islands and that they are Hawaii's responsibility. Old age pensions, mothers' pensions—though small and scaled to racial needs—a Children's Bureau, the general Social Service Bureau activities in Honolulu, all testify to a community sense of responsibility far greater than in many of our mainland communities. Honolulu's last Community Chest quota called for \$450,000 and was over-subscribed by \$50,000. With the sudden recent increase in unemployment, this excess was a fortunate accident.

Hawaii, and Honolulu in particular,

has always had an embarrassing excess of white-collared labor. With the rapidly increasing number of natives graduating from high schools and colleges, this situation is more than acute. But aside from this, the Islands have had no serious unemployment problem up to the past ten months, and even now it can scarcely compare with that of the mainland. With the fall in the sugar market, the plantations have ceased importing coolie labor and they have been able to keep most of their workers engaged on at least a part-time basis. It is the pineapple industry that has been most seriously damaged and that is contributing the largest quota to the unemployed ranks. Honolulu's foremost pineapple cannery is probably the most perfectly equipped and mechanized institution of its sort in the world, a model of what large-scale food-handling can be. It is running at a third of capacity. The cost of living in Hawaii is lower than in New York and higher than in San Francisco. There are ugly tenement sections in Honolulu, and there is undoubtedly some suffering in them. In a climate so equable, however, suffering can never be as acute as in a northern community. The Territorial Legislature has appropriated \$100,000 to be paid in wages for a limited amount of public highway and park work by heads of families on the unemployment list. Hawaii is more certain than the mainland that prosperity is just around the corner.

In a community whose most influential white settlers were missionaries and whose most prominent citizens to-day are frequently the

descendants of those missionaries, one might expect a somewhat unduly religious atmosphere. Hawaii does seem remarkably well-supplied with churches of every denomination but its general atmosphere seems no more orthodox than that of San Francisco. The Hawaiians originally took to Christianity like ducks to water—the first missionaries having landed just a year after the natives themselves had disestablished and destroyed their own tribal gods and taboos in 1819—and the Hawaiian still loves to attend church and sing hymns in his native language. But his religion has had no blighting effect upon his love of life and gayety, his genuine and instinctive tolerance. This tolerance seems to have colored much of the inter-denominational life of the community. When the local Shriners staged a great football game for the benefit of their Crippled Children's Home not long ago the music for the occasion was furnished by the well-trained band of St. Luis' Catholic College.

It is possible that here, in an atmosphere where nature itself is so friendly, where the native Polynesians have welcomed hospitably and without favoritism so many different kinds and conditions of men, these same men and their children might be able to build a community life on some other bases than those meaningless antagonisms, both racial and religious, that have plagued the rest of the world for centuries. Certainly Hawaii has this opportunity, an opportunity to give the rest of the world an object lesson in human friendliness and co-operation. I am inclined to think she will take it, if she is let alone.



THE DEPARTURE

A STORY

BY SELMA ROBINSON

THE doctor was worried. He shook his head while she spoke to him.

"If you thought you recognized the man on the platform why didn't you talk to him?" he asked.

Norah sat fussing with the gardenia on her dark tweed suit. She had explained the whole incident so carefully to him just a moment ago.

"I wanted to, but I was afraid to," she said dully. "Then when I made up my mind, somehow I found myself on the train. And he was left on the platform. He said something to me, but I didn't catch it."

The doctor shook his head again.

"There was no man on the platform," he said. "It is all part of your—your sickness. Your trouble. That man existed only in your mind. I know that you are convinced you saw your sweetheart on the elevated platform and heard him say something. But, my dear Miss Arthur, it is all part of this illness of your mind. You must believe me. I have seen so many cases like yours. In another three or four months, when you are well, you will see why I am so positive."

She drew a deep, discouraged sigh and prepared to begin all over again with the sharp experience of the past hour. Perhaps if she spoke slowly, carefully—

"Doctor, you don't seem to understand at all," she said. "I imagined

nothing. I saw him. I know his face, his gestures. And when you remember that this was to be our wedding day— He wasn't there when I first came out on the platform. I was walking back and forth, back and forth, waiting for the train, and then suddenly I saw him, sitting there, with his bags, packed and strapped, at his feet. He must have come while I had my back turned—"

"I know, I know," interrupted Dr. Waldron kindly. "This is the third time you've told me. You noted a strange wild look in his eyes that drew you even though it frightened you. You kept walking back and forth, trying to muster up enough courage to speak to him. You were aware of his eyes staring at you and calling you but you were afraid. And then your train pulled in and you got on. And as it was drawing out of the station you could see his lips moving and you could hear his voice though you couldn't understand what he was saying. Isn't that so?"

Norah nodded.

"Yes, but my dear girl, your reason must tell you that it is an utter impossibility. Your young man died six months ago. You've told me so frequently. Dead six months. Now come. Be sensible. How could it have been he?"

She looked hard at the doctor.

"You don't understand yet. To-

day would have been our wedding day. We were supposed to be married to-day, see, Doctor? That's why he was there. Oh, if I only had been brave enough to speak to him, I'd know what to do now. You can't tell me anything, anything at all."

Doctor Waldron took her hand.

"My dear girl. I can tell you many things, but you must listen to me. You must believe what I tell you. I understand far better than you. You admit that he died. Yes. You were with him at the end. You attended his funeral. So much you know for a fact. Therefore, since you couldn't have seen him on the platform, it must have been a creation of your poor tired mind. You're tired to-night. There are deep lines under your eyes that I don't like to see there. In the morning, when you are rested, you will be able to laugh at this difficult day. Naturally, your overwrought condition couldn't accept the tragedy that to-day was to have been your wedding day. I'll tell you what. To-night you must have dinner with a friend, a good jolly friend who will make you laugh. Then go to the theater. See something amusing. Go somewhere to dance afterward and stay as late as you please. You'll be so tired that you'll sleep like a brick."

She smiled at his stupidity. For three months now he had been advising diversion of one sort or another. Why were doctors so stubborn, so stupid? Every play had a hero and a heroine. A girl and a boy. Kisses. Whispered things. Herself and Ken. Ken. She frowned. In the restaurants the orchestras played love songs. The novels all had love in them. And as for friends, there was no one she knew who had not been a friend of Ken also. It was like tearing the crust off a newly healed wound. But she said to Doctor Waldron:

"That's a good idea."

He patted her hand gently when she said good-night. His face looked a little worried. He was such a good soul, but such a fool not to be able to see the plainest things.

Out in the street it was almost dark. A row of yellow lights divided the lighter blue of the sky from the darker, more solid blue of the buildings. Traffic filled the Avenue like a rapid, noisy river. People were hurrying, bent over in arcs to withstand the strong November wind. But to her it felt good, washing her face like fresh cold water.

She did what she had to do, what she had done every night for the past week. She stopped in to telephone at the first drugstore. Stevens 4-0452. After a minute, a woman's voice answered the telephone. That same colorless female voice answered. Norah remained silent to her querulous hello. The receiver at the other end clicked indignantly into place and the operator's voice now broke in.

Norah said, "I'm calling Stevens 4-0452."

The operator told her she was connected.

"But that's not the party I want," insisted Norah. "I'm calling Mr. Kenneth Stone."

A few seconds, and the voice of the telephone business office. "I'm sorry, madame. That telephone is now listed under the name of Susan Weiss. Mr. Stone's name is no longer listed in our records."

Norah knew, somehow, that it was true. But still, there was no harm. Perhaps if she kept calling he would answer the 'phone some day. It was the same way when she entered the lobby of the New Amsterdam Hotel where they used to meet. To-night he was not among the eager men who were waiting for girls. Nor had he been there last night, nor the nights and nights and nights before that. But

to-morrow perhaps he would be there. If she went to enough of the old places and did all the same things, one time she was bound to be lucky, one time he would be there. It didn't take reason to believe that, so of course Doctor Waldron couldn't see. It took intuition. Norah smiled. The whole thing had never occurred to her in those early days after Ken's death. But now she knew that no one with Ken's vitality, his hunger for life, for the keen, small things which made each day so exciting, could just die. It wasn't natural. But it took a great deal of believing to get it all straight. It was easy to feel discouraged.

She felt discouraged again when she reached the street where she lived. Her apartment seemed so high up and the building so stern and heavy. Four windows from the top was her home, twenty stories high. The window was dark. She wished the cleaning woman had sense enough to leave a lamp on.

All at once she felt very tired and bloodless. At the desk she asked if there had been any messages. There had been none. In her mail box there was a reminder from her dentist and a blotter from a rug-cleaning place trying to get next spring's business. She nodded to the elevator man, who said that it was a sharp day. Yes, very sharp, she answered. How funny to be giving and taking worthless words! What difference could it make? Cold to-night. Warm to-morrow or next summer. Saying little silly words.

She lighted the lamp near the couch, lighted the yellow lamp near the armchair, and gave the wood fire a shove or two with the poker. How tired she was. In the mantel over the fireplace she could see her face when she straightened up. It was pale as the gardenia on her lapel. Her lips, her eyes, and the hollows in her cheek seemed to have been painted by the same dark

brush. When she took off her hat, her hair, dark and shiny, lay flat against her head as if it were painted there, too. She remembered a poem Ken had once written her and, though she didn't like poetry, this one seemed lovely and right. It was something about a face like a water lily and hair like seaweed at night.

Water at night always made her shudder. It looked so sinister and commanding, so treacherous. And a lost face floating around in it like a water lily, and hair floating about it like seaweed. She sat down in the soft armchair and shut her eyes. The light from the lamp came through her lowered lids, but it was reassuring.

When she opened her eyes again and looked toward the couch opposite, she saw Ken sitting there, surveying her with some amusement. His nose was wrinkled in a smile, and light shone on his white teeth.

"What are you doing, Norah, posing for a Benda mask?" he asked.

She stared at him, coldness running from her scalp to her feet.

"Ken? Ken? It's you?"

"Were you expecting someone else?" he asked. Then he laughed, and it was like hearing a song she had been trying to remember.

"Ken, I can't believe it's you. I can't really believe it's you," she kept on saying.

He laughed again. "Well, who am I then?" he demanded.

"You're Ken. You're Ken, aren't you?"

"Good work, my girl," said Ken. "But don't sit there staring at me so, as if I were a ghost. Haven't you a cigarette or a stick of chewing gum or a heartening drink for a man of my type?"

Norah cried, "Ken, darling," and sprang to him. There was that familiar smell of tobacco and shaving lotion

about him. His face was cool, and a lock of his hair as he kissed her slipped out of place and brushed against her eyes.

He murmured, "I've tried so many times to get you."

"Have you, Ken?"

"To-day, on the L station, I thought you'd stop for a moment and talk to me. Why didn't you?"

Norah said, "Ken, then it was you!"

"Infant! you're terribly hard to convince to-night, aren't you? Of course it was I. Did you think I was going to bite a piece out of you the way you ran for that train? And then later when you telephoned I could hear you talking and I said 'hello, hello.' But you didn't hear me. And in the New Amsterdam I waved to you but you went past so fast."

Norah looked at him. His eyes, next to hers, looked so big. She smoothed his cheek with her forefinger.

"But Ken," she said, "the doctor told me I was crazy, or something. Oh, Ken, I knew, I knew. If I just kept on I knew you'd come."

Ken held her away from him for a moment and spoke to her slowly, impressively quiet.

"I've been trying for a long time, Norah. I'm tired and I can't come again. It has been months now. And you must decide this by yourself, without any coercion on my part. Listen to me carefully, sweet, and make up your mind. You know what day this is. I have come to get you, but only if you want to go. If you do want to go you must come with me now, at once. You may be frightened. You may even regret it. But I want you

to know I can't come back again. I have a long, long way to go."

For answer Norah threw her arms around his neck and held him close.

"Can I put some things into a bag? Will you wait?"

Ken laughed. "You silly goose. You won't need anything. Come just as you are."

"Ken darling, let's go. Let's go quickly. I'm all ready."

They rose, and Ken took his bags, strapped as they had been earlier in the day.

"Promise me you won't be frightened; promise me you'll do just as I say, Norah."

"I promise," she said.

She followed him into the bedroom and over to the window.

He said, as they raised the window, "When I give you the signal take my arm and let yourself over the sill with me. Don't be frightened, darling. Just hold on to my arm and shut your eyes and you won't mind. I'll never let you go."

They looked down into the courtyard, twenty stories below. In the oblong of light reflected from the cellar opening they could see Steve, the service man, wheeling an ashcan into the house. Ken motioned her back.

"Wait just a minute," he said. They waited. In the apartments opposite women were in their kitchens preparing dinner. The sounds of pots and china came from the open windows, and little wisps of steam drifted out. Again they looked down. The court was deserted. The light from the cellar was like a tomb-shaped spotlight. She turned to look at Ken. He smiled and nodded his head.

"Now," he said.



COMMUNISM AND THE OLD PAGAN

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE spread of Christianity as described by Gibbon, Dill, Hodgkin, and the rest has always had for me a peculiar fascination. For many years I attempted without great success to imagine what it must have been like to live in the days when Conversion was a common phenomenon, and I tried, especially, to put myself in the place of some cultivated Greek or Roman who discovered with amazement that his most intimate friends were turning, one by one, to the strange new delusion.

For years, I told myself, he and they had read the same books, discussed the same questions, and recognized the same dilemmas into which experience and knowledge had led them. When they met their conversation began where it had left off before, and they understood one another in that fashion which is possible only to men whose vocabularies coincided both as to meaning and connotation. And then, quite suddenly, everything was changed. "I have been saved," announced one of them, and though he was never able to explain exactly what "salvation" meant, he had acquired along with it a new set of terms which replaced the old and made communication impossible.

Words like "grace" and "faith" and something called "truth" supplied the framework of his discourse. They seemed to render meaningless all the terms which the two friends had been accustomed to use and they had the

magical power of making him forget everything which had seemed most obvious before. For him all doubts had been laid to rest, all questions had been answered—but not, unfortunately, in any communicable fashion. No one had previously been keener in his analysis of other faiths, no one more ready to grant the dubiousness and ambiguity of all things. But suddenly he had become impatient of every hesitation, irritated by every inquiry. And at the same time every value had been transvaluated. "Philosophical," "intellectual," "balanced," "detached," "skeptical," and the rest had become terms of reproach; "simple," "uneducated," "ignorant," "poor," and the like, terms of praise. He could no longer answer arguments but he no longer needed to answer because he had become at the same time incapable of understanding or even, perhaps, of hearing them.

Still further—and strangest of all—he had ceased to value the things which he had formerly held most dear. The culture which had seemed the one really precious heritage of mankind was suddenly of so little account that all the literature which embodied it had best be destroyed, and the sensibilities which that literature had developed were suddenly so despised that no one still tainted with them could hope to be accepted into the new congregation or really to understand how its members felt. What he had discovered was not an idea to be discussed

like other ideas. Neither was it a plan and a hope to be tried out like other plans and entertained like other hopes. It was Revelation, and Revelation is exempt from the possibility of error or the need for growth. It does not require, like human things, to be criticized and tested and developed. It is not subject to the doubts which are appropriate to human conceptions and it is not to be judged in accordance with what we have learned by experience with other philosophies or other faiths. They were products of fallible humanity, while this comes straight from God. One has faith or one has not, and nothing else matters. To him who has it all things are possible; from him who has it not, nothing is to be expected.

Something like all this, I told myself, must have happened; yet I was still unable to feel myself in the place of the student of Aristotle and Plato who was thus confronted, not with an ignorant man, but with an intimate friend who had suddenly transformed himself into a creature capable of holding beliefs with a kind of intransigence hitherto observed only in men ignorant of history and untrained in speculation. I concluded that the phenomenon was one never likely to be witnessed again, and I should probably have continued in that opinion if I had not seen it unexpectedly repeated and found myself in a position strangely like that of the Roman or Greek whose perplexity I had been unable to imagine. I, too, have now witnessed the process of conversion. I, too, have now found myself faced with friends whose mental processes have come, over night, to be quite incomprehensible and to whose vocabularies have suddenly been added magic words obviously rich with meanings which elude all my efforts to comprehend them.

I am referring of course to the spread among intellectuals of the communist

faith; and I am interested for the moment, not in the doctrine itself, but in the way in which it is held. In the former I have, indeed, at least a sympathetic interest. I recognize the plight of contemporary civilization even as, I imagine, some Roman pagan may have recognized the plight of ancient Rome. Like him, I suspect that it needs revivifying ideas and I am more than a little inclined to suspect that my converted friends are in touch with some likely to prove of value. But it is the process of conversion, the psychological effects of Salvation that I cannot understand, and I am bewildered by the way in which the new faith renders unrecognizable the minds which I thought I knew so well. Surely there must be other Old Pagans like myself, and it is for their benefit that I set down these reflections. Can we formulate our attitude in such a way as to explain ourselves to the baptized and saved? Probably not. But perhaps, at least, we can define for our own benefit those doubts and those hesitations which no longer seem respectable to those from whose companionship we once derived so much pleasure and profit.

II

I realize, of course, that even the most enthusiastic of communists bitterly resent the suggestion that theirs is a religion or a faith. I have, moreover, no desire to quarrel over words since it seems to me that one of the most conspicuous weaknesses of my friends is just the tendency to settle an argument by the application of some damning label like "capitalistic" or "bourgeois." But if Communism is not a religion, its effect upon those who embrace it is, in many respects, like the effect of a religious conversion, and it is this effect which disturbs and alienates one who cannot imagine himself accepting it in quite that way.

I think that I understand in some fashion what the abolition of capital would imply. I can even imagine a possible and perhaps relatively satisfactory society based entirely upon public ownership. Several times during the course of human history there has been a distinct change in the social system and, since several of these changes seem to me to have been for the better, I think it quite possible that another might be made. Each has, nevertheless, been accompanied by its own abuses and revealed defects not apparent until the new system had actually been put into operation. Perfection is not characteristic of any political institution. Yet Communism seems inspired by a kind of mystical faith. It does not propose itself as better, but as perfect; and it repels those who might be interested in it as an economic system by insisting at the same time that it is much more than that—by proclaiming the imminence of a complete rebirth and by demanding *instantanèe* a totally new man. Communist art, communist love, communist science, and communist philosophy already exist in theory if not in actuality, and it is assumed that to break with the economic organization of the past is to break at the same time with the whole tradition of human sensibility. Men are not only to work differently but, because of that, to be different, and thus what begins as an economic system ends as something essentially religious in the sense that it is supposed to remake life in its entirety and to affect those things which appear to have no immediate connection with it.

Communism has its bible of course and, say some, its congregation of saints. Like Christianity, it proposes the sacrifice of many immediate goods for the sake of a better life to be led in some future; and though its adherents profess to be materialists of the most uncompromising sort, they are, never-

theless, willing to accept the acknowledged deprivations attendant upon life in the only communist country now existing because of compensations which appear to be wholly spiritual—because, that is to say, of the sense which that life gives of being led in harmony with a unified mass intent upon the same achievement and accepting the same standards. “Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith” is a fine saying, but it seems hardly more appropriate to a materialist than does the promise of plenty some five years, ten years, or a generation hence to those who once so bitterly ridiculed the preacher’s promise of “pie in the sky, by and by, by and by.”

But the most striking of all the effects of Communism is the way in which those who embrace it lay down their burdens at the foot of some cross. Just as the earliest Christians justified their refusal to concern themselves with the world as they found it by announcing this world’s imminent destruction, so the communist dissociates himself from every effort to ameliorate conditions as they are and prophesies the immediate doom of capitalism. He rejoices in the sufferings of his fellows because those sufferings are calculated to wean them away from any lingering hope in the possibilities of this world and, like the Christian again, he proclaims that society must die before it can be born anew.

Likely enough the convert is a man with considerable previous knowledge of the history of political experiment. He has been immersed in the details of economics and sociology. He has seen how the most admirable political institutions have been perverted in practice. But when the light breaks upon him he seems to forget his previous knowledge. Though he is willing to grant that half the failures of democracy are the result of the human weak-

ness of elected officers, he refuses to admit that the human element would interfere with the perfect working of the communistic institutions, and if pressed with the inconsistency he will probably be ready with an essentially religious reply—namely, that men are corrupt only because of the false philosophy encouraged by false political institutions. Like Rousseau, he believes that human nature is perfectible and he differs from Rousseau only in proposing Communism instead of a Return to Nature.

Moreover, since Communism is essentially sacred, any complete acceptance of it involves also the acceptance of the idea of blasphemy; and the communist is almost invariably sincerely shocked by the expression of any doubts concerning even a minor detail of his theology. Before conversion he had probably himself specialized in doubts. While still a mere progressive, he had prided himself upon his ability to make and to meet all sorts of criticism. He had even believed passionately that opposition was healthful for the thing opposed and he had celebrated dissent as such, arguing that the very crank was necessary to the well-being of society. But as soon as he has been converted honest doubt becomes blasphemy, and that protestantism which he had previously so much admired becomes the most dangerous of perversions.

Persecution he justifies exactly as it was justified by the early Church, and he bases his justification upon the same contention, namely that though toleration was admirable so long as the final and absolute Truth had not been discovered, it becomes a crime as soon as one knows beyond the possibility of a doubt that one is tolerating an error. And if any further illustration is needed of the essentially religious and mystical character of the communist faith, it may be found in the cleansing, magic,

and sanctifying effect of the adjective "communistic" when it precedes a noun which would, by itself, suggest something distasteful or evil. A pagan might have found it difficult to perceive any important difference between that persecution which his newly converted friends hated and that "Christian severity" of which they approved. But anyone who hopes to understand the new religion must learn to make similar, rather difficult, distinctions. For years his friends thought, for instance, that they were opposed to war. They even went so far as to ridicule the whole idea that it could be justified by the ends in view. But now they have discovered that only "capitalistic war" is evil and that even propaganda—once the most contemptible of all activities—is noble if only it is understood to be a communistic propaganda. To tell only one's own side of the question, to refuse admission to any reporter known to be unsympathetic, and to censor all publication in one's own interest, is now only common sense. Nor is even this all, for the very social and intellectual tendencies which seemed most lamentable become highly desirable when they can be appropriated by the simple process of attaching the sanctifying label. "Capitalistic standardization" is evil, but "communistic unity" is delightful. If a hundred thousand cinema theaters show the same "capitalistic" movies, then the very standardization of the emotions is sickening; but if a hundred thousand cinema theaters show the same communistic films, the solidarity of the communistic society is assured; and if, in a word, the capitalistic goose-step is degrading, the communistic goose-step affords an inspiring sight.

III

Now to such objections as these last the communist replies, of course, that

they are merely liberal platitudes. Though he loudly demands in present-day society the civil rights which he himself proposes to abolish, he is frank in acknowledging this apparent inconsistency which he justifies as merely tactical, and his contempt for "liberty" is as open as the contempt of an Italian fascist or a French disciple of Marras and Daudet. Nor can it be denied that such a position is perfectly tenable, since it has, as a matter of fact, been held by far more people and proclaimed by far more governments than ever paid even lip service to opposite opinions. But it is, again, the suddenness of the conversion, the apparent *non sequitur* of the steps which led to it which baffle those who must proceed step by step without the benefit of a sudden illumination.

At least those of the American communists who were intellectuals first seem to have approached their present position by going in the opposite direction. They became critics of present-day society because it granted so little liberty and put so heavy a penalty upon any deviation from the accepted pattern. They were feminists before the War, pacifists while the conflict was on, and protesters ever since against all the disciplines and censorship of their time. Moreover—and unless I completely misunderstood their professed principles—their attitude was predicated upon the assumption that freedom and individuality were ultimate goods in themselves. They did not oppose one particular war because they thought its aims absurd or one particular censorship because they thought its principles narrow. Some of them, at least, even wrote pacifist novels in which war was condemned purely because an individual hero found its brutalities disgusting and, if I remember aright, all of them who were already opposed to a capitalistic society cited its lack of freedom as one

of the chief reasons for finding it unsatisfactory. And yet, when Communism was discovered as a possible alternative, convictions which had previously seemed fundamental fell away with an almost miraculous suddenness, completeness, and celerity. The convert became almost unrecognizable to his most intimate friends because, over night, the physiognomy of his mind had been transformed. He did not merely, and as one might have anticipated, regretfully surrender liberty and individualism as a necessary sacrifice to some greater good. He began to revile them as enthusiastically as he had once celebrated their value and to proclaim that repression and uniformity were goods in themselves. On the road to some liberal convention he appears to have heard a voice which proclaimed, "Saul, Saul, why persecuteth thou *not* me?"

Such a sudden and apparently irrational about-face, such a spontaneous and complete revision of values is, of course, characteristic of conversion. One becomes *convinced* by a slow and logical process in the course of which one gives up previous convictions painfully and one after another; but one becomes converted by a sudden, joyous impulse which results in a transformation only later (if at all) to be rationalized. Generally it comes as a result of an intolerable strain, and very often at least it involves the surrender of ordinary rationality which the convert abandons, not because it has solved the difficulties which it has raised, but because difficulty and doubt have become intolerable. Tortured bodies faint when pain can no longer be borne, and tortured minds seek a similar escape. When the mind swoons visions come, and the communist faith in the possibility of a perfect society in the immediate future seems to be the result of such a vision. The exhausted skeptic

used to enter the Catholic Church; today the "tired radical" embraces the communist faith.

He is weary of disappointments and doubts. He can no longer endure the heartbreaking frustrations which are the lot of any idealist who undertakes to concern himself with society. Hence he abandons with relief every conception whose defects experience has revealed to him and joyously embraces the conviction that a magic formula has been discovered. Hitherto, justice and equity were goods achieved only piece-meal and for a time. They seemed to be ideas and, as such, by very definition to be represented on earth only by imperfect and corruptible shadows of themselves. But this, he now realizes, is only because the true philosophy had not been discovered, and the time has almost come to put off corruption.

Nor is he, unconsciously perhaps, too sorry that his faith cannot be immediately put to the test. There is very little that he has to do about it right now, and he can confidently predict what *would* happen because he knows that he is not likely very soon to have an opportunity to put his experiment to the test. Like the convert to primitive Christianity, the death which he is so anxious to embrace still lies far ahead and he can proclaim with all the more willingness his impatience to surrender all the pleasures of this world, for the very reason that the kingdom of heaven is not quite at hand. When the time comes he will be only too glad, not only to share the hard lot of a revolutionary workman, but also to surrender the freedom of his movements and the right of private judgment. *Then* he will do what he is told to do and think what he is told to think. *Then* orthodoxy will be easy because by that time orthodoxy will be, of course, his doxy. Meanwhile he enjoys the immemorial privilege of the

sanctified which makes it lawful for him to take advantage of what the heathen make possible. He does not sell all his goods and give to the poor because the time has not yet come when it is possible to do that in the right way. He does not do as he is told because the right people are not yet telling him what to do; but he is convinced—against the evidence of all that previous observation of human nature would indicate—that the whole of his fundamentally dissenting and protesting psychology will change when Communism triumphs.

He knows that he has always, and in accordance with his temperament, been among the "outs"; he knows that seeing the other side has been his specialty; and that organizing minorities has always been his joy. He has always held the opinions which would shock his milieu and read the books that his college library kept on the reserved shelf. Indeed he is doing something like that right now. But Communism is going to come and it is going to come in just the form which he envisages. Hence when it does, he will be the perfect co-operator and he will be ready always to accept the official doctrine. It will represent truth in the form of scientific certitude, and there will be no excuse for dissent. At last, in a word, Christianity's two-thousand-year-old dream of the absolute rule of Absolute Authority will be realized in a surprising way. Everything will be tolerated except error, and man will at last enjoy that freedom which the Church has always called the only true one—namely the freedom to do only what is right.

IV

We Old Pagans fall short of the requirements for salvation chiefly because we insist upon regarding the Communist State with the same de-

tachment we employ when we consider the virtues or the defects exhibited by monarchy, fascism, and democracy. In them we perceive a distinction between the logic of their theory and the results of their practice. We are aware of the extent to which their working is affected both by the character of those who put their principles into operation and by the operation of certain forces whose influence was not accounted for in the theory itself. We even remember with some misgiving the fact that universal suffrage was not the panacea which it once seemed that it would be, and hence we consider Communism as a political philosophy which may be the best ever proposed but which is, nevertheless, no more than a political philosophy and, as such, not exempt from those defects characteristic of all human things. Hence we cannot perceive in it that easy road to perfection which we must proclaim it to be before our communist friends are willing to regard us as other than benighted tools of oppression. To us it appears that the converts refuse to give their vision that critical examination which alone would give promise of making it useful; to them it appears that we refuse to acknowledge the transcendent, the apocalyptic nature of that vision. We should be willing to examine their proposals coolly and rationally. We should be willing to be convinced that, all things considered, a society based upon the common ownership of wealth and a centralized control of production would be an improvement over any society hitherto organized. But we are not capable of religious conversion, and without that we cannot be saved.

Nor is it worth while to deny that, being men of little faith, we are not yet willing to give up as completely as the true believers demand the goods which this and all past societies have afforded. We do, it must be confessed, still refuse

to believe that this wicked world is composed exclusively of pomps and vanities and we are no more willing to break completely with all the past than the Roman philosopher was willing to renounce his Plato and his Virgil merely because he was offered a Bible at last. Clumsy, inefficient, and cruel as all societies have been, some joys have been snatched and some good work has been done in the midst of them. Even those refinements of feeling, even those artistic sensitivities, which the communist denounces as so many products of decadence seem to us to be, in themselves, far from contemptible; and we are not willing to renounce them forever without being shown more conclusively than we so far have been shown, either that our economic system cannot be improved unless we *are* willing to renounce them, or that the benefits of the new system would satisfactorily compensate for their loss. Saint Jerome learned in a vision that he must cease reading Virgil or be damned; we have not yet been convinced that Economics need be a God as jealous as Jehovah. As true pagans we want some liberty to worship at various shrines. We insist upon the right to value some things which have no bearing upon either production or distribution and we turn aside from the economist because he proclaims—in too familiar an accent—“Thou shalt have no other God but me.”

We are—Heaven help us—still liberals. We still, that is to say, believe not only that criticism and protestation are necessary accompaniments to the development of new ideas, but also that individuality, and non-conformity, and freedom, are goods in themselves. We do not believe that an amelioration of the economic system is impossible unless we surrender all of those goods which the last thousand years have painfully achieved and even if we did

believe that, then we should prefer a chaotic economic system to one in which man had given up art and philosophy and individuality in order that he might be well fed and well housed.

The world certainly needs to be saved but it is less evident that it needs to be Saved. To a skeptic at least it seems that there are very few things worth paying for at the rate which a genuine conversion demands, and he is afraid of what, specifically, a conversion to Communism would entail. Already he has heard even literary critics make remarks which

seem about to shape themselves into the formula of the servant of the Prophet before the library of Alexandria: "If these books agree with the Koran they are unnecessary; if they disagree they are pernicious." He wonders, moreover, that his converted friends never seem to wonder how great the danger is that ambitious and powerful men might turn the institutions of Communism into tools for achieving unexpected ends. What if the Communist State should reinterpret the Gospel of Marx as successfully as the church succeeded in reinterpreting the Gospel of Jesus?

IN A LIBRARY

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

SOMETIMES when I have read a sordid tale
 Of our own times: some story writ to show
 How vile is humankind, how lecherous, low,
 How worse than any vermin—past the pale
 Of help or hope . . . all this in bleak detail.
 Page after page, I close the book and go
 In thought over the names of men I know:
 All kinds of men, both in and out of jail.
 No vermin, these, not one of them. Instead,
 Struggling creatures like myself I find.
 Some are maimed, it may be; some are weak;
 Some dwarfed and twisted by the bitter wind
 Of adverse fate; but those of whom I've read
 I never find, no matter where I seek.



IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

LIKE most of my generation, I was brought up on the saying "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Being a highly virtuous child, I believed all that I was told and acquired a conscience which has kept me working hard down to the present moment. But although my conscience has controlled my *actions*, my *opinions* have undergone a revolution. I think that there is far too much work done in the world, that immense harm is caused by the belief that work is virtuous, and that what needs to be preached in modern industrial countries is quite different from what always has been preached. Every one knows the story of the traveler in Naples who saw twelve beggars lying in the sun (it was before the days of Mussolini), and offered a lira to the laziest of them. Eleven of them jumped up to claim it, so he gave it to the twelfth. This traveler was on the right lines. But in countries which do not enjoy Mediterranean sunshine idleness is more difficult, and a great public propaganda will be required to inaugurate it. I hope that after reading the following pages the leaders of the Y. M. C. A. will start a campaign to induce good young men to do nothing. If so, I shall not have lived in vain.

Before advancing my own arguments for laziness, I must dispose of one which I cannot accept. Whenever a person who already has enough to live on proposes to engage in some everyday kind of job, such as school-teaching or

typing, he or she is told that such conduct takes the bread out of other people's mouths, and is, therefore, wicked. If this argument were valid, it would only be necessary for us all to be idle in order that we should all have our mouths full of bread. What people who say such things forget is that what a man earns he usually spends, and in spending he gives employment. As long as a man spends his income he puts just as much bread into people's mouths in spending as he takes out of other people's mouths in earning. The real villain, from this point of view, is the man who saves. If he merely puts his savings in a stocking, like the proverbial French peasant, it is obvious that they do not give employment. If he invests his savings the matter is less obvious, and different cases arise.

One of the commonest things to do with savings is to lend them to some government. In view of the fact that the bulk of the expenditure of most civilized governments consists in payments for past wars and preparation for future wars, the man who lends his money to a government is in the same position as the bad men in Shakespeare who hire murderers. The net result of the man's economical habits is to increase the armed forces of the State to which he lends his savings. Obviously it would be better if he spent the money, even if he spent it on drink or gambling.

But, I shall be told, the case is quite different when savings are invested in

industrial enterprises. When such enterprises succeed and produce something useful this may be conceded. In these days, however, no one will deny that most enterprises fail. That means that a large amount of human labor, which might have been devoted to producing something which could be enjoyed, was expended on producing machines which, when produced, lay idle and did no good to anyone. The man who invests his savings in a concern that goes bankrupt is, therefore, injuring others as well as himself. If he spent his money, say, in giving parties for his friends, they (we may hope) would get pleasure, and so would all those on whom he spent money, such as the butcher, the baker, and the bootlegger. But if he spends it (let us say) upon laying down rails for surface cars in some place where surface cars turn out to be not wanted, he has diverted a mass of labor into channels where it gives pleasure to no one. Nevertheless, when he becomes poor through the failure of his investment he will be regarded as a victim of undeserved misfortune, whereas the gay spendthrift, who has spent his money philanthropically, will be despised as a fool and a frivolous person.

All this is only preliminary. I want to say, in all seriousness, that a great deal of harm is being done in the modern world by the belief in the virtuousness of *work*, and that the road to happiness and prosperity lies in an organized diminution of work.

First of all: what is work? Work is of two kinds: first, altering the position of matter at or near the earth's surface relatively to other such matter; second, telling other people to do so. The first kind is unpleasant and ill paid; the second is pleasant and highly paid. The second kind is capable of indefinite extension: there are not only those who give orders but those who give advice as to what orders should be given.

Usually two opposite kinds of advice are given simultaneously by two different bodies of men; this is called politics. The skill required for this kind of work is not knowledge of the subjects as to which advice is given, but knowledge of the art of persuasive speaking and writing, *i.e.* of advertising.

Throughout Europe, though not in America, there is a third class of men, more respected than either of the classes of workers. These are men who, through ownership of land, are able to make others pay for the privilege of being allowed to exist and to work. These landowners are idle, and I might, therefore, be expected to praise them. Unfortunately, their idleness is rendered possible only by the industry of others; indeed their desire for comfortable idleness is historically the source of the whole gospel of work. The last thing they have ever wished is that others should follow their example.

From the beginning of civilization until the industrial revolution a man could, as a rule, produce by hard work little more than was required for the subsistence of himself and his family, although his wife worked at least as hard and his children added their labor as soon as they were old enough to do so. The small surplus above bare necessities was not left to those who produced it, but was appropriated by priests and warriors. In times of famine there was no surplus; the warriors and priests, however, still secured as much as at other times, with the result that many of the workers died of hunger. This system persisted in Russia until 1917, and still persists in the East; in England, in spite of the Industrial Revolution, it remained in full force throughout the Napoleonic wars, and until a hundred years ago, when the new class of manufacturers acquired power. In America the system came to an end with the Revolution,

except in the South, where it persisted until the Civil War. A system which lasted so long and ended so recently has naturally left a profound impression upon men's thoughts and opinions. Much that we take for granted about the desirability of work is derived from this system and, being pre-industrial, is not adapted to the modern world. Modern technic has made it possible for leisure, within limits, to be not the prerogative of small privileged classes, but a right evenly distributed throughout the community. The morality of work is the morality of slaves, and the modern world has no need of slavery.

It is obvious that, in primitive communities, peasants, left to themselves, would not have parted with the slender surplus upon which the warriors and priests subsisted, but would have either produced less or consumed more. At first sheer force compelled them to produce and part with the surplus. Gradually, however, it was found possible to induce many of them to accept an ethic according to which it was their duty to work hard, although part of their work went to support others in idleness. By this means the amount of compulsion required was lessened, and the expenses were diminished. To this day ninety-nine per cent of British wage-earners would be genuinely shocked if it were proposed that the King should not have a larger income than a working man. The conception of duty, speaking historically, has been a means used by the holders of power to induce others to live for the interests of their masters rather than their own. Of course the holders of power conceal this fact from themselves by managing to believe that their interests are identical with the larger interests of humanity. Sometimes this is true; Athenian slave-owners, for instance, employed part of their leisure in making a permanent contribution to civilization which would have been impossible

under a just economic system. Leisure is essential to civilization, and in former times leisure for the few was rendered possible only by the labors of the many. But their labors were valuable, not because work is good, but because leisure is good. And with modern technic it would be possible to distribute leisure justly without injury to civilization.

Modern technic has made it possible to diminish enormously the amount of labor necessary to produce the necessities of life for every one. This was made obvious during the War. At that time all the men in the armed forces, all the men and women engaged in the production of munitions, all the men and women engaged in spying, war propaganda, or government offices connected with the War were withdrawn from productive occupations. In spite of this, the general level of physical well-being among wage-earners on the side of the Allies was higher than before or since. The significance of this fact was concealed by finance: borrowing made it appear as if the future was nourishing the present. But that, of course, would have been impossible; a man cannot eat a loaf of bread that does not yet exist. The War showed conclusively that by the scientific organization of production it is possible to keep modern populations in fair comfort on a small part of the working capacity of the modern world. If at the end of the War the scientific organization which had been created in order to liberate men for fighting and munition work had been preserved, and the hours of work had been cut down to four, all would have been well. Instead of that, the old chaos was restored, those whose work was demanded were made to work long hours, and the rest were left to starve as unemployed. Why? Because work is a duty, and a man should not receive wages in proportion to what he has produced, but

in proportion to his virtue as exemplified by his industry.

This is the morality of the Slave State, applied in circumstances totally unlike those in which it arose. No wonder the result has been disastrous. Let us take an illustration. Suppose that at a given moment a certain number of people are engaged in the manufacture of pins. They make as many pins as the world needs, working (say) eight hours a day. Someone makes an invention by which the same number of men can make twice as many pins as before. But the world does not need twice as many pins: pins are already so cheap that hardly any more will be bought at a lower price. In a sensible world everybody concerned in the manufacture of pins would take to working four hours instead of eight, and everything else would go on as before. But in the actual world this would be thought demoralizing. The men still work eight hours, there are too many pins, some employers go bankrupt, and half the men previously concerned in making pins are thrown out of work. There is, in the end, just as much leisure as on the other plan, but half the men are totally idle while half are still overworked. In this way it is insured that the unavoidable leisure shall cause misery all round instead of being a universal source of happiness. Can anything more insane be imagined?

The idea that the poor should have leisure has always been shocking to the rich. In England in the early nineteenth century fifteen hours was the ordinary day's work for a man; children sometimes did as much, and very commonly did twelve hours a day. When meddlesome busy-bodies suggested that perhaps these hours were rather long, they were told that work kept adults from drink and children from mischief. When I was a child, shortly after urban working men had acquired the vote, certain public holi-

days were established by law, to the great indignation of the upper classes. I remember hearing an old Duchess say, "What do the poor want with holidays? they ought to *work*." People nowadays are less frank, but the sentiment persists, and is the source of much economic confusion.

II

Let us, for a moment, consider the ethics of work frankly, without superstition. Every human being, of necessity, consumes in the course of his life a certain amount of produce of human labor. Assuming, as we may, that labor is on the whole disagreeable, it is unjust that a man should consume more than he produces. Of course he may provide services rather than commodities, like a medical man, for example; but he should provide something in return for his board and lodging. To this extent, the duty of work must be admitted, but to this extent only.

I shall not develop the fact that in all modern societies outside the U. S. S. R. many people escape even this minimum of work, namely all those who inherit money and all those who marry money. I do not think the fact that these people are allowed to be idle is nearly so harmful as the fact that wage-earners are expected to overwork or starve. If the ordinary wage-earner worked four hours a day there would be enough for everybody, and no unemployment—assuming a certain very moderate amount of sensible organization. This idea shocks the well-to-do, because they are convinced that the poor would not know how to use so much leisure. In America men often work long hours even when they are already well-off; such men, naturally, are indignant at the idea of leisure for wage-earners except as the grim punishment of unemployment, in fact, they dislike

leisure even for their sons. Oddly enough, while they wish their sons to work so hard as to have no time to be civilized, they do not mind their wives and daughters having no work at all. The snobbish admiration of uselessness, which, in an aristocratic society, extends to both sexes, is under a plutocracy confined to women; this, however, does not make it any more in agreement with common sense.

The wise use of leisure, it must be conceded, is a product of civilization and education. A man who has worked long hours all his life will be bored if he becomes suddenly idle. But without a considerable amount of leisure a man is cut off from many of the best things. There is no longer any reason why the bulk of the population should suffer this deprivation; only a foolish asceticism, usually vicarious, makes us insist on work in excessive quantities now that the need no longer exists.

In the new creed which controls the government of Russia, while there is much that is very different from the traditional teaching of the West, there are some things that are quite unchanged. The attitude of the governing classes, and especially of those who control educational propaganda, on the subject of the dignity of labor is almost exactly that which the governing classes of the world have always preached to what were called the "honest poor." Industry, sobriety, willingness to work long hours for distant advantages, even submissiveness to authority, all these reappear; moreover, authority still represents the will of the Ruler of the Universe, Who, however, is now called by a new name, Dialectical Materialism.

The victory of the proletariat in Russia has some points in common with the victory of the feminists in some other countries. For ages men had conceded the superior saintliness of

women and had consoled women for their inferiority by maintaining that saintliness is more desirable than power. At last the feminists decided that they would have both, since the pioneers among them believed all that the men had told them about the desirability of virtue but not what they had told them about the worthlessness of political power. A similar thing has happened in Russia as regards manual work. For ages the rich and their sycophants have written in praise of "honest toil," have praised the simple life, have professed a religion which teaches that the poor are much more likely to go to heaven than the rich, and in general have tried to make manual workers believe that there is some special nobility about altering the position of matter in space, just as men tried to make women believe that they derived some special nobility from their sexual enslavement. In Russia all this teaching about the excellence of manual work has been taken seriously, with the result that the manual worker is more honored than anyone else. What are, in essence, revivalist appeals are made to secure shock workers for special tasks. Manual work is the ideal which is held before the young, and is the basis of all ethical teaching.

For the present this is all to the good. A large country, full of natural resources, awaits development and has to be developed with very little use of credit. In these circumstances hard work is necessary and is likely to bring a great reward. But what will happen when the point has been reached where everybody could be comfortable without working long hours?

In the West we have various ways of dealing with this problem. We have no attempt at economic justice, so that a large proportion of the total produce goes to a small minority of the population, many of whom do no work at all.

Owing to the absence of any central control over production, we produce hosts of things that are not wanted. We keep a large percentage of the working population idle because we can dispense with their labor by making others overwork. When all these methods prove inadequate we have a war: we cause a number of people to manufacture high explosives, and a number of others to explode them, as if we were children who had just discovered fireworks. By a combination of all these devices we manage, though with difficulty, to keep alive the notion that a great deal of manual work must be the lot of the average man.

In Russia, owing to economic justice and central control over production, the problem will have to be differently solved. The rational solution would be as soon as the necessities and elementary comforts can be provided for all to reduce the hours of labor gradually, allowing a popular vote to decide, at each stage, whether more leisure or more goods were to be preferred. But, having taught the supreme virtue of hard work, it is difficult to see how the authorities can aim at a paradise in which there will be much leisure and little work. It seems more likely that they will find continually fresh schemes by which present leisure is to be sacrificed to future productivity. I read recently of an ingenious scheme put forward by Russian engineers for making the White Sea and the northern coasts of Siberia warm by putting a dam across the Kara Straits. An admirable plan, but liable to postpone proletarian comfort for a generation, while the nobility of toil is being displayed amid the ice-fields and snowstorms of the Arctic Ocean. This sort of thing, if it happens, will be the result of regarding the virtue of hard work as an end in itself, rather than as a means to a state of affairs in which it is no longer needed.

III

The fact is that moving matter about, while a certain amount of it is necessary to our existence, is emphatically not one of the ends of human life. If it were, we should have to consider every navvy superior to Shakespeare. We have been misled in this matter by two causes. One is the necessity of keeping the poor contented, which has led the rich for thousands of years to preach the dignity of labor, while taking care themselves to remain undignified in this respect. The other is the new pleasure in mechanism, which makes us delight in the astonishingly clever changes that we can produce on the earth's surface. Neither of these motives makes any great appeal to the actual worker. If you ask him what he thinks the best part of his life, he is not likely to say, "I enjoy manual work because it makes me feel that I am fulfilling man's noblest task, and because I like to think how much man can transform his planet. It is true that my body demands periods of rest, which I have to fill in as best I may, but I am never so happy as when the morning comes and I can return to the toil from which my contentment springs." I have never heard working men say this sort of thing. They consider work, as it should be considered, as a necessary means to a livelihood, and it is from their leisure hours that they derive whatever happiness they may enjoy.

It will be said that while a little leisure is pleasant, men would not know how to fill their days if they had only four hours' work out of the twenty-four. In so far as this is true in the modern world it is a condemnation of our civilization; it would not have been true at any earlier period. There was formerly a capacity for light-heartedness and play which has been to some extent inhibited by the cult of effi-

ciency. The modern man thinks that everything ought to be done for the sake of something else, and never for its own sake. Serious-minded persons, for example, are continually condemning the habit of going to the cinema, and telling us that it leads the young into crime. But all the work that goes to producing a cinema is respectable, because it is work, and because it brings a money profit. The notion that the desirable activities are those that bring a profit has made everything topsy-turvy. The butcher who provides you with meat and the baker who provides you with bread are praiseworthy because they are making money but when you enjoy the food they have provided you are merely frivolous, unless you eat only to get strength for your work. Broadly speaking, it is held that getting money is good and spending money is bad. Seeing that they are two sides of one transaction, this is absurd; one might as well maintain that keys are good but keyholes are bad. The individual, in our society, works for profit; but the social purpose of his work lies in the consumption of what he produces. It is this divorce between the individual and the social purpose of production that makes it so difficult for men to think clearly in a world in which profit-making is the incentive to industry. We think too much of production and too little of consumption. One result is that we attach too little importance to enjoyment and simple happiness, and that we do not judge production by the pleasure that it gives to the consumer.

When I suggest that working hours should be reduced to four, I am not meaning to imply that all the remaining time should necessarily be spent in pure frivolity. I mean that four hours' work a day should entitle a man to the necessities and elementary comforts of life, and that the rest of his time should be his to use as he might see fit. It is

an essential part of any such social system that education should be carried farther than it usually is at present, and should aim, in part, at providing tastes which would enable a man to use leisure intelligently. I am not thinking mainly of the sort of things that would be considered "high-brow." Peasant dances have died out except in remote rural areas, but the impulses which caused them to be cultivated must still exist in human nature. The pleasures of urban populations have become mainly passive: seeing cinemas, watching football matches, listening to the radio, and so on. This results from the fact that their active energies are fully taken up with work; if they had more leisure they would again enjoy pleasures in which they took an active part.

In the past there was a small leisure class and a large working class. The leisure class enjoyed advantages for which there was no basis in social justice; this necessarily made it oppressive, limited its sympathies, and caused it to invent theories by which to justify its privileges. These facts greatly diminished its excellence, but in spite of this drawback it contributed nearly the whole of what we call civilization. It cultivated the arts and discovered the sciences; it wrote the books, invented the philosophies, and refined social relations. Even the liberation of the oppressed has usually been inaugurated from above. Without the leisure class mankind would never have emerged from barbarism.

The method of a hereditary leisure class without duties was, however, extraordinarily wasteful. None of the members of the class had been taught to be industrious, and the class as a whole was not exceptionally intelligent. It might produce one Darwin, but against him had to be set tens of thousands of country gentlemen who never thought of anything more intelligent

than fox-hunting and punishing poachers. At present, the universities are supposed to provide, in a more systematic way, what the leisure class provided accidentally and as a by-product. This is a great improvement, but it has certain drawbacks. University life is so different from life in the world at large that men who live in an academic milieu tend to be unaware of the pre-occupations of ordinary men and women; moreover, their ways of expressing themselves are usually such as to rob their opinions of the influence that they ought to have upon the general public. Another disadvantage is that in universities studies are organized, and the man who thinks of some original line of research is likely to be discouraged. Academic institutions, therefore, useful as they are, are not adequate guardians of the interests of civilization in a world where every one outside their walls is too busy for unutilitarian pursuits.

In a world where no one is compelled to work more than four hours a day every person possessed of scientific curiosity will be able to indulge it, and every painter will be able to paint without starving, however excellent his pictures may be. Young writers will not be obliged to draw attention to themselves by sensational pot-boilers, with a view to acquiring the economic independence needed for monumental works, for which, when the time at last comes, they will have lost the taste and the capacity. Men who in their professional work have become interested in some phase of economics or government will be able to develop their ideas without the academic detachment that makes the work of university economists lacking in reality. Medical men will have time to learn

about the progress of medicine. Teachers will not be exasperatedly struggling to teach by routine things which they learned in their youth, which may, in the interval, have been proved to be untrue.

Above all, there will be happiness and joy of life, instead of frayed nerves, weariness, and dyspepsia. The work exacted will be enough to make leisure delightful, but not enough to produce exhaustion. Since men will not be tired in their spare time, they will not demand only such amusements as are passive and vapid. At least one per cent will probably devote the time not spent in professional work to pursuits of some public importance, and, since they will not depend upon these pursuits for their livelihood, their originality will be unhampered, and there will be no need to conform to the standards set by elderly pundits. But it is not only in these exceptional cases that the advantages of leisure will appear. Ordinary men and women, having the opportunity of a happy life, will become more kindly and less persecuting and less inclined to view others with suspicion. The taste for war will die out, partly for this reason, and partly because it will involve long and severe work for all. Good nature is, of all moral qualities, the one that the world needs most, and good nature is the result of ease and security, not of a life of arduous struggle. Modern methods of production have given us the possibility of ease and security for all; we have chosen instead to have overwork for some and starvation for others. Hitherto we have continued to be as energetic as we were before there were machines. In this we have been foolish, but there is no reason to go on being foolish for ever.



MR. DENNIT'S GREAT ADVENTURE

A STORY

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

ON A bright Tuesday morning, late in May, 1836, Atwater Dennit, the warehouse clerk for Jones and Trumbull, Feed and Provision Merchants in Utica, came hurriedly down the front steps of his small Bleeker Street house.

At half a glance it was evident that this was an unusual procedure for Mr. Dennit. In the first place, just as he set foot on the narrow boardwalk, the bell in the great white spire of the Presbyterian church on Washington Street bonged out the hour of eleven. In the second place, though he was dressed in his shiny, every-day blue coat that showed green at shoulders and elbows and wore his gray high Lafayette hat (outmoded now by some ten years), he was carrying a carpet bag in his right hand. In the third place, when he remembered at the end of the block that he had forgotten to shut the door, he did not have to hurry back at his wife's shrill summons. Cornelia was out at marketing. He had been able to slip in and pack his bag, to write a note for her explaining why he would not be able to wait for her. He was on particular business for Mr. Trumbull.

Mr. Dennit was very conscious of the particular business, for he carried it in a thin belt next his skin—five hundred dollars to be delivered to Mr. Jones in Syracuse by seven o'clock on Wednesday morning. Mr. Trumbull had

intended to take it out himself, but a card party had turned up that he didn't care to miss, and he had offered the commission to Mr. Dennit. They had intended to send someone out to audit Waverly's accounts in Rochester anyway—Mr. Trumbull had put his beefy hands on Mr. Dennit's narrow shoulders—why couldn't Mr. Dennit combine the two, hey? And make it into a holiday for himself, hey? After all, he had been with Jones and Trumbull for fifteen years without a holiday.

Even now, two hours later, Mr. Dennit's heart flopped as he thought of it—a holiday—he had never been out of Utica in his life. Mr. Trumbull had said there was no danger. "Nobody will suspect *you* of carrying that belt of money, Dennit, my lad! Just wear that hat of yours!" Mr. Trumbull had rocked up and down and roared with laughter. But it was a lot of money to be responsible for.

Mr. Dennit looked covertly right and left to see if any of his neighbors had observed him. But except for the water cart with its drowsy yoke of red and white oxen, and Mr. Brierly's smart pair of chestnuts at the corner of Chancellor Square, the street was unnaturally quiet.

So Mr. Dennit set out. He lifted his thin face and breathed in the sun-filled air. Nesting sparrows were twittering in the branches of the Square elms. Overhead in the bluest sky that

Mr. Dennit had ever seen, great white fleecy clouds were floating. A flock of crows were winging their way over the city, but they were so high up that he barely heard their cawing. His mild brown eyes were shining, his puckered forehead smoothed until it became almost bland, his inoffensive pursed lips twitched an instant, then his mouth opened with pure pleasure. He was on a holiday!

It was at that particular instant that the church bell bonged. Instinctively, Mr. Dennit's hand strayed to his waistcoat. He yanked out the heavy silver watch. Eleven o'clock. Before he could breathe he heard the warning notes of the packet boat's bugle floating over the drowsy city noises. Mr. Dennit sprang like a hare. His thin knees lifted into a run. With his right hand he grabbed the brim of his Lafayette hat, in his left the carpet bag swung wildly back and forth against his shanks. His old shoes, newly polished, flashed up and down under the strapped snuff-yellow trousers. His cravat worked free of his waistcoat, the black ends fluttering; and the narrow tails of his blue coat rose and sank at every stride.

He clattered over the bridge and struggled across the packet landing. The passage agent of the Red Bird Line regarded Mr. Dennit with undisguised surprise.

"Atwater Dennit! Where are you going to?"

"Syracuse."

Mr. Dennit just managed to get out the word.

"Want a passage, hey?"

Mr. Dennit nodded breathlessly and mopped his pink cheeks with his faded handkerchief.

"Well," said the agent, "you get your dinner and supper on the boat, thirty cents apiece. Fare costs a cent and a half a mile. Sixty-one miles makes ninety-two cents. One fifty-

two does the trick. Always did and always will."

Mr. Dennit fished in his old black leather purse, getting out an Oneida bill, four York shilling-pieces and a flip. The agent looked at the bill, turning it this way and that: then he bounced the shillings on the counter of his little office.

"I don't trust a York shilling very good," he said. "Howandever, I might as well chance it. Here's your change."

He handed out four cent pieces while Mr. Dennit alternated his gaze between the waiting boat and Abel Whitely's grimy hand. There was a touch of whiskey smell about the agent, though he looked sober enough, but his small eyes twinkled over his swollen red nose.

"Don't rush yourself, Atwater. That brute can't start his boat until I give the word, for all he blows his horn so loud. I never knowed you was a traveling man. What are you doing in Syracuse?"

Mr. Dennit was putting the pennies into his purse. Now he reached down for the bag he had been holding between his legs, and tried to say in an offhand manner, "Just a business trip for Mr. Trumbull."

"Auditing?"

Mr. Dennit nodded casually. "Auditing Waverly's accounts."

"Waverly? He's in Rochester. What are you doing in Syracuse?"

"An errand. Our company's got houses in Syracuse and Rome and Montezuma and Rochester and Buffalo, you know."

"Surely, surely, famous concern, Jones and Trumbull." The agent eyed Dennit's face. He noticed little prickles of sweat on the thin high forehead. "Well, Atwater, you know your business; but if anyone asked me, I'd say you was making off with the company dollars."

He was surprised at the sudden blanching of Mr. Dennit's face. The latter had pulled his high gray hat lower over his eyes—of all people to wear a Lafayette hat!—and stared right and left. Then he turned back to Abel Whitely and affected laughter.

"Don't tell on me," he muttered.

The agent guffawed. His eye met the captain's eye and the captain's eye was angry.

"All right, Atwater. Hop on." He raised his voice. "Saunders!"

"Yeanh?"

"That gent's for Syracuse, paid down!" he bawled. "Haul out."

Mr. Dennit ran to the boat and up the gang. As he did so the captain stared down his nose at Mr. Dennit and said to a man in a black top hat and a neat black coat, "Lost us all of two minutes."

"I'm very sorry," said Mr. Dennit.

The captain grinned, stuck his bugle through his whiskers, and broke out an intricate call. Mr. Dennit could hear the notes floating off above the noises of the town. A couple of idlers were tossing in the tie ropes and the steersman was coiling them round the cleats in the forward deck. The driver boy in his red coat climbed up on the rope-horse. He snapped his whip over the leader's withers. The horses took up the tow rope, the boat gave a series of infinitesimal jerks under Mr. Dennit's feet, and the packet swung away from the dock.

The bugle notes lifted jubilantly as the boat gathered way. The team was struggling into a trot. Fresh horses; their collars and traces were shining black, the brass on their bridles glittered in the sun. A little whisper of water sounded alongside, a ripple forked away from the stern. Mr. Dennit heard it lapping along the dock planks. He could feel the breeze in his face. Ahead, the Genesee bridge made a dark tunnel. A freight-boat team

swung out for them, letting their slack rope trail in the water while the boat nosed wide to the far side. They passed between. The faces of people looking down from the bridge were reflected whitely in the water. People who knew took the Red Bird Packets; good food and speed; Syracuse in just under fifteen hours; Schenectady to Buffalo in four days; regular as time. Mr. Dennit glanced along the shining red walls of the saloon and cabin, the white windows and the yellow blinds. The *Rochester Belle* was one of the company's crack boats, and he was on it.

"Steward!" shouted the captain. "Show this gent where to drop his bag. What's your name, sir?"

"Atwater Dennit."

"Pleased to know you. Hope you're comfortable. My name's Henry Saunders. See you later."

The saloon took half the length of the boat, thirty-five feet, three windows on each side. It was handsomely paneled in maple, with a maple floor. The deckboards that made the ceiling were painted white, but the arched rafters were maple. Down the middle were two long tables at which the passengers ate. Under the rear deck a small cubicle housed another table and four or five chairs beside two small bookshelves. Two passengers, obviously husband and wife, were glancing through the last Albany papers.

There were perhaps twenty other passengers scattered through the saloon, most of them men, traveling west on business.

The steward led Mr. Dennit to a forward corner and showed him his berth, an ingenious iron frame, like a stanchion, hinged against the wall. Laced to the frame was a piece of canvas.

"That's yours, sir," said the steward, and ducked through a door in the left front wall to the kitchen.

A couple of men in natty clothes eyed Mr. Dennit amusedly as he wondered where he could safely leave his bag. One of them got up in a leisurely fashion and swaggered across to Mr. Dennit.

"Name's Markus," he said, extending a slim soft hand.

Mr. Dennit turned round and smiled uncertainly.

"Dennit, Atwater Dennit," he said, "at your service."

Mr. Markus placed the toe of a polished boot on the seat of a chair and rested his chin on his hand. He smiled guilelessly at Mr. Dennit.

"Off on business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Long trip?"

"Not to speak of. Just to Syracuse."

"Well, it's a nice boat. Nicely run. Fast. I can't stand any other line. I've tried them all, Ohio and Erie, Michigan, Blue Lions, Ohio boats."

"Dear me," said Mr. Dennit. "You must have to do a great deal of traveling."

"Quite a bit," said Mr. Markus, flicking his soft hand. He smelled faintly of lilacs. "Traveling for a company?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dennit. "Jones and Trumbull."

"Big people," said Mr. Markus with admiration. Mr. Dennit felt himself important. "Now my business keeps me moving, but it's small. One-man stuff."

He peered through the window.

"Noisiest basin in the line, I've always thought. But it looks thriving." He glanced over his shoulder. "Hope I'll see more of you.—Look here, come over and let me introduce you to a friend."

He took Mr. Dennit delicately by the elbow and led him over to his companion.

"Mr. Dennit, let me make you

acquainted with Mr. Burton. John Burton. First-rate fellow. Jack, Mr. Dennit's traveling for Jones and Trumbull."

A glance flashed between them as Mr. Burton got up and bowed.

"Very pleased."

Like his friend, Mr. Burton was well dressed. Mr. Dennit bowed. His thin face was beaming. He had had no idea that packet traveling could be so pleasant.

"Join us?" suggested Mr. Burton, motioning to a couple of glasses. "Morning beer is a great thing for traveling."

Mr. Dennit was tempted. But the thought of the deck sights was too much for him.

"Thank you, sir. Not just now. I believe I'll run upstairs for a moment. Just for the air, you know. I've been in the office all morning."

"Sit with us at dinner," suggested Mr. Burton.

"I'd be delighted."

"We might kill some time afterwards with a touch of the cards," said Mr. Burton.

Mr. Dennit started. "I'm not a card player. I hardly know any games."

Mr. Markus laughed. "We're nothing. Black jack, sledge, euchre, that's our limit."

"Well," Mr. Dennit said dubiously, "it sounds very pleasant."

He managed to back away.

Mr. Dennit came up the six steps to the steersman's deck and stood beside the man. It seemed to him that the sky had never been so blue, the clouds so white, the water so sparkling.

The spring sun shed a golden warmth over the long basin, bringing out the colors of boats that had been newly painted. Greens, blues, reds, magentas, yellows, and whites: their reflections, broken by the packet's passage, threw glittering spots of color against

the docks. Boats were everywhere. Men swarmed in the pits while others rolled down barrels from the warehouses. Invisible men were lowering crates from the overhanging second stories. Mules stood about. Voices were lifted on boats and on shore; the curse of a man with a barrel, the shouts of men catching swinging crates; a driver hollering "Back, you!" to a team as he hooked on the tow-rope; a woman crying out at a child; back east, the blow of a horn for the weigh-lock. It was a babel. Mr. Dennit had heard it every week-day of his life. But he had never listened to it from the water.

His eyes found Jones and Trumbull's, a great red warehouse. A tackle swung from the second story. A brown boat was loading. He saw Candler, the watchman, sitting on his accustomed bucket inside the yawning door.

Mr. Dennit's narrow chest arched. The easterly breeze was fresh and cool, and thick with the smell of the docks: of flour, of pork, and grain, of potatoes, of stove wood, and iron farm machinery: and in the midst of it, as a boat passed, a smell of sage.

He looked at the boat. The steersman leaned against the rudder. A woman was stretching clothes on a line over the pit. The driver lurched along behind the mules, dragging his whip like a tail. Mr. Dennit breathed deep. Their faces might seem hard, but they were free. Their very curses lacked care. They worked for their living, but their work took them to places. And for the first time in his life, Mr. Dennit was traveling with them.

"Do you think we'll have rain?" he asked the packet steersman.

"Surely will. I'd say we'd get some showers in a couple of hours."

"That's too bad."

"Yes," said the steersman. "Spe-

cially if you got to stand out here and take the worst of it."

Mr. Dennit eyed him. It hadn't occurred to him that boaters were ever uncomfortable.

"Well," he said uneasily, "I think I'll just get up on top for a spell."

"You'll just have to come right down," said the steersman. "You couldn't even lie down under that bridge." He spat overside. "Even me, standing here, I've got to take my hat off."

Mr. Dennit eyed the bridge: two stone abutments and sleepers laid over; eight feet above water; and the boat was seven. Even as he watched it drawing nearer he saw the team pass under it. At the bow end of the deck, the captain's head uprose. He gave his horn a toot.

"Bridge!" cried the driver's high voice.

"Low Bridge!" bawled Captain Saunders.

"Low Bridge!" the steersman echoed him gutturally.

The bridge glided towards them; to Mr. Dennit's romanticized eyes it seemed to swoop over them. There was an instant of cool shadow, of loud lapping water. Looking back, he saw the entrance to the long basin small in the distance, as if the bridge framed it in a picture. They were out of Utica. Faintly on the east wind he heard the bell in the high white spire of the church bong once.

"Why'n't you go up forward?" said the steersman. "There's chairs to set on. There's only three ladies in the ladies' cabin and they're all down in the saloon. You can see out at the country better until we get clear of these eternal bridges, and then you can get on top."

"That's a good idea," said Mr. Dennit.

There was a twelve-inch catwalk past the saloon windows on either side of the boat. He chose the outside walk,

maneuvering his feet carefully and keeping a hand on the top deck rail for support. He passed the saloon windows to the kitchen window. The pipe was right beside his head. It breathed heat into his face, and the acrid scent of a hot wood fire. Through the open window he smelled roasting beef, potatoes, and frying parsnips. It seemed to him that he had never smelled anything so delicious in his life, and he wondered how he could manage to wait till noon.

He avoided looking into the three forward windows of the ladies' cabin, and edged himself round the corner. The forward deck was a small place, low over the water, with room for half a dozen chairs. The captain was sitting there with the gentleman in black.

"Sit down, Mr. Dennit." Mr. Dennit flushed and sat down. (To think that the captain remembered his name!)

"Enjoying your trip?"

The man in black addressed Mr. Dennit courteously. He was obviously a gentleman, with an educated voice.

"I certainly do enjoy it," said Mr. Dennit. In the flush of his happiness he couldn't help confiding in them. "You see, it's my first trip on a packet."

The captain's beard parted. But his eyes fell on the clerk's face, his flushed cheeks and his sparkling eye. He grunted. "Look here," he said, "let me make you two gents acquainted. Mr. Dennit, Mr. Wallet. Mr. Wallet's in business in Albany. One of my regular passengers."

Mr. Wallet bowed.

"I've got to go down," said the captain. "Dinner's in half an hour."

He left them together.

"You've no idea how I'm enjoying myself." Mr. Dennit leaned confidently over to Mr. Wallet and his face got very red. "I'll tell you something.

I thought I'd pretend I'd traveled a lot. But I'm not going to. You see I'd lose half the fun."

Mr. Wallet nodded sympathetically.

Mr. Dennit felt that there was nothing more to say. You didn't have to talk to this gentleman; he understood. So he composed himself to watch the clouds, the water, and the banks sliding by. His heart surged beneath his waistcoat. He thought of the dusty office he had quitted, the noise of the city, the hurrying people, and in this placidness he experienced a lifting gratitude even towards Mr. Trumbull.

Mr. Wallet tapped his knee.

"Perhaps," he said, "I've no right. But I just thought I ought to warn you. I overheard those two gentlemen inviting you to a game of cards."

Mr. Dennit started. "Yes?"

"Well, I think, as one gentleman to another, I ought to warn you that they're professional gamblers."

"No!" said Mr. Dennit in hushed tones.

Mr. Wallet nodded soberly.

"But they were so cordial!"

"Naturally. It's part of their lay—their business."

Mr. Dennit felt as though his world had dropped out from under him.

"What will I do?" he cried.

"Why, just keep clear of them."

"But I promised to play. I practically promised."

"Well, feel indisposed. Travel sickness. Something like that."

Mr. Wallet seemed genuinely anxious to help him.

"Do you think—" Mr. Dennit hesitated. His face was quite pale now, and there was a kind of misery under his eyes. "Do you think they'd rob a person?"

Mr. Wallet laughed reassuringly.

"They'd hardly dare on the boat. Anyway I'll look out for you."

"Thank you, thank you very much. I—I haven't much experience, you

see. It isn't that. You see, I'll have to get off at Syracuse. About three o'clock to-morrow morning."

"That's very fortunate," said Mr. Wallet. "I'm leaving the boat then too. We can keep together."

He gave Mr. Dennit a keen, friendly glance, then looked away. Mr. Dennit looked out over the banks. It seemed to him that the sunlight was gone from the world. Indeed, he could see clouds mustering behind them in the east. But then he felt perhaps he was fortunate anyway. If it had not been for this gentleman, he would have fallen right into the hands of those two robbers. But he was still troubled. He felt uncomfortable, his belt chafed him now, though before he had hardly been aware of it. Something induced him to be artful in his question.

"Mr. Wallet. Supposing—supposing a clerk was carrying a large sum of money."

"Yes," said Mr. Wallet, encouragingly.

"Do you think, supposing he was, that he would do better to confide it to the captain's care? That is, supposing he was on a packet?"

Mr. Wallet stared thoughtfully at his boots.

"Do you know, I think it would be better not. It would be difficult to do it inconspicuously. Of course, if your supposititious clerk thought the rogues had particular knowledge of his charge, he might pass it on to a trusted friend." Mr. Wallet paused for the fraction of a second; then he shook his head. "But on a boat, no, I think he had better keep it."

Mr. Dennit had been listening with a heart full of woe, his eyes on the cleat that held the towrope. As Mr. Wallet finished, Mr. Dennit turned on him suddenly, and surprised an extraordinarily sharp glance from the gentleman's eyes.

"By God," said Mr. Wallet, turning

his eyes away. "It makes me boil to think of those rogues allowed to travel in decent company!"

"Yes," cried Mr. Dennit, relieved by he knew not what. "It's outrageous."

Mr. Wallet got up suddenly. "I must go down. I'll sit with you at dinner, if you like."

"Oh, thank you. But I promised those men."

"Then I'll sit just across. They can't do anything. Cheer up. Enjoy the trip. I promise you they won't take a cent." His hand jerked suddenly inside the cuff of his coat. It reappeared holding a small four-barrelled derringer. "I'm prepared. It's a habit. So don't worry."

He walked jauntily back.

Enjoy the trip! Mr. Dennit could have wept. What fearful luck! His only holiday disturbed by a couple of ruffians. Then his face brightened. He was really lucky to have scraped acquaintance with Mr. Wallet and found so true a friend. He thought of the derringer and smiled.

Mr. Dennit gave his attention to the canal. Behind him the steersman shouted, "You might as well get on top, Mister. No more bridges till Oriskany."

Mr. Dennit took him at his word. From his new eminence he could see out over the riverside meadows, the Mohawk flowing sluggishly through its coiling channel. The brilliance was out of the air; there was a faint mistiness. And back where Utica lay, a dark shadow slanted to earth. It must be raining.

The horses had subsided into a walk. Through Whitesboro they had trotted—a kind of advertisement for the line—with the driver shrilling, and the captain playing a bar of "Anacreon" on his bugle. Mail was tossed on board from the dock and a bag thrown back in exchange. They had not stopped once.

Now they were in the open country. Ahead, Mr. Dennit saw a couple of boats approaching and a line boat going away. Twenty minutes to catch the line boat, said the steersman. They were doing a mile and a half an hour better time. Red Bird packets were surely fliers.

Mr. Dennit, facing forward, heard a cough, turned round, and beheld a white-haired old gentleman.

"Pardon me, sir. My name is Prentice. I'm a minister of the gospel."

Mr. Dennit doffed his hat to the old man's white hair and cloth.

"My name is Atwater Dennit," he said.

"Mr. Dennit," said the old man soberly. "Just a word. It's for your own good. I'm a minister and, I trust, an honest man. I've traveled the canal often. I saw you speak just now to a man named Markus and a man named Burton."

"Yes," said Mr. Dennit, his eyes bewildered.

"They asked you to cards?"

"Yes."

"I make no comment on the practice. But I can see that you're not an experienced traveler. Those men were interested in you. When you bent down to put down your bag, your coat tails parted and an excrescence was visible at your waist. Then they spoke to you. Sir, they're gamblers and robbers. I warn you."

"Thank you," said Mr. Dennit. "I have been already made . . ."

Mr. Prentice held up a white hand.

"Listen, sir. Did your information come from the gentleman who calls himself Wallet?"

"Why, yes."

"Let me warn you. Those three often travel in company. I should beware of him above all others. I don't know what your mission is. But they have made up their minds to

something. Just now Wallet came down and spoke to Markus. Just a word as he passed. I was reading nearby. Wallet said, 'Easy.' That was all. Do you understand?"

Mr. Dennit was staring at him with stricken eyes.

"I had better go down. You're safe on the boat. It is better that they shouldn't see us talking. Good day."

"Stop," cried Mr. Dennit. "What will I do?"

"Keep your head and trust in the Lord," suggested the reverend gentleman. "And avoid cards."

He went below as if he had rescued a soul and solved for it all earthly problems.

But poor Mr. Dennit's soul was shrunk by a spasm. For an instant he thought wildly of jumping to the bank and hiding in the fields. But his best blue tail coat was in his bag. And just then the steward's bell rang for dinner, and the wind blew gustily and rain began spattering the deck. Mr. Dennit summoned his nerve and went down. As he passed, the steersman said, "Didn't I prophesy? And me out here like a rotten sponge."

Mr. Dennit entered the saloon. Burton and Markus waved to an empty seat between them. The steward backed him with a steaming platter of red slices in thick brown gravy. Mechanically, Mr. Dennit helped himself to potatoes and to parsnips and pickles. Whatever was passed he accepted. His plate was heaped before him. He sat looking down dismally on the mountain. His appetite had fled. A large glass of brandy was the only encouraging thing he could see. He gulped a stinging swallow of it and mustered nerve to look around.

Across the board he met Wallet's encouraging eye. He shrank under his coat as he thought of the derringer, and lowered his face. Down the table

the clergyman was helping himself and eating with gusto. Beside him Mr. Markus suggested wine.

"A little madeira? How about it, Mr. Dennit? They carry a good bottle of Graby's Red Seal. No? Sherry, perhaps? Holloway's Port then? No? Brandy like a true blue. I agree. Nothing like brandy. Touch of travel sickness? Phuh! Gone in a couple of hours. Take a turn after lunch if the rain lets up. By George, listen to it!"

The saloon had grown shadowed. The pictures of Washington, of Lafayette, of Clinton in the garb of a Roman Emperor, were specters against the walls. On the boards overhead, rain drummed louder and louder, until the sound of the fall was blotted out in a rising wind. Lightning flashed beyond the windows, showing the canal bank livid white, the grass like bending ghosts, and the black skeleton of a broken tree. The thunder rumbled down upon them.

The steward entered with a long match to light the lamps swung from the rafters. People talked little. At the second table, a traveler remembered a story and proceeded to tell it. The others listened in silence. Mr. Dennit did not hear a word. He nibbled his food, saw his scarcely touched plate give way to pie, drank some coffee. The belt round his waist seemed to communicate a chill to his insides.

He did not know whether to be glad that the meal was over or to apprehend the advances of the rogues on either side of him. As he feared, they suggested cards, but he pleaded a headache, and Mr. Wallet sympathetically suggested that he be given a comfortable chair under the rear windows. Markus and Burton started a card game. The minister retired to a far corner and read to himself. Mr. Dennit was left alone.

Sitting there in the semi-darkness

while the rain sloshed over the banks of the canal he considered what he should do. He thought he might escape at Rome and make for the company office, but when Rome came in sight at three fifteen, Mr. Wallet kindly left a game of euchre to sit down beside him with a newspaper, under cover of which he whispered, "Everything's going to be all right. They don't suspect us, I believe. You acted finely at lunch."

Mr. Dennit writhed. He did not dare get up. There were no passengers, the captain was in a hurry. The new team was brought out. In five minutes they were on their way.

The rain continued with a steady roar. The thunder had long since marched overland ahead of them, but the darkness remained. Little of the country was visible beyond the windows. Outside, the driver boy was hunched like a wet red burr on the top of his bay rope horse; and both of the team strode savagely with bent heads. An east-bound packet from Montezuma slid past with a bare exchange of bugle notes. From time to time they passed freight boats, the drivers sludging through the mud, the steersmen hunched inside their coats, the rain spouting from their wide hat-brims.

Three miles out of Rome they passed Wood Creek and entered the Black-snake of the Long Level. The boaters had named it for the twisting course of the canal through an eternal swamp of pine and hemlock. Again and again set-backs like ponds branched off from the canal. In some places the tow-path gave way to a floating bridge, and the horses' hoofs thumped heavily.

The travelers became more and more silent. The card game was given up. Some men stood glowering at the windows. Traveling, thought Mr. Dennit, was the most miserable thing in the world.

But at five o'clock, a cold breath cut through the airless windows. Suddenly the rain stopped. And even as they watched the clouds breaking, there came a shrill cry from the towpath, a yell from the steersman, and the boat bumped against the bank. The captain's boots pounded forward over-head; and then in the bows his voice was profanely uplifted.

"We've hit something."

"A boat sunk in the channel!"

"Tom!" A woman's voice.

The steersman bawled through the open door at them.

"Don't get frustrated. No harm to the boat. We're just agin the bank."

Mr. Dennit lifted his head. Like a kind of promise of better things he saw the sun way westward at the end of a straight stretch of the canal. He picked up his hat and followed the minister on deck.

The captain had jumped ashore dragging a tie-rope behind him. "You'd better get off and hold in the stern," he shouted to the steersman. He swung on the driver boy. "Why in hell don't you watch where you're going?"

The boy rose up out of the grass, a smear of mud across his face. Then Mr. Dennit saw the head of the rope horse upraised. The animal's eyes were wide, his nostrils red. He gave a lurch, and then a shudder ran down his neck, and his eyes closed. The driver boy caught hold of the bridle and yanked. The horse gave another horrible, helpless lurch and lay back.

The driver boy began to blubber.

"What's the matter with him?" bawled the captain.

The boy pointed. "He's broke his leg."

"Oh Jesus!" said the captain. "Now I'm scrummed."

He stamped ahead.

"How did it happen?"

The boy was casting round.

"There 'tis." He pointed his hand. "That damned eternal muskrat hole got gouged out by the rain. The horse broke through. God, Mister Saunders, it ain't my fault. There wasn't nothing to show."

"You ought to be tarred and oiled," shouted the captain.

He pulled open his tangled beard and got rid of a gigantic quid. Then he swore.

"Four miles to Oneida Creek Station. One horse can't drag us. We've got to get a new team. What in thunder are you waiting for, you little bastard? Get up on that horse and ride the brute in and bring back a team. If you're over an hour and a half I'll mince you personal."

The boy unhooked the lead horse which was standing with scared raised head, scrambled onto his back, and went off at a heavy gallop.

The captain turned round.

"Any of you gents mind killing a horse? Me, I can't do it."

Mr. Dennit blanched and backed behind the minister. There was a complete silence. After a moment, Mr. Wallet said, "If you've got a heavy pistol or a rifle, I'll do it."

"Thank you, Mister. Steward!"

The steward fetched a heavy horse pistol. Mr. Wallet took it, examined the cap, jumped on to the towpath, and walked over to the horse. His face was quite expressionless. One of the ladies gave a little shriek. Mr. Wallet heard her and asked the captain for a handkerchief. The captain took one from his neck and handed it over. Mr. Wallet bound it expertly over the horse's nose and mouth. "I don't usually miss," he said. He stepped back and levelled the pistol. There was a heavy report. A balsam, close by, shook down drops of rain. There was no movement from the horse. But Mr. Dennit felt his stomach small and cold like a little bag of icy water

hung against his backbone. Mr. Wal- let looked down at the thread of blue smoke trailing from the pistol mouth in his hand.

Then he came aboard. And as he did so, the travelers, according to custom, began to bewail the delay.

"Can't be helped. Can't even blame the driver, though he's a lazy little brute," said Captain Saunders. "I'm sorry, ladies and gents. But we've got to make up our minds to a wait."

He stood looking at them over his black whiskers.

"I'll suggest something to pass the time. They're some mighty good bass and catfish along here. Now I've got hooks and some line aboard. What do you say? I'll push the boat over on the other side and let you off and you can fish."

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Mr. Markus. "That's a suggestion! I'm not much of a fisherman, but I'll put up four dollars for the biggest fish. Let's make a pool!"

"With you, 'Kus," said Mr. Burton, flashing a wallet. "Let's make it two dollars, though, so everybody will feel they can come in. Let's give it to the captain. He can hand over the award at supper."

The idea took. Except for the minister, every man put up some money.

"How about you, Mr. Dennit?" asked the captain.

Mr. Dennit flushed. He hadn't fished since he was a small boy. He had almost forgotten what it was like. And his mind was confused with all the events that had confronted it during the day.

"It means thirty-eight dollars to you if you win," suggested the captain. "Everyone else is joining up."

"Why, yes. I'd be glad."

He pulled out his shiny old black purse and fished out a couple of dollars. It was a lot of money, a fearful lot, but he couldn't appear backward.

"Now, then, Steward!"

While the steward got the hooks and line and cut the latter into equal lengths the captain and the steersman poled the packet over to the far bank. They fastened it, bow and stern, to a couple of trees. The captain waved his arm. "Now, ladies and gents, we'll put off supper till half past six. I'll give a toot on my old bugle fifteen minutes before we leave. Here's the rules for this contest. Any bait is fair. Any man can cut him a pole to suit his own ideas. But he's got to bring in his fish—and me, I weigh it. And I hold the right to examine the winner for shot or stone in his guts—that is I open up his fish if it suits, see? Now there's the canal. Most anywhere you might catch most anything."

Mr. Dennit was enjoying himself. He was sitting on a fallen tree trunk that ran far out into a set-back several hundred yards up the canal. He had a pole he had broken off a birch tree and trimmed nicely. And on the end of his line he had a prime fat worm he had found under a log. Carefully wrapped in his handkerchief were two more. And best of all, a minute ago he had had a most encouraging nibble. Already he was considering various ways of spending thirty-eight dollars.

He had had a bad moment or two before he left the boat. As a matter of fact he had intended not to leave it, but when he found that both Markus and Burton were going to fish from the deck, he had jumped over the side. After all, once out of sight in the woods, he could keep hidden until the bugle sounded. He wouldn't be worried by those sinister faces, and he could fish.

This was really a treat. Something, he thought, would turn up at Syracuse. "Trust in the Lord," said Mr. Prentice, and it was really the best advice. If the Lord would only send him an especial nice bullhead, everything would be all right.

In five minutes he had another bite, a real bite this time, and he struck carefully. He had him. He had him all right. He pulled up slowly and the sluggishly revolving bullhead came up on the hook.

It was not a very large bullhead, but Mr. Dennit took it as a lucky omen. He beat it carefully over the head and then cautiously extracted the hook. There was even a good piece of the worm left. So he baited up a super-hook-full.

He was just going to lower it into the water, when he heard footsteps on the far side of the set-back. Instinctively he drew back into the bushes and crouched down. In another instant his heart was in his mouth. Carefully parting the bushes appeared a pair of hands. And between them Mr. Dennit saw a pair of eyes. Then the bushes parted wide and Mr. Wallet stepped out on the shore. Mr. Dennit hardly breathed. The man was staring right across.

He looked towards Mr. Dennit for a long time before his eyes wandered first right and then left. And Mr. Dennit began to breathe again. The man had missed him. But little shivers chased each other up and down Mr. Dennit's back and he felt the money-belt round his middle like a zone of ice.

As soon as the man had disappeared, he crawled back, tenaciously dragging his fish and pole, and in the shadow of a hemlock considered what he had better do. He knew perfectly well that he ought to get back into the company of other travelers. But there was in his nature a curious streak of stubbornness. He had made up his mind to win the pool. And the more he considered it the more possible it seemed. He told himself that by being careful he could elude the villains—he had just seen an instance. He would follow the set-back farther into the swamp.

Making a little curve, he tramped over moss and wet rank bog holes. The branches kept loosening his hat and the water from the dripping twigs sprayed down his neck, but the exercise made him warm, and he didn't mind.

Quite unexpectedly the shore appeared again. As he stepped out on it he realized that the set-back extended a long way round a bend. He thought that here he would be perfectly safe, as the bend had not been visible from his first station. And just then he heard a hoarse, "Hello, there!"

He fairly jumped.

Not far from shore on his left a boat was floating in the water. It was the strangest boat Mr. Dennit had ever seen. Forty feet long, it was perfectly flat, with a small house-like structure, six feet high, occupying its middle. At the end nearest Mr. Dennit, the house roof was extended in a kind of porch, and in the shadow of this sat the hairiest old man Mr. Dennit had ever seen. It was he who had hailed.

"Hello, Mister!"

"Hello!" said Mr. Dennit.

"You off the *Rochester Belle*?"

"Yes."

"Had any luck in the pool?"

"Just a small one," said Mr. Dennit.

He was no longer afraid. Nothing made him afraid but Mr. Wallet and his two satellites.

"How'd you like to win it?"

"I'd certainly like to."

"Would it be worth five dollars to you to win it?"

"It would," said Mr. Dennit. "Just as long as I caught the fish myself."

"I could manage that."

The old man grunted and got to his feet. His gray beard reached down to his waist. He was dressed only in underdrawers of faded red and a wide green hat.

"Just you wait, Mister. I'll fetch you out here. Off this boat is the deepest piece of watter anywhere on this

canal. And inside the deepest watter you're going to catch a mammoth fish, Mister."

He went round to the other end. Mr. Dennit heard him grunting and wheezing. He had heard of shanty boats that appeared and disappeared along the canal. This was the first he had seen.

There was a clatter of oars and presently the boat appeared, the old man bending in powerful strokes.

The boat skidded round on its flat bottom and presented its stern. Without stopping to think, Mr. Dennit stepped in.

"All right," said the old man, "now set."

He began to row back. He had powerful broad shoulders, but it was his face that interested Mr. Dennit's attention. Just now it was wreathed in a whiskery grin; but the eyes had a cold slant about them.

Mr. Dennit suddenly asked, on top of his amazed thought, "How do you know about the boat?"

The old shanty-boater chuckled.

"There's lots of shanties round here. We know what goes by. Anyway I could hear Saunders a-cussing and a-swearing fit to eat a pole cat. Noises carry over watter."

Mr. Dennit felt relieved.

"Are there many boats like yours?"

"Well now, 'pends on what you mean. Reckon, I do, there's one or two to a set-back. This-here's mine. Nobody dasst take it off me. I found the fishing. Kind of I'm the boss shantier. You might say," he squinted round at his houseboat, "you might say, Mister, there's a hundred boats in the 'Snake,' maybe three hundred people."

"I had no idea."

"Not many does. We've got arrangements. Don't let more'n so many outside in a day."

"It's amazing. How do you live?"

"Fishing. We send round fortune telling. Gypsies, kind of. We do a mite of hoss-trading."

He seemed perfectly willing to talk; but at this moment they slid under the bow and with a huge hand he stopped the boat and steadied it for Mr. Dennit to get out. With a strangely active spring he jumped out beside the clerk. A twist of the painter fastened the boat.

"Come along, Mister."

He led Mr. Dennit down the catwalk to the porch. The windows near the bow were closed up with board shutters. The others looked into the main room. Mr. Dennit had a glimpse of a stove and a couple of bunks and a big cupboard. The old man showed him a chair on the porch.

"Set," he invited. "You're right over deep watter. What's your bait?"

Mr. Dennit exhibited the worms with some pride.

"Wait till I get you a piece of pork."

He slouched into the room and came forth with a small piece of whitish stuff in his broad fingers. Mr. Dennit smelled it easily. The man baited the hook for him.

"Heave over. It's a short line but the pool goes for the same length. I reckon they'll nose up to you anyway."

He sat down on the boards and leaned against an upright. Mr. Dennit was puzzled.

"I don't see how you learned about the pool."

"Gal, Lissa, was onshore when the horse went down. She listened. I said, 'Maybe one of 'em will come this way. Maybe I can get him the winner.' Lissa is going to be married tomorrow. Marries Tommy Fly. He's young. Been acting up to be my boss. Thought I'd best get him in family. Lissa was good bait."

"Is she your daughter?"

"Kind of. Lived with me since she was fifteen. But I'm getting old."

"By the way," said Mr. Dennit, "how'll I get back to the boat?"

"There's the bugle. You don't need to worry about it though. I'll fix you."

The old man's eyes lifted sardonically. He grinned at Mr. Dennit. And for a moment Mr. Dennit was troubled. But just then he had the king of nibbles. And then he was hauling with all his might.

The old man had rolled over on his naked chest, tucking his beard in not to wet it, and peering far overside.

"He's a mammoth," he shouted. "A real Masterman fish. People call these fishes Masterman fishes after me. There ain't any like them in the State of New York."

Mr. Dennit's eyes were bright. His Lafayette hat was tilted far back on his head, showing the trace of baldness. His timid face glistened a bright beet red.

"If the line holds, if the line only holds," he prayed. "Oh Lord!"

"Pull, Mister! Pull hard! Set back against the mammother. Haul him!"

The shanty-boater had picked up a heavy brass bolt.

"Now then up and over."

With a desperate effort Mr. Dennit hauled the fish on to the deck. For a second it lay there flapping its massive black length. Then the boater was on it. One blow of the bolt and the fish lay still. It was over two feet long.

The old man looked at Mr. Dennit with a broad grin. His teeth were stumpy and brown.

"Well, Mister, do you think that's the winner?"

"I should think so."

"How about the five dollars?"

It was a sure thing, thought Mr. Dennit. He said, "Here you are," and passed over the bills. The thrill had been worth it even if he lost.

The old man wadded the bills and stuck them in a crack.

"Maybe I ought to get back," said Mr. Dennit.

"No hurry. I'll row you, Mister. I reckon you want to get back without those others getting after you."

"What do you mean?" cried Mr. Dennit.

"The gent with the derringer, or the other two."

"What do you know about them?"

"Lissa heard them talking. Tom, he's trailed you."

Mr. Dennit froze, solid.

"You see," said Masterman, "I don't allow no such goings on. We don't want the sheriff in after us. So you set here. It's quite a fish, ain't it?"

Mr. Dennit, for all his worry, could not help feeling gratified as he examined the fish. It really was a beauty, for a bullhead.

The shanty-boater said, "Now my idea is we have a snort. You come in."

He led the way into the cabin. It was a magpie sort of room. There were pots and pans laid whichways among fishing tackle, a gun across the table, a couple of boots of odd sizes under the bunk, extraordinary scraps of clothing. It had a queer musty smell, of old spirits, tobacco, snuff, and fried fish.

The old man lighted a candle set in a lump of clay. The wick shed a feeble smoky glimmer. Outside the window the sun went down behind the hemlocks. A strange stillness settled on the water. The only sound was the old man's step and his wheezy breathing as he gathered two glasses, stained and brown with fingermarks, and a stone bottle. He tilted the bottle over the glasses.

"Consarn!"

It was empty.

He paused irresolutely a moment,

then his face cleared. He lifted his head and Mr. Dennit thought he could see the red ears stretch. Then he too heard the cautious oars.

"That's Tom," said the old man, suddenly. "He rows a funny way. Right and left. The one over one I call it." His eye fastened on Mr. Dennit's. "Tom's a bodacious kind of boy. He'd of had me soon if it wasn't I had Lissa. He's ambitious for money. Kind of unmoral. Mister," he stooped to whisper, "I calculate you'd better lay hid. You'd better step in here. Tom's keen. He's knife-itchety. I'll send him for a snort and then I'll get you out."

Before Mr. Dennit could think, he was seized by the elbow and pushed into the forward room. The door was closed softly after him. He crouched down in almost complete darkness.

Mr. Dennit trembled. The oars came closer. Suddenly it occurred to him what a fool he had been. What an utter fool to be lured on to a boat by this outlandish creature of a man.

The old fellow spoke fair enough, but if he chose, Mr. Dennit was at his mercy. He hadn't even a gun, nothing but a silly penknife. And he didn't know how he could use even that. He tried to pray there in the darkness, but his tongue was dry. He could not even think a prayer.

The boat came closer. The oars ceased to splash. There was a faint bump, and then Masterman's voice.

"Lo Tom. Glad you came. How about you lending me a drink? I'm all out and dry as feathers."

Tom's voice was low and hoarse.

"All right, Benj. Have you . . ."

"Shush! I'll come along with you and row myself back."

Mr. Dennit's heart rose. That sounded fair.

Then the hoarse voice asked, "Where's Lissa?"

"Outside in the woods somewheres,"

said the old man. "How should I know?"

The other grumbled.

"She needs a powerful taming. I'll have to train her down."

The old man chuckled.

"You've bit off a chaw, boy."

"I've got back teeth, Benj. She'll learn."

"All right, but we might as well get going."

Mr. Dennit heard a wash of water as the old man stepped into the boat. He crept to the side of the dark room. There was a knothole there, and through it he saw the light from the candle shining through the window directly into the boat. The young man's face was turned towards him. The young man was a giant in build, but his face was abnormally small and very dark, and the eyes were a light brown, so light that they looked almost white. And while Mr. Dennit looked, the face grinned, and the man said out loud, "How about him?"

"He's safe," said the old man shoving off. "He'll keep. He couldn't swim. I seen it the way he watched the watter."

"How about Lissa?"

"I've got the key, Tom. There ain't no axe. She's queer, I know, but he's safe."

Safe! The boat stole away. Safe! Mr. Dennit began to weep. It was plain now. They were waiting till the *Rochester Belle* hauled out, and then they would murder him. Safe! As if in answer, he heard the notes of Saunders' bugle stealing over the water.

Desperately, Mr. Dennit got to his feet and felt his way to the door. It was locked, as he knew, but he threw his weight against it. For all its crazy appearance it was soundly built and his puny strength made scarcely a tremble. He felt his way to the window and battered against the boards with his fists. But they were heavily

nailed. He crawled round the room, feeling the walls. There were shelves with jugs and boxes. There was a pair of shoes in a corner. Nowhere in the room could he find a hopeful weakness.

He went back to the door and tried to examine the lock. A chink of light came through beside it. He wondered if he could whittle past it with his knife. He got the knife out of his pocket and opened the blade, but as he started to work it dropped through his damp fingers. Whimpering to himself he hunted about the floor. It took him five minutes to find it and when he tried whittling again he produced only pitiful scratches.

But he worked till his fingers ached.

And then he heard a sound of oars coming towards the boat, and he sat down weakly and gave up.

The boat came very quietly. He did not even hear it touch the shanty-boat. But after an instant bare feet patted past the window and entered the cabin. They were so stealthy that he knew his end had come. He tried to think of his wife, Cornelia. He thought instead of Mr. Trumbull and the office. He wouldn't have to face Mr. Trumbull again, but the office—only now did he realize how he loved its familiar dustiness—the ink spots, the ledgers, the rows of red and black figures emerging from the neat point of his pen and always coming right. If he could only get back to his desk, mount his high solid stool once more before he died.

A hand tried the door; but there was no sound of the key. Then a voice, soft and musical, said, "Mister?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"They've got you, then?"

"Yes."

"I can't get in."

"Can't you break it down?" cried Mr. Dennit, springing up in a last desperate hope.

"No. Hush, Mister."

There was an interminable silence.

"Mister, can you swim?"

"No."

There was a small oath, then more silence, then, "You'll have to."

"Don't go away! Don't leave me!"

"Hush, will you."

He heard her feet slipping out. The silence lasted longer and longer. Then there was a faint splash. Mr. Dennit slid down on his knees facing the door. His breast ached with misery.

Then he sprang to his feet.

Somebody was knocking on the floor, directly under him. Two little taps.

He stood still sweating and trembling.

Two taps.

"Yes," he whispered.

"Do you hear me?"

The voice was oddly muffled.

"Yes."

"Listen, there's a board loose at the back. I'm knocking underneath it. You find it."

Then Mr. Dennit began the queerest game he had ever played. It was pitch dark; and he had to crawl on his hands and knees. He kept bumping off his Lafayette hat against the rear wall, and he was getting cobwebs on his face. And all the time while he worked towards the tapping, his ears kept stretched for the sound of oars.

The taps continued their one-two signal all the time he approached. But when he made a false cast, they came in a triple rap, that somehow sounded impatient and angry to Mr. Dennit. Lord knows, he was doing his best to please. His knees felt as if his trousers and drawers had worn away, he had splinters in his hands, and the blood was throbbing in his forehead. It seemed to him that hours had passed before he heard the voice say, "Right. Lift that one."

Mr. Dennit felt eagerly with the tips of his fingers down one crack, across the end, up the other crack. The

board was a short length, and a double width. He could not get his fingers in and was forced to look for his penknife. It was not in his pocket. He realized then that he must have dropped it at the door.

He explained to the voice apologetically.

"All right, Mister. Go get it. Don't talk. It's cold in this water. But leave something on the board to mark it."

He scurried back on his hands and knees to the door and fumbled for the knife. For once luck was with him. At the second swoop of his right hand along the floor, his left hand rested on it. In a moment he was back, and the Lafayette hat was easy to find. He stuck in the blade. The board lifted easily enough. He flung it off.

In the well he could just see dimly the girl's white skin. The face was upturned and he could hear the ripples against her neck as she trod water.

"It's a bother you can't swim. Will you be scared to get in with me?"

"I'd drown rather than stay here."

The girl laughed softly.

"I don't exactly blame you. Now listen, you've got to promise to get in here and hang on round my middle. And you mustn't try to swim. I'll get us out under the boat. Do you see?"

Mr. Dennit nodded, and then remembering it was dark, he said, "Yes, Miss."

"All right, climb in. We've got to hurry."

Mr. Dennit put on his hat and lowered himself into the water. He didn't wonder the girl was in a hurry. It was very cold. Inch by inch it crept up to his knees, his waist, and then he had to let himself go. He went down sickeningly. The girl caught him by the armpits.

"Don't be scared, Mister." She faced him in the water. He could feel

her knees chugging the water against his. "Round my waist. And then get in all the air you can into your lungs."

Mr. Dennit gasped. He put out his arms under the water and felt her waist come into them. His hands closed on her back. He gasped again. The girl was as naked as the day she was born. He would have let go, had she not cried, "Now!" and he had just time enough to draw in his breath before she shoved them under with her arms. He felt her legs trailing under his. She was creeping along the bottom of the boat with her hands. The water was over him, round him, in his ears, in his nose. His lungs seemed to swell like balloons. But he clenched his teeth and gave himself up to the water and the powerful thrusts forward of the girl's arms. And at last, when he knew that he would have to breathe or die he felt them shooting upward through the water, and they broke out into the light from the cabin window, face to face.

The girl was looking directly at him. She was shivering. But not half so hard as Mr. Dennit. He had to clench his jaws to keep his teeth from chattering.

She did not speak, but turned over and taking his hand laid it on her shoulder. Then she struck out for the rear of the boat. There, where the shanty-man had landed Mr. Dennit, a skiff was floating.

"Grab hold of the back," she said.

Mr. Dennit obeyed. In an instant she had left him, to swim round to the side. She gave a strong kick and rose out of the water like a silver fish. Mr. Dennit turned away his eyes, while she slid herself over the gunwale as lithely as an otter. The boat rocked gently in his hands.

After a minute, she directed him to pull himself round to the side. There she seized his wrists and told him to

kick upward. The boat rocked dangerously, but with her strength added to his he managed to flop in.

"Lay still, Mister."

She had taken up her oars and was skimming the boat into the shadow of the shore.

Lying on his back Mr. Dennit watched her row. She had slipped on a shirt and a loose pair of trousers, and she stroked with the ease and vigor of a boy.

"Miss," said Mr. Dennit, "it's hard to thank you enough."

"Don't," she said. "I did it because I wanted to."

"It was a noble thing for you to do. And I'd given up hoping."

"You was in a bad way, Mister."

"I've never been so scared in my life."

"I don't blame you. Benj and Tom are pretty bad for people like you."

"Would they have murdered me?" asked Mr. Dennit. "Truly?"

"I don't know. I reckon they'd have just passed you through the way you got out, with something tied on your feet. That's what they've used it for."

"Miss?"

"Call me Lissa."

"Yes, Miss. I ought to have known better than to bring the money. It's been awful. And now I've got to chance that boat again."

"The *Rochester Belle*? She pulled out an hour ago."

"What'll I do?"

"I'll put you on a freight boat."

"Will you really? I'm terribly grateful. I'm terribly indebted to you. I'd like to give you something."

"I don't want nothing, Mister. Then Tom would find out. Now they'll find your hat floating in the well and figger you found it and drowned yourself."

All the time they whispered she was oaring the boat swiftly along the set-

back. The stars overhead were bright and large. Against them the fringe of tree tops with their May softness of leaves floated dreamily.

Suddenly the girl leaned on the oars. "Shh!"

Mr. Dennit held his breath.

She slipped in her oars and pulled the skiff against the bank. "Lie still."

Then he heard the dip of other oars coming closer, and a hoarse voice singing throatily.

"A roguish youth asked me to woo—

Heigho! The buds were blowing!

And I was puzzled what to do

Heigho! The buds were blowing!"

The drip of the oars passed close, the voice faded slowly. The boat rocked gently under Mr. Dennit as the wash came against it.

"There goes Benj and Tom."

The girl waited endless moments; too long, thought Mr. Dennit. Then she said, "Now we've got to push."

She bent swiftly to her oars. Mr. Dennit could feel the urgency in her strokes pulsing through the boards. He sat up, his bare head trickling little streams down his neck.

The girl said, "So long as I get you into the canal afore the moon rises . . ."

Mr. Dennit watched the trees sliding past.

"Suppose," he asked suddenly, "suppose Burton or Wallet are waiting."

"They wouldn't dare hang round here after dark."

The skiff shot suddenly into the open water of the canal, and the girl stroked it west.

"We're about all right. I'll take you west a mile or so. Maybe we can catch a boat."

Even as she spoke, they heard ahead of them the toot of a brass horn. It was idly, softly made, as if the steersman were drowsy. It had no music, but to Mr. Dennit it sounded very

lovely. And in a moment it came again. The girl rested, cocking her head.

"They're going west, about half a mile ahead."

The boat throbbed gently to her deep breathing. But instantly she began rowing, not with the same frantic speed, but with long steady strokes.

The moon rose behind them through a veil of mist. As if to greet it, all along the shores small frogs began their peeping. A whip-poor-will lifted its plaintive voice in the track of the towpath. And in a low-hanging tree on the south shore, a tree-toad swelled its throat and trilled as if its heart were aching. Tears came to Mr. Dennit's eyes.

He did not speak, but he watched the slow moonlight drawing the girl's features for him to see.

She was young. Dark hair surrounded her cheeks and fell away over her rough woolen shirt in a damp curling mane. Her eyes were long and pointed and dark. In the sounds of the marsh-night, handling her oars so strongly, she was beautiful as a wild creature is beautiful where it grows naturally. But Mr. Dennit, with the citizen's misplaced instinct, felt sorry for her. He was thinking of Tom's dark face as he talked to Benj about the girl, his hard eyes, his thin mouth.

"I'm so grateful," he began.

"Don't," she said. "I did it because I want to."

"But you don't want to live with those awful men!"

"I might as well. I like the swamp."

"Yes, but . . ."

She seemed to divine his thought.

"I like Tom. He's hard-bitted, to you, Mister. I don't deny it. But he's young. And he's powerful here."

"But," cried Mr. Dennit, "he'll treat you badly. He might beat you!"

She shrugged her square shoulders.

"A man has to break loose now and again. I guess I can watch out for myself, Mister."

"I could take you back with me. Find you a home," said Mr. Dennit desperately.

"I don't want a home. I'll find my own, that is."

Her voice hardened.

"Now you tend to yourself, Mister. Don't bother about me."

Mr. Dennit felt humiliated.

"I want to do something for you."

"I'm grateful. But there's nothing."

"You're one of them, I suppose," Mr. Dennit muttered.

"Yes. I am. What difference?"

"Why did you get me out?"

She lowered her eyes. She might have been blushing.

After a short hesitation, she said, "You see, Mister, me and Tom is getting married to-morrow. And I guess I've got a kind of funny streak into me. I couldn't abear thinking of you laying down under the boat to-morrow night when Benj leaves us."

She did not look at him. But Mr. Dennit felt his humiliation completed. He lowered his face.

"You must pardon me, Miss. I'm an inexperienced man. I didn't intend anything against your young man. And I made an awful mess of everything, or I wouldn't have given you all this trouble."

As she made no reply, he lifted his eyes. She was smiling.

"I don't mind, Mister. I'm proud to have done it, even to getting the better of Tom and Benj. I never seen nothing since I was born as brave as you getting down into that hole with a girl, and you couldn't swim."

Mr. Dennit was glad his back was to the moon. He was flushing all over.

"I was just plain scared. I'd have gone with anybody then."

She laughed aloud.

Round the bend ahead, they heard a man call from the boat.

"Did you hear that, George?"

"Yeanh. One of them shanty-boater girls."

"Well, lay into that black mule. This stretch makes a man uneasy."

The skiff rounded the bend. Just in front, a freight boat was creeping along. They could see the figure of the steersman outlined in black against the glow of the bow lantern. At the same instant the man heard the oars. He turned at them.

"Hey there!"

Mr. Dennit raised his hand.

"Hello! Will you take a passenger?"

"Who the hell are you?"

"Atwater Dennit. I got left behind by my packet."

The man swore. "Did you hear that, Bill?" he yelled at the driver.

The mules stopped, and the heavy old boat barged slowly forward with lessening way.

"Come up where I can look at you," directed the boater.

The girl rowed into the zone of the bow lantern.

"By eternal nation! It is him. Sure you can get on. This is a Trumbull boat. *Western Cargo* out of Rome. Me, I'm Vince Tucker."

Mr. Dennit caught the low rail. He turned to the girl.

"I'll say just once more how grateful I am."

"Don't, Mister. Good-night."

"Good-night."

The skiff slid into darkness. Mr. Dennit went aft to confront the amazed boater.

"How'd you come to be left here, Mr. Dennit?"

"I went fishing."

A gaping hole of amazement fringed with yellow teeth opened in the steersman's beard.

"But who's the girl? How'd you find her?"

Mr. Dennit said, "She very kindly put me on this boat."

"I seen that," said the boater, and he swore to himself. "All right, you can go down. We'll be in Syracuse after sun-up."

He waited until Mr. Dennit had vanished into the small cabin.

"George," he called softly as the mules took up their way. "George, did you hear that?"

"Yeanh."

"George, did you see that girl?"

"Yeanh? One of them shanty women. They're a bum scrub for a man like you and me, I've heard."

"But George, didn't you see her good?"

"Oh, shut up! I seen her. Don't bother a man that's sleepy."

"By God, she was a pretty piece," the steersman said to himself. "I wonder how that clerk got across her, and what he was doing with her. Fishing? Hell!"

But Mr. Dennit never told. Not even after he had delivered his money to Mr. Jones. It was his great adventure, and he preferred to keep it to himself.



BECKERSTOWN: 1932

AN AMERICAN TOWN FACES THE DEPRESSION

BY GEORGE R. CLARK

ASK anyone in Beckerstown how the town has been hit by the depression and the answer invariably is, "We'd be pretty well off if the banks hadn't failed."

There is more than a little truth in this statement. For until the autumn of 1931, when two of the local banks of Beckerstown succumbed to the national epidemic of bank failures and closed their doors, tying up four million dollars of the townspeople's money, Beckerstown had not suffered greatly. During the first two winters of our discontent, when coal towns and steel towns and textile towns were in cruel straits, its balanced economic life had been in its favor. For Beckerstown, a town of some thirty-five thousand inhabitants, is not dependent upon any one industry, or any one farming crop, or on deposits of coal or oil or metals: it is a town of small and highly diversified industries set in the middle of a rich farming district. Its numerous factories, almost all of them independent of outside control, make a wide variety of products; and while a few of them employ in prosperous times as many as five hundred men, most of them have less than a hundred. Since Beckerstown is also the county seat of a fertile county and the most important town in a radius of thirty miles, it serves as the trading center for the farms and villages of the whole smiling valley in which it lies. As a

community it is thus unusually compact, self-supporting, and self-contained.

Yet the very balance of Beckers-town's life makes it a peculiarly interesting place in which to study the effects of the depression. Partaking somewhat of the character of our industrial towns and somewhat of that of our farming areas, and representing a complex of business interests, it offers perhaps as fair a sample of American economic life as one could find in a small compass. It has, of course, a marked individuality of its own; nevertheless, the story of what has happened to Beckerstown during the past few years may suggest what has happened to innumerable other American towns, and its present condition may give a clue to the condition of the country at large.

To the visitor, the general aspect of Beckerstown relates much of its history. In the old part of the town, rows of sturdy little brick houses with well scrubbed door steps and small neat gardens reveal the character of the early settlers who came in the latter half of the 18th and the early 19th centuries from southern Germany to escape oppressive taxation, and who asked for no more than a modest plot of ground on which to build their strong little houses, raise their vegetables, and keep their pigs. Industrious, hard-

headed, thrifty, these were the people who founded the town, cultivated the rich fields about it, and established the fundamental character of the community. Their conservative self-sufficiency and distrust of the outside world are suggested by the remark of an old diehard at a recent local election: "Me vote for that foreigner! Why, he's been in the county only forty years."

On the rising ground to the west, long since hemmed in by the railroads, stand a few ample and beautiful houses built by men of a Cavalier strain who drifted into the town and countryside a little later than the first German immigrants: well-to-do people of English descent whose greater liberality of mind and more hospitable habit of living gradually tempered the stubborn severity of the Germans. These aristocratic squires are responsible for the picturesque legends of the region, as for example, the old tales that cluster about the Carver house, where the one-time master won a large wager the night he ordered his coach and four brought into the hall.

The sticks and stones of Beckerstown bear witness also to the subsequent development of the town. The trees along the main street were cut down when the street was widened and paved to make room for the steadily increasing stream of motor cars and trucks; the small, well-proportioned brick buildings which housed the little shops of thirty years ago gave way to jerry-built business buildings and the scarlet ugliness of the chain stores. Out at the north end of town, however, the results of progress have been less discouraging; for here, during the past two decades, has grown up a real estate development of attractive houses with well-tended lawns; a miniature suburb which bears witness to the activity and prosperity of Beckerstown's recent years.

The real growth of the town began in the nineties with the coming of the rail-

roads. Up to that time, it had been the sleepy center of an agricultural community; now it became a busy shipping point. At the same time, Jacob Schiller and William Sennenbaugh discovered that a far larger market was opening up for the solidly made furniture and the shiny bicycles that they were manufacturing in their little factories. The factories grew, others were built. Hard work and the practice of rigid economy, not only in their own living but in the wages they paid, enabled these pioneer manufacturers to found strong fortunes. From 1900 to 1912, factories sprang up like mushrooms and, unlike mushrooms, they continued to grow and flourish. The usual rise in real estate values followed, reaching its peak in the middle nineteen-twenties. (In 1924, when the Florida boom was growing and land values elsewhere were leaping, a farm of 600 acres near Beckerstown, that twenty years before had been bought for \$28,000, was sold for \$200,000.) Property changed hands rapidly—paid for largely by notes and mortgages—and the real estate craze ran like an epidemic through all the banks.

In the twelve years between 1914 and 1926 the population of the town had increased almost 70 per cent, and Beckerstown began to think of itself in terms not of a small town, but of a young city. It extended its boundaries, built broad boulevards, eliminated grade crossings, put in a sewage system and new street lights, developed a handsome park of fifty acres, remodeled its old public schools and built new ones, and installed its own municipal water-supply and its own electric-light plant. Beckerstown had gone modern.

Nevertheless, the town maintained its close relationship to the surrounding countryside. Beckerstown did not regard farmers as people of a remote and alien way of life; when Beckerstown thought of a farmer, it thought of Jake

Smith who lived on the Wheatly place and grew the best apples in Arlington County, whose automobile was seen in front of Hazen's Drug Store or Jones' Hardware Store at least twice a week, who banked at the People's Loan, voted the Democratic ticket, and went to the Academy whenever they showed a picture of Harold Lloyd's.

For in Beckerstown's economic life, the growth of the factories did not diminish the importance of the farms, the products of which in 1929 amounted to nineteen and a half million dollars. Twenty per cent of the retail trade of the town depended upon the farmer's pocketbook, and a fair slice of the town's annual revenue came from the operation of a large market house where, three days a week, the country people spread their plump squabs, monstrous berries, and glistening vegetables before the appraising eyes of the local housekeepers. Although throughout the boom years one heard plenty of talk about the farmer's inability to make both ends meet, there were not many signs of it about Beckerstown. It was true that many of the farmers' sons had taken jobs in the town's factories, but it was also true that such a thing as an abandoned farm was unknown. The farmer's boy who guided a stitching machine instead of a plow still lived on the farm, commuting from it in his Ford, and never entirely lost his sense of kinship with the land. Nor did the merchant in the town forget that the volume of his business ebbed and flowed with the price of wheat and the rainfall.

In the year 1929 Beckerstown was a busy, growing, and contented community. No vast fortunes had been accumulated within its boundaries: possibly eight men in town were worth a million dollars; no one had three times that much. But for the great majority of its inhabitants the standard of living was more than comfortable.

In its hundred-odd factories, 8,750 men and women—or one person in four of the town's population—were engaged in making ribbons, tables, shoes, chairs, heavy machinery, or another of the fifty products which the town manufactured, turning out over fifty million dollars' worth of goods annually and receiving nearly twelve million dollars in wages. The volume of retail trade in the 542 stores of Beckerstown amounted to nearly thirty and a half million dollars. There were in town 5,980 automobiles, or approximately one for every two families, and in that year the bank deposits totalled \$19,090,595. There were no labor troubles, no strikes, no discontent. (The foreign born number less than one half of one per cent.) And there was plenty of work for everybody.

The prosperity of the people of Beckerstown seemed securely based on the solid foundation laid by their conservative fathers. There were few visible symptoms of the get-rich-quick fever which the boom years had produced so generally throughout the country.

II

The spirit of new-era finance was not, however, entirely lacking. It had first been introduced into the town, not by a smooth operator from the city, but by one of the most esteemed and generous benefactors of the town itself.

In the 80's, Mr. Alfred Newman, having made a substantial sum of money in one of the local factories, astonished the people of Beckerstown by investing it in a large lumber tract in a distant State. This bold move was contrary to all principles of sound business in the view of men accustomed to having their money where they could keep an eye on it. But it succeeded handsomely. Mr. Newman became extremely rich and the mantle of his magnificence descended also upon

two of the men associated with him.

Some years later, in the early 1920's, after Mr. Newman's death, these two henchmen of his (incidentally, not born and raised in the county) spread before the dazzled eyes of a carefully selected audience in Beckerstown two more projects, similar in character to the one which had reaped such a golden harvest for Mr. Newman—and themselves—but even grander in scope. The fortunate ones who were given this opportunity seized it at once. Some of these fortunate ones were socially prominent men and women whose families had had money for generations. Others were sons of the old German conservatives who had accumulated good bank accounts by the sober virtues of industry and thrift. These men wished to prove themselves financiers of the new school, which taught the beauties of imagination and daring. "Vision" was the term they used.

Both groups were unpleasantly surprised when the new project, instead of providing them at once with vast incomes, proved an unexpected drain on their resources. The dividends did not appear; in their place came imposing and persuasive letters explaining that more capital was needed. The rewards were just as sure but they were more distant; more time was needed—and more money. The investors put up more money: cheerfully at first, then, as doubt began to grow, reluctantly, and then desperately to try to save what they had already invested. At last it became evident that the whole project was an appalling failure, and some of Beckerstown's best people learned, to the tune of two or three million dollars, the bitter lesson that history does not necessarily repeat itself. The final crash of the ill-fated enterprise occurred in 1929. It was no more connected with the stock market crash than was the collapse of the Florida boom, which, three years

earlier, had reminded millions of other Americans that gaudy projects a long way from home may come to an unhappy end.

The Beckerstown victims of this catastrophe did not talk about their losses. It was not yet conventional to confess to the loss of money. Besides, every one else seemed to have made so much with his investments.

For speculating among all classes and kinds of people in Beckerstown had by this time become very nearly universal. The inbred conservatism of the town prevented its business men from over-expansion in their businesses, but they felt perfectly free to employ their private funds as they pleased. Mr. Hubert continued to run his drug store according to the principles laid down by his grandfather, but of his personal capital he was prodigal indeed. Cheerfully he removed the savings of his lifetime from their modest quarters in the People's Loan and Savings Institute in response to a compelling circular, and invested them in Cities Service and Montgomery Ward (bought on margin). Nor were the ladies of the town less eager to participate in the delightful new game. Mrs. Meredith in her box-hedged garden listened with wellbred attention and the pretty credulity of the gently nurtured to the suave arguments of the polite young city salesman, and the next day transferred the comfortable sum left her by her devoted husband from the Government and municipal bonds of his selection to the more stimulating media of fancy foreign bonds and still fancier investment trusts.

The city salesmen reaped a rich harvest in Beckerstown and in the county surrounding. With flattering regularity they visited the banks and individual investors and hypnotized them into buying anything that promised large and quick returns. And what investments did not? Beckers-

town people who were known to have money received long-distance telephone calls daily from brokerage houses in New York and other large cities. The firm of Harris Forbes alone is said to have extracted a million dollars from Beckerstown. Even those who were entrusted with the handling of funds of public institutions were urged by New York brokers to invest them in highly speculative ventures.

It is difficult for one who has never lived in a small town to realize to what extent personalities direct the general habits of thought there. Judge Cantrell, a wealthy and highly respected man, believed in American Founders. Everybody who learned of this promptly bought American Founders. It was rumored that old Mr. Sennenbaugh had bought Goldman Sachs. There was immediately a tiny bull market in Goldman Sachs. And so it went. People who had been brought up to believe that a mortgage on the house was a serious misfortune if not, indeed, a disgrace, enthusiastically staked all that they had on the slenderest possible margins.

While it is true that there was almost no over-expansion in local business in Beckerstown during those skyrocket years, there was one outstanding example of boom development. The Jefferson Hotel was Beckerstown's Empire State Building. The idea of building a fine new hotel did not originate in the town. What if the Arlington House were a bit dingy and inconvenient? It was quite adequate for the traveling man, and Beckers-town, accustomed to entertaining at home, felt no need for a smart restaurant. But some high-powered promoters from out of town convinced Beckerstown that what the town needed was a really first-class hotel. They spoke largely of conventions and the tourist trade, and easily persuaded the local merchants that business would

be doubled in no time once the new hotel was erected. So enthusiastic were the people of the town at the notion of this monument to progress that they subscribed freely (the People's Loan taking \$250,000 worth of 2nd mortgage bonds).

Land on the town's central square was bought in 1927 at top prices, likewise building materials and equipment. Wages were at their peak. The hotel was opened on Valentine's Day, 1928, at the time when all over the country the skyscraper-building boom was at its height.

But it was doomed from the start, and failed almost before it opened its doors; and another million dollars was lost in Beckerstown.

III

Then came the autumn of 1929, and the stock-market crash; and down came American Founders, Goldman-Sachs Trading, and the rest of them.

During the two succeeding years, when the rest of the country was floundering deeper and deeper into the slough of economic despond, business in Beckerstown was a little pinched—but only a little. Until late in 1931 it was chiefly the well-to-do, the victims of the Wall Street mania and of the young security salesmen from the city, who suffered. As for the town as a whole, its self-sufficiency stood it in good stead. Webster, forty miles away, was far worse hit than Beckers-town: Webster, which is supported by huge automobile works and an artificial-silk factory, and which depends upon national rather than local markets. The factory-owners of Beckerstown—who, after all, had known most of their employees since they were boys together—were reluctant to turn men off when sales languished, and were staggering them or providing them with at least part-time work. There was a

little wage-cutting, but not much. In spite of gloomy predictions, business in Beckerstown was holding up better than might have been expected.

In March, 1930, the Beckerstown Chamber of Commerce, under energetic and intelligent leadership, formed a committee to bring new industries to the town. Until June of that year, the committee was very busy; some twenty-six new industries were likely prospects; and though the campaign which was to expand the town's business died a sudden death in the fresh slump of June, 1930, a general feeling of optimism remained in the air. Things would pick up before long.

The drought of 1930 was followed in 1931 by a season of bumper crops, and once more Beckerstown profited from its location in a fertile valley. Arlington County had never known such a year. The farmers advertised in the town papers, offering to give away food to all who would come and gather it. Consequently, although unemployment was at last beginning to appear, nobody was hungry. The charitable organizations of the town combined their forces in a joint campaign for funds for relief, and this campaign took on the tone of a religious revival and exceeded its quota by forty per cent. Despite the dismal state of the investment markets and the lagging pace of the town's industries, people could still say with a measure of truth, "Beckerstown does not know that there is a depression."

Then suddenly the blow fell. In the autumn of 1931, hard upon the heels of the successful Welfare drive, almost without warning two of the Beckerstown banks closed their doors, and the people of the town suddenly realized for the first time what the depression could do.

These two bank failures resulted from a peculiar chain of circumstances. Early in September, 1931, a bank in Williamsburg, twenty miles away,

failed, carrying down with it seventeen small country banks which it had absorbed in the golden era of bank mergers. Eighteen million dollars went to glory and every third family in the county was ruined—a not unimpressive performance for an institution in a town considerably smaller than Beckerstown. Mr. Saunders, the president of this Williamsburg bank, was a man of unquestioned ability and vaulting ambition. Some believe that he was inspired with a genuine desire to add lustre to his native town by making it the capital of a small financial empire, and that his difficulties arose when he tried to take too many short cuts to financial power. Others hold to a harsher estimate, claiming that he was a miniature Kreuger whose personal financial operations encroached upon his bank operations until the two became hopelessly entangled. The truth of his complicated affairs may come to light when his case—he is charged with no less than forty-nine indictments—is tried. Be that as it may, his bank over-expanded and undertook too many glamorous investments, and the bear market demolished it.

The collapse of the Saunders bank was a stunning blow to the people of Beckerstown. They began to wonder where the lightning would strike next. A feeling of uneasiness spread through the town. Mr. Saunders was known to have been on friendly terms with certain directors of two of the Beckerstown banks. It was whispered that they were on his note. Cautious citizens began quietly to withdraw their money from these banks. On September 12 the Beckerstown Clearing House Association issued a reassuring statement expressing "unbounded confidence" in the local banks; but the tide of rumor continued to seep through the town.

Steadily it began to undermine the People's Loan and the Merchants Na-

tional. These two banks were of different types. The People's Loan and Savings Institute, founded in 1860, was the place where the smaller merchants and the working people of the town kept their savings. Its directors were men of unquestioned integrity; and although events proved that they had been over-optimistic in taking the second mortgage bond on the Jefferson Hotel, they were generally considered men of sound and prudent judgment. ("As conservative as Lee Higginson," one might have said in those days.) Aside from this ill-advised investment, the bank had a list of good mortgages; but with the real estate market as quiet as the grave, the mortgages were mostly frozen.

The other bank about which rumor was gathering so persistently was more representative of the new era spirit of finance. For some time such Beckerstown people as still held to old-fashioned ideas about banking had regarded the Merchants National with some apprehension. The story went about that some of the directors had been lent large sums of the bank's money without security of any sort and had invested it in enterprises in which they were personally interested. Doubtless there was precedent for this sort of thing in the operations of some of the large city banks, but Beckerstown was disturbed.

The ten thousand deposits in these two banks represented four million dollars, and if they closed their doors a sum of about \$3,700,000 in loans would have to be called in—to say nothing of the potential loss to their 750 stockholders. People talked and shook their heads, and quietly drew out more and more money.

The times were hardly auspicious for liquidation. On September 21 England left the gold standard. During the following week other European countries followed it, several European exchanges closed, and the international

credit panic raged in full force. But though this panic made things no easier for the bankers who were trying to set their houses in order, the people of Beckerstown were hardly aware of it. The banner headlines of their local papers were announcing from day to day the new developments not in international finance, but in the mystery of the disappearance of one Benjamin P. Collings from a yacht in Long Island Sound. The fears of the men and women of Beckerstown were purely local. Were the Beckerstown banks going to last? As talk went about, many depositors learned for the first time, with a gasp of fright, that "the bank's investments" were made not with funds of its own, as they had vaguely supposed, but with the depositors' money—their own.

On Monday morning, September 28—three weeks after the closing of the Saunders bank and a week after England's departure from the gold standard—all who came to the People's Loan found the door closed, and upon it a notice which said that the bank had been placed in the hands of the Bank Commissioners. Later in the morning, while crowds of hatless and bewildered men were milling in the street outside, the directors of the People's Loan announced that they had closed the bank for the protection of the depositors and stockholders. "It was impossible," said they, "to liquidate our mortgages and other investments rapidly enough to meet the unusual demands made upon us, resulting from false and unfounded rumors recently circulated by irresponsible persons."

On the following day, the daily paper (still devoting its biggest headlines to the Collings case) editorially urged the citizens of Beckerstown to stop drawing money out of the banks. "Take your money back to your bank, where it has been kept with safety for over a century," said the editorial, "and you

won't have any regrets." The whole last page of the same paper was given to an advertisement of the largest and most important bank in town, the Beckerstown Bank. The advertisement began with a letter from a certified public accountant, well known in town, who said that from his knowledge of the affairs of the bank there was "no question in my mind that the resources are sufficient to amply secure all of its depositors." This was followed by a paragraph in 24-point boldface type which read, "We have been depositors for years in the Beckerstown Bank and Trust Company and now are. We will not withdraw our money because we have confidence in the bank." This statement was signed by twelve of the wealthiest and most influential people in town.

Neither chastening editorial nor encouraging advertisement, however, could stem the rising tide of hysteria, and two days later—on Thursday, October first—the Merchants National Bank was closed. The statement of the directors echoed the words of the directors of the People's Loan, ascribing the troubles of the bank to "unprecedented withdrawals as a result of untrue and absolutely false rumors."

This fresh catastrophe threw the people of the town into a state very near panic. There had never been such a thing as a bank failure in the whole history of Beckerstown. To have "money in the bank" had always meant to them complete security. The collapse of two banks within four days brought a shock more profound than the loss of the money, which was in itself considerable: it unsettled all their fundamental beliefs.

Meanwhile, with the mass of the townspeople caught in a blind, uncomprehending terror, the leaders of Beckerstown faced the deepening crisis. They were neither blind nor uncom-

prehending. Terrified, they may well have been, for they knew very well that the fortunes of the town now hung upon the fate of the Beckerstown Bank.

Founded in 1810 and housed in one of the few really beautiful Colonial buildings still standing in the town, the Beckerstown Bank not only listed among its stockholders and depositors a large proportion of the influential citizens, but was far and away the most important industrial bank of the town. As a natural result, much of its money was in industrial loans—perfectly sound, but not readily callable without grave trouble for its clients. It was safe to assume that if the Beckerstown Bank were to fail, the remaining banks of the town would inevitably go, and the town itself would be ruined.

And ruin was anything but improbable. The restless crowds still filled the streets; men and women kept moving in a small, quiet, stubborn stream to take their money out of the institutions in which they no longer believed.

IV

On Friday afternoon—the day after the second bank failure—the directors of the Beckerstown Bank held an emergency meeting. At such a time, in a town like Beckerstown, it is natural for hard-pressed men to turn for counsel to some elder statesman of the community, to someone whose life runs a little apart, perhaps, from that of the majority of the townspeople engaged in active business, but whose character, experience, and judgment command universal respect. The directors of the Beckerstown Bank did this. That it was a woman to whom they turned might seem strange to one who knew how little interest Beckerstown has in feminist doctrines; but it would not seem strange to one who knew Mrs. Jane Kennedy Whitcomb. Mrs. Whit-

comb lived in the largest and finest house in town. A descendant of an old aristocratic family, she was a person of social consequence. But she was much more than this. It was she whom her father had chosen, of all his gifted and intelligent children, to care for the family estate, and under her wise and vigorous management its value had quadrupled. The business men of Beckerstown knew that her grasp of finance was equal to that of the best of them, and that when she spoke it was with authority. They invited Mrs. Whitcomb to meet with them; and when she suggested that they adjourn to her house, they duly trooped up the hill and filed into her big back parlor with its Aubusson carpet and gilded cornices.

Mrs. Whitcomb dominated the meeting. The situation was acute: unless the directors could lay hands on a million dollars before the next morning, the bank would probably fail. A long-distance telephone call to the nearest large city, some seventy miles away, had brought the city bankers' terms—they would provide the million if the people of Beckerstown would *in the meantime* underwrite half the amount. Sixteen hours to raise half a million dollars in a town of 35,000 people already in the throes of panic.

Mrs. Whitcomb, her small compact figure very straight in a brocaded chair, laid down the law. "You must go at once to all the stockholders. Tell them that this is not a matter simply of saving the bank, but of saving the town. They must put up cash, securities, jewelry, whatever they have. Telephone all night if you have to. The bank cannot be allowed to fail."

It was decided that each stockholder should be asked to contribute a sum equal to ten per cent of the value of his stock. One of the directors, a local manufacturer, immediately put up \$110,000 of his own funds. Another

director, Mr. Shriver, volunteered to drive to the city to bring back fifty thousand dollars in cash to be ready when the bank opened the next morning. Mr. Shriver threw an empty suitcase into his car and set out on his one-hundred-and-fifty-mile errand. The rest of the directors left for their round of visits and their vigil of telephone calls.

It was an anxious and a thrilling night. All night long the weary men telephoned, explained, argued. The people of the town responded heroically. For it *was* heroic for men and women who had already lost thousands of dollars in the stock market crash, and whose incomes were dwindling, to stake what remained of their capital on what must have seemed to many of them a hundred to one chance.

In the course of that night's work, many curious things came to light. It was then that many of the most severe losses of individuals of the town were first discovered—losses which in some cases dated back to the ill-fated projects engineered by Mr. Newman's associates in the nineteen twenties. A man who had been supposed to be extremely wealthy confessed that he did not have five thousand dollars to put up. A woman who had always lived more than comfortably was found to have no securities of any value whatever.

But by four o'clock the next morning, Saturday, October 3rd, the seemingly impossible task had been accomplished. Half a million dollars had been put up by the people in the town; Mr. Shriver had driven back over the mountains with fifty thousand dollars in bank notes in the suitcase beside him; and the morning paper was printing the announcement that a million dollars had been added to the resources of the Beckerstown Bank, adding a stinging invitation to all uneasy depositors to withdraw their money if

they still wished to. The following week all the banks of Beckerstown were almost as busy taking in money as they had been paying it out.

V

And so the crisis passed, and people began to breathe more easily. The town was not ruined—not yet. Like a horse that has had a bad fall, Beckerstown pulled itself together, found that no bones were broken, and once more set about its daily living. But the shock and fright of the bank failures and the monetary loss have left their mark. Beckerstown now knows there is a depression.

Eight months after the collapse of the two banks, a visitor who had known the town well would be struck by the absence of obvious outward manifestations of the depression and by the marked psychological change in the people.

Business is not at a standstill; there have been only a few failures, none of them very important. A few factories have shut down and others are working part time. One Beckerstown man told me that his business at the end of May, 1932, was as good as it had ever been, but that on July 1st, it was worse than it had ever been. With no orders ahead and little certainty, it is impossible to predict from one week to the next what the factories will have to do. The three large shoe factories in the town are the exception to this: over half their output is taken by chain stores, and they have, in consequence, substantial orders ahead.

Retail trade has fallen off enormously. People are buying as little as possible. Doctors and dentists are not being paid. Children are being taken from private schools and sent to the public schools. The banks, although they are not in a critical condition, are badly off. They are unable to collect

loans, real estate operators cannot pay the interest on their notes, and savings accounts are being depleted. Moreover, people have lost confidence in banks, and it is certain that there is a considerable amount of hoarding, especially among the country people. It is significant that taxes and the money for large sales are paid largely in cash.

Wage-cutting, which started in a small way in 1930, is now general: by midsummer of 1932, a twenty per cent reduction in the pay of all types of labor was the average throughout the town.

Yet a curious thing happened two weeks after the bank failures, when the town was still staggering from the calamity and thousands of people had just lost the savings of a lifetime. The Beckerstown Fair, which has long been famous throughout neighboring states, brought 125,000 visitors, and in the five days of horseracing, \$332,000 changed hands in the *Pari Mutuels*. It is not hard to understand the impulse that makes a man who has only two dollars left in the world gamble one of them on the chance of cleaning up.

In the social life of the town, it is difficult to see much change. Only a few of the families which are accustomed to having servants have dismissed them. There have been few big parties, but people still invite their friends to dinner. Among the well-to-do the need for economy does not take the form that first occurs to the average city-dweller—moving to a smaller and cheaper apartment. The Beckerstown people live in their own houses. They are not buying new cars, but they are not giving up the ones they have.

It is interesting, but not surprising, to find that church attendance has increased. In 1931 one of the large churches of the town had a greater Sunday School enrollment than ever before, and in 1932, it had increased ten per cent more.

There has been no increase in crime, although the Judge of the Domestic Relations Court says that non-support is on the increase.

There seems to be more drinking in all classes, but it is impossible to say that this is due to the depression. The bootleggers, who carry on an active trade, get applejack and moonshine corn from the stills in the mountains near Beckerstown which they sell for from \$4 to \$12 a gallon, depending on its age. The upper classes drink at home, but there has been an enormous growth in lower-class speakeasies throughout the town, and ill-favored roadhouses have sprung up in abundance. It is estimated that there are between three and four hundred speak-easies in the town and on its outskirts.

The most noticeable outward sign of the depression is unemployment—a factor practically unknown to the town before 1931. This problem is being dealt with in a characteristic small-town manner. Instead of setting up organizations and committees and making the hullabaloo so dear to our larger communities (although, of course, all the charitable organizations are working overtime) the citizens of the town are doing as individuals everything that they can for their neighbors—and a heartening sight it is. Most of the factory owners are employing more men and women than business war-rants, and they are also staggering their employees, because all the people who work for them are friends of theirs. Mr. Smith keeps Sam Jones on the payroll because Sam is a good man and his eldest daughter is named for Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Smith, in turn, isn't going to let her dependents suffer because she has known them all since she was a little girl. And in a town like Beckerstown dependents cover a wide range—the cook, the laundress, the colored man who helps with the spring housecleaning, the country woman

who brings chickens once a week, the old man who used to drive the family surrey.

Practically all property owners and mortgage holders have this same sense of personal responsibility. Mr. Bell, who owns three little houses in the poorer district, would not think of turning out the families who have lived there for years and kept the places in good order, because they are now behind with the rent. Suppose the Pease family can't pay the interest on the mortgage on their little farm: Judge Cantrell has no notion of foreclosing. Why, he and Shorty Pease used to go fishing together when they were boys. Eviction and foreclosure are practically unknown in Beckerstown, 1932.

This spirit of neighborliness has not only robbed the poorer people of Beckerstown of terror, but it has created a stronger sense of kinship among all classes. Everybody is in the same boat, and the gulf between rich and poor is narrowed in consequence.

Nor is there much apparent resentment or bitterness, political or economic. A wave of indignation against President Hoover—such as was national in extent in 1930 and 1931—has now subsided, and as this is written there is small evidence that the people of Beckerstown are inclined to put the blame on any one thing or any one person in particular. Certainly there is no active dissatisfaction with the town government. There is a general feeling that the town is admirably run, and the recent reduction in the town tax rate from \$1.15 to \$1.00, made possible by the excellent management of the municipal electric light plant, is accepted as a further proof that the local government is something to be proud of. People seem to feel that they have been the victims of "conditions"—a term the use of which places no onus of responsibility anywhere.

There is a strong feeling of suspense

in the air, an overcast sultriness. Anything may happen. It is terrible to see the bewilderment of the old people whose self-respect is gone. And that is true of so many. Their savings were a source of pride and inner strength, as well as security, they were a tangible result of a lifetime of toil. The working man, the farmer, the factory hand continue as before—those who still have their jobs—but the ground has gone from under their feet.

The wealthier people of the town have the same feeling of suspense. They do not know what is ahead. There is no assurance that the bottom has been reached, and they are trying to hold themselves in readiness for the next blow. The absence of action, of the sort of planning or organizing which is thought to be typical of the American people, is very striking. True, in May, 1932, the Board of Directors of the Beckerstown Chamber of Commerce passed a resolution which they sent to the state senators urging that Congress invite the President to call into immediate conference the leaders of both parties in both houses, the Cabinet, and an advisory committee headed by Owen D. Young, "for the purpose of framing the legislation deemed necessary for the restoration of confidence, and that both houses pledge the im-

mediate passage of such legislation when and as submitted." This resolution, however, was a rebuke to the Federal Government rather than an independent program for local execution.

The inaction of the citizens of Beckerstown, which seems at first to be a kind of paralysis is, I believe, the sign of a deeper gathering into themselves. They relied on institutions, and these failed; they listened to the arguments of city "foreigners," and were betrayed; they appealed to the Federal Government, and the Government proved unable to help them. As a result they have returned to the principles of the pioneers who founded the town. They will depend upon themselves and not upon outsiders. Did they not by their own efforts preserve the town from complete collapse when they banded together and saved the bank?

Let the former leaders of finance make speeches about recovery in terms of getting back to pre-depression days. The Beckerstown man listens quietly and without conviction. He is determined to turn his back on big business, promotion, and nation-wide banking. He feels that he must begin again, and this time he is going to deal with those whom he knows and trusts, and put his money where he can keep his eye on it.



GOING TO MARKET

A STORY

BY ALBERT HALPER

THE little nag stands between the old worn shafts and bows her small meek head. She stands there with her shaggy fetlocks quiet, her hooves firm against the pavement of the street, while her uncut tail swings smartly at the pesty flies. One-two. She whacks them hard.

At the curb, all hot and bothered, stands the grocer's little son, his eyes drilling holes into the lines of the small gray horse.

"I'm going to market," he says aloud, "I'm going along to-day," and he sparkles as he speaks. Eight years old, well-knit and sturdy, he almost dances in his tracks.

Behind him, inside the small grocery, his father and older brother scan the shelves to see what stock is running low. The older brother, sixteen, soft down on his cheeks, given over to occasional dreaming, calls off the items while his father writes them down on the back of a paper bag, wiggling a two-inch stub of pencil.

"How long will you be gone?" asks the wife who has to mind the store.

Her husband grunts. He hitches up his pants, scowls at his pencil, and, from under heavy brows, says, "One hour; two hours—well, let's be going."

Father and son stalk out.

"Hi, Dave, making eyes at Bubba again?" says the older brother, teasing him.

The small boy stares humbly, im-

ploringly at his father. With a grunt, the stocky little grocer swings up on the seat, and his older son eases up after him. At the curb the small kid begins gulping.

"You said you'd . . ." and he starts to bawl.

The older brother, on the seat now, grins. The father, picking up the reins, thinking about the stock marked down on the paper bag, mutters, "All right, get on behind, hurry up."

Dave climbs nimbly on to the rear, and his shoes make a clatter against the dry splintered boards of the floor of the little wagon. His father looks behind, sees the boy is all right, then jerks at the reins. The small wagon swings to the right, the wheels head for the steel car tracks, wed themselves silently to the rails, and the nag jogs on, her hooves ringing dully against the stone cobbles between the tracks.

The cart goes eastward on Lake Street, passing underneath the gloomy Elevated structure. From above, the morning sunshine pours itself through the spaced ties in blocks of harsh light. The rails narrow far ahead. The grocer, thinking about competition from chain-stores, hoping that none of them will find a vacancy and move into the block where his own store is, slaps the reins against the nag's rump, and for a few yards she perks up, then jogs along at the same old pace again. Milt, the older brother, swinging a

long leg idly, caresses the down on his cheek and wonders if he should start shaving pretty soon.

At Morgan Street the grocer gives a sharp tug at one rein, and the nag swings to the right, heading for the big Randolph Street market. Backed up along the curbings of the side streets, are trucks and wagons, and the sidewalks are piled high with all kinds of crated merchandise, also fruits and vegetables. Dave, his little legs going hard, his eyes alive, takes in everything, sniffing at the smoked meats of the wholesalers, wrinkling up his nose at the strong smell of fish. There are hollows in the street, and the wagon rocks and sways like a seining smack. Dave grips the back of the seat more firmly and holds on.

On Randolph Street, near Halsted, the grocer spies an empty place, shouts at the nag suddenly and backs in, jerking hard at the reins. Terrified, the little mare rears her fore hooves, prances like a racehorse, then goes quiet. Her mouth bleeds slightly near the bit. Pretty soon the cart is fitted in snugly, and the rear wheels are firm against the curbing.

The older son and the grocer swing down from the wagon and with, "You mind the wagon till we come back," the eight-year-old boy is left alone. Watching his father and brother pick their way through the jammed sidewalk, around crates of plums, grapes, melons, asparagus, and peaches straight from the heart of Michigan, a strange fright at being left alone in all this noise and confusion pounds at his little heart, and he feels like screaming at them to take him along, when he suddenly remembers that this is his first trip, and if he pesters them they will not take him again. His face grows calm, but his heart continues to hammer a bit.

As far as the eye can see is the bustling market. The street is wide

here, about a hundred and fifty feet from curb to curb. In the center, where no traffic flows, stand the big trucks and wagons of the prairie farmers, and some of the loads have tarpaulins covering them. An Ogden Avenue trolley whistles along the rails.

For fifteen minutes Dave, silent on the seat, looked up and down, growing calmer. Wagons backed in and drove off after loading and unloading, arguments sprang up on the sidewalk concerning prices and the weight, while on all sides truckers wheeling loads in and out of the wholesalers swore at one another for the right of way. The truckers were big fellows with caps snug against their skulls, but some of them, seeing Dave alone on the seat, had time to shout, "Hello, kid, how's the weather up there on the wagon?"

Dave grinned weakly and started squirming on the seat, hoping his father and older brother would return pretty soon. A hot breeze, blowing up the street, brought the thick, sweetish smell of grapes toward him and, looking to the left, he saw, under a wide awning, a great load of crated California blue grapes packed so full the boards of the boxes bulged. Three truckers, two of them white, the third a negro, all three big strapping fellows, were moving the crates inside the store.

The three men worked in silence. On the wide sidewalk the crates stood stacked in a great square pile ten feet high, and ever so often a fat little boss came out, gripping a fistful of bills and shipping tickets, frowning up and down the street as if searching for something, but in reality he had come out to see if the boys were stalling, if they were working fast enough. Pretty soon he did not come out any more.

Sitting high on the wagon seat, Dave saw that the two white truckers helped each other with their loading, while the colored man had to reach up at the pile

and load his own truck alone, holding the handle of the truck firmly between his knees as he reached up with his arms. When the boss did not come out again Dave noticed also that every once in a while one of the white fellows, coming out of the store, would maliciously roll the small iron wheels of his hand-truck near the negro's foot, nipping the toes of the black man's shoes. The negro, his face heavy and thoughtful, worked in silence, glancing submissively down at the sidewalk. Trouble had been brewing between himself and the two white truckers for over a week now, but of course Dave knew nothing about that.

Later on, when the wheels of one of the white truckers came too close, rolling over the entire left toe, the negro gave an ugly murmur, and his grip tightened upon the handles of his own truck; he still stared down at the sidewalk as he shoved a load inside the dark, shady store, but submission did not show on his face.

The two whites, rolling their loads after him, grinned toward the boy on the wagon seat and, when they stared at the nigger, went, "Haw, haw, haw."

The colored man came outside a minute later with his empty truck, his face still heavy but sullenly thoughtful and looked up the bustling street. He looked toward the east. At the next corner, about a hundred feet away, a cop on horseback was trying to settle an argument with a wholesaler who claimed the farmer who had just sold him a load of berries had cheated on the deal. A small crowd gathered. The negro, tall and broad and calm now, stood watching.

Up the street the cop sat his mount solidly, as if in the saddle of a motorcycle, and scratched his jaw. The wholesaler pulled out a pencil, started scribbling and quoted facts and figures to prove his point, while the farmer, a lean tall man in faded overalls, un-

shaven, hollow-eyed, stood by grim and silent. The cop shifted on the saddle. More people gathered.

Dave sat on the wagon and his eyes were glued on the commotion at the corner.

Pretty soon the two white truckers, coming from the store and seeing the negro standing quiet, yelled at the fellow to get going, to get a move on. "Come on, you big black bastard, we're not doing your work for you," and one of them skimmed his truck by quickly. The nigger drew his toes in just in time, his nostrils dilating until the swelling holes of his nose resembled the dark threatening bores of a double-barreled shot-gun.

In silence all three loaded up and rolled another haul of crates inside. Dave, who took turns watching the argument up the street and the two whites against the nigger, started feeling nervous and longed for his father and older brother to come back. He told himself he'd never come to market again. The bustle and the brutality of it, the jam of wagons, trucks, and yelling hustlers struck him like an ice-cold wave of lake water, and he shivered inwardly. He sat there with his little body growing hard and firm as he saw the three truckers coming from the store again, the two whites following the negro, hard on the negro's heels as if grimly trailing the fellow. Up the street the argument at the corner was growing in heat and, torn between the two, Dave gripped the iron ends of the wagon seat tightly, and his heart began hammering hard against his ribs.

By this time the sidewalk up and down the block was dead empty; wholesalers and truckers had gone toward the corner where the argument was rising to an intense and bitter pitch. At the side of the cop's horse the farmer, against them all, said nothing, occasionally feeling his rear overall pocket. He had been paid off

already for the load and he meant to keep the money. The cop on horse-back, scanning the scribbled figures of the wholesaler, scratched his jaw again.

Then Dave, looking back at the two whites and the nigger, who went on working without paying any attention to the squabble at the corner, sat more rigid than ever. He saw one of the truckers dart next door, behind the nigger's back, and snatch up a long knife from the counter there. The store was a wholesale cheese company, and the long knife was used for halving the big thirty- and forty-pound cheeses. The trucker slipped the knife into his shirt while his partner nodded curtly. The broad back of the nigger, straining, was toward them.

The rest happened so quickly that the boy on the seat was confused by the action of it.

Just as the nigger was passing under the shade of the awning the two white truckers looked quickly at each other, then one sprang forward at the nigger's back; the knife-flash that followed was dull because of the shade under the awning.

But Dave heard the groan and the sob, saw the big negro fall softly, heavily forward. One of the truckers started whistling suddenly and went quickly out upon the sidewalk to see if the argument up the street was still in progress. He came back and nodded to his partner. Both were a trifle pale about the mouth now.

Under the shade of the awning, stretched out to his full length, the negro lay quiet. He lay face down against the sidewalk, his nose flattened against the gray cement. Wiping the blade neatly and thoroughly against the fallen man's back, the trucker who had done the stabbing cleaned the blade, darted next door, placed the knife on the counter, and then came back.

Both truckers started whistling a quick tune, flatly.

On the wagon-seat the small boy, his eyes popping from his head, was breathing hoarsely. He was conscious that the argument up the street was still going strong, but his eyes were glued on the negro's broad quiet back, on a blotch of red which was spreading slowly, staining the center of the man's shirt.

The two truckers, still whistling, loaded up again and rolled eight crates apiece inside the store. The doorway was very wide, with a two-inch stair in front of it, and they had to grunt a bit as they forced the wheels over the obstacle. When they came out again for another haul they looked sharply up and down the street; one broke open a crate, pulled out a bunch of grapes and, bending down, jammed the bunch against the nigger's back. The grapes, bursting, spurted red juice all over the fallen man's shirt. They rolled him over, so that his face stared at the sky, and one of them took another bunch of grapes from the opened crate and placed it right under the nigger's back. They laid the crate nearby on the sidewalk. Then they folded the fellow's hands on his chest, propped the limp head upon the low stair near the doorway, as if he were asleep, and loaded up again, whistling briskly. All this in broad daylight. All this while a cop was sitting his mount a hundred feet away, settling a business tangle.

Dave started shivering. He looked at the calm brown face of the prone negro. The big fellow, stretched out, appeared to be sleeping. But the broad chest did not rise and fall.

At the next load the two truckers, coming from the shady darkness of the store, strode to the corner to listen to the wrangle there, and remained in the crowd until a settlement was reached. In the end, his face sagging, the farmer had to give part of his money back. The cop felt relieved, the wholesaler started looking genial, and the small

crowd broke. Once more the sidewalk was alive.

Then someone saw the nigger on the sidewalk—sleeping when there was such a big load yet to be taken inside the store. All at once laughter rippled the street, a release from the harsh tension of the squabble just settled. Someone nudged the prone figure with the tip of his boot. No response.

In a big half-circle wholesalers and truckers stood about chuckling and joking.

"Niggers, they can sleep if hell is freezing."

"I always said a coon was lazy."

"Just look how nice and peaceful he snoozes, just look . . ."

At the corner up the street the two truckers detailed with the negro to haul in the crated grapes were talking genially to the cop on horseback about the wrangle, getting the lowdown on the deal. "So the hick had to give Kuntz twenty dollars back, so he had to hand it over, eh? Haw, haw, haw." Their big yellow teeth were bared in a grin at the cop. The cop grinned back, clucked his tongue at his horse, and started going up the street. The truckers stood awhile, pale around the mouth, not looking at each other. Then they went back to the job.

The semicircle was still there. The two started working, breaking through the crowd, loading seriously, frowning, as if making up for lost time while watching the argument at the corner.

Then someone bent down.

"He's not sleeping."

The crowd went quiet.

They rolled him over. On the sidewalk was the red mashy juice of grapes, with slimy seeds sticking to the pavement. They felt his pulse, someone bent down to listen at his chest for heartbeats.

"Call a doctor!"

The cry shot up the bustling street.

"Why, he ain't sleeping, he's dead!"

The crowd pressed forward, milling, curious. Down the street the cop on horseback, turning in the saddle, saw the new group bunched together and, thinking another argument was springing up, jerked at the reins and galloped up to the scene. Many voices broke through toward him, all at the same time.

"Look, he must have tripped over that opened crate and killed himself. He fell right on the box; you can see the grapes sticking to his shirt."

Then someone, a little more curious than the others, felt around exploringly until his fingers came in contact with a clean slit in the shirt; and on his palm, as he drew his hand away, was a sticky liquid darker than the juice from grapes.

"He's been knifed!"

The cop got off the saddle and took charge of the situation. He rolled the nigger over again.

"It may have been a nail from the box," he said.

All of them stared down at the calm-faced dead nigger. Then the cop, raising his head, turning it sharply like a proud horse, looked about.

"Say, you," he yelled at Dave on the wagon seat, "did you see anything happen around here?"

The two truckers started whistling their tune louder than ever and turned their stares toward the kid on the wagon, frowning, boring him with their gaze, beetling their brows.

Dave started bawling.

"He's only a kid, he don't know anything," someone said.

The truckers whistled softly.

Five minutes later the police ambulance arrived and the body was carried away. The crowd broke again, and after a haul one of the truckers went inside for a bucket of water and sloshed it against the sidewalk; the wet pavement, giving off a thin purplish tint, glared and glittered in the sun.

A boss came out, irritated, and waved his fistful of shipping tickets at

the two truckers, bawling them out, telling them he was a man short now. "Snap out of it," he said savagely and went inside again. The truckers, silent, not looking at each other, began working so hard that they started sweating. One of them almost slipped on the purplish wet of the sidewalk, and the other sprang forward to catch him. They stood there clutching each other so tightly that it looked as if they did so to keep themselves from shivering.

Five minutes later, when the grocer and his older son returned, they found Dave unnerved and whimpering, nervously biting his nails. The stocky little grocer, getting on the wagon, attacked his son with questions, wanted to know what was wrong, what was the matter; but the boy only bawled the harder. At the curb the two truckers, whirling around, wet their lips and whistled toward the wagon seat, frowning and drilling with their stares.

The grocer jerked at the reins. He had done all his ordering and now was going from wholesaler to wholesaler, to pick up the goods. As the wagon swung out from the parked trucks he turned impatiently on the boy and once more demanded to know what was the matter.

"I saw—you were gone so long," the boy said, digging his little fist into his eye. "You left me all alone."

"Oh, is that all?" grunted the grocer and guided the horse toward the first stop.

"But you had Bubba with you," teased the older brother, swinging his leg, stroking his downy cheeks.

Dave started bawling harder than ever. The grocer couldn't understand it.

At the last stop in a side street they took on three crates of California grapes. When the boxes were on the wagon the older brother, digging with his fingers, pried a few grapes loose between the thin slats of the crate and offered some to Dave, the red juice of the first berries on his lips.

Dave saw the stain on his older brother's face and suddenly began screaming. The nag, jogging along, picked up her ears.

"You keep quiet!" the grocer shouted to the boy. "Keep quiet or I'll box your ears! This is the last time you come along!"

The wagon struck Lake Street and the nag headed west, going under the Elevated. On its back flickered slabs of sunshine, and also on the sagging leather lines.

"You ought to be ashamed," mumbled the grocer, patting the boy's head, one hand holding the reins.

Dave swallowed hard and gulped down the sobbing, and as the cart rolled back toward the store he felt the summer wind rushing toward his face, and with his fingers he felt his tear-stained, sticky cheeks.

"You were gone so long," he said again, this time softly. "I had to sit there all by myself."

Then, craning his neck over the side of the seat, he watched the twinkling hooves of the little nag hammering the cobbles between the Lake Street car tracks.



LET US TALK ABOUT UNPLEASANT THINGS

BY ROBERT HERRICK

AMONG those blessings of adversity that we are, slowly, discovering these calamitous days is that an unpleasant truth does not hurt as badly as one politely ignored or denied. At long last we are turning from the ideal of "normalcy," "ninety days to Prosperity," from the theory that our economic muddle is "largely psychological," and from the many other varieties of anodyne with which as a people Americans have been fond of doping themselves. We are accustoming ourselves to look unpleasant facts in the face without squinting. Dr. Julius Klein's radio patter leaves us cold; the latest billion-dollar panacea from Washington does not even flutter the stock market; platform bunk is merely cause for mirth in the silly season—and when not sufficiently hilarious, the broadcasting companies kindly turn it off. In time we may even come to realize that we are not the richest, luckiest, happiest, most generous people that ever lived on this earth; that all our financiers are not Wizards; our bankers, Pillars of Society; our million-dollar executives, Supermen; our petty politicians, As-tute Statesmen. We Americans are somehow mortal like the rest of the world, and a little searching of the heart will do us good. We are deflating more than commodity and security prices: we are deflating some of our national conceits. No longer will one be considered a tiresome pessimist or a "red" if he happens to blurt out an

obvious if unpalatable truth that his neighbors are trying to forget. The habit of closing our senses to the ordeals on our path, of singing ourselves to sleep with headline lullabies, may be unsafe. What we have needed the past ten years is a Voltaire, a Swift, not a Coué nor a Pollyanna. A little cleansing acid on the greasy windshield of public consciousness will clear the vision.

This habit of seeing only silver linings in the clouds is deeply rooted in the American temperament. We are proud of it. Upon the principle of self-delusion we have created the only religion that appeals vitally to the American people. The cult which ineptly calls itself Christian Science because it is neither scientific nor Christian, and its many imitators, designed to teach their votaries how to cheat their intelligence, are immensely popular. As a people we like to fool ourselves. This tendency has made our literature feeble, our politics infantile, and our daily life monotonous. A prolonged period of adversity when distressing truths could not be evaded by the most robust was needed to make us adult.

One of the more irritating forms of criticism that, as a young novelist, I used to hear from dear friends who wished me well was that I should write about "nice" people like themselves (people one would like "to receive into the home" as it was sometimes put),

and treat only "pleasant" subjects, the list of unpleasant subjects being then longer than at present. How the pages of Balzac, of Dostoevsky, of Thackeray would shrink under such a test! Even Shakespeare might become insipid. When somewhat later I was writing of the roaring background of Chicago, my boosting fellow-citizens deplored the fact that I chose deliberately to depict the squalor of Cottage Grove Avenue (then one of the world's dreariest thoroughfares) and the miles of shambling dingy flat buildings on the scrawny wastes of prairie "subdivisions" rather than the elegancies of the Gold Coast and the neo-classic beauty of the Art Institute of Chicago as seen in the vision of the "Chicago Plan" at Commercial Club banquets. A similar instinct to deny the unpleasant condemned Barbusse's powerful picture of men at war, which the soldiers at the front were eagerly reading, glad that at last some of the horrors they had to endure had found their way into print instead of sweetly romantic tales of heroism and the distortions of war correspondents. When I praised *Le Feu* in a review as the one authentic presentation of war then published, I was solemnly warned by a member of our Military Intelligence Bureau that Barbusse was considered "defeatist" and, therefore, seditious by the high command. Reading his book might make American mothers and fathers uncomfortable about the fate of their sons. The angel of Mons and German rapings were safer literature!

So it was with Russia when that great country refused to fight any longer in a war that was in no sense hers. The facts were unpalatable and, therefore, must be denied as long as possible. The foremost American newspapers chronicled every few days the immediate collapse of the new regime—as they still do at longer intervals—which has somehow survived

to a quite respectable age as governments go these years. Some day Americans may regret that they allowed themselves to be deceived about what has been happening to that huge slice of the world's population, and wish that they had accepted the facts pragmatically instead of denying them "idealistically."

The same mental attitude has asserted itself from the start of the recent unpleasantness in business and finance. Millions were without work and starving long before our government, the press, or the public would admit the facts and recognize the situation. Washington, of course, set the lullaby to words and tried heroically to Coué the nation back to prosperity. The President and members of his cabinet bombarded us with optimistic prophecies. Great industrialists marshaled their billions to double an already swollen capacity of production. The people were exhorted to buy, buy, buy more goods. Meanwhile great financial institutions were tottering or crumbled into dust, savings and "investments in American equities" were disappearing into air like soap bubbles—but why speak about it? These were but necessary incidents of "readjustment," from which, phoenixlike, we should emerge ere long richer and merrier than ever in this world of rugged individualism. The role of the strong was to sit silent and listen to the drip-drip of their fortunes ebbing away like blood from an open artery, grimly resolved to "carry on" (in the melodramatic lingo of the war) or hold on while our world was taking a flop and shriveling into nothing.

"Don't talk about such unpleasant things!" my charming hostess exclaims reprovingly when someone carelessly mentions the impending disasters to be read between the lines of carefully censored despatches from

Asia or Europe or America. "I don't want to hear it! You may be wrong. . . . I know everything will come out right some day, some fine day!"

It is amazing how many good women of native intelligence are convinced that human society as they have become accustomed to think of it will endure forever, a divinely conceived instrument. No historical instances of former recessions of civilization can swerve their faith in the continuance of the world they were born into. "All that was somehow different." They *know* that the familiar sun will shine upon them tomorrow morning or at the latest the day after,—same sun, same world, same self as always hitherto. This is what is popularly known as having "faith" and greatly praised. Every true woman is both a capitalist and an optimist from birth. This may be from biologic necessity or from an invincible ignorance, but I bow before it whatever its cause and am convinced that as long as American women are what they are there is no need to worry about communism or socialism or even a little national planning. Fascism, yes: they understand fascism and have a weakness for Mussolini. They (like Mussolini) know how God made this world and why: he made it for them, with its ups and downs (but chiefly ups), with motor cars and country places and rich husbands for the lucky ones; cosy apartments and movies for the less lucky; decent homes and plenty of dull work for the great uninteresting mass of humanity; and charity for the poor whom we have always with us . . . Life without end, Amen!

So being duly warned I take another drink and tactfully ask my neighbor how her garden is thriving during this dry season, and whether she has reduced the cook's wages ten or twenty per cent?

II

Something not unlike this ostrich act the political High Hats of Europe have been doing ever since the War was officially declared off, on the whole disastrously for the peace and comfort of the world. Anything to avoid admitting publicly what they knew to be the truth! Conference after conference has been held in charming resorts, resulting inevitably in more or less meaningless formulas prepared by the "experts," who are skilled in "agreeing in principle" while scuttling all the essential facts. Ever since an American president announced to a shocked world that the lamentable treaty embodied his Fourteen Points, statesmen the world over have been playing harder than ever the great game of bluff—up to this very hour when, after vainly trying to decide how more armament can be made to appear disarmament, the Geneva conference has adjourned for six months in the hope that another year will be more opportune for the telling of unpleasant truths. If at any time during the past twelve hectic years those in high command politically—who should know all the tragic facts—had said in public what they have all been saying to one another confidentially over luncheon, tea, and dinner tables, we should be nearer that healthy understanding of what ails the world, which must precede any real amelioration of conditions. Instead of delusive generalities (stalling with Dawes and Young plans) they might have blurted out what has been in the back of their minds; they might have said something like this:

"Men and women of this troubled world, it is useless to pretend any longer—and too dangerous. The old formulas won't work. Germany can't be made to pay the entire cost of the international spree or any considerable part of it. We can't go armed to the

teeth and prate of our longings for peace. We can't get rich again by simply refusing to buy one another's goods. We can't sit forever on the lid of potential revolution while our peoples grow hungrier and more desperate each year. One awful mistake was made at Versailles and a thousand since. We propose now to tear up that cursed treaty and begin over, sincerely. And from now on we propose to tell the world what we know as fast as we know it."

What would happen? Would the French invade Germany again to gather their rainbow gold? Would the people of these United States send three million more bonus-begging legionnaires back to Europe to collect our loans? Never! Just nothing at all would happen, except that everybody everywhere would sigh and say, "Well, we knew it was all make-believe. Now let us forget it and go to work." The hush-hushers and the bitter-enders alike would be stilled forever, once what every informed person has realized for years was out in the open, told in screaming headlines until it no longer hurt.

There are other, more personal, unpleasant truths nearer home that we might well let escape into the open. First, that whether we like it or not we are not and never can be sufficient unto ourselves. It may be humiliating to American pride to admit that we need the goods—and the good will—of other peoples even as they need ours. The air of aloof superiority which we have assumed toward the rest of humanity since the conclusion of the War we shall have to exchange for something nearer humility as each day piles up proofs that the rest of the world can get along without us quite as well as we can without them. Next we must recognize without rancor that Europe will pay us practically nothing of what

remains of their debts to us on the war account, because it is desirable neither for them nor for us to have these debts paid. No matter who owes whom or what or however sanctified by right, this debt-and-reparation account (practically one in fact if not in political theory) was all a nightmare of revengeful, fearful, cowardly statesmen and metaphysical financiers, with their endless bargains and rats'-nests of paper obligations. Wars are fought in present time, and the attempt to foist the burdens for their payment upon succeeding generations is both futile and dangerous. Next, we can't hope to trade, which is the one thing we most care to do, unless we are willing to swap. Even a child can perceive that! Again, not all of us, one hundred and twenty millions of us, can expect to live entirely at the expense of the government—which is only a figure of speech for all of us. Nor is it safe to truckle to "veterans," thus raising a praetorian guard to bully weaklings in Congress: it might easily become a more serious menace to democracy than all the reds that ever peopled the imaginations of heretic hunting congressional committees! Again, we can't for long make even paper profits out of selling worthless securities to people more foolish than we are ourselves.

Still more wholesome if unpalatable truths: Americans are fast losing that reputation for common business honesty which they once shared with the Chinese. We have lied so much to ourselves that we are becoming hazy about certain basic moral axioms. Our corporations, of course the largest and best in the world, with their million-dollar executives and fat bonuses, have been extravagantly and, in many instances, dishonestly managed for the profit of directors and other speculators rather than for their stockholders. Our investment bankers are sometimes

criminally stupid (the reader can supply the proper specification from his personal experience) and sometimes mere rascals, too rarely "trustworthy" (an old-fashioned word!), which explains incidentally why so many of us who are timid now prefer the mattress or the safety deposit box to the bank or investment banker. A government campaign with customary ballyhoo urging these timid souls not to hoard as "unpatriotic" would be more effective if the authorities had taken a little pains to enforce common honesty in our banks. "Whispering campaigns against the integrity of our financial institutions engineered by communists" is the latest farcical explanation of runs upon banks. All the talk by all the communists between Washington and Moscow could not affect the solidity of any American bank if the bankers themselves had not given ample cause for distrust of their methods and their principles.

One need not resort to the hackneyed bogies of communism and socialism—or even fascism—to explain the unrest of this troubled day. It is indeed marvelous that with the accumulating evidences of bungling, dishonesty, and insincerity written large before the eyes of all, incidents that cannot be concealed (and how many others covered up but dimly suspected?), the common man should remain as trusting and patient as he is with the lords and masters of his destiny! Our leading citizens and members of the government need not look so far as Russia for the cause were they to awake one morning to a lively and disastrous revolution. They need merely recall the record of their management of society for the past ten years. If the irresponsible rule of *laissez-faire*, so agreeable to its beneficiaries, has come to an end, as many shrewd observers fear, those who have benefited most largely from its license

have themselves to thank for the ensuing chaos. Even to-day, at the end of the eleventh hour, they might by striving disinterestedly to put their house in order instead of trusting to blind chance and "the working of economic law," preserve for a while their special privileges and possibly regain some of their prestige. But they must show a different comprehension of the situation that has overtaken them from that of their great advocate in Washington: they must realize how narrow the margin of their safety has become and mend their ways before it is too late. Will they? Humanity is long-suffering. A poor system can be worked indefinitely if it inspires confidence, security; that is, if the majority trusts the minority which runs it. Few human beings like violent changes and the risks of chaos. But with water in a boiler over a hot fire there comes a point beyond which it is unsafe to sit on the safety valve. Human society obeys natural laws as well as chemical elements.

III

Finally, how about ourselves, each one of us, little Everyman and Everywoman? We too have believed that we could live handsomely without much hard work, could become rich overnight Aladdinlike, get by with dishonest shoddy substitutes for thinking. We couldn't. It never can be done for long. Are we quite ready to deflate ourselves, to admit that all of us along with our richer neighbors have been on a prolonged, delirious, and vulgar spree, during which we have talked a lot of drunken nonsense and committed more follies than we now like to remember? Our values somehow got all askew. We babbled about individual fulfillment, individual freedom, "the right to live our own lives," lives which were fast becoming mean-

ingless. We were so deafened by the roar of what was going on around us that we never looked within to see if all was well there. The Litany is a fine piece of human psychology as well as of literature. It is time to repeat once more its great refrain: "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!"

How different from our attitude was that of the old Greeks in the presence of disaster! The evil that befalls man, the Greeks felt, must be caused by some offense against the gods, some neglect or unwitting wrong committed, which must be discovered and set right, ample amends having been made, repentance and due sacrifice, before the deadly plague or other calamity would vanish. Purification was essential—self-purification and social purification. Compare such a direct method with our pretentious "reconstruction" measures (feeding more poison in the shape of "credit" to the sufferer from delirium tremens!) or with passages from the Congressional record, denouncing and excoriating somebody else, or with either the Republican or the Democratic platform, promising the impossible! In ultimate analysis every economic phenomenon is a manifestation of human conduct; and economic problems cannot be resolved until the human factors underlying them are properly adjusted, disagreeable as the process may be.

Our depression may be "mainly psychological"—hysterical—if you like. Most things that affect human beings individually or in mass are "psychological." We are so made. But this fact does not imply that all we have to do to become comfortable and happy is to change our psychology from depression to boom. We must first correct the wrong thinking that caused both boom and depression, which is not easy. Hard times are but one unpleasant symptom of internal maladjustments. No doubt man is what he thinks and

—more important—becomes what he thinks. So the sooner we put off the Pollyanna habit of mind and cease hunting panaceas, searching our hearts instead for the secret of our misfortunes, the sooner shall we be prepared for the new—and let us hope—sane world.

So I say let us talk only about unpleasant things until we understand them and their cause, which is ourselves. Let us examine one by one all the bugaboos and the hollow pretenses and the ugly facts in due order. Let us eat and sleep with misfortune until we have lost all fear of it! By so doing, for one thing, we shall discount our own personal losses. For any situation calmly faced and accepted becomes automatically less intolerable. I am filled with admiration for the many families in my acquaintance that are already quietly accepting a cut of fifty or more per cent in their incomes, which means in modern terms a drastic transfer of class. They have forgotten their illusions about what they never really possessed. Therefore, they are already far on the way to the future with little encumbering baggage. Indeed the courage and the good humor, the decency and the generosity displayed by all sorts of people in the face of a disaster which has cut savagely into their private ambitions suggests that humanity may not be so inextricably tied to the profit motive as we have been led to believe; that more modest returns for individual efforts would be cheerfully accepted provided there were greater equality and sense of security, of the ground being solid beneath. The majority of reasonable human beings neither expect nor desire to ascend once more into cuckoo-land as our politicians so fondly promise. Gamblers and other deluded optimists may endeavor to stage a premature "recovery" in the security

markets, buying back at rising prices what they frantically threw away a few months before. But a too swift return to prosperity (of the 1929 variety) would be in fact a disaster even were it likely to happen. Instead of a program of "reflation," what we need is to consolidate the gains we have made in the bitter school of adversity so that we may prepare the way for a society in which there is neither boom nor depres-

sion. Let us grip this unpleasant and unstable present into which we have dreamed ourselves, until we have squeezed from it all its venom, knowing that the unpleasantness comes mostly from our own inharmonious egos. Our secret hopes and fears and prejudices and lusts and weaknesses are hurt by an open recognition of the truth. Not life itself, which remains enjoyable and adventurous.

WINGS

BY L. A. G. STRONG

THE heaven is pure and cold and full of wings;
The spreading sea creeps northward in a dream.
Forlorn and scattered on the sunset gleam
The gulls go to their island gatherings.

The light's long wings, like theirs, are loth to fold:
Who will believe it that an hour has run
Since the ten pine trees, wet with sudden gold,
Looked in their last amazement on the sun?

The warm walls close around in our defense,
Light in a pale despair forsakes the tide.
Stand in your quiet beauty at my side,
Complete the hour, and breathe its recompense.



A DAY IN A GANGSTER'S LIFE

BY MEYER BERGER

THE afternoon sun, beginning to come through the west windows, steadily moves across the bedroom, flicking the enameled radiator case, and strikes a glitter from a revolver lying on a bedside table. The telephone on the table suddenly begins to ring. In the huge bed a lone figure wrestles with sleep, thrashes about for an instant, then reaches for the telephone. A hunch and an effort and the figure—dark-haired, tan-skinned, and bleary-eyed—is sitting upright. He speaks.

"Yah? . . . No!" The telephone is returned to the table, the man's eyes rest for a moment on the revolver. It is new and it is loaded. There are two more, also loaded, on the window sills, another on the book case, and there is one in the bathroom. If you were in the living room of the apartment you would see still another on the desk. The weapons are for protection, and the man they are to protect is the man who has just awakened: a middle-aged but still slender Irishman, who is the Gang Lord of the City of New York. This is the man who, risen from a slum, controls the inflow of booze at the city's thousand bars and speakeasies, whose vassals, among them the estimable Dutch Schultz Flegenhimer of the Bronx, rule the outlying boroughs. This man operates expensive night clubs, controls the biggest fight and hockey clubs in the city, has a share in many of the better prize fighters and wrestlers, is

the proprietor of several large laundries, is a large investor in shoe stores and ice-cream factories. A leading citizen—a fact admitted by the man himself.

It is now past one o'clock in the afternoon and this big business man's day is just beginning. He rises, bathes, and dresses. His apartment, in an expensive uptown neighborhood, does not differ from those of his neighbors. Furnished in restrained and characterless luxury by a costly interior decorator, it exhibits colonial furniture, sober carpets, and splendidly bound volumes which are never opened. The Boss may occasionally read himself to sleep with a wood pulp magazine (the tabloid is his morning paper) but he will go no farther with the printed word. Too much literature gives him a headache. He has no cultural aspirations of the sort that made the late lamented Legs Diamond fond of being seen reading the *New York Times*. The Boss has great respect for the neighborhood in which he resides; he is a quiet, model tenant. Sometimes he forgets the rent for a month or two, but that is because he is engrossed with vast concerns. When reminded by the building superintendent of his lapse, the Boss pays immediately with apologies. The embarrassment he displays in such a situation is quite typical. Born in the slums, he ran with a murdering gang until he was sent to prison for a killing over a girl. Somewhere along the way he acquired a soft voice and a bland

smile and lost his taste for loud checks and a hat over one eye. Nowadays he most ardently wishes the public to think of him as a philanthropist and friend of the poor, and not as the leader of a mob of killers—which he is.

He is Irish and vocally proud of it; he is a devout Catholic and proud of that too. He has carried over from his youth a superior contempt for the ginzoes, the Italian panderers and drug-pushers of the city, and has sworn to keep them out of the rackets in his bailiwick. The Jews he tolerates, for they are "good business men."

Dressed for the day, he telephones to a mid-town hotel, the offices of his mob, for his car. Presently one of his gunmen—they don't call them that in their own select circle; rather chumps, slobs, or go-guys—drives the machine up to the apartment house door, goes up in the elevator, and, having prowled about in the corridor to make sure that no unfriendly acquaintance is about, stands by.

Now, and at last, after getting the all-clear signal, the Big Whack emerges into view. Dressed in pale gray, with carefully matching tie, and straw hat at the correct angle, the Boss walks to the elevator, preceded by his henchman. This functionary, always a few feet ahead of His Eminence, strides across the lobby and out to the sidewalk. This is a precautionary measure for the Boss. If any slugs are shot, the chump will get them. That's what he's paid for. At the curb, door open, stands the Boss's sedan, a costly car of foreign make, equipped with a special body with armor plate protecting the tires and bullet-proof glass in the windows. There is no ceremony here; lingering on the sidewalk is an invitation for musketry.

So downtown, and at a table that commands a good view of the front door of the restaurant, the Head of the mob eats a leisurely breakfast. It gets

to be a habit after a while for even the lowliest mug in the business never to sit with his back to a window or a door. It's bad for the health.

Breakfast over, the Head is ready for his day's work and sets out for his place of business. His office is on the sixth floor of a second-rate mid-town hotel, in the midst of the system's business territory. Up to about a year ago, some of the mob leaders hired suites in the newer and loftier skyscrapers, had signs on the plate glass doors—"Mackenzie Realty Corporation"—and even employed show girls to pose as stenographers; but the skyscraper office days are about over. The reason is obvious. You can't fix the staff of a big office building as easily or as cheaply as you can the hotel staff, and there's enough graft to pay as it is. The hotel manager, the telephone girl, and the house detective in the hotel earn a good bit of extra change for seeing to it that no strangers get to the Boss's office without being announced.

Movie scenes notwithstanding—and what a garbled, lurid business the films have made of the mobs—the office is not cluttered up with rat-eyed, shifty gun-toters and fidgety hopheads. The fring squad is handy, but somewhat withdrawn in rooms up the hall. They scarcely match the sober office furnishings, the desk, the leather chairs, the radio, and the prints upon the walls. Neither books nor ledgers are to be seen. The Boss carries most of his accounts in his head. Since the Capone case the racketeer has sworn off permanent records, especially formal bookkeeping.

II

To the business of the day. As a rule, the Head first sees his fronts, the men who run his night clubs, his laundries, his stores, his brewery. They are the figures in his window; they meet

the public for him. One is a celebrated night club hostess, another was a famous Parisian *maître d'hôtel*. The fronts and the Boss go into conference. There is a pep-talk perhaps; ideas and suggestions are exchanged. These people are well paid, often more than well paid. He wishes his employees to be honest in their dealings. He is quite straightforward in these business operations, feeling somehow that this honesty condones any shadow that may fall upon him in his other enterprises. He hates bartenders who kite the checks they get over the bar. He froths at the mouth if he hears that a hired hand in one of his speakeasies or night clubs has lifted the roll of a customer.

When the front men have left the office, the Big Whack is ready for the "right guys." These are the latest prison graduates. The system gets its recruits from the prisons, but they must be endorsed. The Head does not interview every thug that gets out; only those who have been vouched for may come. They must be tested men who have taken all that horny-knuckled detectives could give, without talking. The Boss cannot afford to do business with a squealer. In his desk is a list of the prison alumni. It contains the institutional numbers as well as the names of those who are sent in. This double check is maintained to keep out impostors who might try to get into the mob under false pretenses. The prospect is shown in and stands before the Boss's desk.

"What's the name, guy?"

"Hughie the Mug. Bill told me . . ."

"What was your number?"

"Seven eight four three one."

If the information checks, all is well. If it does not, the false applicant can hope for nothing less than a load of bruises and assorted lumps. If the graduate of the pent-up house wants to

go back to his old trade of straight homicide, he may. It isn't compulsory. If he thinks he would like to try something honest—driving a beer truck, for example—he can do that. In the big brewery maintained by the Boss, lumbering caravans of thirty and forty trucks roll under the armored gates three or four times a week, before dawn. There are plenty of jobs for right guys. Then there are the laundries, the night clubs, collection tasks. There is no unemployment in the rackets.

The Chief admires the Irish and wants them in his gang. You can't blame him for that. He was born and brought up with Irish kids, fought beside them in the neighborhood gang wars, and knows what to expect of them. He subscribes to the popular belief that there are no fighters like the fighting Irish.

Exactly how many killers the system employs is hard to tell. Thirty to forty seems to be the best estimate. These gentlemen live in various hotels in and about the theatrical district and are under the control of the Boss's heavy men, the strong-fisted buckos who are close to the throne. Most of them have homicide records, but are now big gamblers. They keep the chumps and punks under control and, if necessary, offer their bodies up for prison terms to shield the Chief.

For the Boss never deals directly with the murder mob. His astute legal advisers have seen to that. If he has no direct contact with the actual killings that are necessary to eliminate business competition, his name can be kept out of the grand jury room. Newspapers may guess that certain bloody business was carried out in behalf of one of his many interests, but a prosecutor would have a hard time proving it.

Some people have an idea that the Big Whack does his own killing, but that's a mistake. He probably hasn't

used a gun in eight or ten years, except, perhaps, for a bit of harmless target practice in the country. His chumps do it all.

The average rod-man used to get \$200 a week, but the depression has hit him just as it has the ordinary forgotten man. To-day he gets between \$75 and \$100 a week, with a little bonus now and then for an extra-fancy bit of homicide. And not always is he the swash-buckling rodster that some people picture.

The late Jack Diamond would not allow his killers to lie around idly when things were dull. He had them clipping hedges, beating rugs, and snipping roses on his estate in rural Acra, a little village in Greene County, New York, where he introduced the gentle art of hi-jacking and beer peddling.

If word comes that one of the boys has been killed in line of duty, the Boss sees to it that the honored dead is buried with all respect and that a proper wreath is sent. At his office he will choose one of the heavy men, sometimes a lesser personage on the staff, who will represent him at the grave. Like most Irishmen, the Big Whack is a sentimental soul and might prefer to attend the funeral alone, especially if the deceased happened to have been one of his favorite killers, but prudence forbids. The publicity certain to follow is not desired. The widow and the family of the dead killer will be looked after, but the funerals are not the gaudy things they used to be. They attracted altogether too much newspaper attention.

But even the most splendid of the mob funerals were never the costly affairs that they were supposed to be. In Chicago, when the front-line men were falling like wheat, the newspapers commonly reported \$50,000 coffins, \$5,000 wreaths, and other gorgeous accessories that caused the undertakers

of New York much envious distress. Later the New York dailies did wonders with the funeral of Frankie Yale and other gangsters. But both in Chicago and New York the gold coffins and solid silver caskets were mere deceptions. They were metal boxes sprayed with a paint finish that resembled gold or silver. The average cost of the glittering things that look so imposing in dim candlelight is between four and six hundred dollars. There are no \$50,000 coffins.

When one of the boys has been knocked off, his pals—sometimes even the generous assassins who did the job—will have one of their number thumb through the florist's catalogue and select the proper piece. Gates Ajar, The Vacant Chair, Bleeding Heart, or Angel and Harp, done in roses and carnations, the mobster's favorite flowers, are the desired thing. To do a \$5,000 job the florist would have to use orchids and, to the mob, "roses and carnations is plenty swell." The latest twist in gangster funerals is the airplane salute, originated in Brooklyn. Bill Bailey, one of Vannie Higgins's chief artillerymen, dipped and circled over Bob Benson's grave last October and set the style. Last June, when Higgins himself, weighed down with lead, went to his eternal rest, he also received the airplane salute.

III

When the lesser mob leaders get to wrangling over beer distribution or some other business matter, murder's in the wind, and the guns come out for wholesale slaughter. The Big Whack knows that these disturbances beget editorials and burning resolutions from the pens of editors and indignant committees, especially when innocent bystanders or children get in the way of rival mobsters using lead in a crossfire of argument. He tries to ward them off.

If he gets sufficient advance notice of impending wars he calls the disputants to his office. He talks sound business to the glowering beer barons and points out the evils of publicity that their wars stir up. More often than not he succeeds in convincing the belligerents that they only hurt the rackets by too much gun play. He prevents a lot of mobster street skirmishing.

He performs other police duties. For example, he keeps the hard-drinking mob leaders of other districts out of the amusement belt, when he can. Too often, when they do get into the white light area and drink too generously of their own commodity they break into print by unlimbering their hardware and killing their drinking companions. Such unnecessary waste of ammunition is offensive to the Boss, especially since his name is inevitably linked with every mid-town shooting, whether the shooters are his own business associates or not. The late Mr. Diamond made himself a good deal of a nuisance in this way. He got himself shot so many times that he was finally forced away from the white lights and exiled to the hillsides of Greene County, one hundred and twenty miles from town. There were other reasons for his banishment, of course, but persistence in offering himself as a target along Broadway was an important factor. The Honorable Dutch Schultz Flegenheimer, Proconsul of the Bronx, was another offender. He committed a most egregious error in allowing himself to be blamed for the shootings in the Club Abbey. Vannie Higgins also caused a deal of discomfort when he was stabbed in an up-town cabaret. No wonder, then, that when the Big Whack gets a tip at his office or at one of his night clubs that a lesser leader is about to enter the theatrical district on a bender, he does what he can to forestall it.

Only a few weeks ago he learned that

Mr. Schultz was going to seek entertainment in a West Side hotel and that one of the many Schultz business rivals had picked that hotel as an excellent place for Mr. Schultz's translation to another world. The man from the Bronx was ushered out of the Broadway district before he realized what had happened. Shortly before this incident, Higgins, in company with a comely blonde, was having dinner in a certain grill in the Forties. A detective walked into the grill, stood over the Earl of Brooklyn, and ordered his immediate departure. Higgins protested, but very gently. He had taken it on the chin from hard-hitting police a number of times and wasn't eager to repeat the experience. He withdrew at once.

IV

At six o'clock or thereabouts the Big Whack's office day is over. He is now ready for relaxation and amusement. Here is one of the drawbacks in the life of the Head of a Mob. He has plenty of money, but there is little opportunity to spend it. Of necessity his range of amusement is limited; there are few places where he can expose himself without inviting gunfire. Flying pigeons is an occupation in which he may indulge with safety. Like many of his kind, he has been a pigeon fancier since boyhood. On the roof of one of his laundry buildings he keeps a huge coop stocked with pedigreed birds, some pairs costing as much as \$2,500.

The Head has picked the laundry roof with an eye to safety, the condition that must govern all his pastimes. It is on the waterfront and prevents the possibility of attack from the river. Downstairs, one of his trusted chumps guards the doors. A rifle shot from a nearby roof might get him, but the roof wall is fairly good protection. Long hours in the sun on the roof give

the Boss a healthy tan and keep him fit. It is his only exercise, keeping him fairly slim and offsetting the bad effects that many hours of enforced seclusion might have.

There is no national or local contest for racing and homing pigeons in which the Big Shot's pets are not entered. When his birds win, his pleasure is profound. He regards his pets with affection and indignantly denies reports that he uses the pigeons to communicate with his rum boats. No amateur would stoop to such a practice. When he traps another pigeon owner's strays, he solemnly collects the established fee for return of the birds, though it be only ten cents. It isn't the money, it's the principle of the thing. Receiving a fee for the return of a stray gives him greater satisfaction than the dividends from his brewery.

When night comes, the Big Bird Man is driven back to the white lights. After dinner—the midday meal for him—he may attend a prize fight, if there is one, or a hockey match. In the ring will probably appear one or more of his fighting stable, wrestlers or boxers, punching or pushing one another around for his profit. All mobsters, great and small, are fight fans. If the doors of a fight club were suddenly shut in the midst of a championship bout and the spectators let out one at a time, the police would probably have in hand one of the choicest collections of murderers and grand larceny experts ever assembled.

Occasionally the Chief will spend the afternoon at a ball game. The mobsters usually occupy a large portion of the reserved section behind third base and there is some brisk betting. The Big Shot, however, does not indulge in high stakes. He owns some horses and bets quite often on the races, but as a picker he does a poor job. Hazards of sums running from \$1,000 to \$10,000 on a turn of the dice come

from his heavy men, but not from the Boss.

If no crowded excitement is available, the Head may turn to love-making. He has a wife, but he doesn't live with her. She has a penthouse in the city and a bungalow in Oakland, California, paid for by him. From him also comes her generous supply of spending money. His affections are an uncertain business. Like most of the mobsters, he inclines to the show girl. With her he is generous also; he will pay as much as \$8,000 for a fur coat for her, provide her with a good car and a sufficiency of cash. But there are no overnight parties, for the Boss always fears a Samson and Delilah finish. He dare not trust a lady, however charming. He must go back at last to his apartment with the gun on the bedside table, where no one can open the door to his enemies while he sleeps. He never lets the woman of his choice share his business confidence. When he tires of her, he will give her a lump pension that will keep her, at least for a time, in the luxury to which she has become accustomed. In this he differs from most of his colleagues. The rougher ones poke the lady on the chin to emphasize the pain of parting and let it go at that.

Despite this weakness for the ladies of the chorus, some of the mob Bosses pride themselves as family men. Higgins played the proud father to such an extent that his bored drinking companions cried for mercy. He never tired of discussing the dancing skill of his seven-year-old daughter. Still another Boss, the father of two children, could not be turned aside if his offspring became the subject of conversation. He forced all his associates to contribute complimentary advertisements for a journal compiled for a dance recital in which they took part. To prove their popularity, the children's names appeared in each advertisement. The Big Whack

himself has a daughter, but he keeps her out of New York. Newspapers that might contain his name with details of his mob's operations never reach her, and he has been entirely successful in his attempts to shield her from publicity. The quiet of the convent where she is receiving her education has yet to be disturbed. In his prosperity, the Chief has done handsomely by his mother and toward her; sentimentality goes hand in hand with largess. Until he emerged from prison and rose from being a lowly dance-hall bouncer and strike-breaker to his present eminence in the rackets, she lived in poverty. She still lives near the old neighborhood, it is true, but she is sustained by a prosperity that is a source of perpetual pride.

Like a political organization not far away, the Whack rather favors himself as a benefactor and a philanthropist. He boasts that in these depression days he has not forgotten the families of the men who ran with his pack in the days of his boyhood. The shower of manna may consist of coal or groceries, or sometimes even beer. At benefits for the unemployed, the floor talent from the Boss's first-class night clubs are in constant demand. Regiments of chorus girls, mammy singers, and entertainers of all sorts, attest his deep solicitude for the unfortunate. More than one of his theatrical acquaintances will tell you with awed solemnity that "the Big Shot does more for the poor than some of the big welfare organizations in this town." By common report, "he's a sucker for a sob story if you can get near him." The hard thing to do is to get near him.

But the chief object of his philanthropy is the convict, and here he spreads himself. The recollection of his own confinement is still vivid. He descends upon the warden once a month for a neighborly visit, he brings

supplies of tobacco and small luxuries, supplies prison athletic teams with equipment. At Christmas time his generosity overflows. Fifty-five thousand dollars' worth of holiday provender, barrels of chicken, corned beef, and pies were recently delivered at the penitentiary with his best wishes. His benefactions are not confined to the institution where he was once confined, but are broadcast to the prisons throughout the State. His annual expenditure for his particular brand of prison relief has been set at two hundred thousand dollars.

V

This overlord in crime has a peculiar set of moral principles. The gun, the ice pick, and the cord may be invoked in the routine elimination of a business rival, but the traffic in women is quite another thing. He is sustained and soothed by the knowledge that he has never taken money from that source nor permitted his lieutenants to do so. This lively sense of virtue is further fed by his conduct in the business of narcotics. He does not sell them nor has he ever sold them. Big as the profits are in this forbidden trade, the Chief regards it with contempt and disdain. In this he resembles most of the other Irish mob men. Drug distribution is left to the Italians and the Jews.

It is the general belief, kept alive by the newspapers and the films, that the bloodier mob murders are committed by men under the influence of drugs. The reverse is true. The hopheads, the opium smokers known in the rackets as "the lads who kick the engine around," are at peace with the world when they have their powders, their black pill, or hypodermic injection. They take the stuff to soothe raw nerves, not to prepare themselves for slaughter. Drug addicts, the Boss

knows, are too easily broken down by the cops when the sniff is withheld.

The fears that beset the Chief every day of his life are many, but above all else he fears "the kid on the make," the youth coming up in the rackets. He knows that there are any number of boys who are mad with ambition for mob glory and who believe that if they can riddle the Chief with slugs their reputations will be made. There was a boy who killed right and left in the Bronx and drove the henchmen of Dutch Schultz into a panic; he had the Big Whack in a state of terror. After he had achieved a reputation for fearlessness and hunger for blood, the boy came down to the Boss's district. Right from under the Chief's nose he snatched one of the heavy men. He demanded \$35,000 for the return of this valued lieutenant, threatening torture and immediate death to the prisoner. The Head knew that the threat was real and paid the money at once. Not long after, the kid walked into the biggest gambling dive in the city, demanded \$5,000 from the man running the place—a friend of the Boss—and got it, only to lose it within an hour in the house's crap game. Later, when the New York mobmen had betaken themselves to the Saratoga tracks for an interlude of honest gambling, the boy made a sudden appearance there and snatched another

of the Big Shot's favorites. He demanded another \$35,000 and got it. He needed the money to complete his merger with Jack Diamond's hedge-trimming rustics.

By this time the Chief was up in arms. The boy knew it. He came down to New York and sent word to the Big Gong that if he dared show himself at a certain corner in a certain part of town at a certain hour, he would take him too. The Chief didn't go, but sent an emissary to see if the boy were simply boasting. The emissary brought back word that the boy was there to keep the appointment. After that the Boss kept closely housed. The word was out that the boy's hours were numbered. One night shortly after, the boy was trapped in a telephone booth and riddled with slugs. Strange as it may seem, the police never discovered who had committed the murder.

Since then the Boss has felt better. His mid-town breakfasts have been resumed, he has been attending first nights again. But like the boy's, his days are numbered also and he knows it. Sooner or later, no matter how carefully he shields himself, the inevitable shower of slugs will bring him down and the apartment with the gun on the bedside table will await another tenant.



WISCONSIN IS DIFFERENT

BY ELMER DAVIS

PEOPLE in Chicago will tell you that there is a happy land not far away. Sitting on the ash heap of their own miseries, miseries that would take the heart out of any people on earth but the citizens of Chicago, they mournfully explain (while they scrape themselves with potsherds) that just over the Wisconsin border everything is different. There public officials do not steal and banks do not fail; there criminals are not only arrested but mercilessly—and swiftly—convicted; there, believe it or not, a roseate afterglow of prosperity still lingers. It sounds too good to be true; and if you cross the State line and inspect this earthly paradise you may begin to think it isn't true.

I arrived in Madison on the State university's commencement day; and there was also a convention of Eagles in town. I went up to the best hotel in little hope of getting a room. But certainly they had a room; small singles such as I wanted were all gone, but if I didn't mind rattling around in a bridal suite . . . That did not look as if Wisconsin were particularly prosperous; and as I went around the State people told me the familiar stories of idle factories and farm foreclosures, of mounting numbers of unemployed and relief funds reduced to the vanishing point.

So they tell you—especially the citizens of Wisconsin who do not travel. I attended a conference of the League of Wisconsin Municipalities at Men-

asha, where mayor after mayor got up and told his troubles—such troubles as all mayors have in these times. It sounded pretty bad; till finally Mayor Hoan of Milwaukee remarked with some impatience, "You think you've got troubles. But go around in the rest of the country and you'll find out that we're living in a Garden of Eden."

He was right. In Wisconsin justice (with rare exceptions) is swift and sure; bank failures dwindled to almost nothing after the State Banking Department got its "waiver plan" into operation last fall—though the trouble may be only deferred, not averted; and so far as business in general goes Wisconsin is better off relatively even if its residents are painfully aware that it is not well off absolutely.

I have not seen all or even much of the State; I have not seen Racine and Kenosha, manufacturing cities where things are worst (though I heard the reports of their mayors). But wherever I went the citizens were doing better than most of them realized. Barron County, in the cheese and tourist belt, is still getting its fortnightly checks from creameries and cheese factories—not so much as the farmers used to get, but that is one money crop that is still bringing in some money. As for tourists, most of the Chicago people who used to spend the summer at Wisconsin lakes stayed at home this year; but, to offset that, Chicago people who used to spend the summer in Paris spent this summer

at Wisconsin lakes. . . . Madison, the capital, has two big industries, the State government and the university; despite pay cuts, they keep going better than private industry. Seven of the university fraternities went broke last year, and most of the others threw open their houses this summer to anybody who could pay for room and board; still Madison is pretty well off. . . . Milwaukee is a big city with a tough unemployment problem; but Alderman Schubert of Montreal, who toured the United States and Canada last spring to see how different cities handled unemployment relief, went home and reported that the Milwaukee relief board was the most efficient organization of the kind he had seen anywhere.

And under the able and amiable chaperonage of Mr. George M. Thompson of the Soo Line, I toured the Fox River Valley, or so much of it as lies around Lake Winnebago. In Fond du Lac and Oshkosh the industries have been having their troubles, but the towns are getting along. Neenah and Menasha mostly revolve around paper mills; some of them are in trouble too, but others are doing pretty well, thanks largely to the manufacture of a wood-pulp product for which the demand is more basic than for newsprint. (Menasha is best known to college people as the home of George Banta, who publishes the magazines of innumerable college fraternities and learned societies, and probably knows more about American campus life than any other man in the United States.) And, at the head of the lake, Appleton, where Lawrence College has a graduate Institute of Paper Chemistry that hopes to do great things for the local industry; Appleton, which was founded by New England Congregationalists and whose chief exports have been Edna Ferber and a young man named Ehrich Weiss, later known as Harry

Houdini. You could look about five thousand miles in any direction without finding a more agreeable country than those towns in June, or more agreeable people. They have their worries, but not so many as have the rest of us.

That is true, I believe, of Wisconsin in general. What they call trouble up there (aside from their tax situation) would look pretty much like unalloyed bliss in most other States. And when it comes to government, the superiority of Wisconsin to other States, and of Milwaukee to other large cities, is something you will not believe till you see it. Especially you will not believe it if you read the papers. Wisconsin politics has for thirty years been chiefly a fight between two Republican factions, the La Follette Progressives and the Stalwarts; though it looks as if the Democrats would carry the State this fall. Read the editorial pages of the Republican papers of either faction and you will conclude that the State is populated by a set of vile and corrupt scoundrels against whom a little band of honest patriots is waging a desperate and doubtful battle. (Which side is which depends of course on which paper you are reading.) But examine a little more closely and you will perceive that the violence of Wisconsin political journalism is mostly shadow boxing. Any newspaperman likes to turn loose and abuse the opposition with all his powers (a practice almost extinct in States which take their politics less seriously); but in private each side will admit that the scoundreliness of the opposition lies chiefly in the fact that it is the opposition.

The occasional "scandal" that Wisconsin papers rake up would not be worth two lines of news in most States; men on each side of the argument (not merely newspapermen but politicians) will concede in private that no matter

who runs the government Wisconsin is pretty ably and honestly administered.

What is true of the State is true also of Milwaukee which has a fifth of the State's population. Can-did Socialists admit that its famous "Socialist" administration is nothing but a reform administration operated by Socialists; and Mayor Dan Hoan and his Socialist staff at one end of the City Hall are offset by Comptroller Louis M. Kotecki at the other end, representing the Republican-Democratic-Progressive non-partisan bloc. But there is no scandal at either end of the City Hall. Hoan has served sixteen years, Kotecki twenty; they know their trade, and under their supervision Milwaukee government has become incredibly honest.

Mr. Heywood Broun has recorded his amazement at seeing a policeman walk into a Milwaukee speakeasy, order a glass of beer—and pay for it. The day I arrived in town the papers had a big front-page scandal—the dismissal of the ace detective of the police force, after a departmental trial and a bitter excoriation by the chief, for the heinous offense of spending a week with a woman not his wife. This looked as if Milwaukee's civic Puritanism extended to private as well as to public morals, but a member of the administration assured me that this was not so.

"This fellow was a vice detective," he explained, "and overzealous—always playing for the front page. So when he went out and did what he had arrested so many other men for doing, we thought we'd better make an example of him."

Yes, in business and in politics the State of Wisconsin is, by contrast with the rest of the nation and most notably by contrast with Illinois and the city of Chicago, a happy land. What is the answer?

II

An old proverb has it that cheese, peas, and Germans made Wisconsin prosperous. The State cans half the nation's peas and produces two-thirds of the nation's cheese, besides doing a big business in other dairy products and in dairy cattle; also it grows a good deal of tobacco. As money crops go, dairy products, peas, and tobacco have held up better than wheat and corn. Also Wisconsin farming is more diversified than that of other Middle Western States; if one branch of it is down for the moment another may be up. But farming is only the biggest of the State's industries.

The great forests have been largely swept away by the rapacious lumbermen of the past; but there is still some lumber business, and the paper mills that were built when the raw material was close at hand are mostly still going, even though they import a good deal of pulp now from Canada and Scandinavia. Two or three big automobile factories are getting along about like most big automobile factories in these times; but Wisconsin industry is largely small-scale industry, and all over the country the small factory whose owner knows his employees personally and feels obliged to divide with them whatever he takes in is generally better off just now than the big plant with heavy overhead and bonded indebtedness and impersonal management. The Progressives claim credit for the comparative stability of Wisconsin industry on the ground that the La Follette policies gave the small manufacturer a better chance than he had elsewhere in the boom years; their opponents claim that current La Follette policies will drive all industry, large and small, out of the State. But more of that presently. Diversified farming, diversified industry, an economy more nearly self-sup-

porting and less dependent on the outer world than that of most farming States or most industrial States—that seems to be the chief reason why Wisconsin is better off economically.

As for the racial argument—Wisconsin is chiefly German and Scandinavian, races which are traditionally conservative, thrifty, hard-headed. They do not fly so high in boom days and do not have so far to fall. To some extent it is probably true that the German and Scandinavian temperament has helped to keep Wisconsin stable. But Wisconsin has other races; besides the old American stock there are Poles and Welsh and French and Danes and Irish—the type of Irish that pushed on to the frontier instead of settling down in the cities of the Atlantic seaboard. German thrift and Scandinavian doggedness may help explain the prosperity of the State, but I do not believe there is any racial explanation for the political peculiarities of Wisconsin.

Ethnically, Milwaukee is not so very different from Chicago—more Poles in proportion and fewer Scandinavians, but otherwise the mixture is pretty much the same. Ethically, the difference is immeasurable. Why does this *mélange* of races govern itself so much better in Milwaukee than the same kind of people can do a few dozen miles down the lake shore? How does it happen that what are called “Anglo-Saxon ideals of self-government” are so much better exemplified by the Germans and Scandinavians and Poles of Wisconsin than by the almost purely “Anglo-Saxon” populations of Indiana and down-state Illinois? The answer is encouraging; it is, I believe, a matter of education; and if Wisconsin has been successfully educated perhaps other States might be educated too.

Ask men of any party in Milwaukee why their city government is honest,

and they will tell you that it is because the two factions—Socialists and the non-partisan coalition—are so evenly balanced and so watchful that neither side would have a chance to put anything over, even if it wanted to. Ask men in State politics—Progressives, Stalwarts, or Democrats—why the State government is clean, and they will give you the same answer. Stalwarts and Progressives keep their eyes on each other, alert to find evidence of misbehavior; neither could get very far with any skullduggery without being caught. “People complain of our constant political strife,” said William T. Evjue, editor of the *Capital Times* in Madison. “But that constant strife is the reason why the State has had no serious political scandal in years.” Evjue speaks for the La Follette faction, but people on the other side say the same thing. As the old copy books used to tell us, eternal vigilance is the price of safety. In Wisconsin they are eternally vigilant, each side hoping to get something on the opposition—so neither side ever does. But that is not the whole story.

There are other States, both urban and rural, where a public official can be caught in all kinds of skullduggery and still be re-elected by a record majority. Apparently not in Wisconsin; politicians have to be good, whether they want to or not. It was not always so; in the old days, when politics all over the country was more flagrantly corrupt than it is today, Wisconsin was just as flagrant as anybody. If it is different now, that is because the people—or most of them—have been taught to take an interest in their government, a continuing interest, not merely at election time. The man who made them take that interest, who educated the people of Wisconsin, was the man who in person or by tradition has dominated the State for the past thirty-odd years—the late Robert

Marion La Follette. Think what you like of his personality and his policies; the cleanness of Wisconsin politics is his monument.

That is not merely my conclusion; it is the opinion of a good many old timers in Wisconsin. Some of them—and not merely Stalwarts—think that his attacks on the “interests” stirred up a class feeling that has done more harm than good. But others—and not merely Progressives—will tell you that Wisconsin has a clean government because his vociferous and insistent and unremitting campaign of education taught the people to demand a clean government, no matter what faction is in power. Fifty years ago, when La Follette broke in, Wisconsin politics was divided into three parts. One of the United States Senatorships was assigned to the lumber interests, the other to the railroads—no matter whether Democrats or Republicans were in control; while the State administration was the hunting preserve of the G. A. R. In place of that old tripartite organization, there is a La Follette machine now, and the Stalwarts say hard things about it; but they never dream of charging it with the sort of misbehavior that was taken for granted in the old days. Nor when Stalwart Governors—Philipp and Kohler—were in the State House, did the Progressives accuse them of behaving like the Stalwarts of old.

And this education that La Follette gave his people was no snap course. I heard him speak only in the Senate, where verbosity is the common practice; but his autobiography shows pretty clearly that he considered the merit of any speech, even a stump speech, to be directly proportionate to its length. His speeches were not only long but tough, packed with details and statistics; for all his histrionics, listening to him must have been a laborious occupation. People who lis-

tened, and liked it, and came back for more, could not help getting a pretty good education in the condition of their State and the working of their government, whether they wanted to or not.

When he died his seat in the Senate was passed on to his son Robert and his dominating position in the State to his son Philip. For the last thirty years the people of Wisconsin have been, as Tacitus said of the Romans under the Julio-Claudian line, virtually the estate of a single family. But it looks as if this year the family may lose the property. The Wisconsin primaries will be held before you read this; if Governor Philip La Follette does not lose the Republican nomination to ex-Governor Kohler, he is certainly—so far as can be seen in mid-July—going to have a pretty close shave. Not that a victory in the primaries would help Kohler much, or La Follette either; Wisconsin Democrats, who used to hang around hoping to catch a few crumbs that dropped from the masters' table, are lifting up their heads. There are Democratic organizations in counties which have not known them for thirty years. The fight between Roosevelt and Smith delegates to the national conventions in the spring primaries brought thousands of Democrats who used to vote in the Republican primary (as the tolerant statute of Wisconsin permits) back to their own fold; the fight for the gubernatorial and senatorial nominations in September is expected to keep them there; and whatever Democrats may be chosen at that primary are pretty likely to be elected in November by the vote of whichever faction loses the Republican primary. Any Wisconsin Stalwart would rather lose to a Democrat than to a Progressive and any Progressive would rather lose to a Democrat than to a Stalwart. Still,

men in politics do not like to lose at all. What has happened to the La Follettes? Some people say that the boys are not strong enough to hold their inheritance; others that the recent death of their mother removed the balance wheel of the La Follette family. Whether that is true or not, there is more to it than that.

III

They tell you in Wisconsin that the elder La Follette was just about through, when the War gave him a new lease of life. His career built up to its logical climax in 1912, when he expected the national Progressive movement to make him President. But Theodore Roosevelt pulled the national Progressive movement out from under him; and La Follette helped to kill his own chances by his famous speech at the periodical publishers' dinner—when he arose at twenty minutes past midnight and talked facts, figures, and abuse of his enemies for two hours to an audience which (not being from Wisconsin) was not trained to stand it. Thereafter he had to see others reaping where he had sown; La Follette and Bryan had planted, Roosevelt had watered, but God gave the increase, and Woodrow Wilson put the crop away in the barn. Wisconsin had a Stalwart Governor, a Democratic Senator; La Follette seemed to be receding into history—until the War gave him a fresh start.

Whatever you think of his opposition to the War, it made him solid with the Wisconsin Germans. In Wisconsin there was none of that turning of neighborhood grudges into spy hunts that disfigured other States; a man could think what he liked and, within reason, say what he thought; and the Wisconsin Germans were grateful to La Follette, as their kinsmen in Chicago were grateful to William Hale

Thompson. So he began to come back; he started asking the questions which ended in the uncovering of the Harding scandals; and though once again other men got most of the credit, the Progressives whom La Follette dominated managed to drag the Democrats in their train during the Congressional session of 1923-24. That summer he at last got a presidential nomination; but the third-party movement which he headed came twelve years too late (or eight years too early). A nation which wanted nothing but to be let alone so that it could make money made of Calvin Coolidge a god in its own image, and La Follette's career was over.

But he still had Wisconsin; when he died in 1925 his elder son and namesake inherited his place in the Senate. It is no secret that young Bob La Follette wanted to be anything but a Senator; he had seen enough of politics as his father's secretary. Some people say he was put in to keep the seat warm for his brother who was still below the constitutional age for a senatorship; at any rate, his family and friends refused to accept his *nolo episcopari*, and he was shoved into a seat which he has filled ever since with increasing distinction. He has the hereditary willingness to dig into a tough and complex matter, and the hereditary ability to discover what it is all about; he may lack the more showy qualities of his father and brother but he has one gift for which neither of them was ever conspicuous—balance. He is the only Northwestern Progressive with a national point of view; the Senate could not afford to lose him.

Meanwhile Brother Phil, working his way up through the District Attorneyship of Dane County (which includes Madison) was elected Governor in 1930, having got the Republican nomination away from the incumbent, Walter J. Kohler. Mr. Kohler was

that usually unhappy figure, the business man in politics; as a State law forbids a gubernatorial candidate to spend more than \$4,000 on his campaign, his friends had to raise and spend \$125,000 for him without his knowledge, which friendly act made all kinds of trouble for him afterward. Nevertheless, he seems to have been a pretty good governor; he lost out in 1930 chiefly for the reason which cost a good many statesmen their jobs in 1930—the depression. But it was better luck to lose in 1930 than to win. General Depression, like General February, has turned traitor; it is Kohler against La Follette again this fall, and the depression will hurt La Follette as much as it helped him two years ago. But if he is beaten it will be by the policies by which he has tried to meet the depression.

Phil La Follette's brilliancy nobody denies; his friends think he will be President some day, but neutral observers are likely to say that he is either unseasoned or unstable, and his enemies (of course) say he is a down-right Bolshevik. Which is nonsense; people like the La Follettes are the deadliest enemies of Communism, and the Communists know it even if the reactionaries do not. I have high admiration for most of the principles which he attempted to put into practice; but some of them did not work so well when they were tried, and there is some reason in the Stalwart contention that they cost more than the traffic would bear.

Wisconsin unemployment may not look like much of a problem from Chicago—only twenty-three per cent of those normally employed in the State were out of work last May, though there are more now; but it looks pretty tough in Wisconsin. Cities and counties were raising relief funds by local taxes, but the need for relief increased as the taxable capacity

shrank. Now State aid to local government units is one of the principles of the La Follette system. Its great advantage and great disadvantage are well known; it helps bring up backward localities to the general level but it is usually a powerful incentive to extravagance. La Follette concluded that the State would have to help out the cities and counties on unemployment relief, and he was undoubtedly right; but his first gestures were singularly unsuccessful. Money raised by doubling the gasoline tax was distributed on a population basis; of course many rural counties got allotments which they did not need at all, and while some of them saved it against future emergency, others misspent it; one county even used it to build a jail. Subsequent distributions of State money were proportionate to the amount of local funds raised; but the La Follette program had got off to a bad start.

The methods of relief did not work so well either. La Follette proposed to take care of unemployed men without dependents by putting them into uniforms of red mackinaws, blue corduroy trousers, and hip boots; housing them in newly built cantonments over the winter; subjecting them to a program of adult education; and then marching them north in the spring to reforest the areas devastated by lumbermen in the past. But that scheme never got started. Another of the Governor's measures—the chief one—was a plan to eliminate all the railroad grade crossings in the State. Excellent in theory; but that too did not work very well. Discount all you hear about the building of overpasses in favored districts where there is one train a day and no motor traffic, about the employment of men from outside the State, and the restriction of local jobs to La Follette followers—even so, the great objection to the grade-cross-

ing program, as to the road building which was steadily pushed during the depression, is that it employs machines rather than men. In its first year the great grade-crossing scheme employed 6,071 men for an average of seven weeks apiece—not much of a dent in the State's unemployed total of 185,000.

More money was needed; and in October last the Governor called a conference of the industrial leaders of the State. Most of them were Stalwarts; yet though they had always damned La Follette policies, most of them had discovered that you could live under a La Follette and make money—even though income taxes were high, and Wisconsin had regulatory commissions for business earlier than other States. Phil La Follette assured the leaders that he did not want the State to run business; he only wanted it to enable business to run itself intelligently—planning, not paternalism. Most of the rich or ex-rich men at that meeting went home convinced that the Governor was going to play ball with them; but when they read his message to the special session of the legislature a month later they discovered that his little finger was going to be heavier on them than the loins of his father.

La Follette talked of "equalizing the burden of taxation," which turned out to mean taking the taxes off the farmers and loading them on the people of the towns. For relieving the farmers there was good reason; they have to pay a local general property tax besides that imposed by the State. La Follette took off the State tax—\$8,000,000 in all—and argues that thereby many foreclosures were prevented, many farmers were able to pay their local taxes, and thus more money was obtained than could have been obtained without the remission. Which is probably true. But many

farmers could not pay and were not paying their local taxes; La Follette also persuaded most of the counties—not all—to suspend sales of tax-delinquent farms. Again, probably a good policy.

But the Wisconsin government needs money—five times as much money for State and local administration as it needed in 1911, though that is no worse than some other States; and that money must come from somewhere. La Follette proposed to get it by an extra tax on corporation and individual incomes. The individual income tax was pretty stiff already—1 per cent on the first net \$1,000 (with small exemptions) and rising to 7 per cent above \$12,000. The new surtax proposed started at 1 per cent and rose to 30 per cent above \$100,000—all dividends taxable, and capital losses not deductible. The men with big money managed to stop the higher surtaxes, but the bill that became law virtually doubled the present tax, severe as it already is.

You hear two arguments against this income-tax program: first, that the state did not need the money; and second, that the rates are exorbitant and unfair. The bill as passed is expected to produce about \$7,000,000; as proposed it was estimated to bring in \$17,000,000, or more. To say that Wisconsin is not going to need \$7,000,000 for relief this winter is nonsense; there were certain counties which did not need what they got last spring, but this winter will be another matter. Whether the higher amount that would have been brought in by the original proposals would have been needed is hard to say; but severe as the tax is, even in its present form, I think it would have been fairer if the original surtaxes had been left untouched. A man with an income of \$100,000 a year can better afford to give up 30 per cent of it (and of course he would not have

to pay anything like 30 per cent on the first \$100,000) than a man with \$12,000 a year can give up 7 per cent, or a man with \$1,000 a year 1 per cent. The usual argument that this drains away surplus funds that would be invested in productive enterprise overlooks what Mr. David Cushman Coyle calls "the vital necessity of discouraging enterprise" at a time when our industrial plant is already able to produce far more than we have found any way of consuming. At any rate, the La Follette tax bill as it was finally enacted was a hybrid; the elimination of the higher surtaxes had almost wholly destroyed the basic principle of the measure.

La Follette spoke candidly in his message of the redistribution of wealth by income and inheritance taxes. Many of us have lately become convinced that that is good social policy (usually with the proviso that the redistribution should start in the tax bracket above our own); but before you redistribute wealth there must be some wealth to redistribute. I believe La Follette's program—like so many programs that are being proposed this year—would be sound statesmanship in a time of prosperity. But in a depression year—well, I feel the pinch of income taxes in New York but if I lived in Wisconsin I should have to pay about five times as much. I cannot help feeling sorry for people who do live in Wisconsin—in the towns. They owe La Follette a good deal for stopping bank failures, but his "equalized" taxation falls almost wholly on people who have to buy their families' food at the grocery. Farmers grow most of their own food and some of their own fuel, and they are not taxed on that part of their income; they pay, according to the Wisconsin *Blue Book*, only about two-thirds of one per cent of the State income tax.

So it was evident, as soon as the tax

program was studied, that most of the townspeople would vote against La Follette, but the farmers would all vote for him unless something were done about it—which resulted in the injection into the campaign of some comic relief in the person of Mr. John B. Chapple, Stalwart candidate for the seat in the United States Senate now held by Progressive John J. Blaine.

IV

To his enemies Chapple is either a blatherskite or a whippersnapper; to the Chicago *Tribune* and (officially) to the Stalwart press of Wisconsin he is the starry-eyed champion of God, the flag, and Christian marriage; but to the shrewd men who managed the Stalwart campaign he was the useful ally whose crusade against atheism and free love might win over enough Lutheran farmers to beat Blaine and (more important) to beat La Follette. Son of the Stalwart postmaster of Ashland up on Lake Superior, who also owns the Ashland *Daily Press*, Chapple came back from Yale a few years ago to edit his father's paper; and for a while he was more radical than the La Follettes. But eventually he abjured his errors and came back on the Republican reservation; Progressives say he recanted to save his father's post office, but there is nothing unusual in the spectacle of a young man of conservative family who starts as a radical and presently reverts to type. At any rate, Chapple had studied Communism and traveled in Russia; and when a legislative committee before which he had tried to argue against a La Follette bill shut him off he went into eruption about the gag rule, and the introduction of Russian dictatorship into Wisconsin.

Now whether the La Follette policies are, as Chapple maintains, the primrose path that leads to Commu-

nism, or the best possible backfire against Communism, is a debatable point; I think Chapple is wholly wrong, but at least there is an argument in it. But to call the La Follettes Bolsheviks was not enough; Chapple went on to contend that they and their friends in the State university which educated them—Chapple spent a year there too before going to Yale—were insidiously propagating not only Communism but atheism and free love. This was news indeed. The La Follettes are (nominally at least) Unitarians, and the husbands of one wife apiece. As for the State university, it has always been considered one of the crowning glories of Wisconsin. The elder La Follette called it “the very center and inspirational point of the intellectual awakening” of the State; and more than any other State university, it has been a service station—intelligent service, at that. Its social science departments have given immense amounts of research and expert opinion to State administrations, and its college of agriculture has been largely responsible for building up Wisconsin’s great dairy industry. But Chapple, shrilly supported by the *Chicago Tribune*, attacked it with such violence that when President Glenn Frank delivered his baccalaureate sermon last June he had to make public profession of his belief in God (whom he refused to define, however) and in the “religion of Jesus,” though he confessed himself “singularly unmoved by many of the religions about Jesus.”

And what were Chapple’s charges against the university? Well, it seems that a student in sportive mood had hung out a red flag without being punished for it. (In my college days, students in a sportive mood were likely to go in for even less seemly decoration.) Some of the members of the faculty had voted the Socialist ticket; others had tried to obtain the release of a

Communist student jailed for rioting. Further (I quote from Chapple’s red-bound pamphlet, “The University Off the Track”) Professor Alexander Meiklejohn had encouraged his students to “discuss the faults of modern civilization” (and ancient civilizations too); Professor William Ellery Leonard had said that the impulse which prompts the young and injudicious to fornication is “founded on the decent instincts of human nature”; Professor Max Otto, a great friend of the La Follette family, had “criticized the account of creation as found in Genesis”; and Professor Edward Alsworth Ross had disagreed with the Pope’s views on birth control. Chapple is a Presbyterian, but he evidently finds the Pope a good enough stick to beat the La Follettes.

This sort of thing, in a State which has been accounted better educated than most, would be ridiculous if it were not so disheartening. As far back as 1894 Dr. Richard T. Ely, then on the Wisconsin faculty, was cited for economic heresy before the Board of Regents, which acquitted him with the observation that “we cannot for a moment believe that knowledge has reached its final goal or that the present constitution of society is perfect. . . . The investigator should be absolutely free to follow the paths of truth wherever they may lead.” Yet almost forty years later the university is fiercely attacked for disagreeing with the Pope and Genesis, and for intimating that society is still capable of improvement, even in 1932. Ridiculous and disheartening—but it looks like big stuff to Republican newspaper proprietors in Chicago, and it may look like big stuff to Wisconsin farmers who had never before heard of anybody disagreeing with Genesis.

Yet, curiously enough, Chapple has been in some ways the best friend the university ever had. La Follette’s

budget message in January contained dark and ominous words; there was "far too much of the routine and the mechanical" in the State institutions of learning. It was generally believed that he was about to make another play for the farmers by attacking the university on the economy issue. As late as May, Glenn Frank had to make some pointed remarks about "politicians in office who, listening unduly to a few loud but unrepresentative voices and taking the advice of their least dependable advisers, think they can capture votes from the farmers by slugging hard at the university." La Follette would have been a far more dangerous enemy than Chapple; but when Chapple bracketed him with Frank as enemies of the church, the flag, and the home he had to let up on his slugging. Professors got their salaries cut in June, and apparently that is going to be all that will happen for the present.

A graduate of the university who has been observing it from the outside but at close range for twenty-five years told me that he thought the Wisconsin student body was like any other student body; "for every one who does any real thinking about religion, morals, politics, or economics there are ninety-nine who don't think about anything but football games and fraternity dances." There are men who know something about it who think that Glenn Frank's liberalism, an excellent doctrine for adults, may be too strong meat for the immature; but you can say that of any attempt to make young people think on any subject. At any rate it seems to be the general opinion that so far as sexual morality goes the ten thousand university students are no more lax than any other ten thousand young people of their age and class—which is to say that they would average considerably higher than any ten thousand men and women a dozen

years out of college. But to the old folks back on the farm all this sounds alarming. What? A professor who is La Follette's friend criticizes Genesis? We'd better turn out in September to vote for Chapple and Kohler.

How many of them will feel that way cannot be guessed at this writing. Chapple is not running against La Follette, and his particular antagonist, Senator Blaine, has never been accused of atheism; but Blaine is a lightweight, and nobody need worry much about the Senatorial primary, since the nominee will almost certainly lose to a Democrat in November. Nobody knows how much the atheism issue may hurt La Follette; but the Stalwarts are reaching for all the issues they can find. "Phil Hobnobs with Rich," says a headline in a weekly propaganda sheet; and there follows a list of the people the Governor dines with in Chicago and New York and Washington. After all, it speaks pretty well for a man who has doubled the income tax if you cannot hope to beat him without calling him an atheist who owns a dress suit.

V

"If it can be shown," wrote the elder La Follette twenty years ago, "that Wisconsin is a happier and better State to live in . . . that human life is safer and sweeter, then I shall rest content in the feeling that the Progressive movement has been successful." I do not know how it could be shown, but I came back from Wisconsin with the impression that it is true. The relatively better economic conditions may or may not have anything to do with the La Follette program, but it certainly makes life safer and sweeter to have an honest and dependable government, even if it comes high.

Also, it was lately remarked in this magazine that one thing the national

morale needed was a menace—an unreal menace which could still excite people and keep their adrenal glands working. Well, the Progressive-Stalwart feud gives Wisconsin a perpetual menace of exactly that sort. Everybody in the State is continually excited over the need of saving the commonwealth from a gang of scoundrels; yet Wisconsin goes on being governed pretty honestly whichever side wins.

However, one must take note of the remarks of the most articulate of recent Wisconsin expatriates, Mr. Glenway Wescott, who apparently finds it impossible to live in the old home State, or to write successfully about anything else. He observes:

One would think of Wisconsin as the ideal state to live in, a paragon of civic success, but for the fact that the young people dream only of getting away. . . . How much sweeter to come and go than to stay; that by way of judgment on Wisconsin. . . . The former ardent, hungry, tongue-tied life with its mingling of Greek tragedy and idyll has come to an end. Labor for the men, labor pains for the women, elementary passions like gusts of storm moving unembarrassed in empty hearts, strong minds empty from birth to death of everything but the images of fowls in the rain, lonesome barns in the sunshine—all over and done with. Now, by telephone, the radio, and automobiles the farms have been turned into a sort of spacious uncrystallized suburb around the towns.

Yet (says a character) "you can't imagine how stagnant we all get. . . . We are all so countrified and disappointed, though everything succeeds."

Well, there was nothing countrified or disappointed about the people I met around Lake Winnebago. They knew Chicago as well as if they lived in Lake Forest, New York as well as if they lived in Tarrytown or Montclair; but they preferred to live in Wisconsin even though everything does not succeed the way it used to, and nobody who saw

their country in June could blame them. As for the young people who dream only of getting away, that depends on the young people. An artist of Wescott's type would be uncomfortable in Wisconsin, or almost anywhere else on the inhabited globe. His description of the Middle West as "a state of mind of people born where they do not like to live" is true enough of a certain type of Middle Westerner; but ninety-nine per cent of them simply would not know what he means.

Besides, he wrote in 1927, when all the ambitious young people everywhere dreamed only of getting away to New York or Chicago, there to become the presidents (or the wives of presidents) of investment trusts. The abolition of poverty has changed all that; young people who had got away to the cities and got no higher than the lower rungs of the ladder are drifting back home now—back to the farm where they can eat. I distrust the neo-agrarian philosophy because the virtues of the soil are usually hymned by somebody who knows the soil only from playing golf on it. Anybody who gets up in the icy darkness of a winter morning to feed the stock, or spends torrid summer afternoons stooping over tobacco plants to pick off the worms, is likely to feel by the time he is twenty that he has had enough of the soil. Still, there is this about the soil—on it, you can eat; and a great many of the bright young people are going back to it now for that reason alone.

Some day, perhaps, we may be able to strike a balance; now that the last frontier, the city, has been worked out like all the other frontiers, people may realize that in the main it will pay them to try to be satisfied where they are rather than to pull up stakes and go somewhere else. When or if that day of sanity and disillusionment ever comes, it ought to be a little easier to be satisfied in Wisconsin.



A DOG'S LIFE IN PARIS

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

“**M**EN and women out of work beg you to adopt their dogs in order to save them from the dog pound.” This is the exact translation of a classified advertisement which ran in a Paris evening newspaper for a number of weeks last spring. The solicitude of these poor people for their pets is characteristic of the average Parisian’s attitude toward the members of the canine world. The English may merit their reputation for loving dogs more devotedly than any other race, and yet of all cities in the world Paris is the dogs’ paradise. There they enjoy as high a standard of living as their masters and mistresses, there they profit from the latest discoveries in medical science, and there they have their own beauty parlors, *couturiers*, and haberdashery shops. Second only to children in the affections of the townspeople, the hundred thousand dogs of Paris are no negligible element of the population. Large patrician dogs, tiny toy dogs, friendly curs, lively terriers, one sees them everywhere,—frequenting the *grands restaurants*, guarding the corner newsstand, asleep at the concierge’s door, going in and out of the smart hotels, paraded in the Bois by fashionable women whose costumes harmonize with the sleek black or the dazzling white or the beige-brown of their dogs’ coats; or led by men who seem not at all embarrassed to show a small boy’s devotion to their pets. A large man waiting patiently for a small brown dog with a monkeylike face to

attend to her affairs on the Rue Royale excites no amusement among passersby; and at the dog shows, which rapidly succeed one another during the season in every part of France, more men than women are to be seen showing their pets with an owner’s anxious pride.

In France, and most particularly in Paris, dogs are treated as people. They are the chosen race. If you go about the city with a dog you may be sure that waiters and shopgirls and your next-door neighbor in the café will have a tender word and an admiring glance for your companion, while taxi-drivers—of whom every pedestrian walks in dread in Paris—will grind their brakes out of consideration for your dog’s life if not for yours. In Paris, too, a dog may have a thirst. As you stroll along the Boulevard des Capucines or the Champs Elysées, your companion will discover a fountain in a small niche by the sidewalk, labeled “TouTou’s Bar,” where he may have as many drinks as he likes; these two bars, incidentally, are the only ones I know of in Paris that are not the conventional “American Bars.” And when you lunch at Larue’s or any other famous restaurant, the *maître d’hôtel*, who has waited upon premiers and princes, will rush up to ask you what your little dog TouTou will have for luncheon—suggesting this or that *spécialité de la maison* as particularly pleasing to his palate. TouTou’s *déjeuner*, when it arrives, is served with a flourish on the establishment’s best

china and is spread out under the table on a snowy napkin, a silver finger bowl taking the place of a goblet. In some restaurants you may even—if you are bold—install TouTou on the divan by your side; for we have it on good authority that a French bull was seen not long ago dining gravely with his master at Carton's. It is common gossip also that two wire-haired fox terriers, on meeting for the first time at the Ritz for tea, and not caring for each other's perfume, staged a pretty dog-fight, and no objections were raised by the management. With a dog at your heels you are welcome in the best hotels; no questions will be asked and there will be no embarrassment about signing the register. At the Meurice the former New York dandy, Berry Wall, and his inseparable chow, are old residents, and the royal suite in a number of hotels has been honored by distinguished canine guests. Should you take a trip to the south of France, your TouTou will not have to travel in the baggage car, as he would in America, but may survey the scenery from the padded seat of your first-class compartment if you will pay \$5, \$10, or \$20 for a ticket. Arriving at any one of the large Riviera resorts you will find almost as many dogs as people dining in the restaurant of your hotel. And should you cross the Atlantic on one of the *de luxe* French liners you may rescue TouTou from the ship's kennels at any hour of the day to take him for a stroll on the hurricane deck or to have him bathed and *toilette'd* in the latest fashion by the ship's dog barber.

Not far from Paris there is a large orphanage for abandoned dogs, where you may apply to adopt a dog just as you would a baby. The kennels of this "Refuge for Dogs," built in 1902 by an American, the late James Gordon Bennett, but now maintained by a wealthy Frenchwoman, look like a summer cottage, painted in bright

yellow and blue, with gay window boxes full of red geraniums in the courtyard. But, unlike summer cottages, the building is equipped with a system of central heating which must be the envy of small French hotels, and the inmates fare much better than France's unemployed. Each dog, no matter whether he is a cur or a fallen aristocrat, has his own little apartment, the best of nourishment, and medical attention whenever he needs it, for there is an infirmary with a man "nurse" in attendance, and there are two veterinarians attached to the staff, one of whom makes the rounds of the kennels every other day, while the second acts as a consulting surgeon. Homeless children could not be more assiduously cared for. Every day ten or a dozen people come adopting, some hoping to discover a *chien de race*, others merely concerned with finding a friend or a watch-dog. One noble-souled Frenchwoman comes back again and again to look for unsightly, cross-tempered dogs because she fears, she says, that no one else will give them a home. No matter what kind of a dog you adopt you will be asked for references, and you will be reminded that "you must be very gentle and patient with your charge so that he may learn to love you."

II

If your dog should fall ill in Paris you may take him to a hospital that is far more elaborately appointed than the average hospital for human beings. Situated on one of the fashionable avenues, this particular dog hospital occupies an imposing three-story stone building, and the waiting-room into which you are ushered turns out to be a typical French salon with brocade hangings, Empire furniture, and on the walls oil paintings and prints of dogs. Doctor Mennerat, the proprietor of the establishment, explains to you that the

best dog specialists now take a degree at the École de Médecine after finishing their course at the École Vétérinaire, since the anatomy of dogs closely parallels that of human beings, and since people of means will pay any sum to save the life of a pet dog,—frequently far more than the animal is actually worth. Often, he says, he is called out in the middle of the night to the bedside of a dog whose owner is overcome with anxiety.

Doctor Mennerat is also consulting surgeon at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, the Paris zoo, and as he talks he impresses you with his scientific approach, which compares most favorably with that of the average medical practitioner. For a moment he excuses himself to answer the telephone, and you hear him order a liquid diet for a patient who is in distress, while he writes out a prescription and sends for the typist to copy it. The telephone rings again and this time the doctor orders an eye cup and a 50 per cent solution of boracic acid for a cocker spaniel, morning and evening. Later, in his radiotherapy room he shows you his high-powered x-ray machine and his sun lamp under which a German police puppy is taking the cure for rickets, dozing contentedly. The same cure is indicated for all kinds of skin disease, the doctor says, and the treatment is very popular with his patients, for it has a soothing effect upon them. Adjoining is the surgery, done in white enamel and nickel, with a man-sized operating table, the usual array of instruments and sterilizing pans, and a white-coifed nurse flitting about. Going down a few steps to the wards, you will find the convalescents reposing in their cubicles, on the cleanest straw you have ever seen. Here is a snub-nosed, discouraged-looking little Pom-eranian who is recovering from an attack of malaria, contracted while he was wintering with his mistress on the Riviera. Next to him is a diabetes

patient who is eating his bran biscuit with no great relish, and farther on, a slender-headed Borzoi who moans as she turns to look at you, for she has a rheumatic neck, and the treatment of aspirin and massage has not yet completely relieved her. In the next cubicle is a Great Dane whose chart shows that he was brought into the hospital three days ago with a fever of 104, hardly able to breathe from an attack of acute pneumonia. Resorting to the method which is frequently used for children today, Dr. Mennerat gave him a *piqûre* which caused a large abscess to form on his chest, the poison from the lungs being drawn off into this abscess. The Dane is now sitting up to take nourishment and he will have his giant Adam's apple punctured in a few days.

Still another eminent canine specialist in Paris, Dr. H. Chéron of the Faubourg St. Honoré, has spent all of ten years studying the different branches of medicine in surgical, obstetric, orthopedic, and eye hospitals for human beings. A scientist who is passionately interested in his work, Doctor Chéron enjoys the distinction of having attended Poincaré's German police dog, Madame Poincaré's Yorkshire terrier, Clemenceau's white bull, Maurice Chevalier's sheep dog, and Mistinguett's collie.

The atmosphere of Doctor Chéron's crowded waiting-room is much the same as that of a pediatrician's office where a common anxiety breaks down all barriers of class. Here a worried man and wife are trying to distract their listless Pekingese. "*Oh mon pauvre petit cien-cien,*" the young woman babbles in a flow of dog-talk as she takes off the little fellow's plaid top-coat to wrap the flannel band tighter around his middle. On the other side of the room a heavily rouged *filles de joie*, whose Tom Tit has a bad cold, is excitedly discussing symptoms with a

most respectable appearing woman who came in a car carrying her Little Nippy under her arm. A concierge, with her dog wrapped in a blanket, volunteers her ideas about diet. "I've always said, mesdames, that it's criminal to give your pets only dog biscuit. *Dites donc*, would you want to eat nothing but canned food yourself?" At this moment the door of the consulting room opens and the anxious couple hurry in with their Pekinese.

Doctor Chéron, who is as tender with his charges as though they were children, is famous for his bedside manner. In his pension he trains dogs not to bark and not to fight with one another, and he has performed almost every kind of operation on his canine patients. During visiting hours at his hospital you may see the convalescents in the courtyard. Here you will find a Sealyham who has had his appendix removed; a Pekinese from whose left kidney the doctor removed half a dozen shiny white stones weighing six ounces; a German police dog who is recovering from a hernia operation; and Eve the Scotty, who can boast of four puppies and a Cæsarian scar. When Eve was brought to Doctor Chéron's hospital for her period of confinement he found by examination that one of the puppies was doubled over so that a normal birth was impossible. Therefore he administered an anæsthetic, made an abdominal incision, and in a few hours was able to issue the bulletin that mother and children were doing well. To-day Eve's picture hangs over Doctor Chéron's desk, with the inscription, "To my dear savior, with all my gratitude." Nature, it seems, often slips up with dogs as she does with human beings, and it is not an uncommon thing for French bulls, with their disproportionately large heads, to be brought into the world in the same fashion as was Julius Cæsar.

A Cæsarian operation is a fairly

simple affair for a dog, but when a diseased organ or an infection calls for removal of all the pelvic organs, then the creature is in danger of her life. Not long ago Doctor Mennerat performed such an operation on a Madame Loulou who weighed not more than three pounds. She was on the surgeon's table for an hour and fifty minutes, and two nurses and an anæsthetist assisted. Her pulse had to be taken at regular intervals and every small vein had to be ligatured, for a creature of her size could not afford to lose more than a few teaspoonfuls of blood. She came through the ordeal triumphantly, and her mistress was quite willing to pay the doctor's fee of two hundred and forty dollars, despite the fact that the little dog had passed her prime and could not expect to live for more than another year.

Even the famous Voronoff, or rejuvenating, operation has been performed on dogs. So far it has not succeeded with females, but among males truly amazing results have been obtained. When Jean, a handsome Belgian, began to show signs of senility and torpidity as he approached his fourteenth year (which is equivalent to the human being's threescore years and ten), his master, a rich man quite alone in the world, was so inconsolable that he begged Doctor Chéron to try the Voronoff operation in order to stave off the dog's death. Doctor Chéron, quite ready to cheat that other Charon who makes his living by ferrying the dead, grafted on to Jean another dog's glands (rather than the glands of monkeys or sheep, as is done with human beings), and in a few days' time the old boy had the old lustre in his eye and swagger in his gait. To his master's delight he lived on for two and a half good years.

There is fellowship among dogs as there is among human beings, according to those who care for them in these institutions. Not long ago a schnauzer

was brought into Doctor Mennerat's hospital *in extremis*. He had been bitten by a larger dog and had lost a quantity of blood. They will tell you at the hospital that a healthy collie, who was boarding there while his people were out of town, padded into the surgery and made the doctor understand that he wanted to give the schnauzer some of his blood. So a demi-litre of blood was extracted from the one dog and given to the other—it not being necessary to match categories for dogs as it is for men—and the schnauzer pulled through.

Doctor Chéron has patched up dogs in much the same fashion as the soldiers of the Great War were rehabilitated. In the old days when a dog was run over and had his leg cut off there was nothing to do but give him chloroform and bury him. But to-day a good dog surgeon will carve for a three-legged patient as stout a wooden leg as Captain Ahab's, cover it cleverly with the skin taken from a dead dog's leg, and strap it on so that he will walk with only a slightly perceptible limp. Or if a hunting dog loses an eye in a fight with a quarry, he may be fitted with a glass eye which will only lack a monacle to give him the world-weary air of a retired British officer. Still more difficult feats of traumatic surgery have been performed on dogs. A movie actress not long ago brought her Sealyham to Doctor Chéron, frightfully upset because her pet had had his eyelid torn off in a street brawl. She wanted to take him to a facial surgeon, but Doctor Chéron was himself able to graft a bit of skin and fashion a new eyelid.

III

Dogs, like women, are supposed to satisfy certain standards of beauty, and one can find surgeons in Paris who cater to canine vanity just as the plastic surgeons cater to the vanity of our wealthy countrywomen. The wire-

haired fox terriers are the fad of the moment in France, but a terrier whose ears stand up, or whose tail droops, could hardly afford to be seen at Ciro's at the cocktail hour. However it is a simple matter for a surgeon to lift a dog's tail or to cut the muscles of his ears so that they fall gracefully—a much simpler matter, alas, than are the painful plastic operations to which women subject themselves. But what is *comme il faut* for the wire-haired fox terriers and the Pekingese is not necessarily *comme il faut* for other races. A Scotty or a German police dog would sadly lack *cachet* if his ears were *not* pointed and erect, and so it happens that the surgeon is often called upon to make them stand up. A nose that is not perfectly black is another dead giveaway of a skeleton in a dog's family closet—and this applies to all races; but such a blemish can be concealed by the tattoo needle, and only the judges at the dog show will be able to detect the forgery. Teeth are no less of an asset to canine beauty. No dog could come within a mile of an exposition if his lower jaw so receded as to give him a Uriah Heep expression. But a dog who is so cursed at birth may be saved a life of humiliation if his owner will take him to the surgeon while he is still young; for the best dog doctors, indefatigable in their science, have made a study of orthodontia as well as the other specialties, and now a dog's teeth can be straightened just as can any child's.

Assuming that TouTou has all the points that a *chien de race* should have, still the beauty problem is not permanently solved. For many owners insist that their dogs must be trimmed and coifed according to the latest fashion, and professionally bathed and massaged. In the beauty parlors which are attached to the best dog hospitals, you may see dogs getting into the bath and getting out of the bath, others

who have had bronchial pneumonia being vigorously massaged with perfumed alcohol, and still others being dried by the usual snakelike apparatus; while the attendants comb and arrange the fluffy white hair of this dog or the curly black coat of that dog. On one side of the room you will see a row of dogs, sitting under the hot-air driers, panting a little from excitement, but strangely patient and showing no inclination to quarrel with one another, although the process takes at least an hour. They are old clients of the establishment and they have learned that "*Pour être belle il faut souffrir.*"

To be shampooed and coifed is hard enough on a dog's character, but to stand on one's feet for an hour and a half while one is plucked and sheared and trimmed is an even more exacting test. This year it is the style for the wire-haired fox terriers, the Sealyhams, the Scotties, and the other dogs of the terrier race, to have their bodies closely cropped and their legs left furry—so that they will look like toy dogs—while their heads are sleekly trimmed above the eyes, with whiskers left below the chin. But the Bedlington, which is a type of gray terrier twice as large as a wire-haired, must have its entire head left quite curly, with only the ears trimmed, to give it the appearance of a sheep. Most amusing of all vogues in cutting is the style that is favored for the caniche, or French poodle. Standing as high as a small police dog, solid black or white, or occasionally brown in color, a stylish caniche has his legs and half of his back shaved, but he wears a bracelet of fur around each ankle and a frivolous dab on each hind quarter, while the fore part of him is left untrimmed to look like a lion.

IV

When a dog has been groomed to perfection, his master may want to do a

little shopping for him. Paris is the ideal city for such expeditions. In the Rue St. Honoré, where the shopkeepers vie with one another in attracting the luxury trade, there is a shop that would make an American dog delirious with joy. The first temptation is an impressive line of topcoats, tailored in various colors of broadcloth, and either embroidered by hand in a contrasting color, or trimmed with fur, or decorated with Russian metal work. Several models have a hip pocket, with a dainty handkerchief sticking out,—an accessory which is of use when there is occasion to wipe away a furtive tear. These topcoats are so handsome—and so practical for the treacherous winter and spring months in Paris—that women often order several in different colors to harmonize with their own various street outfits. Then there are raincoats made of English plaid rubberized tweed. Goloshes or rubber boots are provided for dogs who have a tendency toward chest colds, and they come in all sizes, to fit the large police dogs and the high-stepping caniches as well as the diminutive Pomeranians. To round out his or her wardrobe a dog needs a few handknit sweaters of Angora wool—in pastel shades or in a flame red—to wear when the breezes are blowing at the seashore or when motoring to the country of a Sunday. There are all sorts of accessories for both town and country wear. Collars and leashes, it seems, should be of tooled leather, of the same color generally as the coat or sweater, and studded with gold or silver. The friendly little French bulls often wear a leather collar with a ruff of fur around it, which gives them a look of comic ferociousness, and I have seen a pure white lévrier, slender and aristocratically tall, strolling along the Rue de la Paix wearing a collar studded with emeralds.

This same shop offers furniture, china, toilet articles, and traveling

equipment to satisfy the most fastidious taste. There are divans for every size of dog, upholstered in fine French brocade, with the spindly gold legs of the Louis XV period, the classic lines of the Empire mode, or the angular build of the ultramodern school. There are small deeply cushioned armchairs, there are gilded kennels, papered in *toile de Jouy*, and there are Madame Récamier daybeds, where a chaste Madame Loulou can convalesce gracefully under a silk coverlet. For the daily repast there are bowls and plates decorated in lacquer and gold, bearing such tried and true mottoes as "Love me, love my dog," "He asks only for a caress," "She can do everything but talk," and the classic phrase, "The more I know men the better I like dogs." Among the array of toilet articles are brushes, perfumes, lotions, soap, shampoo powder, an eye cup,—everything in fact but a tooth brush. Finally a fitted traveling bag may be had to carry the toilet articles, as well as a silver jar lined with glass to hold TouTou's food when he goes on short journeys.

When TouTou goes on his last long journey and no doctor's skill can stay

his departure, he may be laid to rest in the Dogs' Cemetery near St. Ouen, where the waters of the Seine lap the shores of the peaceful little Ile de la Recette and mourners come daily with fresh wreaths. There you will see monuments of the most elaborate description: to a St. Bernard who saved forty people but was killed in his forty-first attempt, to Esperance whose portrait is in bas-relief by the side of his master, to Léonette (aged 17 years and 4 months), to Ben-Ben, "*toujours gai, fidèle, et caressant*," to Prince, who is commemorated by a superb mausoleum, to Kwong Hi, the honorable son of a mandarin, to Dash, a spaniel who has a little bronze sparrow perching on his tomb, to Bizon, who saved his master's life, to Toby, "*regretté et fidèle ami*," and to hundreds and hundreds of other dogs who have left only happy memories behind them.

In short, a dog may live and die in Paris in a manner that befits his kinship with the human race. If American dogs were aware of this fact and were masters of their own destinies, it would not be long before the State Department at Washington would be flooded with requests for passports.





The Lion's Mouth



COSMOPOLITES

BY EVE AND ARTHUR MOSS

"TRAVEL broadens the mind" was an axiom that had guided Egbert Taylor ever since his first climb up the gangplank of an ocean liner at Hoboken some twenty years ago. Since that far off day, Taylor had been ranging up and down and back and forth across all the Seven Seas, steadily broadening his mind.

On a recent day of sunshine Taylor sat at the Café de la Paix, on the Place de l'Opéra corner. This is the corner of Paris, traveled folk say, from which you can see the whole world and his wife go by—if you sit long enough.

Watching the welter of nationalities, Taylor smugly assured himself that no one would take him to be an American. Not that he was ashamed of his nationality. He was above such minor matters. But he was a Cosmopolite. The whole world was his, and he loved the whole world. At least, he had proclaimed such sentiments at Sloppy Joe's in Havana, the Imperial Bar in Tokio, and the Romanisches Café in Berlin.

The funny part of it was that Joshua Waterbury, sitting at the very next table on the café terrace, was just as much a Cosmopolite as Egbert Taylor was. He too was sure that he wore no badge of nationality and might, as a matter of fact, be taken for a citizen

of whatever country he happened to be in. Even the *Chicago Tribune*, whose market reports Waterbury was studying at the moment, couldn't make him imagine that anyone would take him to be a Yankee. Why good heavens, an Irishman, a German, even a Frenchman might be interested in market reports, with international finance behaving the way it was! It was only natural, then, that he should feel a little peevish when Taylor suddenly leaned over and said:

"Excuse me, but what's A. T. & T. doing?"

"Pardon, monsieur?" queried Waterbury.

Taylor hesitated—but only for a moment.

"Excusez-moi, monsieur!" he said, quickly recovering himself. Then, cautiously, "But you do speak English? I thought possibly because you were reading the *Tribune* that you might be American—not that you look like a tourist, however," he added hastily.

A little mollified, Waterbury answered, "Oh, that's all right. Yes, I am an American—that is, by birth. But I live all over. I don't mind telling you that I prefer to think of myself as a citizen of the world."

Taylor's face lighted with pleasure. "*Est-ce que c'est vrai!*" he exclaimed. "I quite understand your feelings, monsieur, because I too flatter myself that I am a citizen of the world. After all, people are all alike. Why in Sevilla, where I've just been—"

Waterbury had begun to regard his new acquaintance with interest. "*Habla Usted Español?*" he demanded.

"*Si, si, Señor!*" Taylor replied. "Why, I've been speaking nothing but Spanish for the past month!" He chuckled to himself. "My Spanish friends used to say that I was like one of them."

Waterbury nodded sympathetically. "I remember when I lived in Rio de Janeiro," he remarked, carefully rolling his r's, "they never took me for an *Americano*. Not that I'm ashamed of being an American in particular, but patriotism is so absurd. Why should one be labelled with one's nationality? Don't you agree with me? Why should one's native country necessarily be one's favorite? As you say, people are all more or less alike."

"Of course," agreed Taylor. "Take the Germans, for instance—"

"*Nicht wahr?*" said Waterbury.

Taylor smiled at the familiar words. Waterbury quietly folded his *Chicago Tribune* and slipped it in his pocket. From another pocket he produced *Il Popolo* and called Taylor's attention to some new fulmination on nationalism by Mussolini.

"What chance has internationalism against a man like *Il Duce?*" he demanded. "It needs tolerant people like ourselves to bring about a better understanding between nations."

"Exactly!"

The two men regarded each other approvingly. Taylor sipped his *mandarin curacao* thoughtfully, watching two women who were seating themselves in front of him. They were plainly mother and daughter, one large and billowy, the other a much younger flapperish replica wearing horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Obviously American," he remarked in a low tone to Waterbury.

Waterbury nodded. "Tourists," he said.

"So provincial," Taylor agreed. "I should hate to think I was identified so easily. Now you, for instance—I

shouldn't know what you were. It just happened—"

"Nor you either," interposed Waterbury generously. "You are certainly cosmopolitan."

"But national pride is so stupid anyway! Americans talk about their skyscrapers and the French about their wines. On the other hand, Italy—"

"It's great down there," Waterbury interrupted. "I suppose you know Rome well?"

"Oh, of course! Though personally I prefer living in the smaller towns like Rimini and Assisi—off the beaten track, you know."

"Most certainly!" said Waterbury. "And the little towns in the Dolomites. And further on in the Balkans—Sara-jevo, for example, where the *slivovice* tastes so good!"

"Charming and unspoiled! But the best *pivo* I ever drank was in Nish."

"Oh, you know that part of the world! Then you probably know the Greek islands—Helos and—"

They launched into further reminiscences and opinions. Mentally, Waterbury and Taylor traveled from Cork to Canton, from Copenhagen to Corsica. Just such conversations as take place when real Cosmopolites get together. Each again assured the other that he never would have mistaken him for an American.

"I might have believed you were a Russian or an Austrian," Taylor said to Waterbury.

Waterbury smiled contentedly. "As a matter of fact, I thought you were an Englishman."

Taylor bowed. "*Quite,*" he said.

It was with a feeling of regret that Taylor got ready to leave the café. "We have so many interests in common," he observed as he slowly sorted out his francs for the waiter. "I hate to run along but I must meet my cousin who has just come over from Oskaloosa."

"Oskaloosa!" exclaimed Waterbury. "I didn't know there really was such a place. I thought that was just a vaudeville joke!"

"It happens to be my home town," said Taylor, somewhat stiffly.

"No!" laughed Waterbury. "Why I bet it's a little tank town, not even on the railroad!"

"I see nothing particularly funny about that," said Taylor irritably. "Where do you come from?"

"Hicksville," the convulsed Waterbury managed to gasp between spasms, "Hicksville, Long Island."

"Hicksville!" cried Taylor, "Hicksville!" And he too was suddenly convulsed. "Why that's where the word 'hick' originated! Talk about your vaudeville jokes, why that's the biggest laugh of all!"

He was about to go farther into the subject, but before he could get his breath, Waterbury had leaped to his feet.

"Here's one hick who won't stand for that!" he yelled, socking his cosmopolitan colleague on the nose.

There was a moment's turmoil. A waiter, miraculously appearing, helped Taylor to get up. Another mysteriously slipped back of Waterbury and quickly pinned his arms. From somewhere, an *agent de police* arrived. Taylor yelled something. Waterbury cursed back. Another policeman came on the scene. He grasped Taylor firmly by the collar. With the first officer leading Waterbury, the two combatants were hustled off to the police station.

The waiters stood looking after the pair. One of them dusted off his hands.

"Ah, but those *américains*," he remarked. "They are mad!"

The other *garçon* shrugged his shoulders. "What would you?" he demanded. "They are as children."

But Mrs. Adams, lowering her

lorgnette, turned to her flapperish bespectacled daughter. "That's why I object to Paris in the summer," she said. "These tourists ruin it!"



THE EFFICACY OF THE DIRTY LOOK

BY LESLIE ROBERTS

A GOOD deal of dithyrambic dither has been written about looks. Innumerable sonnets commemorate items no more substantial than looks that were coy. Women without number have been immortalized in poem, prose, and paint merely because they possessed sufficient muscular control to raise an eyebrow in the delicate manner described as arch, while all literature abounds in works extolling looks that were virginal, looks that were disdainful, and the havoc wrought by the heavy-lidded eyes of passion. But no one, at least not until this paragraph was written, has penned so much as a phrase of enduring value in regard to the most utilitarian and serviceable of all the looks and glances of which the human eye is capable, the common, or back-garden, Dirty Look.

Have you ever paused to reflect what an intolerable thing life would be without it? Certainly my own work of research convinces me that it is the greatest single time- and labor-saving device discovered by man. The Dirty Look is the lowest common denominator of all casual human relations. Without it life would be chaos.

Think, for instance, of the innumerable marriages which have been saved by the simple expedient of dirty looks exchanged across the breakfast table. I have before me the incident of the

Crombies and the Ransom house, selected at random from my files, but one which I consider a normal example of what the Dirty Look has done for American home life.

Crombie was late on the morning under review and, as he rushed into the breakfast-nook, the shrill call of the eight-fifteen could be heard across the mead. Meanwhile he occupied himself with a peculiar movement of the hands calculated to knot his tie and carry bacon towards his mouth in a single motion, while Mrs. Crombie busied with the coffee pot. As his wife passed the cup across the abbreviated nook-table, however, she committed one of those *faux pas* peculiar to members of her sex who live in the married state, by saying:

"Arthur, what *are* you going to do about the Ransom house? I must tell Molly to-day!"

Crombie made no verbal reply. Instead he simply peered into his wife's eyes across the rim of his coffee cup and gave her what some of the experts like to call the snake-in-the-grass and others the viper-in-the-bosom Look. Whereupon he went away from the breakfast nook and ran for his train, which he caught.

After dinner that evening, while the Crombies jointly occupied an armchair before a comfortable log fire, Mrs. Crombie said to her husband:

"That was a Dirty Look you gave me this morning when I spoke about the Ransom house, Art."

To which Crombie replied:

"I suppose it was, sweet. But you know how I am in the morning, particularly after a heavy night. I'm sorry, darling."

And that was that.

But suppose Crombie, instead of merely *looking* his thoughts at his wife had *spoken* them? Suppose he had said: "The hell with the Ransom house!" and had run for his train, what

then? Certainly the result would not have been the charming domestic *tête à tête* recorded in an earlier paragraph. But no; Crombie, as an experienced husband and man of the world, confined himself to a Look and held his tongue, thereby putting himself on record without the embarrassment of committing himself to anything. Consequently his wife was in possession of no evidence of extreme cruelty with which to run to the nearest attorney's office. The moral is obvious. These are not times in which to add unnecessary alimony to the white man's burden. Looks are safer than words.

Then there is the case of Morrison, Number 487 in my files. Morrison, a haberdasher by trade, was standing in the queue leading to the ticket agent's window in the central railroad terminal of his town and was inching slowly forward in the line, in competition with the hands of the clock overhead, when he felt a distinct pressure in the ribs and turned to see what might be its cause. Whereupon the traveler immediately to his rear inquired if Morrison had any objection to exchanging places as he, the rib-pusher, had exactly three minutes in which to purchase a ticket and catch his train. Morrison, the record avers, merely gave this person a Dirty Look (Number 48B, I believe, which is especially devised for use at ticket windows and box offices) and remained in his place. In due course he reached the head of the line, bought his ticket, and was able to jump up the rear steps of the train as it pulled out. Looking backwards from the car platform, Morrison reports that he noticed the citizen who punched him in the ribs held back by the closing gates and that he was giving what seemed to be Dirty Look No. 67 to the gateman.

You see the efficacy of the system? No arguments. No brawling. No profanity. No conversation with total

strangers. Think of the labor, the upset, and the fuss avoided in the Morrison Case alone, simply by the use of two Dirty Looks!

In the Spelvin affair an entirely different aspect of the matter is to be found. Spelvin, a motorist, had driven a friend to the Post Office to mail some letters and, seeing no place to park along the curb, informed his passenger that he would wait right where he was, which, as it happened, was in one of the traffic lanes of a two-way street. After a moment or two of waiting, a Buick endeavored to swing around Spelvin's stationary car just as a Packard was about to pass in the opposite direction, so that it became necessary—much to Spelvin's amusement as a practicing motorist—for the Buick to back up and let the Packard through. Naturally the driver of the Buick was furious and, as he came forward, shot a look at Spelvin which informed him that he was a person without vestige of breeding, a road hog and a human wen perched on the tip of the nose of Time. But what of it? What does Spelvin, or any normal motorist, care about a Dirty Look? Had the Buick driver stated his thoughts aloud, however, instead of merely *looking* them, the incident would have assumed an altogether different character. Spelvin would have been constrained to reply and no doubt would have called the Buick driver by some opprobrious name, and then there might have been caps on the asphalt and goodness only

knows what trouble. Here again, as so often is the case, a good Dirty Look saved the day. Motorists, I find, are peculiarly adept in the *nuances* of the Look System.

Another simple illustration, which brings us back to the realm of applied domestics, and I am done. Manton, a stockbroker, has a wife whom he describes as completely electrical-appliance-conscious, and he reports that in tendering a list of the household equipment which she would like to find in her stocking on Christmas morning she has mentioned:

(a) A new electric washing machine; the one in use at present being two years old and therefore obsolete, and/or

(b) An electric floor waxer, as the connecting cord on the one she has is slightly frayed, and/or

(c) An electric vacuum cleaner to replace the one in use on the ground floor and release the present ground-floor machine for the servants' quarters.

For scientific purposes I have asked Manton what he intends to do about this peculiar request and the broker, taken down verbatim, reports as follows:

"After consultation with my bank manager (my present employer) I have decided that the next time the subject comes up I am going to give Mabel a present that will be no surprise to her at all. You may quote me as saying that I intend to settle the matter with a Dirty Look!"

"A good idea," I told him. "Give her an electric one."



OUR PRESIDENTIAL SUMMER

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IF YOU ask someone how he is going to vote he is likely to tell you that he does not expect to vote until November and there will be time enough to make a choice. He is likely to say also that issues may develop at any moment that may change the whole drive of the campaign. Mr. Hoover or Mr. Roosevelt might say something about Prohibition, or about disarmament, or the foreign debts, or the gold standard; or silver or something quite unthought of might flash into the campaign as a determining factor.

For votes seem more slippery this summer than is usual in presidential years. There are a number of things that many voters are more interested in than party success. Neither Mr. Hoover nor Governor Roosevelt stirs much emotion, and so far as it is provided by the bootleggers, it seems to be non-partisan.

Mr. Clinton Gilbert who says something every day in the *Evening Post*, suggests that our system of nominating presidents has broken down, that as things go now we don't get the man we want, but it is all cut and dried beforehand and handed to us. He said that no Democrat had a chance in Chicago but Roosevelt, because the preliminary work had not been done for anybody else.

It is true enough that the Governor

was nominated by a short-time application of much the same sort of organized political energy as carried over the Eighteenth Amendment twelve years ago. For that there was no diligent, organized, political opposition, whereas an active minority had worked hot-foot on it for several years. This year some men wanted Governor Roosevelt. He is a respectable character; there is no particular objection to him. But many voters would have preferred one of several other people—Ritchie, Baker, Young, for example; but they were never in the running.

We look our governmental contrivance a good deal in the teeth just now, but we shall doubtless have to get along for some time with what machinery we have. It may be tinkered to advantage, but it can be made to function if the necessary proportion of the public mind comes to an understanding of what it wants done.

That is the hope for Prohibition Repeal,—that the voters by and large have seen how the Amendment has worked and are ready to back efforts to abate it. It is the same way about the foreign debts. Mr. Hearst may put in his papers in large type that "Every Dollar of War Debts Cancelled Adds to America's Tax Load," but as soon as enough people see that our prospect of better business may be connected with new thoughts about the

war debts the debts will begin to shrink. The practical question about them is well known. It is whether it is profitable to the United States to revise them. Mr. Hearst is a stubborn objector and he influences some people. He and Mr. McAdoo had to do with nominating Mr. Garner and something quite important to do with nominating Governor Roosevelt. All that may make it a little difficult during the campaign for Governor Roosevelt to come out with a very loud whoop for the revision of the war debts, but if Mr. Hoover takes a notion to do it he may have to.

MR. GILBERT, above quoted, grumbling about the way the presidential conventions work out, says: "Everybody wants to be President. Every male child in this country is supposed to be born with the ambition to occupy the White House." But is he? You can suppose anything. Is it a good job to be President of the United States? Of course not! Calvin Coolidge is one of the very few persons who has really seemed to find a profit in it. Mr. Cleveland survived it comfortably enough. It broke Mr. Wilson, and the difficulty of escaping from Presidential consequences doubtless broke Colonel Roosevelt. He would not have gone river hunting in South America if he could have lived in peace at home. Not that he was unduly grasping about living in peace—he did not insist upon that; but no man who is President is ever a private citizen again. George Washington had perfectly sound ideas about being President. Nevertheless, men have wanted to hold that office and have held it. Some of them have felt a call to it. Lincoln did, no doubt. There was power in it that he could use for purposes that he considered worth while. So Jackson wanted, no doubt, to be President, and had use for the

power of the office, though there still seems to be question how far his use of that power was a benefit. He smashed Nicholas Biddle and the Bank of the United States; and whether that was useful or the contrary is a matter for discussion by competent judges if there are any. These are not times when the reputation of banks is unduly high, nor is there agreement about what, if anything, they need and how they are to get it. No one possessed of good discretion would want to be President of the United States in order to medicate the banks, though he might want to unmedicate the railroads; but as President he could not do either one, though maybe Jackson could.

Of course not many men aspire to be President, though a President for one term almost always wants a second. That is to save his face, and because he has got his hand in. But there are plenty of men who like to be on the bridge and have to do with sailing the Ship of State. They enjoy that, and some such persons have been enormously useful,—Mr. Root for a great example, Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Seward, perhaps Calhoun as Secretary of State. Many men have been Cabinet officers who were of much greater ability than the Presidents they served with. Daniel Webster for an example. But a President may have personality that gives wings and power to the abilities of his Cabinet associates. That was the case with Theodore Roosevelt, who could use in the business of the government men of great ability of a different sort from his own—Taft, Root, and various others.

Now Franklin Roosevelt is no Theodore, but it is possible that he has a gift for associating able men with himself in the management of the nation's affairs. At least he is pleasant and he is not stupid, and there are able men of the Democratic party whom he is entitled to call to the bridge if

he is chosen chief navigator for our Ship of State. But, as said, at this writing in mid-summer it is a gamble who will be chosen. Mr. Hoover's talents have become more visible. It is even possible that he has some of the gifts that were imputed to him when he was elected. For one thing, he can do a lot of work. He has opposed many bad measures, some of them effectually. He has instituted some remedies, most of them gambles, but it is not his fault that they are gambles, for the intricacies of economic affairs of this world at this time are matters of uncertain speculation to all the experts. What is good medicine and what is bad is not at all clear. The disposition is to give the patient the best thing that offers and see if it will do him good.

THERE is pretty general agreement that world changes are due and gradually working out, but there is much uncertainty and inquiry about what the nature of these changes is going to be. Are they to be spiritual or material, ethical or economic, commercial or celestial, or perhaps a mixture of all these things? One of the forecasters, Davidson, the Scotchman, who derives information from the Great Pyramid, sees just ahead of us "a spiritual revival analogous in its origin to, but immeasurably greater in its effect than, the Wesley-Whitefield movement that resuscitated spiritual life in Britain and North America in the middle third of the 18th century. History now reveals," he says, "that the spiritual impulse had the object of leavening the material development of modern industrial civilization as an adjunct to the industrial revolution and an immense increase in population that took place in the second half of the same century."

The Wesley-Whitefield movement was a very big thing. You can walk

in its tracks now all over the United States. Whitefield was here; Wesley not much, though he came to Georgia; but Wesley did a thorough job in England. So that may be ahead of us, and if it is, here's hoping that it may be corrective but not too puritanical. Our present times are a good deal disfigured and are amusing by contrast to what our country was before the War. When Moses came down from Mount Sinai with the tablets of stone and found his children had gone naughty and were worshipping the Golden Calf, freed from their garments and definitely on the loose, he naturally burst out into profanity and proceeded to make trouble. It is in a way an amusing story particularly in respect to Aaron, who was like a modern Congressman in his disposition to give the people what they wanted. When the children of Israel came to him with the request for an idol he invited them to bring their earrings and bracelets and he melted them up and made the Golden Calf which they received with acclamation and proceeded to enjoy. Apparently this was the same Golden Calf that was set up in this land of freedom in the years culminating in the fall of 1929. The resulting depression was only natural, but ours involved more people, more money, more interests and is rather more mystical and complicated.

Nevertheless, a large majority of the Israelites survived the Golden Calf, and a large majority of the population of the United States is going to survive the levity of 1929. Most of the members of the bonus army are likely to survive it. The bonus army infested Washington and would not go away. How would Moses have dealt with that? And Aaron? Aaron might have gone to Congress for them to get the money that they wanted, but Moses was of different stuff—his specialty was handling trouble and

larruping misdemeanants. He would hardly have been content to shoo them off out of the District but would have inclined more to settle with them on the spot. They might not all have survived Moses.

But if Moses and Aaron were candidates for President this year which of them do you think would win?

SOME of the best reading in the newspapers is provided by the archaeologists and the excavators. *The New York Times* in particular has long reports of their doings. The diggings on likely sites keep turning up older and older cities. That happens especially in Asia. The oldest civilizations seem to be there, but there is a highly respectable degree of antiquity in Peru, Bolivia, Mexico, and Yucatan, and new discoveries of abandoned cities continue to be reported from those countries. The expedition of the American Museum of Natural History finds at Tiahuanaco in Bolivia twelve thousand feet above the sea very ancient ruins indeed, perhaps as old as any reported anywhere.

The gist of all these excavations and discoveries constantly going on is that the great experiment of human life has been proceeding for a much longer period than our grandparents supposed and that long, long ago it reached much greater heights of knowledge and art and perhaps even of religion than was imaginable a century or two since. In all these matters the additions to knowledge have been very substantial and revealing, making much more credible the theories of the lost Atlantis and the Continent of Mu, sunk in the oceans but with derivative populations and civilizations remaining on adjacent shores.

Of course this theory of geological subsidences and emergences, swallowing continents or great islands and

bringing up others, is acceptable enough to modern science. In the Bible there is an allusion to a highly developed character, Melchizedek, King of Salem, who offered hospitalities and a blessing to Abraham. Apparently he saw something in Abraham that looked to him to be important. There is, too, an assertion that the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, about which there are so many stories, was built not by Egyptians at all but by a white race that came to Egypt for that purpose and derived possibly from this spiritually and mentally exalted group of which Melchizedek was the best known representative.

The upshot of all this is the suggestion that the Bible is right in saying that men fell from grace, that they had more knowledge and a higher spiritual nature in some far away beginning and lost it for reasons unknown. Probably they got too gay. This is all curious and of course clouded and conjectural, but the most gratifying idea connected with it is that the higher nature and the higher knowledge that men apparently once possessed are on the way to be won back and to belong to them again.

That is one of the ideas that make for patience in the vast disturbances that are now going on. We are told often enough that there must be tearing down before there can be reconstruction. We have seen a lot of tearing down, and it is not an unreasonable hope that the reconstruction is beginning. A sign of it, less fallible than the stock market, is increased reasonableness of members of international conferences. The people generally who are trying to straighten out the tangles of our world find listeners and coadjutors where they did not even a year ago. Not all the experts are men of a healing spirit, but some of them are, and it is they who are valuable.



Gifford Beal

THE HUNTER

By Gifford Beal

Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

GLASSFORD AND THE SIEGE OF WASHINGTON

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

SELDOM has our national history composed so expertly in the dramatic form as in the episode of "The Siege of Washington" by the Bonus Expeditionary Force. From the first phantomlike parade of eight thousand ghostly veterans at twilight on an evening of early June, to its sudden violent end, the dramatic unities were preserved. Folly and weakness, injustice and cowardice were exposed, the audience entertained, instructed, roused. The shouts of indignation, controversy, interpretation still echo in the streets.

In this mordant little drama with its plots and counterplots, its sinister political overtones, its absurd and tragic episodes, its picturesque and colorful characters—from Commander Waters of the B. E. F. with his "Comic Opera General Staff" to the Administration itself, with its Grand Opera Staff—

there moved, direct and self-possessed and sure, one constantly refreshing character—Brigadier General Pelham D. Glassford, Chief of the District of Columbia Police.

He offered the novel spectacle of a capable, honest, and politically unambitious man in a position of active power: the Shavian reversal of the theme of the crooked, brutal, and inefficient police. He was the pivotal figure, the very odd hero of the play. Tall, slim, six feet three, in his youthful prime, smart in mufti or uniform, a dynamo of energy and high spirits—no stage manager could have better cast the part.

Only last October the headlines read: "Artist Called From His Palette to Head Capital Police"—a headline so incongruous that it goes far toward explaining him. He was of the Army, the son of an Army officer. Born in New

Mexico, his youth was spent between Western army posts and Washington, where he went to art school. He entered West Point at seventeen, and graduated, the youngest member of the class of 1904, after which he served as instructor and assistant professor at West Point. Ever since his West Point days he has been called "Happy" Glassford by his intimates. There followed service in the Philippines, Hawaii, the Mexican border, and France. He was the youngest general of the line in the World War, serving as Commander of the Saumur Artillery School, and at the front in command of the 51st Field Artillery. He was wounded, decorated for "gallantry in action," and came home at the end of the War wearing a Distinguished Service medal awarded for "high military attainments and unceasing energy" and "rendering invaluable service to the A. E. F."

The army in peace time offers little scope for a man of Glassford's zest and temperament. But it was his profession, and he got as much out of it as it was possible to get. He piled up annual leave and took off months at a time. He rode to the West on a motorcycle, in a flivver. He worked on newspapers, three months on the San Francisco *Examiner*. He took odd jobs; once he joined a circus, painting ballyhoo signs, pinch-hitting for the barker and the electrician, and was offered the job as manager for the following year. And always, remember, he painted.

Stationed in Washington on the General Staff, he had plenty of time to paint. He painted screens and murals, and sold them. They were good. Several hundred of them may be seen to-day in homes and public buildings in Washington.

He lived in Georgetown in a delightful, ridiculous house which he had taken because he could do what he

liked with the walls and because he wanted room for the children when they were home from school. There was a big back room on the second floor for Pete's carpenter shop, on the top floor a studio and bedroom for himself. This house, with the four young Glassfords in it, two girls, two boys, was a combination of Bohemia and military discipline if you can imagine it; but you can't. His friends called it the "Borneo Embassy."

At forty-seven, eligible for retirement from the Army, he retired. Now he was really going to paint. He was going to devote his life to it.

II

This was the man who, by a curious combination of events, was called to head the District of Columbia police.

He had gone West with his plans complete. He was to help his father manage the Arizona ranch, and there would be leisure to paint. But two weeks after his arrival the unexpected death of his father caused him to abandon his plan for the ranch. From the day of his retirement he had been besieged by offers of various responsible positions from States, municipalities, and private corporations. Pending an ultimate decision as to his future, he accepted an invitation to return temporarily to Washington to manage the Armistice Day Jubilee.

It was on some item of business concerning the Jubilee that General Glassford went one day to the office of his old friend and superior, General Crosby, the Commissioner in charge of police affairs. It chanced that at precisely this moment the Police Department, which had been the subject of repeated scandals and investigations, was in process of a serious "shake-up." The current Chief of Police (Major and Superintendent of Police is the official title in the District of Columbia) and

other officers were being politely but firmly eased out of office, and Commissioner Crosby was in urgent need of a man to "sell the force to the public." There was no man in the ranks - eligible for promotion who seemed capable of that job.

Before him, then, stood Glassford. Here was the man who might "sell the force to the public," if he could first sell *him* the job. Without preamble he astonished Glassford by suggesting it to him.

It took time to sell the job to Glassford, but he took it in the end, he said, because it promised "plenty of fun and action."

It is enlightening now to reread the Glassford interviews when the appointment was announced.

"What do you know about police forces?" a reporter asked.

Glassford thought a minute, then brightened. "Well, I've been arrested," he said. "Once for driving through a red light and once for speeding on a motorcycle." He knew it was a tough job, but he "relied on common sense" to see him through. He meant, he said, to see to it that "both the public and the police got a fair deal."

His friends were amused but apprehensive. They wondered among themselves whether he realized the dangers and difficulties of the job. He was assuming command of a force of men who might naturally resent him as an outsider, and among whom there must have been at least a few who aspired to the position for themselves. To organize, control, and gain the co-operation of these men was at that time considered the major difficulty of his task.

From the first he was on his toes. He liked the job and he took it seriously. From the day of his appointment he did not take a drink. "It makes it simpler," he said. "I can't

ask my men not to drink if I drink myself. I never cared much for it anyhow." He was meticulous about this one thing—he would not ask his men to do anything he would not do himself. He was not an armchair officer. He got a lot of fun out of being "just a cop"—and he was learning the job. He left dinner parties early because he "had to go home and read." He was reading books on criminology—enthusiastically attending the famous lectures of Dr. William A. White on abnormal psychology, "socially irresponsible types."

He had scarcely taken office when the Hunger Marchers came. They demonstrated, held mass meetings, made fiery speeches; and wherever they went, there went General Glassford and his men. Jeered and hissed by the Hunger Marchers, the police stood by and in control, good-natured, easy, quiet, with no show of force. The town had expected trouble; to its amazement, the Hunger Marchers had come and gone, and there was not a ripple of disorder anywhere.

Glassford's popularity was immediate. There was applause from citizens and the press. More Hunger Marchers came. Another excellent, tactful job. He got a tremendous hand. A false move followed then, or so it appeared (one doubts it now), with a panhandler whom he personally arrested. Boos and hisses from the public and the press. A brush with Communists at the Japanese Embassy. Hisses and cheers from the press.

By all of which he learned that there are advisers in plenty to share the laurels and none to share the blame.

III

Then the Bonus Army came. As early as May 26th, when the first small groups from near-by States were filtering into Washington, General Glassford

petitioned the leaders of Congress to take up and dispose of the Bonus issue as a measure to halt the march.

He reported the arrival of the first groups to the authorities. He advised them that the veterans were coming in such numbers that they might create a serious problem for the District of Columbia. The authorities seemed to think that this was an over-statement. No instructions were given to General Glassford.

The veterans came in by thousands almost overnight. Some came with food or funds for their immediate supply collected on the way. Many were foodless and destitute. They were orderly and quiet; they broke no laws. Still no provision was made by the authorities to face the situation. The veterans were on Glassford's hands. He fed them out of his own pocket when they could not feed themselves. Nobody but Glassford seemed to know they were there.

He got up a benefit show, a boxing bout. Boxing is outlawed in the District, but he could pass out tickets for a free show and take up a collection afterward. It was a first-class show, and Glassford got an ovation when he came to the stage,—and \$2,700 in the collection fund. Already there were more than ten thousand veterans in camp. \$2,700 does not go far. He solicited his rich friends, persuaded organizations to contribute funds; he became the army's treasurer, taking the money in and dispensing it. He got the men into camps, occupying unused federal areas, abandoned buildings; he established the big Anacostia camp, and with the co-operation of the veterans' leaders, organized the men into sanitary, self-governing groups. He borrowed rolling kitchens, militia tents, helped them procure wreckage material for building temporary shelters, barracks, shacks. There were company streets with each unit under

its elected officers, registration tents at which incoming veterans were required to register, show credentials and discharge papers, and receive identification and membership cards.

The people of Washington, visiting the camps out of curiosity, and finding the men so quiet, so orderly, so courteous, brought them food, beds, chairs, clothing, contributed to their commissary fund. They were the men from all the home towns of America, the men we had grown up with, had seen go off to war. Doctors and nurses gave their services free.

Now the authorities began to "view with alarm." But they seemed unable to admit officially the existence of the army or the problem. They suggested to General Glassford that the situation was grave, that the veterans should be forcibly kept out of Washington; that they should not be fed, no funds solicited, no material furnished; that all these things were, in effect, an invitation to others to come. General Glassford asked if they were ready to issue orders to that effect. "I have listened," he said, "to a thousand different suggestions on this subject. So far the responsibility has rested entirely upon me. I am taking no suggestions from anyone. You are my superior officers. I am ready to obey your written orders." No orders were forthcoming. Glassford left the conference. He was a busy man.

He went to the White House and asked the Administration's aid in getting the bonus bill out of committee and voted on. The newspaper men gathered round him as he came out. Why was he there? He told them.

He had no sooner returned to his office than the President's confidential secretary called him on the telephone. "You are embarrassing the Administration."

Glassford laughed. But the secretary was serious. "You should not

have told the press what you were here for."

"What should I have told them then?"

"Well, you could have told them you were here for something else—here on personal business."

"When I tell them anything, I tell them the truth," said General Glassford, and the President's secretary gave it up.

Now the pressure by "suggestion" began to increase. The "menace to the health of the city," "the unsanitary condition of the camps," "the danger of epidemic"—the propaganda and publicity method of disposing of a problem without responsibility. The Health Commissioner urged these dangers upon Glassford's attention. "The sanitary conditions in the camps," said Glassford, "do not offer one-half the menace to the health of the District of Columbia that is offered by the sanitary conditions in a dozen alleys I can show you in Washington. Let us stick to the truth."

Glassford was called to a meeting of the Commissioners. Again they urged that he cease his activities, that the camps be cleared out. Again Glassford made his statement. If the Commissioners would write and sign an order, at the same time giving it out to the press, he would carry out the order to the best of his ability.

At this Commissioner Crosby lost his temper. "Do you understand," said he, "that if you continue these activities the President may order you summarily removed?"

"Under the circumstances," said Glassford, "such an action would be of great value to me."

He continued his activities as before. He continued to urge that the bonus bill be got out of committee and voted on. Never once that I am aware of did he during that time express an opinion as to his own stand on the

payment of the bonus. He urged only that the bill be *voted on*. But in order that the man may be better understood, I shall quote here a statement made by him in reply to an invitation to address the Pennsylvania State Convention of the American Legion several weeks after the dispersal of the Bonus Army. In declining the invitation, he urgently appealed to the Convention to "oppose cash payment of the bonus or any other measures which include special benefits to veterans with health and jobs, or which discriminate in these hard times to favor jobless veterans over other unemployed."

The veterans constituted a lobby, a lobby to be sure of unusual size, but as well within its rights as other lobbies, less conspicuous, less visible, but often costing the country more, have ever been.

The bonus bill passed the House on June 15; then it went to the Senate. Glassford, losing hope from day to day that the authorities would make any move toward facing the problem presented by the Bonus Army, and knowing the plight of the veterans from his daily contact with the camps, himself issued a public plea that some intelligent effort be made in their behalf, that their situation be not ignored.

He was no economist, and yet he formulated a plan, a plan that is found echoed in the plans of many serious economists.

He began by saying, "The bonus bill is doomed to defeat."

The veterans have demonstrated their discipline, their loyalty to the flag, and their ability to take care of themselves under adverse circumstances. They are repeating the acts of our ancestors, the pioneers in this country. They have demonstrated their ability to provide extemporized shelter and to subsist on the most simple and inexpensive food. They should be given the opportunity to devote their proven abilities to building for themselves and communi-

ties. They were heroes cheered in 1919. To-day they are without employment; without visible means of support, homeless and outcast. They cannot find work.

Land is available and cheap. Through federal channels large areas are falling under federal control. The States are acquiring vast tracts of land through non-payment of taxes. Instead of remaining idle in Washington camps, these veterans returning to their respective homes should be organized into new rural communities within their own States on from three- to ten-acre farms with facilities for cultivating them; firstly, for their own food supply, and secondly for a surplus that could be exchanged through the channels of trade to provide for their personal necessities. . . . It is obvious that the veterans will, organized as they would be to carry out this plan, build their own simple shelters, such as they have erected in Washington, and as soon as circumstances permit, they would build better homes for themselves, and all improvements in their condition will react favorably on commercial, industrial, and agricultural interests. . . .

This plan, initiated by these organized groups of veterans, soon could be extended to take in a vast number of the unemployed.

Nothing happened. The authorities were occupied with more important and more esoteric matters. The bonus bill was defeated in the Senate on June 17, on what was called by the newspapers "the tensest day in the Capital since the War," with ten thousand veterans massed in the Capitol grounds, and waiting quietly, under perfect control of their leaders, until half-past eight that night for the final vote.

There were no disorders, and the speeches made by the leaders of the veterans were no more bitter and inflammatory than the speeches made that day on the Senate floor.

IV

The siege of Washington now entered its second, or middle, period. It was

exactly a month from the day of the defeat of the bonus bill until the adjournment of Congress. During those long, hot four weeks the Bonus Army, which numbered now some twenty thousand men, remained in Washington in the hope that some action might be taken by Congress for their direct relief.¹ And during all that time not a move was made by the authorities.

Day after day newspapers carried headlines, "Exodus of Bonus Army Begun." Day after day there were editorials. The veterans had, they said, been treated with the greatest consideration. Congress had taken up the bonus bill. It had been defeated. They had received their answer. They should now be good and go home.

But day after day new groups were coming in. More permanent shelters were being built, miniature homes and cottages on which veterans and their wives expended all that fundamental urge to homebuilding which was so touching a quality of the Bonus Army camps. The number of women and children increased. These were the sad little families that had been forced to exist on pittances from their local charities while the veteran husbands and fathers vainly sought for work; now, the local relief funds exhausted, they had brought their problem to the court of last resort, to the seat of the Government itself. Their conversations were like the stream of consciousness of distressed America.

Administration papers said, "Government officials are keeping in the background." It is a pleasure to record this clear descriptive statement.

¹They were still a lobby. They lobbied for the reconsideration of the bonus bill. The status of the bonus bill was not that it was dead. It is necessary, in order for a defeated bill to be brought up again, that the motion to reconsider be made by a member who had voted for its defeat. Senator Thomas had spoken to them from the Capitol steps on the day of the defeat of the bill, telling them that he would change his vote for this purpose. The bill was "tabled."

Glassford faced this situation single-handed and alone. The multitudinous details of his task can hardly be conceived. The veterans brought all their troubles to him. He heard them all. He gave them acts instead of words. He was the one man they could always depend upon. He was both kind and firm.

The food situation in the camps was serious. General Glassford was no longer acting as treasurer. He had handed over his remaining funds to Commander Waters, since he felt that they were now able to administer their own affairs. But food crises continually arose. "Well, boys," he would say to them, "you're here for a cause, you know, and you've got to suffer a little for a cause." But if things became really desperate, they knew he would help them out. He was still quietly soliciting funds, which he held in reserve against these times. He still gave out of his own pocket, saying never a word of the fact that his own salary was jeopardized by the terms of the Economy Bill, which precluded ex-Army officers from receiving Federal salaries in addition to retirement pay.

During those long hot weeks of the middle period Glassford and the Bonus Army leaders together kept the peace. The veterans were so orderly, so quiet, so well-governed without government that the city was amazed by it as by a strange phenomenon.

The small group of Communist veterans (they at no time mustered more than 210 men for their demonstrations), segregated from the beginning but always making speeches, scoffed at their comrades for their docility. They shouted "Program! Action!" And the loyal veterans, determined that they would be guilty of no overt act, determined to offer only passive resistance to the still more passive foe with whom they could not come to grips, expended all their

latent energy against these Reds. Their own "military police," armed with sticks instead of guns, were constantly on the watch. They ran out the Reds. They took radical speech-makers to the District line, and beat them up. The radicals came back.

Glassford ordered the veterans to desist from these violations of civil law, warned them against "taking the law into their own hands," and advised complaining radicals to place their charges with the proper authorities.

The Bonus Army leaders muttered their resentment at this strict hewing to the line. Commander Waters, stung to bravado, said, "To hell with Glassford!" and proceeded to try to starve out the Reds by refusing radical groups food. This move Glassford also blocked. Food, said he, coming in to the general commissary was to be distributed to all groups alike, except such food as came in marked for delivery to specific units.

John Pace, the leader of the Communists, applied for a permit to hold a meeting in the ball park adjoining the big Anacostia camp. Glassford granted the permit over Waters' protest that his men "would tear Pace limb from limb." Glassford was on hand. A fist fight started. Glassford waded in and stopped it, cooled them down. "We're all veterans together, and I don't want to see any veterans fighting veterans. That man has a right to speak and express his views. Any one of you who doesn't want to listen to him had better go back to camp and play baseball."

Wherever there was a situation there was Glassford, riding in on his motorcycle, easy, smiling, cool. The situation was there; he was handling it. The situation dissolved.

Who is this man Glassford? everybody asked. They called up his friends on the telephone. Is Glassford a Red? Or is he Hoover's right-hand

man? What in God's name is his game? Is he trying to rob this movement of its militancy by killing it with kindness? Or is he going to run for something? Is he after the veterans' vote?

At last the people began to realize that Glassford wanted nothing for himself. He played no game. He owed his job to no political group. He was simply doing his job: and his job was to maintain order. Never once did he say, "I will give you a statement tomorrow" or "within an hour." At moments of stress, with the press surrounding him, he sat astride his motorcycle and wrote out statements with a pencil on the back of a borrowed envelope. Statements so clear and neat and to the point that even the reporters laughed in admiration.

And all the people laughed when they read them—a laugh of astonishment and delight. He was cheered by the veterans, "Glassford for President!" He was cheered by the crowds wherever he went.

On July 7, upon the urgent recommendation of President Hoover, a measure was rushed through Congress providing a fund of one hundred thousand dollars, from which could be advanced the money for rail fare and seventy-five cents a day subsistence for the veterans' "journey home," the amounts to be deducted from the balance due on the bonus certificates. The offer would be available only until July 14th.

Immediately the headlines flared again: "Veterans Bureau Swamped With Transportation-Seeking Bonus-seers." Again the editorials in the corrective patronizing tone, referring to "this provision of your generous government." General Glassford, naturally anxious to be relieved of his stupendous task, issued a letter to the veterans. He appended copies of editorials which had appeared in local

papers as evidence of public opinion in favor of their leaving Washington. He urged upon them the importance of their continuing to hold the goodwill of the public. He advised that they "return to their homes if they had them, or to the States from which they came." As he drove through the camps and distributed copies of this letter, he said, "I've written you this letter, boys. Some of you probably won't agree with it. Well, if you don't, write me an answer." They read the letter and said, "You're all right, but your literature's bum."

By midnight of July 10, only 590 veterans had left the city as a result of the transportation offer. As against this figure, newspapers of the following day announced the arrival of 1000 men from the West.

Robertson, picturesque leader of the "Death Marchers," arrived and led his 400 men to the Capitol grounds. He wore a strange headdress—a steel neck-brace and helmet with straps under the chin, to support a broken back. He attempted to encamp his men on the Capitol grounds. He refused Waters' invitation to encamp at Anacostia. He had come to petition Congress, not for a picnic, he said.

This was the stirring last week of Congress, with the whole of the Bonus Army crying, "Congress must not adjourn!" There were unprecedented scenes at the Capitol, and General Glassford was in action day and night. He came to grips with the Capitol guards, and won with his policy of no show of force. He had persuaded Robertson to set up his mess kit on a nearby street. But, relaxing the rules, he had allowed the weary men to sleep on the grass in the Capitol grounds. On Wednesday night he informed them that this could no longer be permitted, but he told Robertson that there was no law against their walking through on the sidewalks as citizens. Architect

David Lynn of the Capitol staff had had the inspiration to turn on all the sprinklers and soak the grass. Robertson thereupon ordered his men to start walking, not in groups, but as individuals, single file. So began the "Death March," which kept up day and night until the adjournment of Congress the following Saturday night.

The next day the Capitol Police Board issued a statement charging that Glassford had acted "wholly without authority" in permitting the veterans to "parade" on the Capitol grounds. At this moment Glassford was busy taking care of a "Red" demonstration. Pace, leader of the Communists, had marched his men to the Capitol grounds with the intention of joining Robertson's group. Glassford had stopped them at the entrance to the grounds, and delivered the usual ultimatum. They could go in singly, as individuals. Robertson refused to allow Pace's men to join his March. If Pace's men were coming in, he said, he would withdraw his marchers and come in again afterward. He withdrew his men. Pace and his men dispersed. Robertson's Death March began again. It was while Glassford was easing off this complication that the newspaper men surrounded him and asked for a statement on the Capitol Police Board charge that he had exceeded his authority. On the spot, astride the big blue motorcycle, he wrote a statement, in which he said:

The situation at the Capitol grounds has been fraught with danger during the past two days. The situation has demanded the utmost diplomacy in avoiding issue over some unimportant regulations which would gain as recruits the many thousands of veterans not participating in this occupation of the Capitol grounds. There have been no disorders, no damage to property, and no large congregations except of citizens attracted to the spectacle. With so many of the Capitol building staff apparently

authorized to give orders and interpret the regulations it obviously was necessary for some one man to assume authority. The responsibility for law and order has been placed squarely upon my shoulders. The Vice-President told me in person that he did not desire violence.

Vice-President Curtis said, "Neither Speaker Garner nor I issued any permits to parade inside Capitol grounds, and for this reason I believe they should be kept off. Authority in this matter rests with General Glassford, Superintendent of Metropolitan Police."

It was on the evening of that day, just before the late adjournment for the dinner hour, that the news spread that Vice-President Curtis had called the Marines to the Capitol. Two detachments of Marines, equipped and ready for action, had suddenly appeared marching double-time into the Capitol grounds. Robertson's men set up a cheer, crowds quickly gathered. General Glassford roared in on his motorcycle, dismounted, rushed up the Capitol steps, pausing only to answer a question, "I don't know anything about it but I'm going to find out." Inside the office of the Sergeant-at-Arms a stormy session ensued with Glassford, Curtis, Garner, Lynn, and Captain Gnash of the Capitol Guard. Vice-President Curtis emerged with "nothing to say."

General Glassford, coming out of the Capitol, said, "Only the President of the United States has the power to call out the Army. I am still in command of the situation here."

Now he had really "embarrassed the Administration." That night and the following day the denials, explanations, and evasions crossed and recrossed amid the laughter of the town. The story had been that Vice-President Curtis had got in a panic and telephoned for the marines. Now he said that he "gave no orders that the Marines be

brought to the Capitol." He explained that "at the request of the Capitol Police Board" he had several days before written a letter asking that the Marines be held in readiness in case of an emergency.

Capitol Architect David Lynn said that Admiral Butler must have "misunderstood instructions and sent the Marines over instead of holding them in readiness."

Admiral Henry F. Butler, in charge of Marines, stated, "I sent the Marines at the request of the Vice-President. I have no further statement to make."

The incident was closed. All was quiet again through Thursday and Friday with Glassford in control and still "maintaining order in the Capitol."

Saturday was the day set for the adjournment of Congress. This was another "tensest day in Washington since the War," with again "ten thousand veterans massed in the Capitol grounds." An order from B. E. F. Headquarters had been posted in the camps for all men to proceed under their commanders to the Capitol as a demonstration against the adjournment. Glassford was prepared, his reserves on hand, a squad trained and ready to lay down a gas smoke barrage (not to hurl gas grenades) in case of emergency.

The contingents came in with drums rolling and bugles sounding the advance. Speeches were made to them by friendly Congressmen who spoke to them of their rights.

There is a regulation that no assemblages are allowed in the plaza immediately fronting the Capitol without the consent of Speaker Garner or the Vice-President. Citizens were violating this regulation—men, women, and children who had come to see the show. Among those thousands of veterans, often allowed in the plaza before, how many knew of this regulation?

Waters knew of it, but he allowed his men to follow him through.

Glassford promptly placed him under arrest. He arrested him twice, drawing him off for a conference to another part of the grounds as a maneuver to draw off the men. In this conference Glassford gave him permission for the men to go on the center Capitol steps if they kept a lane clear through the middle. The lane was kept. Again Glassford had chosen "the relaxation of an unimportant regulation" instead of violence.

The White House at the other end of the Avenue had been under heavy guard for days. Now the guard was redoubled, the gates shut and chained. General Glassford, under written orders, was in charge, with his reserves in readiness and out of sight. Early in the evening, with Congress still in session at the opposite end of the Avenue, a small group of thirty men under the odd leadership of Urbain Ledoux (picturesque philanthropist and friend of all unemployed) assembled in the street near the White House. Glassford informed them they could not walk in a group, they must go singly, keep on moving. They protested; Ledoux and two others were promptly arrested, locked up; and the group dispersed.

Immediately, Glassford was ordered to clear the streets for two blocks around the White House. Motorcycles sped round and round the White House. Cordons of police turned back all traffic, vehicular and pedestrian.

The President had announced that according to tradition, he would go to the Capitol for the adjournment ceremony, which includes the signing of final Bills. The Presidential car stood at the door of the White House with motor running, stopped, and running again, for two hours. Congress did not adjourn until midnight. The President did not go.

V

Congress adjourned on the 16th of July, and the siege of the Bonus Army now entered upon its final stage. Their leaders said they were petitioning the President to call Congress back and act, not only for their relief but for all the unemployed. The Relief Bill, enacted on the last day of Congress, had (they were told) made funds available to the various impoverished States through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The Relief Bill was not yet signed by the President (it was not signed for a week afterward), not yet "interpreted," none of the vast machinery of its operation put into action.

"Where will these funds be available? How? When?" said the veterans. "And meantime what are we to do? Didn't Dawes get eighty million dollars in two days? That was action. *We* apply—not to save a bank, but to save our lives."

Not once in those long two months had there come from the White House a single word. Not even a word of sympathy. Their leaders had been denied an audience with the President.

The Administration wanted action. Glassford was urgently pressed to clear the camps, to "get them out." He said it could be accomplished peaceably if time were given. It must be gradually done. No overt act on the Government's part. No threats, no show of force. No sudden drastic movement.

There were strong rumors that Glassford would be dismissed. May a man be dismissed for doing his duty too well? It was an open secret that there was strain between him and the authorities. An acquaintance said to him, "You'll be made the goat." "I suppose I will," he said. "But if I'm to be the goat, I prefer to be it with my conscience clear."

He issued another letter to the veterans. He spoke of the Relief Bill, "with none of this money available in the District of Columbia." "I hope," he said, "you will weigh the matter with the vigorous foresight you have used in the past and help us follow the course demanded by public sentiment and opinion—namely, the return of all World War veterans to the States from which they came." Note the careful wording, the argument without offense.

The commissary was empty, and Glassford gave the men \$288 for immediate food, saying that it was the last they could expect from him, except that he might do something "in individual cases to prevent hunger."

There was a speeding up of applications for "transportation." All who had anywhere to go were leaving upon this advice of the man in whom they placed their confidence.¹

Those who were staying were those veterans and their families who had literally nowhere else to go. Bewildered by their bewildered leaders, stupefied by their dilemma, they stayed on in the shelters that were their only homes.

Glassford held in reserve a plan. From the beginning he had quartered men in an orderly camp (he was proud of that camp) a few miles outside Washington on private property. He had received permission for the use of this land from the owner, and the camp, "Bartlett," was named for him; had received also permission to make it a permanent camp, and the promise of co-operation, material for the building of permanent barracks. At the end, if no other solution offered, those

¹ Approximately 5,000 men took advantage of the transportation offer, which had been extended because of the few who had applied at the first expiration date. Most of the applications for transportation were made after the issuance of this Glassford appeal. Many, resentful of this offer of "their own money," left without asking transportation, going out as they had come. The number of veterans still in Washington at the time of the "evacuation" was approximately ten thousand. No accurate figures are available, as new groups and families already on the way were still arriving in Washington up to and including the final day.

who had nowhere else to go could go to "Camp Bartlett." He was working out plans for this colony to become self-sustaining, had farm machinery promised, equipment, tools. He was making a study of other such colonies. All this quietly, held in reserve against the need; for he was still vainly hoping that the problem of the jobless and destitute veterans might be intelligently solved.

There were rumors that Glassford would resign and head the Bonus Army which was to be extended to take in all the millions of other unemployed. The veterans' weekly newspaper, the *B. E. F. News*, had announced the formation of a "Great American Folk Movement" and invited not only the unemployed but all who were dissatisfied with the present conditions to join. There was a front-page photograph of Glassford, "The Man of the Hour." Was Glassford to be the Fascist leader? Waters was surely not the man for it. No, Smedley Butler! General Butler appeared, stayed overnight in the Anacostia camp, and made a ringing speech to the men. He "hadn't been so happy since the War." He was with them; he urged them to "stick it out!" and, "Remember, boys, if it hadn't been for you, this country would probably now be inhabited by Indians!"

Glassford, going calmly about his duties, was probably the only realist left in Washington. There were loud lamentations from the authorities. The veterans were a menace to the city, the Commissioners said—crimes, looting, panhandling. "The fact is," said Glassford to them, "that crime has decreased in the District since these veterans came. I see no connection in it, but state it merely as a matter of record."

The Administration was impatient. This embarrassment had lasted far too long.

For the loyalty of these veterans who remained I refer you to any citizen of Washington who is free to speak the truth and who went as I did frequently among the camps and talked with the men and their families,—the same men to the end.¹ They were against the Administration, they were going to "vote for Roosevelt to put Hoover out." They were solidly against the Reds and for the Government. This loyalty of theirs, baffling under the conditions of their acute distress, was what created and sustained the dramatic suspense, and also the entertainment, the ironical comedy, for the audience.

Managing somehow to feed themselves, the veterans constantly warned against "trouble-makers" in the camps. They charged that Government agents, "under-cover men," were among them disguised as veterans; that many "Communist speakers" were not Communists at all, but under-cover men, seeking to stir up trouble, incite them to some overt act. Never had trouble makers so difficult a task.

It was exactly twelve days from the adjournment of Congress to the final day. Glassford continually counseled against a sudden drastic order with the threat of force against the veterans, pleaded that they be given a little time.

Now watch the drama winding inward swiftly to its close. Twice during that last week John Pace, working openly, his plans announced, circularizing for recruits, but mustering only his own familiar small group of radicals, "took a morning walk around the White House, just as individuals, as citizens." Twice Pace and his lieutenants, not even approaching the

¹ For their behavior and character I refer you to the District of Columbia police records during the entire occupation of the veterans and the day following the evacuation. A total of 362 arrests of bonus-army men of which only 12 were for criminal offense. Attorney General Mitchell's statement, citing the alarming number of police records, does not state what police records, when, or where.

White House grounds, were forcibly arrested and thrown in jail. The iron gates to the White House grounds were shut and chained. Cordons of police patrolled the streets and shut off traffic for blocks around. Secret service men, Park police, the Metropolitan police were everywhere. No citizen could go through. The White House was like a fortress warned of the approach of a feared and mighty enemy.

On Thursday, the 21st, Glassford received from the Commissioners the order for the evacuation of the Bonus Army, the sudden order he had sought to forestall. It ordered the evacuation of the first area, the encampment in half-demolished buildings and shelters on razed ground on lower Pennsylvania Avenue near the Capitol, by midnight of the following day. All other billets in the city proper were to be evacuated by midnight of the 24th, and the evacuation of all park areas, including Anacostia, by August 4th. The order did not apply to Camp Bartlett "as it is on private property."

Glassford immediately went into conference with the District of Columbia legal authorities to work out a plan for the carrying out of the order. In reply to the question of newspaper men as to whether he was "in accord with this order," he said, "It is not my business to be in accord with the orders of my superiors. It is my business to carry them out."

The following day, with the Bonus Army leaders crying, "Provide us a place and we will go," Glassford sent a written communication to the Commissioners with the report of his conference and advice. Late that afternoon the Commissioners announced the indefinite postponement of the evacuation order "pending the straightening out of some of the legal phases of the situation." Asked by the reporters why they had not obtained legal advice before the issuance of the order, Com-

missioner Crosby said that they had "not thought it necessary."

On July 28th, with the legal phases finally straightened out, the order was issued for Treasury Department agents to clear the half-demolished buildings in the first area, these agents to be "under the protection" of police.

The eviction order went through to the first building. The veterans, who had announced that they would offer no resistance but wait to be "led out," went peaceably, with "kidding" back and forth between Glassford and the evicted men. "You win!" they said to him.

Waters was on the scene, telling all the men to go peaceably to Camp Bartlett. "To Bartlett!" was the cry. Men were coming in from the other camps. They were interested in this eviction as many citizens were. A truck load drew up from Anacostia. Suddenly—a brick—the area was covered with bricks—flew through the air. In an instant the air was full of bricks, police fighting hand to hand with the men. Then Glassford was on a brick pile shouting to them, "Come on, boys, let's call it off! Let's have an armistice and get some lunch!" They called it off.

Reserves of police came in, but all was quiet now. A call from the White House—rumors of an attack—drew off fifty of these police.

Glassford quietly conferred with Waters, conferred with his police officers, took their reports, the names of police and veterans struck and injured by bricks, and then, his instructions given, called the waiting reporters for an interview. He gave them the names of the injured and replied to all their questions with his usual frankness and ease. It had been known for days—for weeks in fact—that the Army was in readiness, the iron heel lifted, waiting the moment to descend. Asked now if he intended

to call for the Army, Glassford said, "Certainly not; that would only make matters worse."

He proceeded then to the District Building and reported the disorder to the Commissioners. This is the conference at which the Commissioners have since asserted that General Glassford stated that the situation was out of his control, that the police could no longer hold the Bonus Army in check, and that he thought it was necessary to secure the assistance of Federal troops; and thereupon they requested that the troops be summoned.

General Glassford denied the statements of the Commissioners, in a public statement issued September 13th. He had, he said, stated that "the police could hold the area which had been repossessed during the morning," but that if further effort toward evicting by the police be insisted upon that afternoon there doubtless would be more rioting and possible bloodshed. He had recommended that "should further evicting be required that day the troops should be called upon to do it." The bitter irony of that "recommendation" is not lost. No one has said what pressure for immediate action called it forth. "The subject of calling the troops," said General Glassford, "was discussed." He refrained from quoting the Commissioners since they did not quote themselves. Nothing was said by the Commissioners at this conference to indicate that they had reached a decision to call for Federal aid. He was told to hold the area.

General Glassford returned to the "riot area." All was quiet, and in control of the police. Half an hour later Commissioners Reichelderfer and Crosby appeared, and General Glassford informed them that all was quiet and that plans were being formulated to get all the veterans visiting in the area to return to their own camps. Nothing

was said by the Commissioners at this time to indicate that they had reached a decision to call for Federal aid. It was not until more than an hour later that he had any intimation that the troops had been called out. The information came to him first from a newspaper reporter and was confirmed a few minutes later by a message from Attorney General Mitchell. "I was," said Glassford, "in command at the scene of a difficult situation vitally affected by the call for Federal troops. I have never been informed why the Commissioners did not notify me instantly when the troops were called."

Meantime, at about 1:45 P.M. a sudden melee broke out in a group of veterans on the sidewalk in front of an old skeleton building still occupied. Glassford rushed up the outside stairs to the second floor for a vantage point. Two policemen followed him through. Somebody said "Get him!" and there was a rush for the stairs. Glassford was shouting, and the police and veterans grappling. Two policemen used their guns. Two veterans were killed. Glassford, shouting to his men to "Stop that shooting!" "Put down those guns!" was nearly shot when one of his own men, in a panic, turned his pistol toward the voice. Short and violent this fight was, but over almost as soon as it had begun. Blood had been drawn. But Glassford was in command again. Tired and hot and dazed by the day's events, the veterans stood about waiting what would happen next. It was two o'clock.

Nothing happened. In spite of the smoldering hotheads among them, nothing happened. The news of the calling of the troops was flashed in headlines. On the scene the veterans read this news. The trick had been turned at last.

Glassford, tall and easy and cool, moved about among the men, getting

applause and a rousing cheer as he crossed the sidewalk and spoke a quiet word. The line of police gave way, and the men came through to the edge of the sidewalk and settled on the curb. The troops were slow in coming. They might as well sit down.

I was on this scene for two hours before the troops came in. We all had a long hot wait. They did not come until after five o'clock.

But when they came, they came—cavalry with drawn pistols, cavalry with sabers upright, cavalry with pistols and sabers grimly sheathed, six tanks, with machine guns hooded, young infantry with bayonets and clusters of blue gas bombs at their belts.

You know the rest—how the Bonus Army was wiped out that night; all their shelters, cottages, neat barracks, put to the torch and burned, and thousands of World War veterans and their families left to wander homeless in the night. Even Camp Bartlett, to which many of them had fled, with its owner's co-operation withdrawn since "it was not agreeable to the government," was wiped out the following day.

And the next day and the next, we read pages on pages of eye-witness stories of that tragic night. The government had unsheathed the sword, the people had unsheathed the pen. We read the statements of the Authorities—the statements of President Hoover that these were "not genuine veterans but Communists and persons of criminal record"; General MacArthur's compliments to himself on a good deed done; the long measured statement of Secretary of War Hurley, categorically set down.

Incredible, these statements, incredible—denying the stored-up evidence of our eyes and ears! What fear prompted them? What necessity

compelled them? They made the readers "see Red" in more ways than one. They incited a kind of riot in the mind, more dangerous to "the institutions of our government" than any incitation of the Communists.

Pages of letters from outraged citizens appeared along with them, and among these letters here and there the often repeated words: "We need a man like Glassford in the White House." A strange impossible thing to think of—and yet, like his presence in time of trouble, quieting to the mind.

Why was it so impossible a thing to think of? Had he not shown himself both strong and capable? Had he not proved himself "the people's friend," promising no more or less than he could do, telling no more or less than the truth? Had he not walked free and fearless through all the devious ways? No man, strong or weak, walks free and fearless through all the devious ways "to the White House." That was why it was so impossible a thing to think of—why also it was a relief for a moment to imagine it.

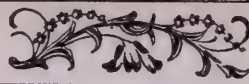
Someone, laughing, spoke of it to him. He was still on duty, but admitting for the first time that he was tired; he would like to go away somewhere, be free again.

"You'd better stay around a while and be President," said his friend.

Glassford gave him his slow, wry, good-natured, weary smile. "I think—I'd rather paint pictures," he said.

And this, to be sure, was the secret of the man. He was not ambitious. He wanted nothing for himself but "a little fun and action," and to paint pictures—the beauty of a task well done. He held also the "unstatesmanlike" belief in that "divine banality" that men need work and food.

Such men may go into the Army, never into politics.



WALL STREET BOY

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

I CAN see him now, striding across the campus, hatless, his blond hair immaculately parted in the middle, one notebook carelessly carried under his arm. And always that cheery smile on his face as he recognized you: "Hullo there." . . .

Even in college it was not hard to foresee that Rollin Thorndyke was bound to be a success in life. For, unlike the majority, he knew what he wanted and went directly for it. He seldom seemed to work, always had time for any extramural activity, a dance here, a party there, a smoker or an evening of cards. With the right persons, naturally. Soon his name had become familiar to the entire class; even those who did not know him had heard of Rollin. He did not ruin himself by being queer, did not write poems or go in for dramatics; with a smile on his face he would walk into a mid-year examination protesting, "I haven't looked at a book." Nor did he once doubt the value of the education offered by the University; his was an accepting rather than an inquiring mind and he never questioned the universe of which he was a part.

Not an athlete himself, he played only golf (this was before the game had become a national obsession); but somehow he consorted with all the great ones of our earth. He managed the freshman football eleven and naturally was in line to manage the varsity in his senior year. He roomed with the captain of the eleven and

Ridgway the intercollegiate champion pole vaulter. In addition he found time to run the glee club and make the two best junior societies, Stylus and the Obelisk. His intercourse with the elect helped his advancement; yet his amiable nature and his sunny smile were not small factors in his progress.

Our first meeting after college took place one night in my Brigade Headquarters in France. No shelling had come our way for days, and that farm house with its covered windows and curtained doors was about as dangerous as the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street. I happened to be at the switchboard, the telephone corporal at my side, when suddenly there was a sound of boots on stone. It was Old Ironsides, as we called the Corps commander; though what Old Ironsides could be doing so far from home was hard to imagine. He stood there glaring at me, an aide hovering discreetly in the dim recesses of the room.

"What outfit is this?"

"Two Hundred Ninety-eighth Field Artillery Brigade, sir."

"Oh . . . you in charge, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir, for the moment."

Again he glared. By his look he disliked me far more than the enemy. Doubtless he did. "Don't you know it is contrary to regulations to have a light so near the lines?"

So near the lines! I wanted to retail the current doughboy crack: "The Germans have a gun that will throw a

shell fifty-eight miles to Paris." "Aw, that's nothing. They even have a gun that will hit our Corps Headquarters." But the general was in no mood for a joke. Generals seldom are. So I merely assented.

"Then why the blankety blank blank have you got those candles lighted?"

I tried to explain that I was trying to keep in touch with our forward batteries, their observing officers, and the infantry in the trenches as well as other headquarters along the lines, that one couldn't very well run a complicated switchboard in blackness . . . He interrupted.

"Put those out," he said, turning to his aide.

The aide, a lieutenant, advanced with alacrity. Like the General, he was clothed in the smartest of uniforms with fashionably flaring light-colored breeches, a shiny Sam Browne, and boots polished to a degree. Suddenly I realized that my shoes were covered with dubbin; that my last shave had been fifty hours before. It seemed fifty years. The Immaculate One tiptoed daintily across the flagging and blew out a candle. His face came into the light. Rollin! He must have known me immediately because as he crossed over to blow out the other candle he tossed a glance my way. His eyebrows lifted. His lips moved. "Hullo there," he seemed to say. Then darkness. Steps on the stone, and the two warriors vanished on their job of winning the war.

An hour later our Brigade Major, who was a regular, came in cursing at the darkness. I told him the story. Immediately he ordered the corporal to light the candles. "Doesn't the old fool know there's a war on?" he said. The incident was forgotten, but not Rollin.

Our next meeting occurred in the little ruined town of Montfaucon after it had been captured. Already the 4th

Engineers had built that marvellous road past Avrocourt and Septsarges, and we were halted in the square when up bumped a huge olive-colored Cadillac bursting with generals perched uncomfortably in the rear, while in front with the chauffeur sat Rollin, his smart figure a contrast to those corpulent old gentlemen whose Sam Brownes met with difficulty around their waists. He jumped out as the car stopped and, running around to the rear door, stood stiffly at attention, truly an elegant figure. The generals bolted into a temporary headquarters by the roadside; then Rollin noticed me and came over, his face alight just as it used to be as he passed you on the campus.

"Hullo there." His apparent eagerness to see me was touching. The same old Rollin!

My first observation as we shook hands was that he had received well-merited advancement since our last encounter. Not only was he a captain; his ribbons and decorations had multiplied. Being on the staff, he could explain to me just what Pershing was trying to do, something that had long been vague in my mind. The generals reappeared. Hastily Rollin scribbled an address on his card. "Captain Rollin Thorndyke, A. D. C. to General Blandenberger, G. 5, G. H. Q. Fifth Echelon." I never found out what Fifth Echelon meant, but it was all perfectly in keeping with him as he waved airily, sprang to attention at the door of the car, and hopped in front to bump off amid the ironic remarks of the mud-soaked engineers by the roadside.

Coming home on the *Aquitania*, whom should I run into again but Rollin. Now a Lieutenant-Colonel, he rated a special suite with bath on A Deck, whereas, like the other lieutenants, I was in second class, four to a room. But Rollin was always thought-

ful; he used to let me come up and use his shower. Meanwhile his decorations had increased with his advancement in the service; the rows of ribbons over his left chest had tripled, his breast was a garden where geraniums and gentians, forget-me-nots and phlox, lilies and roses blossomed. There were several hundred members of the Army Nurse Corps on board; and I leave you to guess that of all the officers, Rollin was the general favorite of the ladies.

Again he was as kind and agreeable as possible. I remember that once he called me over to his table in the smoking room for a drink. Naturally I felt a trifle uneasy amid all those bedecked and beribboned staff officers; doubtless Rollin noticed this, for tactfully he brought the subject around to decorations, explaining how he had received his. That Croix de Guerre? That was for jamming the gears of a Ford and driving backward from Verdun to Bar-le-Duc in '16. That red and white affair? The Cross of St. Michael. Oh, that was for pulling a Serbian prince into the roadside during a flurry of Boche planes over Dun-sur-Meuse. So it went. Apparently not a single one had been given for valor in action. Needless to say, Rollin's chaffing modesty deceived none of us at the table.

II

Naturally it was easy to see why Rollin was bound to get ahead in Wall Street, where he appeared soon after demobilization. His smile, his cheery manner, and his war record were a passport to a job with the Security Corporation, an affiliate of the Security Trust Company; but it took more than a pleasing personality to reach the place he was soon to occupy. At that time the Security, which, as you know, was the largest Trust Company in the world, had a Chairman of the Board, a President, 14 vice-presidents, 59 assistant

vice-presidents, a vice-president and controller, an auditor and 16 assistant auditors, 18 trust officers, a treasurer and 19 assistant treasurers, and a secretary and 17 assistant secretaries. What a line-up for Rollin, at that time only a private in the rear rank, to face!

But he was not long to remain in that humble position. As in the army, so in American business you cannot keep a good man down. His first rise, curiously enough, came to him through sport. Rollin was no athlete but he happened to carry over from college a liking and an ability for golf. That first summer saw him come to the front when the Investment Bankers Association held their annual convention at Atlantic City. Rollin ran down, not as a delegate but as an individual, for, as he explained, you could never tell "who you'd meet there." The boys in the office hooted. But the laugh was on them.

For two days Rollin hung about, unobserved and unnoticed (a new experience). Consequently on the final Saturday afternoon there was nothing for him to do but play in the annual golf tournament of the Association, a sorry affair with twelve contestants and four wives as spectators. Of course Rollin won easily, to the delight of a little old man who followed him around the last six holes. Afterward the old gentleman stepped up and politely complimented Rollin, and thereupon asked him for some help to correct a troublesome slice. With infinite patience the younger man spent an hour alone on the fairway explaining, hitting balls, watching the old duffer drive endless shots into the distance.

"Where do you work?" asked the older man as they came into the clubhouse.

"Security," said Rollin, pride in his voice. If it was not the Bankers or the Farmers or the Guaranty, after all the

Security was the Security. The old man's lips moved but made no sound. Then after a minute, "Like to have you come down to my place at Rumson. Girl plays a good game," and he held out his card. Rollin, unimpressed but ever courteous, thanked him and put the card in his pocket. Nor was he other than his normal cheery self when they chanced to meet going up in the elevator in the Security Trust Building the next morning. "Hullo there," said Rollin with that natural smile and that unaffectedly cordial tone as ever conveying the impression that he had simply been counting the minutes since their parting. But if he was not unduly excited, one of his fellow-clerks in the elevator was.

"Say . . . you . . . you know the Old Man?" stammered the clerk as they went to their desks. Rollin, ever alert, hesitated and then mumbled an assent. He pulled the card from his pocketbook, and read: "J. Otis Clump, Chairman of the Board, Security Trust Company."

Do you wonder that many of Rollin's friends attribute his success to luck? But it does not seem to me that that is quite fair. It would have been the easiest thing in the world for him to have married Rosamund Clump and worked gently into a private room and an important job at the Security. That was not Rollin's way. He preferred to rise on his own shoulders rather than on those of a father-in-law.

Yet one cannot gainsay the fact that the friendship of the Chairman of the Board of the Security Trust was an enormous benefit. It was at Rumson that Rollin met Percy Matthews, healthy, athletic, good-looking, intelligent, if not intellectually brilliant. For years Percy Matthews had been thinking of bringing new blood into the firm of Mason & Matthews, an old conservative investment house to be characterized perfectly by the fact

that at the age of fifty-seven he was still junior partner. Like everyone, he was immediately attracted to Rollin. (Young. Marvellous war record. Lieutenant Colonel at twenty-eight. Must have good business head. Favorite of old Clump. Boring ahead fast in the Security.) For some time he studied Rollin closely. He observed him, completely without *gêne* in the living room of the Clumps at Rumson, surrounded by big financiers, industrial magnates, giants of the Street and their womenfolk; he noticed him ever natural and unaffected, liked by and liking everyone. But it was a casual remark of Rollin's which most impressed Percy Matthews. At the moment we were going through the worst of the slump—at least that is what we called it in those days—of the 1922 period. Someone asked Rollin what the market was likely to do in 1923.

During a sudden pause in the conversation Rollin's voice could be heard. "Stocks may go up or stocks may go down; the American nation will always go ahead." There was authority, there was conviction in his tone; not a person in the room was unaffected by the remark, and every business man present was led to ask under his breath, "Who's that—the blond lad over there in the corner?" Ten minutes later Percy Matthews engaged him in a chance conversation which ended in an appointment to lunch the following week at India House. Toward the end of the month the New York newspapers carried an item—in small print as befitted an old established firm such as Mason & Matthews—on their financial pages, reading:

"Beginning October 1st, Mr. Rollin Thorndyke, late of the Security Corporation, will become associated with our firm."

Now Rollin's best asset was the fact that he harmonized with any background. At the Security he was

modern, brisk, efficient, snappy, up to the minute; in the musty old offices of Mason & Matthews on Cedar Street he was a quiet, well-bred, modest young financier, eager, unassuming, anxious to learn. Then, as usual, luck helped him. Eight months after leaving the Security, old Mason died, making Percy Matthews senior partner. To him Rollin, fortified by twenty-eight months' knowledge of the investment business, came with a plan to sell bank stocks to the general public.

Percy Matthews smiled. Leaning back in his chair, he explained tolerantly that bank stocks were not an investment; they were a rich man's hobby, like a yacht, a race horse, or a mistress. But Rollin was in earnest. He countered with facts. He had been studying the situation and he had facts which Percy Matthews had not previously put together. He went back before the War, quoted figures. What about Farmers at 256 in 1913, now quoted at 490, after a four for one split? Or Commerce at 168 in the summer of 1914, now over 300? Bank stocks, he insisted, were not a speculation; they could be made an attractive feature to the conservative investing public. M. & M. with its sound banking record was the firm to put them across. He pleaded, begged, argued, demanded a chance to show what could be done. He offered to do night work. He did do night work. Six months, eight months went by; in a year results began to show. A small section of the investing public was taking an interest in his wares. I am now telling you the inside story of the rise of Rollin Thorndyke, the great financial authority.

By his persistence and personality Rollin put new life into the age-worn house of Mason & Matthews. What had become a side issue gradually grew in importance. Other offers came his way, but he did not listen; a small firm

with a good name, a firm capable of expansion, the confidence of the senior partner, and a chance to show what he could do, that was all he asked. When in a circular letter to clients he first advocated the careful selection of certain gilt-edged bank stocks in every balanced investment portfolio, friends of M. & M. raised their eyebrows. When over his name as "Head of Bank Stock Department," he advised the immediate purchase of Corn Exchange on the strength of its coming capital increase, clients of the firm in their chair cars on the 4.35 to Morristown or the 5.10 to Rye smiled tolerantly. Few bought Corn Exchange, but fewer smiled tolerantly when the increase came as predicted. Some time later Rollin openly suggested that a merger of the Manufacturers Trust with the Fifth and Gotham National Banks was in the offing. At this Percy Matthews called him aside and advised him not to go so fast. However on the side he bought a little Manufacturers at 275. When after the merger that stock went to over 500, he did not regret his purchase.

By the end of his second year with M. & M., Rollin had made a small name for himself on the Street. That summer, despite the increasing press of work, he managed to take a month's vacation abroad. I was a ship's news man at the time and happened to meet him on the sun deck of the *Berengaria* just before sailing. He was as immaculate and handsome as usual. When he saw me his face lighted up.

"Hullo there."

"Hullo Rollin." I realized immediately that he had forgotten my first name, but his delight at seeing me again was so spontaneous. Besides, with newspapermen one never knows, does one?

"Anything for us?" I asked.

"Certainly," he answered, obliging as ever, while I pulled the back of an

envelope from my pocket to write on. Talking to an old friend, he was naturally able to let himself go, and I needed more than the back of that envelope. Our late editions carried an interesting and exclusive story from Rollin Thorndyke of Mason & Matthews, investment-expert, who was sailing for a short vacation during which he hoped to investigate banking conditions in France and England. His statement began:

"We are living to-day in a new era in which formerly well-established standards of value for securities no longer retain their old significance." And so on and so on for a column interspersed with impressive phrases such as "changes in income yields vary with changes in our civilization," "owing to the shifting economic status of the United States from a debtor to a creditor nation we have entered upon a period of even greater prosperity for the next twenty years than we have enjoyed for the past ten." He was careful not to stress unduly the first person singular, but everyone who read the piece instantly said, "Ah, that's Thorndyke, the bank stock authority."

III

Toward the end of 1927 the financial columns of the metropolitan dailies carried this advertisement within a discreet border:

"We take pleasure in announcing the inclusion of Rollin Thorndyke, Esq., as a member of our firm. On and after January 1st our address will be changed from 49 Cedar Street to 120 Broadway, New York."

Even as early as this you would hardly have recognized Mason & Matthews. Or Rollin either. When I called on him for an interview there was still a flash of the old Rollin, the greeting, the cheery smile, the cordial handshake. But his well-trimmed hair

was etched with gray, and there was a furrow between his eyes as he sat at the huge desk in that elegant corner room with its vast panorama over the harbor and the liners going and coming across the seven seas. One felt however that he saw little of the pageant far below. Two telephones on his desk trilled continually; it seemed that as fast as he answered one, the other demanded him. Several silent and capable goddesses moved back and forth at his command across the thickly carpeted floor. Before his fingers was a row of buttons, red, green, blue. He pressed one, and an efficient youth (Yale 1920 and Babson Institute 1924) appeared out of the wall with a gunfire of answers to his sharp, curt questions; he pressed another button and a well-groomed elderly man who looked to me like a bank president came and listened suavely to his orders. It was thrilling to be on the inside of big business in this way, and my imagination responded as I watched Rollin at work, a general, no, a field marshal arranging his forces, directing his huge armies in that mighty financial war. I say huge armies, for Mason & Matthews with their tiny offices on Cedar Street and a force of eighteen employees had grown into a vast organization of three hundred and sixty-two office boys, stenographers, secretaries, clerks, auditors, cashiers, statisticians, stock specialists, traders, junior executives, and officers. Especially important were the statisticians who, having lately graduated from the Harvard Business School, were able to plot out the future course of stocks, bonds, and commodities. Yes, an immense organization, and the dynamo at the center of it was Rollin.

"Excuse me a minute, old boy. Have a seat, will you?" Impossible not to like him, impossible not to be flattered by the way in which the great man remembered his old and humble friends. "Miss King! Change that

B 292 going out to-morrow. Third page, second paragraph. Add this . . ." An automaton in a cool green dress, who was a young girl with hopes and fears and a mother in Montclair crippled by sciatica and a boy friend who held her hand in his Ford, stood motionless before the great man, pencil and pad at attention, eyes downward.

"A man who in 1902 bought five shares of Equitable Trust Company . . . no no, wait a minute"—his hand passed nervously over that furrowed brow—"Do you realize that if you had bought five shares of Equitable Trust Company in 1902 . . . no . . . five hundred thousand dollars invested in bank stocks in 1918 would be worth nearly two million dollars to-day? That same five hundred thousand invested in gilt-edged bonds would be worth to-day a little more than six hundred thousand. Purchased and held on an outright cash basis, the stocks of banking institutions are relatively immune, however, to speculative fluctuations. The element of risk in the conduct of banking institutions is minimized by regulatory laws, both State and Federal. As instanced in the above estimate, sound investment practices applied to bank stocks provide a substantial yield on capital involved. For these reasons we recommend New York bank and trust company stocks for the conservative investor."

It was in the following year that Rollin floated his first investment trust, one of the earliest offered to the general public. Needless to say, it was an enormous success, although, like many other such trusts set up then and later, it was framed with a remarkable lack of foresight, a curious neglect (as it seems now) of ordinary precautions. For Rollin was a creation of the Big Bull Market. Unlike Percy Matthews who had lived and suffered through the

panic of 1907, Rollin came to fruition on an upward trend; he visualized only a long era of constantly rising prices. On this assumption his investment trust was formed despite the sage (but, it must be admitted, tentative) objections of the senior partner of the firm of Mason & Matthews.

The objections were overruled by the manner in which the public snapped up Bank Stock Investors, Inc. The shares were well over-subscribed before the date of issue. Rollin anticipated as much and was hardly surprised at the reception they obtained. Of course Bank Stock Investors, Inc., was different, he pointed out. Yes, of course. Where other such trusts began with Allied Chemical and ended with Woolworth, Rollin's started with American Exchange Irving, and ended with United States Trust Company. Put out at 18, in three months it was quoted at 45. No, he was not astonished at this either.

Lunching one day with the financial editor of my paper at the Bankers Club, I happened to see Rollin in a corner putting over some big deal with Calvin Bullock. Albert Wiggin, just back from London, stopped to speak to them and gave Rollin a friendly hand; later on George Whitney passed by and engaged him in conversation. As Rollin made his way out, greeting an acquaintance here, nodding across the room to someone else, two young bond salesmen at the next table spoke to each other in the tones one uses in talking about the world's heavyweight boxing champion or a transatlantic flyer. "Thorndyke. Yeah, that's Thorndyke." Had they not seen his picture in the rotogravure sections, snapped on the beach at Southampton or with a friend at Meadowbrook? They watched Rollin, affable, genial, and important, with what seemed to me to be envious eyes. Even my financial editor was not immune; and although he pretended to

be unconcerned when Rollin saw me and gave me the same cheery smile of pleasant and unaffected delight at meeting an old friend, he was impressed just the same.

About this period Rollin's name began to appear as a director in other investment trusts and new corporations along with other big men of Wall Street. How he succeeded in getting in on these good things I do not precisely know. But clearly he was getting a reputation for conservative sound financial judgment: how could he help getting it when the stocks which he selected rose so impressively in price? And his friends were an asset too. It was extraordinary how Rollin made friends, in college, in the army, in business; and how those friends helped him. Even more extraordinary to me was the fact that his new acquaintances invariably happened to be persons of wealth and position. He had the happy faculty, more valuable than a college education, of always finding that his new friends were men who belonged to the Brook and the St. Nicholas Club, that they had seats on the Stock Exchange and tiny places of three hundred and fifty acres on Long Island with kennels, stables, a private beach, a shooting preserve, and an aviation field. These men, the salt of the earth, were the kind of persons who sought him out; which was fortunate for Rollin because they were leaders in American finance, sport, and society. Naturally in no time at all Rollin became one of the leaders also. Soon after he joined Mason & Matthews he was taken into the Knickerbocker Club; soon after he floated his super-investment trust he became a member of the Brook. His successes were merely another proof that there is in this country nothing corresponding to the class snobbery which rules European life, that even the humblest lad can still work up to a position of importance.

Just exactly how much Rollin was worth or how much he made yearly I cannot say. However, he was very rich indeed. Yet he never forgot his old friends. His "Hullo there," as from time to time I penetrated into his inner office, was as hearty and sincere as ever. Many were the exclusive stories of financial conditions that his friendship brought my paper. Once also Rollin generously permitted me to get in on one of his investment trusts—in my small way—before the general public were admitted. I have never forgotten that kindness.

IV

I have often wondered whether Rollin smiled inwardly when asked to address the Bankers Association in late September of 1929. Probably not, for a sense of humor was hardly one of his most noticeable assets. But he could scarcely have failed to remember that first convention he had attended after the War when he was nothing but the Association golf champion. Except for an occasional game late in the afternoon or during the week ends with his friends on Long Island, he seldom played now.

Naturally his speech was tumultuously received. Rollin was an excellent speaker, and the slight weight he had put on of late years had only added force to his spoken word and authority to his opinion. Moreover, his position as well as his insight into business fundamentals gave great importance to his every utterance; there must have been a dozen of us reporters at the convention when he rose to speak. For after all, here was a man who knew, a man really on the inside, who was so placed as to be able to observe the shifting currents of finance and to draw farsighted deductions about the trend of American business. Bankers from the country districts, far removed

from the center of affairs, felt privileged to be able to hear one of the really big men of the period. Just think, they were probably saying to themselves, fifty years ago a man of Thorndyke's importance would have been inaccessible except to a chosen few. And here he was, talking right to them, as easily and calmly as he might talk across the table in some directors' room!

In politics Rollin was a conservative and, although he considered it wrong in any way to intrude his own personal views, he did believe intensely in the continuation of Coolidge policies as a necessity to sustained prosperity throughout the country. "It is my belief . . ." he paused a second to sweep the room with his glance, a handsome, smartly groomed man in the prime of life physically and mentally, confident of himself and his work, ". . . it is my belief that the election of Herbert Hoover last November assured the continuation of our steady advance toward greater and greater prosperity, and that in years to come we shall look back to this year 1929 and realize that we had barely scratched the surface of American industrial progress." This was well received. So were his remarks a minute later when he silenced the croakers and pessimists in short order. "There is nothing to worry about in the financial situation of the United States. Industrial conditions in this country are absolutely sound, and I can assure you that our credit situation is in no way artificial. After all has been said about the recent speculation in stocks, the fact remains that the present bull market is based on confidence in the soundness of American business and in the possibility of future growth." And he ended his speech with a phrase which swept those hard-headed business men completely off their feet, "Gentlemen, we are only at the start of a period that

will go down in history as the golden age."

Curiously enough it was just at this moment, at the start of the period that was to go down in history as the golden age, that I had my first misgiving about Rollin. After the annual dinner of the Association that night I happened to overhear a few words of a conversation between Rollin and old Julius Rothenberg of the banking firm of Rothenberg Brothers. The original Rothenberg came to this country from Frankfurt am Main generations ago; the family had been steeped in banking and banking lore until it was in their blood. It was interesting to watch Julius Rothenberg and Rollin together: the gray-haired man with the thin ascetic face and the reserved almost timid manner and the younger man, persuasive, dynamic, masterful.

Rothenberg was talking to Rollin about International Copper, which Rollin had advised his clients to get in on in 1927 at 43½, and again in 1928 at 127. Rollin knew everything about International Copper, I said to myself as I stood listening to the two men; didn't his statisticians have at their fingers' tips every earnings statement, every production graph, didn't Rollin himself run out to Glen Cove every now and then on the speedboat of the Chairman of the Board, and hobnob with two of the directors at the Knickerbocker Club? Probably at this very moment Rollin knew whether or not I. C. was going to issue rights again this autumn, and whether there was a new syndicate being organized to take the stock to 150.

But it wasn't about stock rights that the old Jewish banker was talking. He was discussing Chilean politics, asking Rollin whether he thought the insurgent faction was capably led and how the present situation compared with that in 1891. It struck me that Rollin began to look a little uncertain

and ill at ease. And as Rothenberg put in a question about the political sympathies of the district in which the International Copper mines were located, for just a moment Rollin's face went quite blank. He shifted, answered the question noncommittally, and turned the talk to something else. In that moment a doubt assailed me: did Rollin really know what an investment expert ought to know about International Copper, or was it to him a symbol on the ticker tape, a collection of annual reports and earnings statements and "information not guaranteed but obtained from sources believed to be reliable," a plaything of promoters and pool managers?

The doubt did not last long, however. I recalled that Rollin's financial judgment had been proved right again and again. Did he not have an army of research men at his call? Was he not right at the financial nexus, the brain-center where decisions were made and issues decided for the whole financial and industrial world? And after all, could one expect an old-fashioned banker brought up in European traditions of over-cautious investment to be in tune with the new America which Rollin represented, and which was to usher us into the golden age?

V

The crash shook Rollin momentarily; far more, in fact, than I appreciated at the time. Outwardly he did not lose faith in America or in the fundamental soundness of the whole American financial system, but talking with him over the telephone in December of that fatal year, I thought I noticed an uncertainty in his voice, usually so buoyant. "Present conditions . . . h'm . . . point to a fairly short period of depression. I . . . ah . . . believe that by next July those businesses which are run scientifically will have

reached a stage on a level with the normal of last year. The deflation of values has been an excellent thing because it proved that the financial institutions of this country are built on a rock of security."

He became much more cheerful during the bull market of the early spring of 1930, or so he seemed in print. Later in the spring, however, when I managed to get in to see him, the change in his appearance shocked me. The cool, confident Rollin was disappearing; some of his jaunty assurance was actually gone. To be sure, he issued as usual a bullish statement for my exclusive use, yet I had a queer feeling that possibly after all my idol had, if not feet of clay, feet somewhat insecurely fastened to this earth. However his firm advertisements and the statements that poured forth from his office reassured me somewhat. Here is a typical one which found its way to my desk:

"After a careful survey of the entire bank stock situation, we recommend for permanent investment at this time, ignoring immediate fluctuations, the stocks of the following banks:

Bank	Present Market Value	Approx. Yield
Chase.....	120	3.80%
Guaranty.....	565	3.45
Equitable.....	124	2.75
Irving.....	55	2.80

"In the case of each of these banks there are definite prospects of either capital increases, stock split-ups, or expansion by merger, or all three. We are confident that our clients who buy any of these bank stocks now will insure to themselves handsome profits in the comparatively near future."

Strange to say, Rollin's clients who bought had losses on their purchases and not handsome profits. This too must have upset him, for when by accident we happened to meet on Broadway one day I was shocked at

the change in my old friend. Deep lines furrowed his face. His hair was more markedly tinged with gray. He was flabby under the cheeks; about the corners of his eyes he looked weary and worn. For the first time his optimism seemed forced. His remarks lacked that precision which one thought of in connection with Rollin. "If we all buckle down to our jobs prosperity will be back again before we realize it." This vagueness one did not associate with him; it was the kind of a statement that might have come from any business service. I was disappointed.

Our paths did not cross again until the end of that year, 1930, when I went around to his office for an interview. Much of the stage-setting of 1929 was missing; the air seemed quieter and more subdued. Rollin was nervously tapping a pencil as I came in and sat down; scarcely had we started to talk when a stenographer interrupted us.

"St. Louis *Post Dispatch* on the wire, Mr. Thorndyke. They want a statement from you about business conditions in 1931."

Rollin cleared his throat. He drew himself up; for just a minute all the old fire was there. "Tell 'em . . . tell 'em . . ." He hesitated a minute. I felt embarrassed. Something within him was failing to click. He looked over at me despairingly. "Hey, Johnny, old boy, what the hell'll I say to those people down there?"

All through this trying period Percy Matthews' confidence in Rollin was moving. He counted not on Hoover nor on Congress nor on a rise in commodity prices nor on the settlement of the situation abroad, but on his younger and more active partner. Was not Rollin the man who had built the firm from nothing? Could he not, therefore, pull them all back again? Then suddenly in the summer of 1931

came the news of Rollin's resignation.

Told baldly, it sounds like the story of a desertion. I admit this was my first reaction on hearing of Rollin's move. But when he had explained it to me in terms of modern business I saw there was nothing of that nature in his leaving Mason, Matthews & Thorndyke. A man has a certain period of usefulness to a certain firm. When that period comes to an end he owes it to himself and to the members of the firm to resign. He should not wait to be asked to leave. Circumstances over which neither individuals nor houses have any control often bring about these conditions. When the occasion arises, the only thing to do is to act at whatever risk! As Rollin went into it in detail I realized more fully his unselfishness.

Besides, he added as an afterthought, Percy Matthews was an old man now. Their firm had really seen its best days. It was not progressive or forward-looking. In these times one had to swim with the tide or go under. Now young Ned Kilbourne, with whom he was going into partnership, was a real live wire. Of course he knew nothing about banking, but Rollin would teach him all that. Their offices were to be small at the start; that, however, was exactly what he wanted, a small house capable of expansion when normal times returned, not one of those big inflated houses with tremendous overhead eating up your profits. Moreover, this would give him an opportunity to prove what he could do as a senior member of the firm. That was all he asked, all anyone could ask.

Unfortunately normal times did not return as fast as Rollin anticipated, and with every succeeding month of 1931 his gloom deepened. It was not so much that his own fortune had shrunk to nothing as that his world seemed also to have diminished in importance; all the things he held of value were

falling to pieces before his eyes. He was stunned. He could not understand it. For a while he regarded the situation almost as a personal insult. He blamed Hoover, about whom he had formerly been enthusiastic. Those endless conferences, those commissions. What was the man *doing* anyhow? Talk, talk, talk. The country needed action, not talk, at a time like this. Now Mussolini, ah, there was a man for you. He didn't talk, he acted. What this country needed was a Mussolini.

Later on Rollin blamed Congress. Congress was a bunch of useless old wind-bags. No real appreciation of what the sound business men of this country were going through. If Congress would only balance the budget and adjourn, the business leaders of the country might have some chance to set things straight again. What we needed was less government in business. I wanted to ask him if he were referring to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation when he said this, but I didn't. He was too low in his mind. During this period Rollin was lower than Bank Stock Investors, Inc. which was quoted at $2\frac{1}{4}$ bid, $2\frac{1}{2}$ asked.

VI

Early in 1932 I ran into him stepping into a taxicab at dusk one night in front of 80 Broadway, his new offices. The sight reassured me. It was comforting to observe that in spite of the precarious condition of the gold standard, despite the virtual bankruptcy of Europe and the ten millions of unemployed in our native land, Rollin had not yet been reduced to riding uptown in the subway. But in our brief conversation he dwelt on none of these topics, rather on his own enormous losses and those of his friends. For just a few minutes I was able to forget the spiritual and material suffering

of humanity in Rollin's greater troubles. For Rollin seemed to have the idea that he and his friends were bearing the brunt of the depression. The vagrant unemployed were to be pitied, perhaps, but they at least were free men with no commitments to meet, no taxes to pay to extravagant governments, no capital to watch dwindling in value, no burdens of responsibility to bear. It was people like Rollin who were getting the worst of things.

During the spring his bewilderment increased, and I heard indirectly that he was concerned about the danger of a revolution. Rollin had more or less dropped out of the public eye; for some time he had refused to be quoted in print, maintaining that it was undignified for a banker to be talking continually in the newspapers. His name had not been prominent either as heading new investment trusts or as a director in new corporations. Possibly that was undignified also; or could it be that investment trusts and new corporations were no longer in the making?

For six months or more I had heard nothing about Rollin until we met by accident one day last August. "Hullo there . . ." His eagerness to see me was touching. It was pleasant, too, to observe that much of his former buoyancy and cheerfulness seemed to have returned. He insisted on taking me up to see his new offices and introducing me to the other partners. No use talking; in American business you can't keep a good man down.

I was heartened also to notice that he had recovered much of his spontaneity and effervescence. Helped by the stock market rise of the summer, he had forgotten all about revolutions; once more he was a bull on America and sound American stocks. The same old Rollin, and not afraid to put himself on record either. His offices, it is true, were small compared to those

of M. M. & T. in the heyday of their pomp but, as he showed me, they were capable of being enlarged. Their small force was being whipped into a compact and aggressive sales organization, ready, so he said, for expansion the moment we had "normal times" again.

What did he think of the present situation? "Boy, the folks who bought good sound bank stocks during this past summer have laid the foundation not merely for a well-balanced investment program but for the great fortunes of to-morrow. They have built for future prosperity." I wanted to ask him about the people who had bought these same good sound stocks through 1930 and 1931, but his enthusiasm prevented.

"Here . . . read this . . . just sending it out to a selected list . . . old clients of the firm . . ."

I read. And for a second or two it seemed to me that I was back again in that huge corner room at 52 Wall Street with all its expensive furniture and elaborate paraphernalia, that Rollin was the Rollin of old, that National City Bank was really worth 585, and Charlie Mitchell was really a financial wizard. I took the sheet he extended and read it almost as in a dream. Was this 1932 or 1929? Vaguely I felt in his printed words the old familiar ring, the old Rollin refrain.

"New York Bank stocks have in many instances advanced as much as *one hundred per cent* over the low levels of last spring. The recent action of bank shares shows them to be in a sound technical position and would tend to instill confidence in the minds of investors. *Now* is the moment to get your investment in the biggest and strongest financial institutions in the world at a time when unheard of yields of *six, seven, or even eight per cent* on unquestionable security are obtainable. This firm, backed by years of experience in the bank stock field, recommends particularly at current levels instant purchase of the shares of Security Trust Company, Fidelity Mutual Trust Company, and the Fourth Avenue National Bank, all of which we believe to be conservatively priced."

"Sound technical position." "Investment in the biggest financial institutions in the world." There was a reminiscent tone to the tune. Before leaving I wanted to get the benefit of Rollin's years of experience in the field and ask about my Bank Stock Investors, Inc. and my eleven hundred and seventy-eight dollars, now worth at least a hundred and sixty-two fifty. But no . . . one could hardly burden a big man of Wall Street with picayune personal problems. I left without even mentioning the matter.



THE STATESMANSHIP OF MR. GARNER

BY GEORGE MILBURN

IT IS unlikely that there is a man in public life to-day who has had as much written about him and as little told about him as has John Nance Garner, the Representative from Uvalde, Texas, whom the Democratic Party nominated for the Vice-Presidency last July.

Two years ago he was a typical log-rolling Congressman whom the slow-working tradition of seniority had carried to a high place in Congress. One year ago he occupied the most strategic place in his party. Three months ago he was shouting exultantly, "I hold the most powerful position in this Government, excepting that of the President!" To-day he is offering himself, not for one, but for two of the highest offices the voters of this country can confer upon any person. And yet, as a publicity director at Democratic National Campaign Headquarters said to me last August, "It's a funny thing: here's a man who has been before the public for thirty years, and yet nobody don't know nothing about him."

This complaint is not precisely true, of course. Although important phases of his character were neglected until Mr. Garner himself revealed some of them in the limelight, scores of writers have certified the more intimate details of his career.

He is a good-natured man and, even when he grows irascible, his bark is worse than his bite. He belongs to the Rotary Club, indulges in horseplay, likes to tell jokes, and drinks hard

liquor on occasion. While he is not a church member, he confesses to South Methodist leanings. When he goes fishing he really catches fish; and his renown as a poker player amounts almost to notoriety, but he does not enjoy other social functions. His clothes are seldom in press, and usually he needs a shave. Around Uvalde, Texas, he is known as a sharp trader in livestock, and around Washington, D. C., he is known as a sharp trader in votes. He has never let a newspaper man down on a story, which is more than the Washington correspondents can say for some other politicians. They like John Garner, and they have tried to coin colorful nicknames for him: Mustang Jack, Cactus Jack, the Texas Tiger, and so on, but for some reason none of these has ever stuck very well. Still the newspaper men have never lost an opportunity to apotheosize his mediocrity.

It should be said in John Garner's favor that he was in Congress for almost thirty years before he made any pretense of being anything more than a county-seat politician, practicing the time-tried political tricks with more cleverness than the average Congressman, perhaps, but still without any great show of originality. He was quite frank about his use of the pork barrel, and he went about his logrolling with a genial countenance. He had none of the qualities of a statesman, and until whimsical fate placed him in a position of great authority at a critical

time, and the resulting applause turned his head, he made not the slightest effort to presume upon his definite limitations.

The story of a small man elevated makes extremely good reading, and the men in the Capitol press gallery realized that they had in Garner an inexhaustible supply of human-interest yarns even before he moved up through the position of Minority Leader to become Speaker of the House. But the ballyhoo that was to put cubits to his stature and ambitious ideas into his head actually did not get its magnavox until January 11, 1932, when that splendid super-patriot, William Randolph Hearst, made a radio address in which he proposed that the Democratic Party nominate John Nance Garner for the Presidency. Mr. Hearst was bravely seconded in this by his string of twenty-odd newspapers and by several magazine writers from Texas.

One need not be a skeptic to suspect that Mr. Hearst's motives were not altogether altruistic. Otherwise he might have selected a less precarious moment for diverting the Speaker's level but limited intelligence. At least two of Mr. Hearst's reasons for suddenly discovering John Garner's presidential possibilities are fairly obvious. The Hearst newspapers had been vigorously advocating a general manufacturers' sales tax which would ease their owner's tax burden somewhat. Speaker Garner had a clear record against the sales tax, but his support was necessary if the sales tax provision were to be brought before the House. Garner is an honest, hard-headed man, and the wealthy newspaper publisher realized that no ordinary methods of lobbying would have effect on him. Mr. Hearst's other purpose was more patriotic. There seemed to be a real possibility at the time that if Roosevelt and Smith deadlocked the forthcoming

Democratic convention, Newton D. Baker had the best dark-horse chances. Mr. Hearst, panting to save his native land from the ravages of internationalism, hurried forth to present a dark-horse candidate of his own.

One of the Hearst papers' modest contributions to the Garner boom was a Garner birthplace. It has long been understood that any presidential candidate who can claim log-cabin origin is placed firmly in a category with Abraham Lincoln and, therefore, about three jumps ahead of the next-best contender. There was some uncertainty in Texas as to whether Jack Garner had in fact first seen the light of day through mud chinks. The troublesome question was, where would that log cabin be now, sixty-two years after the happy event? An extensive search was begun for the humble structure. Mr. Hearst, however, refused to be bothered. One of his more imaginative staff artists was delegated to draw a picture of a log cabin suitable to presidential nativity. This provided a very fetching illustration for "The Romantic Story of John N. Garner," which presently was being serialized by the Hearst syndicate. There was such a gratifying similarity to the cover on a mammy song that the Garner men had it greatly enlarged and used it to embellish a huge canvas sideshow banner which they bore away to the Chicago convention.

II

How closely the newspaper artist restored the home of John Garner's early infancy the world will never know, but the locality in which it stood was certainly Blossom Prairie, a rural center near the village of Detroit, in the northeastern part of Texas and only a few miles south of the Oklahoma border. There is also an unfortunate discrepancy about his birth date, which

some writers, among them his official biographer, give as November 22, 1868, but which other authorities, possibly more reliable, set a year later. The distant past, however, is always less remote than the immediate past, and we are told with confidence that, while about all that can be said of the Garner line is that it was godfearing American stock, the Nances were blown-in-the-glass aristocrats with a coat of arms and a Latin motto complete, and Aunt Kitty Garner has records to prove that John is a descendant of Robert Walpole, first earl of Orford and Prime Minister of England two hundred years ago. As a matter of fact, even if Garner père did domicile his family in a mud-chinked log cabin, his marriage to the village banker's daughter, John's mother, indicates a social status above poor white.

Garner biographers usually have a few well-chosen remarks to make about his boyhood poverty and his toiling days on the farm. All such references are vague, however, perhaps because any drudgery to which our hero may have been subjected was of brief extent. He went to country school until he reached the fourth grade. His formal education stopped there, and at the age of sixteen we have reports of his slaving away as a clerk in his uncle's general store at Detroit, Texas. It was at about this time that he bought an orphan mule colt for seven dollars, raised it by hand, and disposed of it for one hundred and fifty dollars, a transaction highly indicative of the career that was to follow.

He forsook counterjumping to go to Clarksville, the county seat, where he labored for a while as a semi-professional baseball shortstop. It was a strenuous position. The gaffers of that vicinity recollect to this day the free-for-all that took place before the ninth inning was played between the Possum Trot team, champions of north-

east Texas, and the nine from Coon Soup Hollow.

Meanwhile the youth, taking advantage of his residence in the county seat, was using his spare time to read law with a local attorneys' firm. He progressed so rapidly in this more genteel pursuit that he was admitted to the bar at twenty-one. Thereupon he set up office with a schoolteacher from Tennessee named Ward, a man of thirty. Litigants have ever been wary of youth, so there was nothing for John to do except run for office. He offered himself as city attorney and was promptly rejected by the voters.

After his first defeat matters were in a sorry state all around. His health was not good. Consumption, the doctors and old wives said. Late in 1890 he formed another law partnership with one Tully Fuller and moved to the higher, drier town of Uvalde, four hundred miles to the south, in the Rio Grande valley. Here his health was restored and he seems to have prospered almost from the beginning. Before long he was buying up stock in the local banks and acquiring farm lands. He took on the ownership and editorship of the *Uvalde Leader*, a weekly paper, and soon was girding himself for politics once more. This time he had the fortunate approval of the local party leaders; and when death removed the county judge, young Garner was appointed to fill out his unexpired term.

He had been elected county judge for another term by the time he met Ettie Rheiner, a girl from a neighboring town who was going to business college in San Antonio, studying shorthand. The romantic rumor is that the young jurist's reputation as a gambling man had already been noised about the cactus flats and that Ettie, a rather strait-laced girl, at first disapproved of him so strongly that she opposed his election without ever having seen him.

But when they did meet for the first time she found him irresistible and he found her indispensable. They were married before long, and Mrs. Garner has been her husband's secretary ever since. Many tributes have been paid to her efficiency, and there seems to be no doubt about her earning her thirty-nine hundred dollars a year from the government.

Their first and only child, a son, was born a year later; and inasmuch as some time had to pass before he too could go on the government payroll as "contact man" for his father, it is regrettable to report that John Garner no sooner became a family man than he found himself out of public office. He has not let that happen since. And in this one case, his Hearst biographer assures us, it was only because he was made the butt of some innocent frontier fun.

The vote of naturalized Mexicans in Uvalde County was considerable, and it was, of course, controlled in a block by the local Democratic organization. The Mexicans placed a proper valuation on their vote, and they were accustomed to apply to the county fund for financial assistance, usually claiming sickness. The young judge, whose duty it was to authorize such outlays, decided in his second term to institute unprecedented measures of economy. He went out and bought a large box of pills and, when the next peon came in to apply for medical aid, he handed him pills instead of cash and saw to it that the greaser took three. The following morning he was dismayed to receive application for the Mexican's burial certificate. The fellow had died in the night, he was told. The story got around among the Mexicans, and for the moment Garner's political future was blasted. When he came up for renomination in the Democratic primary, which is tantamount to election in Texas, he was soundly defeated.

The Mexicans seemingly did not resent the death of their compatriot as much as they did the callous principle of giving sick men pills instead of money. At any rate, it did go a bit far for a practical joke; we are solemnly informed that the sick Mexican really recovered at once. His demise was only the idea of village wiseacres who wanted to have some sport with the judge.

How long it took the young politician to restore the Mexicans' faith in him is not a matter of record, but it was accomplished, and his campaign biographer tells of their all calling him *Tio Juan* as a token of their deep affection for him. Now that he was out of office once more, however, he did not confine his political activities to wooing back the all-important Mexican vote. He also redoubled his activity in the local party organization. A year later we find him playing smart politics with the Nordics at a congressional convention called down at Corpus Christi for the purpose of filling a vacancy left by death. There he used a pocketful of proxies to make a clever trade-off and in return became chairman of the district campaign committee. By the fall of 1898 he was back in the good graces of the organization and the Mexican voters sufficiently to be elected to the Texas State Legislature. He remained there for two sessions, and while no remarkable feats of statesmanship signalized his tenure at Austin, two acts make it the most noteworthy period of his career. It was at this time that he evolved an idea for splitting Texas up into five new States. His purpose was to increase Democratic representation in the Senate. The annexation treaty with Texas suggested such a division, but his proud fellow-Texans regard it nowadays as one of John Garner's original whimsies. In spite of their snickers he has held to the notion steadfastly for more than thirty years, agitates for it ever so often in Congress, and

evidently considers it one of the most far-reaching pieces of legislation he has ever proposed.

His other venture into statecraft also had to do with the political map. But it was on a smaller scale, and it was as successful as it was characteristic. While he was in the Texas Legislature he arranged for his election to Congress by creating his own congressional district. It is true that this maneuver was his only way around an insuperable barrier to Congress. It is also true that the same barrier has kept him secure in Congress for thirty years.

III

When a Congressman is elected from the solid South he goes prepared to stay in the House of Representatives until he dies, allowing only for voluntary retirement or for ambition that might prompt him to run for higher office. His local prestige increases tremendously each year, especially if he does nothing to distinguish himself. It becomes virtually impossible for any other Democratic politician, however personable and energetic, to dislodge him. Texas is no different from any other Southern State in this; and John Garner, pondering his political prospect back in the Texas State Legislature, realized as much. He was from the old Seventh Congressional District, from which a wealthy and powerful man had recently been sent to fill the place of a Representative who had died in office.

Garner's big chance came in his second term as a State Legislator. The 1900 census entitled Texas to greater representation in Congress. John Garner was chairman of the congressional redistricting committee at the 1901 session of the Texas Legislature. He used his authority to block out a new congressional district in which he could be confident of election. Other

aspirants he placated with similar arrangements, and after a hotel-room canvass he succeeded in getting a majority of the legislators pledged to adopt his redistricting stratagem. Then he hastened back to Uvalde County and filed for Congress in the new Fifteenth District, his own creation.

One Judge Dibrell, an aged State Senator, was the only other candidate who provided any real opposition, and he withdrew in the middle of the race. At the Congressional convention in Laredo, August 27, 1902, John Garner was nominated by acclamation. That was equivalent to election; the only Republicans in those parts are the postmasters. Ironically for one whom Mr. Hearst was to sponsor as an isolationist, the vote in that district of twenty-two sparsely settled counties stretching along the Rio Grande Valley from Brownsville to Eagle Pass was eighty per cent that of naturalized Mexicans. It has not been necessary for Garner to make an electioneering speech in twenty years, and he never bothers to send out franked speeches. They would have to be bilingual to have any effect in his constituency. He went to Congress in 1903 with the comforting assurance that his district would dutifully return him there every two years as long as he stayed in the Democratic Party and kept uppermost in his mind the Fifteenth Congressional District of Texas, with especial emphasis on that very substantial part of it, John Nance Garner. The record gives no inkling of his ever having done more than that.

But it is easy to imagine a more propitious time for a young Democratic Congressman to come up to Washington than the imperious Theodore's special session of November, 1903. Uncle Joe Cannon, the Republican Speaker, ruled the House with a despotic hand, and while Garner had a

feeling that he was in the right place from the beginning, he was smothered in those early days. Indeed, when Champ Clark became Democratic Speaker in 1911, he discovered that his Texas protégé had been in Congress for eight years without ever having made a speech. Garner had followed Clark's leadership doggedly, however, without the slightest attempt at monkeyshines out of line, and he was assiduous in looking out for the folks back home. His first committee assignment was last place on Railways and Canals, and the following spring he reported his first bill, providing for a coastwise canal in Texas. He also asked for a new federal building at Eagle Pass, and as soon as he got his bearings he was able to fix it up so that Del Rio could have a new federal courthouse.

His extra-legislative activities at this time were doubtless of greater importance. He has always made friends with extraordinary rapidity, and he had not been in Washington long before he was holding some mean hands at the Boar's Head, an exclusive poker club. Here he had intimate contact with the great and powerful. Nor was it an extravagant occupation for him, a five-thousand-dollar-a-year Congressman with a family to support. He found it profitable dalliance in more ways than one. His poker is said to have netted him fifteen thousand dollars in a single session of Congress.

Garner's first objective, and one remote enough at the time, was a place on the powerful Ways and Means Committee. He lost some of his progress by seniority when in December, 1905, the boss of Texas, Albert Sidney Burleson, intimidating the youngster as a matter of principle, had him yanked off Railways and Canals and placed on Foreign Affairs at the bottom of the list again. But John applied himself to a study of the House

rules, devoted himself to Champ Clark's leadership, and after ten sedulous years, during which the Democrats came into control and Clark became Speaker, reached his objective. The Democratic leaders tried to seduce him with a chairmanship on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, but he rebuffed them: "I don't want the chairmanship of Foreign Affairs. I am going to a place where I can make a chairmanship for myself!" When it came to a Democratic caucus the disapproving party leaders found that John Garner had enough votes to give him the Ways and Means membership on which he had his head set.

He took his place at the bottom of the Ways and Means Committee in April, 1913, a date doubly momentous, for it was then also that Garner established himself as a wit of the first order. Although his theoretical views on high tariff are those of his party, in actual practice, through Democratic and Republican administrations alike, he holds out for protection on the products of his own district. At the framing of the Democratic Underwood-Simmons tariff bill he had been particularly obstinate about a ten per cent duty on mohair, inasmuch as his is a goat-raising region. Then up rose one J. Hampton Moore, Republican, to recite one of his own little compositions entitled "Garner's Goat of Texas." Moore's poesy was so funny it nearly floored everyone, but the hilarity was even greater when Garner scrambled to his feet with this sally:

Hampie Moore is a helluva poet—
He don't know a sheep from a goat.

From that time on Garner was an acknowledged master of the snappy comeback, and only the bravest legislators would risk devastation by engaging him in debate.

Meanwhile, if his rise was so slow as to be imperceptible at times, it was

continuous. He had aligned himself firmly with Champ Clark in the revolt against Cannon's dictatorship; but when Woodrow Wilson and Champ Clark became estranged at the 1912 convention, he shrewdly avoided taking sides and got on very well as unofficial go-between. By 1915 he was feeling his oats sufficiently to enunciate on the floor of the House in a most forthright manner that great American precept to which he has so often turned for guidance:

There are half a dozen places in my district where federal buildings are being erected, or have recently been constructed, at a cost to the government far in excess of the actual needs of the communities. Take Uvalde, my home town, for instance. We are putting up a post office down there at a cost of \$60,000 when a \$5,000 building would be entirely adequate. This is mighty bad business for Uncle Sam, and I'll admit it, but the other fellows in Congress have been doing it for a long time, and I can't make them quit. Now, we Democrats are in charge of the House and I'll tell you right now every time one of these Yankees gets a ham I'm going to do my best to get a hog!

John Garner spoke from his heart. At least his frankness was commendable. Not once in his entire career has he risen above the level of a smart county-seat politician. Not a single piece of important legislation graces his lifetime record in Congress. Nor has he ever ventured into experimental statecraft. He has always been content to employ methods proved successful by generations of politicians before him. Throughout his long years in Congress he has kept one of his hands dipping into the pork barrel, and he has kept his other hand busy scratching backs. If the people of this country ever expected more of him, the deception rests with his none-too-reputable promoters, and not with the forthright Representative from Texas.

As America's entry into the World

War approached, the Government was soon lending the Allies money at a great rate, happily increasing their buying powers. Once, at a hearing before the Ways and Means Committee, Congressman Garner naïvely asked the resplendent Secretary of Treasury, Mr. McAdoo, whether the United States was ever going to get all that money back. McAdoo kindly explained that the United States would, and Garner still cherishes those words. He also continued trying to do something about the division of Texas. Although he opposed the Eighteenth Amendment, he afterwards voted for the enforcement measures so consistently that the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals rated him as a dry until the end.

Death has always been John Garner's most active partisan. All the while, slowly and quietly, it and the tradition of seniority were at work for him. Champ Clark died in 1921. When Minority Leader Kitchen died in 1923, Garner became ranking Democrat on Ways and Means. But Kitchen, in failing health, had persuaded the Democratic caucus to go against precedent and name the Tennessean, Finis Garrett, floor leader, instead of Garner, who was in line for the place. Garner considered challenging Garrett's leadership, but in the end he decided to forgo a party fight and to seek a contest of greater political expedience elsewhere.

Up until this time he had been an obscure Congressman from a remote rural district. Even in Texas, outside his own neighborhood, his name was little known. Curiously, it was Andrew Mellon, then Secretary of Treasury, who presented him with his first opportunity to experience the heady delights of national attention. James Couzens of Michigan had already pointed the way by indicating in the Senate that the venerated Mellon was

not beyond reproach, but he had failed to make the splurge of it that Garner did.

Mellon brought forth his peace-time tax-reduction bill in 1924. The other committee members were prepared to accept it with all the homage due the greatest Secretary of Treasury since Alexander Hamilton. But Garner suddenly tore into the sacrosanct document with rebel yells. His florid epithets, sweetly reminiscent of South-western stump oratory, soon clogged the air. "Uncle Andy! America's Santy Claus to Big Business!" he sneered and shrieked. Predatory rich! Minions of Wall Street! Discrimination against the common people! The Mellon plan, he found, gave the \$200,000-a-year man a 39 per cent tax cut, whereas the \$5,000-a-year man was benefited with only a 25 per cent reduction. The Administration, somewhat dazed by the apoplectic violence of his attack, drew off to take a fresh grip on itself. Garner, owner of two prosperous banks out in Texas and a wealthy man himself, had been toying with theories of high finance for some time. Having shredded the sacred Mellon plan, he completed the profanation by appearing with a tax reduction program of his own. After a winter of backing and filling with a coalition of Western Republicans, a compromise, the Garner-Simmons bill, eventually became law.

The liberal press later hailed Garner in the most extravagant terms as the man who had broken the satanic Mellon's domination. He was glorified as guardian of the people's languishing rights and as the last rugged defender of democracy. There was nothing in the episode to indicate that he had been actuated by anything more than partisanship, but that was gladly overlooked. As for Garner, he was hardly one to abandon a goat after only one lope around the lot. He turned the

floor of the House into an arena and played a continuous performance with all hands present to enjoy the show. His charges against Mellon and Wall Street became so preposterous that they were easily and finally disproved, but the effect on votes in Texas was tremendous, and Garner emerged from his plangent foray a hero in full professional standing.

Later he modestly gave out his fundamental theory of success: "I have always done what I thought best for my country, *never varying unless I was advised that two-thirds of the Democrats were for a bill*, and then I voted for it."

Of course there were people who professed to find something equivocal in this politic recipe. But John Garner explained with enviable serenity, "I fool them all by telling them the truth."

IV

It was not the truth that fooled Mr. Garner, however. He was destined to afford the country the pitiable spectacle of a public man deluded by his own ballyhoo.

Finis J. Garrett, Democratic floor leader and the last obstacle in Garner's way to the head of his party in Congress, conveniently removed himself to run for the Senate in 1928. Defeated, he accepted a federal appointment from Coolidge that assured his permanent absence. John Garner became Minority Leader in the Seventy-first Congress after twenty-six years of following and waiting.

But not idle waiting. He had applied his hard-bitten shrewdness industriously, and he had acquired high skill in politics, an American game somewhat like poker. For example, when an insurgent Texan, one Sid Hardin of his district, drew up a bill of complaint that charged him with having spent one hundred thousand dollars in his 1928 campaign and with having

brought unnaturalized Mexicans across the border to vote, Garner, far from discomfited, utilized the accusations for political thunder. Local Democratic officials immediately nabbed Hardin, threatened him with indictment for libel, and made him sign a public retraction. But that was not Garner's method. He called loudly for an investigation by the House Election Committee, offered to resign if any irregularity were found, and called upon God and the neighbors to witness that because he advocated a federal inheritance tax he was being persecuted by a wicked organization known as The American Taxpayers' League. He was completely exonerated by the investigating committee.

These troubled times, however, demand something more adequate than sharp dealing and long patience. As a small-town banker, as a Congressman from Texas, John Garner was a success. But once he assumed a position of great responsibility the pettiness of his talent was exposed and even the potency of his politics developed flaws. There is nothing in his record as Minority Leader to support his reputation as a rugged opposition fighter. The truth is, his leadership was listless and irresponsible, and not once did it challenge the Republican regime of Longworth-Tilson-Snell, in spite of that triumvirate's obvious weakness. Any show of resistance whatsoever on the part of a militant minority would have been enough to rout its shaky authority. The outrageous Smoot-Hawley tariff provided a fair test of Garner. He met it, not with courage and aggressiveness, but with the usual partisan bombast; taking care, incidentally, that bermuda onions and goat hair, products of his own district, were given tariff protection. His failure to distinguish himself at a time when the situation called for something more than stump speeches and the guile of a

country politician was a presage of the incompetence he was to exhibit when he became Speaker of the House.

Death gave him another hand up in 1931. He had been an unsuccessful candidate for the Speakership in 1928; but a number of Republican representatives died in 1931, among them Speaker Longworth, and as the time approached for the Seventy-second Congress to convene it became apparent that the Democrats would have a slender majority in the House and that John Nance Garner would be its Speaker.

Political observers, remembering his past performance, predicted a rowdy session; but everything started off with surprising smoothness. Antagonism developed between O'Connor of New York and Rainey of Illinois, both of whom wanted to be Majority Leader. Garner straightened that out at breakfast with Boss Curry of Tammany, a meeting arranged by the hopeful O'Connor, but the results of which cleared the way for Rainey, whom Garner favored. "I'd never seen one of those animals from Tammany Hall before," the Speaker confessed. "I couldn't see any horns and hoofs on him. He told me he's got a brother and lots of kin in Texas."

Although he pooh-poohed rumors that to facilitate the urgent economic legislation a truce would be made with the Administration, Hoover's remedial measures were soon going through the House with machine-like expedition. The Speaker seemed in absolute accord with the White House, and even invoked the gag rule to push through the Administration's Glass-Steagall Bill. "This isn't a session of Congress," Representative La Guardia grumbled, "This is a kissing bee!" The calm was portentous. For want of anything else to write about, correspondents regaled their readers with stories of how Speaker Garner had shattered four

gavels in his first week. Readers were reassured by the thought of Congress being presided over by such a strong man. The newspapers also recorded that the number of new gavels presented the Speaker by admirers in all parts of the nation had reached sixty-one and that more were coming in every day. The Speaker's frugality was also good for several stickfuls. Emulating Coolidge, who eked out his term without the presidential yacht, Garner declined to use the Speaker's limousine and chauffeur. This economy set a fine example for everyone. The whole country applauded the alliterative slogan which he thought up for the new session: "The Budget Must Be Balanced!"

Few were prepared for the débâcle. As early as December 7, 1931, when he was acclaimed Speaker, his neighbors out in Uvalde had organized a Garner-for-President Club. Nothing remarkable in that, but a month later when Hearst began urging his presidential nomination, that was something else again. Garner's first firm denials ran the customary scale from resolute to faint to inaudible.

Even at the time he was issuing his denials he was opening his own proleptic campaign for the presidency. In February he made a resounding personal attack on the President for having "led us into the greatest panic the world has ever known." The House, meanwhile, was drifting into chaos. Guerilla leaderships were set up under his nose while he, the nominal leader, was bemused with his aggrandizement in the Hearst press. And yet he could hardly have overlooked his multimillionaire patron's stirring advocacy of a general manufacturers' sales tax, designed to shift a good part of the rich man's burden to the small-salaried consumer. Consider now the valiant champion of the common man.

Moving with caution and ambiguity, as befits a veteran at politics, he attended the Joint Committee on Policy when the resolution to balance the budget was made. Next he appeared at the first session of the House Ways and Means Committee, where he testified in favor of the sales tax provision. He carefully avoided all subsequent meetings, but it was necessary for him to approve the Revenue Bill, of which the sales tax was a part, before Charles Crisp, Acting Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee could report it to the House. The Speaker abstained from taking a decisive stand.

Then the blow-off came. Garner's leadership, which had seemed so smooth and firm, vanished completely. He was apparently incapable of meeting any real challenge, and control slipped quickly from his grasp. He fled from the floor, leaving Crisp and La Guardia, the insurgent leader, to fight it out. It was the first great test of authority in his entire political career, and he was routed without so much as a struggle.

By this time the leaderless House was in pandemonium. Panic tightened on the country and black ruin faced its entire financial structure. Genuinely alarmed, the buffeted Garner crept back to the floor of the House to plead for *any* tax bill that would balance the budget. He did not neglect to cry out tremulously that he had always been opposed to the sales tax as unfair to the common man, and this one had been forced upon him only because it was the one possible way in which to balance the budget. Nevertheless, the coalition of insurgents rewrote the Revenue Bill, on the floor of the House, replacing the sales tax with nuisance taxes, while Garner, impotent and bewildered, stood by. He was acutely aware that his prestige was waning. As soon as he conveniently could, he turned his at-

tention back to his presidential boom, seeking to restore his reputation as a rugged fighting man. Courageously, he resumed his railing manifestoes against Hoover.

His maledictions, unfortunately, had no effect in solving the tremendous problems which confronted the House. It was touching at this perilous time to see the speaker groping back to his old congressional days when all that was demanded of him was that he put in occasionally for a new federal building out in Texas. He brought forth his unemployment relief bill, providing for a four-billion-dollar government bond issue, three billion of which was to go in direct loans to States, and almost a billion of which was to be spent on twenty-three hundred new post offices and other federal projects, allocated according to the number of voters and not to relative need. It was a brazen political gesture, even to listing the cities and localities that were to be in on the spoils. This was enough to move even phlegmatic Mr. Hoover to gasp, "The most gigantic pork barrel raid ever proposed to an American Congress!" Garner grinned when he heard that, but he soon replied, "The Democrats didn't expect any real co-operation in any matter benefiting the masses and those who might be termed the middle classes of American people." Then cities in various parts of the country began rejecting the proffered federal projects as extravagant and unnecessary. The Speaker hastily called a Democratic caucus and jammed his bill through the House.

He had been talking and acting like a candidate for several months now. He was still fairly stout in maintaining that his hat was not in the ring, but again and again he emerged from the bedlam of the House to indulge in the most pointless partisan recriminations. In May he rolled the pork barrel out on the House floor once again, and the

panicky congressmen found themselves confronted by a hundred-million-dollar pension bill. They passed it, although it was enough to wipe out all economies the House had previously provided for.

Coincident with these pleasant activities, Texas had assured Garner of forty-six votes at the Democratic convention. Smith and Roosevelt had split the wet vote in the California primaries, and dry followers of the Speaker's pious adherent, William Gibbs McAdoo, had thereupon delivered him forty-four votes. He took no overt notice of these gratifying developments until June 21, a week before the convention, when he issued a formal statement, declaring for the repeal of the "unsound and unworkable" 18th Amendment; promising to "take no flim flam as to the ability of debtor nations to pay"; denouncing the protective tariff; viewing with alarm "the constantly increasing tendency toward Socialism and Communism [as] the gravest possible menace," and advocating that "the government use every means within its power to prevent their further spread"; pointing with pride to the relief measures he had sponsored; in brief, announcing willingness "to serve my country and my party to the limit of my capacity."

He wouldn't accept the vice-presidential nomination, however. He was quite emphatic about that; though later he added, "I am in the hands of my friends and they can do anything they want to with me except put me in jail."

V

"This supreme hour calls for a *man*," said Senator Tom Connally of Texas, placing Mr. Garner in nomination at the Chicago convention. "Weak and wavering vacillation must give way to a leader with a sense of direction and determination to reach his destination. In answer to that call

Texas presents to this convention a superb Democrat, a militant leader, a man of the people."

Even then the ambush had been laid. The first ballot revealed that Garner's block of ninety votes, too small to put him within reach of the nomination, was yet large enough to decide it. Al Smith felt the knife descending on him. The men who controlled Garner's votes were his implacable enemies, Hearst and McAdoo. In desperation he tried to reach Garner by long-distance telephone to beg him not to permit this stealthy blow. But in Washington the Speaker had coolly given instructions that if Smith called from Chicago the connection was not to be put through. It was scarcely necessary for Mr. Roosevelt to call. McAdoo was in charge of all arrangements, and when, on the third ballot, Garner's vote began increasing, the sad Californian decided that it would be indiscreet to hold off longer. On the fourth ballot, amid the deafening boos of a throng strangely insensitive to politicians' decency, McAdoo announced the release of Garner's ninety votes to Roosevelt. His bitter score with Al Smith was settled. John Nance Garner came in for his share the following day when he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by acclamation.

VI

One sweltering Sunday morning last August a room at the Biltmore was crowded with a spidery phalanx of cameras pointing on an empty chair. Presently two funereal politicians hurried into the room, each clasping an elbow of a shorter, white-haired man whom they ushered to the empty chair. The stocky man sat down looking chastened.

He had a face that resembled the face of a new-born baby. Not even

the white tufts above his small, pale-blue eyes disturbed the illusion. His face was as puckered and as bright red as if it had been skinned. His mouth turned down at the corners and it seemed ready at any moment to open with a wail. The aides hovered about solicitously.

"All right now, Mr. Speaker!" one of the news photographers called briskly, "Let's have one of them old-time campaign smiles!"

"One of them campaign smiles, eh?" said John Nance Garner in accents peculiar to Texas. "All right. Anything you boys say goes." The politicians around chuckled in chorus and the scarlet one grinned and the flash-lights blazed. "I tell *you*, you writing boys ain't in it with these photographers," the Democratic vice-presidential nominee went on sagely. "A good picture helps more than a write-up does, any day. You don't have to explain a picture. Everybody can understand what a picture means. You don't have to be able to read to understand a picture."

This discourse heartened the photographers so much that they took right profiles and left profiles and one pose with arm upraised in a gesture of greeting New York and another pose with valise in hand in a gesture of good-by New York.

Mr. Garner, for all his reputation as a fire-eater, was oddly tractable that hot Sunday morning. There was even a note of docility in his statement to the press: "I am here to see my boss. I can't say anything until I get my orders from my boss. And Governor Roosevelt is my boss."

This was a decided change in tone, and it was a great relief to the Democrats in charge of his brief visit East. The day before his arrival in New York there had been a frankly apprehensive atmosphere around Democratic campaign headquarters. Even now the

utter meekness of the second candidate's demeanor was hardly enough to dispel the last whiff of anxiety.

These fears were not unjustified. On his way home from Washington, directly after his nomination, Mr. Garner had jumped the gun in a most reprehensible manner. At Dallas, Texas, zealous admirers had set up a platform in the railway station. Mr. Garner, in an ill-advised moment, had left his train and had mounted this platform. From it he had delivered himself of a southwester that had sent a damp shudder down Democracy's spine.

"No man or woman can claim I said a word to advance myself as a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination," he cried in the curious, high-pitched voice that once prompted a waggish critic to call him "Squeaker of the House."

The proud natives were in a frenzy of happiness. "Pour it on 'em, Jack! Pour it on 'em!" they whooped. Swept on by their warm roars, the nominee yielded himself over to heroism. He vanquished oratorically J. P. Morgan, Andrew Mellon, the whole of Wall Street, and Herbert Hoover. He cut them deep and let them bleed.

"But when my friends here in Texas and those in California decided I was fit timber to deal with Herbert Hoover, I assented to their wishes. I think now I may be big enough for that job, considering his weakness and vacillation. I hold the most powerful position in this government excepting that of the President of the United States. I accepted the proposed Vice-Presidential nomination with much hesitancy, for already we have whipped Hoover three times in Congress."

Roosevelt Democrats blenched. Rousing stuff, to be sure, but obviously a bit magniloquent for a mere Vice-Presidential nominee. Was the obstreperous Garner trying to tear loose

and run away with the ticket? In all fairness to Mr. Garner, it must be pointed out that he was not. He had the best intentions. He was simply giving his ravenous fellow Texans the raw meat they enjoy. Inexperienced and incompetent in national politics, it did not occur to him for an instant that his demagogic eloquence would be spread over front pages in the East and editorialized upon for weeks to come. The most acidulous comment on the Texas berserk came from the Democratic *New York Times*:

. . . Without any warning, but doubtless after deep thought, Mr. Garner is attempting to enhance the importance of a candidate for Vice-President. In this pleasing task he seems to forget that he is not actually running for President. . . . Mr. Garner should remember that he is not now merely the cynosure of the Lone Star State. . . . Unless he is capable of amending his peculiar style of talk, his talents would best be employed in the Philippines.

Naturally this sort of thing hurt Mr. Garner, and he retired to Uvalde in silence, wondering why a type of speech that had always been so efficacious in Congress should suddenly become so damaging in a national campaign. A month later, when he came to New York to place himself at the service of the Democratic National Committee, he came with all the servility of a poor relation, and his eagerness to please was abject enough to silence all timorous talk of confining him to the cow and corn country for the duration of the campaign.

"I hear that I am considered a handicap to the ticket in the East," he said. "Of course, I regret that. It reflects the bigotry we had in '28."

His voice broke and tears came into his eyes; but the mention of bigotry conveniently led up to his making a quavering public apology for the intolerance Texas had displayed in going for Hoover in 1928. This speech

pleased Texas about as much as his Texas speech had pleased New York, and one prominent Dallas prohibitionist even predicted that Garner would drive Texas back into the Republican column again in 1932. But it did prepare the way very nicely for one of Mr. Garner's most important errands in New York. A growing need for Al Smith's support of the ticket was being felt, and it was hoped that the Vice-Presidential nominee could fully redeem himself by cajoling the disgruntled leader. The very next day he called on Mr. Smith with his hat in his hand. But Mr. Smith's resentment was too deep to be assuaged by the blandishments of a man who had sold him out. The amiable Texan's visit left him unmoved.

"A great American!" Mr. Garner exclaimed upon emerging from Al's chilly office. "Worth more to the ticket than any other one man! I don't see how any leading Democrat could come to New York and leave without calling on him." Suddenly reminded of his self-effacing role, he grinned sheepishly. "I guess it's all right for me to call myself a leading Democrat," he said. But he seemed rather doubtful about it, and so did the Roosevelt men who had him in charge.

As a matter of fact, the uncertainty caused by Mr. Garner's first campaign speech has never been fully settled. At a luncheon in his honor when he visited New York last August, big, gum-chewing Jim Farley, the national chairman, worked himself up into such a high pitch of enthusiasm over the imminent Democratic victory that he wound up by introducing Mr. Garner as "Our next President!" That was an ominous moment. But then Mr. Gar-

ner chirped brightly, "Well, at one time Barkus was willin'." This quip made everyone laugh heartily. Sinister, surely, is not the word for such a man.

But his complacency was restored sufficiently for him to allow that the effect might not be deleterious if he were permitted to schedule a few appearances in the Eastern bright lights area. "It's like the zoo," he explained rather wistfully. "The people want to see the animals. They want to see who this animal is that's running with the Governor." A day or two later, however, he felt prompted to observe, "We have the election won, so I don't see much reason for going out and doing a lot of talking."

Nevertheless, John Nance Garner is too sapient a local politician to be taking any chances on finding himself out of a job next winter. The Fifteenth District of Texas has him on the ticket for re-election to Congress. This, at least, he regards as a "dead cinch," and he proclaims that he has no intention of withdrawing. Seemingly he is not at all troubled by his recent display of unfitness for even one position of leadership, much less two. He fondly pictures himself in a double role, historically unique. He confides to newspaper men that within thirty minutes he can leave the House as Speaker, do a rapid change, and begin presiding over the Senate as Vice-President. "And that's exactly what I'm going to do unless the Democrats make some big mistake between now and November."

And after November, of course, there is always The Presidency. It is to be attained, history assures Mr. Garner, by judicious application of the factors that have already carried him far: a lot of patience and a little fate.



THE SHEPHERD'S INTERVAL

A STORY

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

THERE were three men in the jail, Flynn Thompson and two others. On clear afternoons a shaft of sunlight would slant above the shadow of the courthouse wall until the dark moved upward and cut away the beam. Thompson would sit in the narrow segment of light and he would move his stool forward to keep the light on his shoulders while it shrank to a thread and went out altogether. It was an afternoon in spring. Leck Wolsey was speaking:

"There's a power of villainy out in the world. Amongst them that can gad around from place to place in fine cars and on their two legs is a power of villainous work."

Jinnie, a small man, lay on the bunk under the window, his feet in the air, and he treadled the air where the passing beam had been. The locks of his hair fell backward from his brow and his fingers played together above his breast. Wolsey watched his spidery motions with content, but he often cursed and complained, as if he were on the way to a quarrel, if Flynn Thompson stayed near the small man. Watching now with content, his mouth drawn down at the corners in a pleased bitterness, his large lips bent and twisted, his wide nostrils quivering, Wolsey was speaking:

"There's villainy spread through the world." He retold what he had read in the paper the jailer had left the

day before with the midday food. He turned the paper again, reading. "That's one graft I never tried."

"What graft is that?"

"He wrote to his brother. Said his mother was dead and he didn't have money to bury her. Old woman as well as anybody, still up and on foot. It's a good graft to work once."

"Once I got a man to write to my sister. Said I was about to die with a bowel fever. Said send twenty-five if she could."

"Leo Sanders skun his own back whilst he tried to rob his mother's henroost. . . . Since Mollie Brown killed her first husband with a pitchfork and made the Coroner think he died with a cramp colic because he ate a mess of catfish on top of a stomach full of whey."

The two, Leck Wolsey and Jinnie, were talking quietly together. There was a continual pleasantness between them. Flynn sat on a bench against the farther wall, now that the beam was gone, and the other two, his fellows in prison, kept together on the opposite side of the room. Their undefined bond led Wolsey, the strong ruffian, to be continually in defense, taking the other man's part. At any slight dispute or argument he entered, ready to thrust and curse. Jinnie's name had been Jimmie. He was soft and white like a woman.

It was thus each day through a

spring. On days when there was no sunshaft the afternoon passed unmarked. Once a friend came to talk with Flynn, standing under the jail window. Another day a voice outside called Wolsey and there was conversation through the bars.

Flynn had fastened a length of leather strap about the bar of an iron door, and he often pulled the ends of the strap back and forth, making of it a pulley. His muscles acted on the strength of the leather, forward and back, as if they talked, the power of the one to the power of the other. A content came to him from the strength of the strap and the reflected strength of his arms. Scarcely aware of the speaking voices of Wolsey and Jinnie, he worked back and forth.

"Since Leo Sanders robbed his old mother's hen coop all of a summer . . . Got killed in a ruction with his uncle over whether a man can have double pneumonia twice." They began to play with the cards in the waning light, making profane comment upon the villainy outside, retelling one evil after another. "Since Henry Sid's sluttish wife got him a red-headed youngone with a cast in his eye just like Squire Stone . . ."

"Once a man burned up his clothes here. Linn his name was. Stripped off his clothes from his body and burned all up, a rag at a time, in the stove."

Wolsey had been in jail twice before. It used to be thus, and thus, he would say, telling.

"They used to lock each man jack inside his own cell. That was a jailer now. . . . Times when Sattler poked a loaded gun through the bars whilst another man brought in the victuals . . ."

The voices belonged to some segment of being which lay far beyond the actual, the present fact, of Flynn's muscles pulling at the strap, of his strength pulling at his strength, over

and over. The strap was long to the right and short to the left, but when it was pulled it grew toward the left and shrank at the right, and the worn, slickened surface of it slipped snugly through the openings between the iron bars.

The voices continued to knock at the air. They were flattened to the thinness of paper and were set against the air as fixed patterns. "Outside is a world of villainy." The strap flapped lightly through the bars and returned strength for strength, being predicted at every moment it was in movement. The action of the strap was real and near, identical with his straplike muscles, being the extension of himself that lapped through the bars, back and forth, hard pulled and hard resisting. Far removed from the acts of the strap, stood the hard, flattened, profane, obscene words:

"Outside is a muck of villainy."

"Outside is a squash-shiss of dirt and slime."

"Men and women . . ."

"Both kinds."

"At it day and night."

"Villainy."

"A squash-shiss of blood and slimy juices."

"Wherever blood runs, is villainy."

"Heave-ho, all together, and they all heave-ho."

"They ho-heave, prittle-prattle, dumb, dam, dim."

"Pass the gravy."

"Pretty pill, pass the gravy."

Flynn had been in jail many days. The days rolled over, uncounted, for Wolsey and his companion had been there when he came and they would be there after he left. He had begun to take little account of the time. Outside the jail window arose a brick wall beyond an alley. An old horse was hitched almost daily to a post there. The horse stamped if there were flies on warm days, or it stood asleep, one

foot limp and free, one leg eased from labor.

"Amongst them that can traipse about."

"All fours is what they go on, really."

The lines of mortar between the stones ran evenly, but the stones were of different lengths. Some trowel had pinned the mortar into a line and wiped the useless ooze of it away, clearing the stone. Flynn knew each joint. His eyes traveled with content along the familiar lines of the mortar and rested in content on the worn places where men had sharpened knives and forks to make tools for departure. The voices that knocked from wall to wall, flat and hollow among the heavy stones, were a continual repetition of common sayings that passed between the speakers. "All fours . . . run here and there . . . on four legs . . . trough feeders . . . born villains and die the same . . . her fat arms . . . Miss Pansy . . . Miss Lilly May . . . Sluts like all the balance . . . all tripe and sausage . . ." Sometimes the recurring voices talked of his, Flynn's affairs, asking questions for which they gave the answers. The voices beating together and alternating:

"Ninety days is no long time iffen it's yourself will hang or go to the chair maybe, but iffen it's in jail for liquor traffic, it's longer."

"Flynn Thompson, a man with book-sense too. Reads books and papers."

"Could teach school . . ."

"Could run a bank . . ."

"Book-sense, he's got."

"Wife dead, I reckon. Got a daughter though."

"How does it feel, anyhow, to have a grown daughter?"

"Ask Flynn Thompson. A woman, your own, but not your own neither."

"Smart enough, he is."

"A gal, his own blasted youngone, grown up."

"His own property."

"A man couldn't make free with 'er, his own no matter. She'd whang 'im one in the eye."

The speakers came clear again, Wolsey speaking, "Ninety days and three hundred dollars, Jinnie. Don't forget three hundred dollars he paid. A hundred apiece for each act. He made liquor, he had it in possession, and he sold it."

His daughter, Mirandy, had helped raise the fine, giving her turkey money which she had saved for some other matter. He had been surprised that she had offered it, and sorry it was required. He had thought, with the liquor, to make something more than the lambs would bring, to roll fatly in ease for a summer. The stars of the early night had wheeled up in the east, the great stars of Orion and Sirius, the little stiff-legged dog walking down in the south. Night after night Castor and Pollux above a confused design of lesser stars. The shed had been partly roofed over, and it opened toward the east. The nights at the still were cool. Wrapped in a heavy blanket, he had lain looking up at the stars in the brilliant winter sky. Jinnie was asking:

"How is his daughter named? I disremember."

"Mirandy, she's called," Wolsey answering.

She, his daughter was strong, but her flesh, the little he knew of her, was soft like down. Nearly fourteen miles down in a westerly way—south by west, rather—over into the Bearwallow country but back again in a southerly slant, and there lay his own fifty-five acres of hill land. The house, tall in front and one story behind, stands beside the barns, before a cornfield. A long crook scythe hangs against the meat-house wall, and four large flat stones bring one from the kitchen door to the iron pump. Down in the hollow,

behind the house, deep in a thicket of hackberry and sassafras, was the still until the government agents wrecked it with axes. These facts spread a vague color over his thought while he rested from his work with the strap. One explosive moment stood clear, remembered sharply: Pat Doran running up from the way of the creek giving warning, "The agents of the law are at the still. They're after it with axes."

"Married?" Jinnie asked. "I disremember."

"No, not married."

"Oh, no, she never married."

"As far as I knew, she's not married."

"But I didn't know far."

"I knew only a little piece of the way."

They were mocking. He let them be. Their voices were muffled and flat, senseless and repetitious. They could not discern Mirandy even the little implied by their voices calling her name.

She had never been to the jail to see him, but soon after he came there she sent him his change of clothing, all neatly darned and washed clean. She took the jail sentence as the mathematical consequence of the wrecked still.

"Who'll look after your ewes when they lamb, you here in jail, Flynn Thompson?"

"I heard once of a man had twenty ewes and some had three lambs apiece. When a ewe died in a birth the man could make some other sheep-bitch take the kid."

"She knows which is her own by the smell. Against a lamb is fairly borned she's already smelled it. She's equal to a woman the way you can't fool her there."

"Who'll look after for you, now you're in jail and the lamb season come and gone by maybe?"

"How many sheep you got on your place? Ewes and bucks, how many?"

"Ask Flynn how many."

"How many sheep, he says?"

"Eighteen or twenty, and one goat nanny. Mirandy will look after," he answered them at last.

The sheep wander over the stony hills and eat the herbs under the scrub cedars and the sassafras. They eat the rye cover crop some bright days in late winter. They spread here and there over the stony pasture where the timber has been cut away, and they climb among the dolomite crests.

"When are the lambs born at your house, Flynn?" Wolsey asking.

"Sometimes I can't tell whe'r it's February," Jinnie said, "or is it May now, I'll say to myself. Unless there's something to mark by, you can't tell."

February, the third week, and all the lambs are born, counting backward to the autumn breeding, twenty-two weeks. He did not answer them. Forward to another autumn or backward to the last, this way and that, whichever way the mind looked, one ram to eighteen ewes, with Son Lowry, a simple man, to help get the flock mated and to help at the borning. Son Lowry would come creeping up from his one-room cabin to help Mirandy; and old Mrs. Kinner in the kitchen would be frying the fat to make ready for supper. Her clay pipe on the mantel, her large full dresses hung on the wooden pegs behind the door—she was there. It was unsafe to give the sheep turnips just before the borning. Lowry would know that, with his twisted, one-sided mind in his little knot-head, walking quickly up toward the farther pasture to bring the ewes back to the barn for safe delivery.

"Mirandy, she'll have her hands full against eighteen she-sheep get two lambs apiece and maybe some three. I heard it prophesied this would be a three-times year for ewes," question

and reply, neither belonging to the stones, shed and rejected by the firmness of the rock.

"But it's past the birth time now, long past. It must be after May, surely."

"The newspaper says May, but who knows? It may be a month-old paper. Villainy reads the same, one time as another."

"Who stays with Mirandy, to keep away the boogers?"

"A lady, Mrs. Kinner."

They were talking of his affairs, asking minutely, reciting all that they knew. He was indifferent of their voices lifted in dispute or falling drowsily over repeated sayings.

"The goats beyond Bearwallow have got extry long horns and the bald-faced ewes have got four youngones apiece this time. Wolsey bit downward on his jaws, growing loud and riotous. "Mrs. Kinner sits by the fire to spin."

"To sin," Jinnie said, in mirthful clamor. "Sits beside the fire to sin, Mrs. Sinner does."

"Jinnie is a smart one. Outside is a lot of villains. Flynn Thompson is in jail for a crime. He made a barrel of good liquor on his branch. Against a lamb is good borned the ewe knows it by the smell, but the ram, he don't know one from 'tother, and cares a blamed sight less 'n he knows, God bless 'im."

"God bless 'im."

"The ram always was my favorite sheep."

"Let the old sheep-nannie take her slimy new-borned brats she was so keen to get borned, let her take the whole dirty parcel off to some God-forsaken ditch and shilly-shally there till doomsday. The ram, he won't care a blamed cross-eyed cuss iffen they all go glanders."

"What time does he shear his sheep, does Flynn Thompson?"

"What time?" Jinnie asked, conveying Wolsey's question.

"Early in May."

"It's as like as not May now. Will Mirandy shear? Or knot-head Lowry? Can knot-head Lowry shear a sheep in a proper way and not bloody the wool?"

The questions went back and forth, laced together, question and answer. It would be morning, or evening, or morning, these processes laced back and forth. Sometimes, working at the strap, he would not be able to discern morning from afternoon, the coming and the increasing of the day from the waning and decreasing. Again:

"How old is daughter Mirandy?"

"It's nobody's business but her own how old she is."

"No harm intended. Flynn Thompson himself is not much, if any, upwards of fifty. I take it she's downwards in her twenties."

Wolsey turned the paper about to look for some matter he might want to read, looking for evidences of villainy among those outside, their doings being commonly reported in print. Mirandy was about twenty-three, Flynn reflected, counting the years upon his own remembered history. He had been twenty-three when he had married and she had been born not long after. She lived now more in the house than out of it, sitting beside a window, her head bent over a seam she might be sewing. Making herself some sort of dress or some other kind of thing to wear, she was the daughter of the house, the house's daughter, his god-child. In the kitchen, contending with old Mrs. Kinner, wanting better cleanliness, better something or other, she was the daughter of Kate Riney.

Out among the hens, calling chickens home from the rye stubble, her nose and her lower cheeks sunburned, wind-blown, tan and freckles on her neck to the place where her dress hid the flesh, she was his own, different from himself. Her breath quick and her upper lip beaded with a fine sweat,

her face flushed pink, she was his own daughter, child of his hardihood, better than he himself could boast. Randy, Mirandy, Randy, with six, eight, seven, ten friends coming and going, "Where's Miss Randy? Where's she at? Whoop Randy! Out of it! Come on downstairs and light up the lamp for a party we're here for. Twang on the banjo and tinkle-tinkle on the juicharp. . . . Get up outen the bed, Miss Randy, and come on down stairs or we'll send Pat Doran up after you. Come on down and light up the lamp."

Mirandy managed for herself very well. She kept her own secrets. Hearty and free in her ways, never mincing, he had seen her curl her lips at Si Denis, at Pat Doran. They were all turning around and around in a group, but now and then two turned faster than the rest, turned together, and floated off, married. They would float off together then, settled and out of the whirlwind. Mirandy and all that pertained to her, all that turned about her, floated away, seen apart, going, as a pictured whorl that made a far heavenly body, a little star cluster dancing around in a picture in a book.

Outside in the alley the old brown horse leaned on three legs, resting the fourth. A sour sweetness came in through the jail window, a warmth that ran above the dry chill of the cells. The eye ran along the seams of the wall and came to a focus when the old horse outside stamped a foot.

A brisk step outside, and a man's voice urged the old horse into action. The sound of the hooves receded and passed altogether. Outside, beyond the walls, beyond his gaze, lay the illusion of living—the world. It reached in a wide arc, but there were ends to it. On one side of the arc, outside of it, were Wolsey and Jinnie. On the other side, beyond also, lay the mortar joints that lapped evenly

under their unevenness, going forward and back, to the right toward the east side of the heavens and to left on the west side. The world stood under the two alternate canopies, night and day, and at night the stars rolled by. He stood outside, watching. He saw himself as he had formerly been, inside the illusion, going out to tend the sheep, going out to plow the corn, making fodder, watching all night while the sheep got their young.

Night passed, and morning, a day and a night, succession following succession. The succession of light and dark was a pulse evenly throbbing. The day being warm, the jailer opened a door which had hitherto been closed, a door leading into another room. The unused room was bare, paved and walled with stone. There was but one object within and that was an iron pump which had once been used to supply water to the prisoners.

The air from the opened room was dry and cool and the open door gave a draught that drew the outside air through the jail. When Flynn had felt the pleasant flow of moving air for a time he began to take to himself the small parts of the opened room. The walls were like those of the other room, like those already intimately possessed, but they were infinitely different at every point. The pump was unbroken, and when he lifted the handle and worked it up and down a stream of water ran from the iron spout.

The water splashed lightly on the floor and ran evenly, here and there, feeling its way toward some point. It was as if the water had in mind a place it would like to go and as if it rejected all other places. It ran a little way here and there until it had flowed across the large cell. The water ran down hill, Flynn murmuring, standing to contemplate what the water did. He viewed the water as if it were a friend, the fact of the water being a

near and intimate mental object, greeted here as one restored or renewed. He watched the water with quiet delight.

"One time a man, it's said here, hugged the hot stove into his arms," the voices speaking.

"What made him do it?"

"Nobody knew why. It's against the law to hug a hot stove, nohow."

Wolsey laid the cards out in hands, four in each pile, and he drew his stool nearer to the table. "Three-handed seven-up," he said. Jinnie came to sit at his right hand, and Flynn left the pulleys and took a place to the left.

The cards flowed from hand to table, tossed lightly down or snapped to the board. The five covered a three and a four, and a nine fell under an eight and a three, but had power to sweep them from the table. The King played over a Jack and a ten, succession flowing irregularly but following the law. Unbroken laws were enacted on the top of the table, the lasting laws of numbers. Flynn rocked back and forth, playing his hands, sweeping the cards forward to shuffle, thrusting them out to have them cut, and doling them out in three small piles, turning the trump.

"Iffen I could get my hands on Steve Goodin now," Wolsey speaking. "A year since I saw his face, but it's all the same with me. If I could get my strong grip around his skinny neck I'd squeeze in, fingers and thumb, till I'd hear his blasted, God-forsaken backbone crush to a pulp of God-forsaken sand."

The cards continued to enact law, making their law as they fell, and Jinnie said:

"It's a long time now . . ."

"Long or short. Stab three times is what I did before, and the jury put me here for a year. Outside is villainy amongst all the kind that smirk, day-

light till dark. How are you, Mr. Godby, Mr. So-and-so? Eat dinner at my house on Tuesday. Villains. Men and women. Do you, John, take this woman here to be your lawful wedded wife? He's not sure he does, but he's not sure about anything no-ways. As well as not, he says to himself. As well her as somebody else. He don't aim to be tied up too tight. It wouldn't be anybody against he could help himself. But there she is, raw meat and cider."

The numbers flowed, over and over, and the paper cards fluttered, falling lightly. The cards had been marked so many times that none was distinguished, all being pinched and thumbled. Flynn played more with the cards than with Wolsey and Jinnie. He lost some advantage to Jinnie, and Wolsey became disputatious.

"Three-handed, I said, three-handed," Wolsey called out.

He bit his large jaws together and curled his lips downward at the corners. He shifted his seat nearer to the smaller man's chair. For a few minutes the game was a two-part play, Flynn against Wolsey, with Jinnie dropping his cards to give Wolsey advantage. Muttered curses ran with the angry gestures, and Wolsey snapped each card down to the board. "Three-handed, I said, three-handed," he repeated, and he clung to his first angry thrust.

When the game in hand was brought to an end, Flynn ceased to play. He went to the pump room and sat down beyond the damp line where the water had run toward the low level of the west wall. The water had dripped slowly from the spout of the pump after the last pumping and it still fell now and then, a drop after a long interval, as the moisture in the spout gathered. The world, the earth, continued, himself being out of it. Mankind continued, a substance, a mass of matter,

acting upon itself and upon the surrounding mass. It was a substance like any other substance, having life in it, reproducing itself continually, a colony of coral in a reef, a mass of yeast welling up from below. Over the substance were spread the characteristics of color and texture, as if it might crystallize in threes or fours or fives, and these were known in his mind as fraternity, affection, poetry, religion, wonder, fornication, art, fear, acts of every sort, judgments, imaginings. All belong to the lump and were a part of the mass. Mirandy going out to save the little turkeys from the minks, Mirandy smiling, full lips and a wide hearty pleasure, a part of the lump, a small movement in the general mass. They were swaying here and there, blown by their own wind, moving only a little, when the whole lump was considered. A race or a people was only a minute particle in the lump. A people might spread from a continent to another; it was only a faint pulse in the general mass. Himself, his body, sitting here and now, beside the dripping pump, finding friendship in the fact of the water, with the truth of the water and the old fact that the water ran down hill, himself, thus, was still a part of the lump. The water ran so because the gravity of the earth dragged at it. He, as a part of the substance, had no claim upon the water in what it did, and no power to stay it beyond a few especial instances and for a short time.

The world, the earth, continued, himself being outside it. Suddenly it was swept far outward in space, drawn by some powerful star. It hurled plunging, turning first one way and another, and it was wrenched completely out of its track. Night and day as fixed regularities were gone, and the seasons went. There was no year, no spring, no week, no polar turning. A great cold settled on the planet

where the world had been. Glaciers piled everywhere on the land. The people were all dead. They, the substance, withered down under the cold and went out altogether. The animals were dead, both on land and in the seas. A million years passed. Another million. Again and again a million years, but there were no years. Time was gone. The world—the earth—moved slowly back toward some sun. Voices were speaking:

"I'll lay ten to one Flynn Thompson, he'll about hang himself with a strap."

"I wish he'd go on and do it. I wish to God . . ."

"I expect to wake up some day and find his body on a dangle from the door."

"You think I'd be afeared to cut it down? I'd never bat one eye over it."

Thus his body would fall toward the earth. Hung by the strap, cut down by Wolsey's sharp knife, it would break into many kinds, and each kind would find its own, some of it as matter and some as force. He looked intently at his skin, as if he would look within his flesh. Looking, he saw the act of seeing as it bent over the seen object. He saw men and women, over the earth, looking at the act of sight, saw them seeing observed flesh that looked back again at their vision. The speakers:

"I always suspicioned Flynn Thompson and his strap. I wonder the jail lets a man have a strap."

"Hang, he will. I wish he'd hurry on and hang while I'm of a mind to cut his blasted body down."

Outside the rain was falling. It made long gray drops that came into being before his eyes and, falling three inches, went into gray fog again. Warmth came into the room through an air shaft in the floor. Thompson knew that he would not hang himself, and he smiled at the act of hanging

which stood before dissolution, smiling a pleased, changing, tightly twisted mouth that worked between his thin, shaven cheeks and became a tightly drawn, broad-lipped arc of decision and denial when the smile came swiftly to an end. Before the furnace was built under the house there had been a stove, Wolsey had said. Men used to heat the poker red hot and thrust it at the mortar joints. The voices were still speaking of him.

"One time a man, it was said, hugged the hot stove into his arms."

"What made him do so? It's against the law to hug a hot stove nohow."

Flynn sat in the cool room of the pump. The voices sank away from further comment on his own state or his history, letting these rest. One was telling something well known, known to the speaker, something he did not know, retelling a half-told tale, conjecturing with worn-out guesses. One had robbed his mother's hencoop through a whole summer. One had killed her first husband with a pitchfork. One had got a red-headed youngone with a cast in the eye by the way of villainy.

One day while Flynn worked lightly with the strap the jailer entered with a broom to brush up the cells for the day, a task which came before the noon bringing of food. He came suddenly to the closed door where Flynn drew the leather, and he said:

"I'll look up your time in the book. Seems you might be out one day this week. I kept it well in mind. Tomorrow, I think it might be."

Flynn did not know what day the calendar might be marking. He knew then that he had blurred the reckoning as it ran outside, having nothing inside by which to count but the irregular newspapers that came as a day-old or two-days-old gift from the jailer. He

should be released on the tenth of May. He had lost a week somehow, had lived it unknowing. A vague sickness spread over him, to know that the weeks had tricked him and that he had been lost among them. Wolsey and Jinnie were seated at the table, restless for their noontime food and ready for it. The jailer's assistant came with the basket and the pitcher of hot drink. Flynn went apart to eat his share. He wanted to free himself entirely now from the comment of the other two, to put their flat, senseless sayings and remote cursings beyond the reach of his ears, to touch the outside, to feel it, to know it, to enter into it, to take it up where he had left it, to know what there he should be wanting and how he should place himself with reference to the sheep, with reference to Mirandy. Would he reach home in time for the shearing? Ought he to want to reach home in time, the shearing delayed? He would not want the shearing delayed. If the shearing were delayed, time should be delayed, or should be earlier than he feared it would be, if the season were advanced and the need for shearing come earlier. He felt a light nausea at the memory of the jailer's words. The men at the table ate their food hurriedly, taking it from the basket, not troubling to place it on the table. They pushed the covers aside and thumbed and pawed their way quickly to the hot morsels.

The familiar mortar joints would not tell him what day passed. He pumped fresh water for his cup and saw the stream splash to the floor and run away over the stones, seeking the lowest level. His head seemed twisted and shriveled in his desire to know, to penetrate the passing fact.

Shortly after the food had been eaten the jailer returned to get the baskets. He came to the pump room and said:

"I looked it out on the book and it's to-day you can go. You're free to go whenever you're of a mind to."

Flynn Thompson walked out through the doorway of the jail into the brilliant light of day, the tenth of May. He staggered at the sudden rush of light that blinded his eyes, that closed his eyelids to a narrow slit. The pavement was white like silver, but the air and the ground beyond were brilliantly green. The trees were shaking softly, and over them drifted a mantle of greenery that was fresh and moist. Green lights filtered through uneven levels of moving green. He strode through the jail yard, blundering and uncertain, and when he came to the street he crossed it and entered an alley opposite.

The shifting green of the trees followed him, spreading through the alley. A tree drooped with the weight of its new leaves that were fresh and unblemished, that were heavy with sappy moisture.

When he had walked thus between scattered walls of wooden buildings and along high wire fences that were twined with the new greenery of the spring, and when he had trod forward for a half mile or so, the alley came suddenly to an end. He climbed a fence and walked through deep new grass and blossoming white clover. The pollen in the air attacked him and made him sneeze lightly, a sneeze that was not unlike laughter. Each burst of it was a coming necessity, delayed an instant, and was fully gratified with a burst of mirth.

Some birds were flying overhead in long waves of motion, crying a two-syllabled cry that ran with the light breeze—coming, present, and gone, in waves of sharp clear song. In a field to the left a large flock of sheep was feeding in the sunshine, and the bucks and ewes were shorn of their wool. He left the pasture and walked

on the highroad that reached, white and brilliant in the sun.

Cars ran by, going toward the town, and the motion of the swift vehicles was not unlike the motion of the birds in the air—coming, present, and gone. Flynn walked over a stile into a pasture where he trod on new yellow clover. The sheep here moved lightly away as he came near, all of them newly shorn, and he prayed lightly to God that he might reach home in time for the shearing. Ten miles south by west now his home lay, the white house built high at the front and low at the back. A long crook scythe hangs on the wall of the meat house. Four large flat stones from the kitchen door to the iron pump, and the joy of drawing the water, his own, his well, his that his father had dug.

On a northern slope at the end of this field some old thorn trees were flung about with white flowers. The green of the light had become his own now, acutely realized and accepted with delight, and it no longer stunned his senses and enfeebled his sight. He saw the white flowers of the old haw trees and he shuffled his feet in the grass, thinking the little knot-head of Son Lowry into being and seeing the sheep in a pasture, ready to be shorn but not yet cut free of the wool. He transferred his delight in the haw blooms to his pleasure at reaching home in time for the shearing of his flock—Son Lowry making one-sided comment as he helped take the old buck to the stall where it would be penned for clipping. Shuffling his feet and swinging his hips, he walked down the slope toward the creek, he left the field and turned into a road where he crossed the water on a high iron bridge, swinging himself free of the chopping shuffle his feet made as they beat on the wooden floor.

Beyond the creek he kept to the road and went westward. His feet plodded now, evenly plying the miles, getting

him along smoothly and well, but his spirits leaped over the grass and darted here and there, over Terry's plowed field where corn rows were laid out, the grain surely planted, over Terry's white-canvased tobacco beds far against the hill slope. He passed through a hamlet where three dwellings stood together, all closed now, but the women were in the farther gardens planting the truck seeds. Out of one of the houses voices came after he had passed, gentle sounds that mingled with a mild stirring of crockery:

"I see Flynn Thompson go by. I reckon he's out."

"How times does fly!"

"He'll get home in time for the . . ."

These voices came to him as he left the valley and mounted a low rise opposite. "Home in time . . . home . . . in time for the . . ." The stress on "time" the word that sang high and thin above the rest of the saying, and "In time for the shearing," his thought made answer, made continual repetition. "In time, in time." A car passed, bumping lightly over the uneven road, and three voices called "Hi!" as the wheels bobbed over the ruts and the car dropped down toward the hamlet.

The voices of the women were remembered continually over the sharp greeting of the men in the car, "How time does fly!" Time had flown. He had made a barrel of whiskey in his hollow, winter being the weather. The stars had shone brilliantly every night, and the cold had come down at night-fall. The cold stars overhead had been watching February as it was stretched down among men, a carpet for men to walk on. And then suddenly it was May under foot, May in the green of the grass and the green of the air. The yellow light was playing over, into, the dark green shadows; and the sweet smells of May. He was walking back.

He left the road and walked again in a field to save a mile. At the end of a long rolling stretch of upward-rolling pastures and plowed fields he came again to a country highroad. There were dolomite stones standing high on each rugged summit where the land arose in cliffs, but between were wild pastures where sheep grazed. They were not yet shorn. Their fat backs rolled in round coats of mellow wool and they walked stiffly, and pleasure knocked again at his breast and beat a light pulse in his throat. He would reach home in time for the shearing. He would see it done right.

He came to a hamlet, Thornton, where five or six scattered houses were set, each on whatever rise the builder had chosen, regardless of right and left, of straight lines and angles. The houses lay here and there, reached by crooked lanes or field paths. At the place where two crooked roads came to meet the crooked road he had been traveling, a shop for mending stood unevenly in his path. Three or four men watched another as he leaned over the parts of an automobile which he had dismembered. The bolts were laid out in rows as they had been removed, spread on the ground.

"Hi, Flynn Thompson! Here's he, back again."

"Flynn! Out and free. God's own sake!"

"Home on May tenth, like I told you. May the tenth, I said."

"Home in time. Home in time a-plenty."

They were loud in their greetings and they all shook his hand. "Home in time," they said. "Hoo-ree!"

"I'm home in time," he said. "And God's own grace I am. Home in time for the shearen."

"Hear Flynn Thompson make a joke. Shearen? What shearen?"

"Shearen, I reckon. Call hit shearen!"

"Who gets sheared. That's always the question."

"I got sheared, that I well know. Kate Sweeny sheared me."

"That's a new thing surely. He calls a wedden a shearen."

"What wedden? Who's to marry now?"

"Hear Flynn ask it!"

Then Tobe Lanham went into the cool dark of the shop where the water was dripping slowly from a tub and the fire burned slowly on the forge. Out of a locked closet behind the forge he took a vessel, and he passed drink lightly about, each one saying blithely, "Home in time for the shearen!" or "God's own sake!" or some such pleasantry, until all had taken a little of the drink in honor of Flynn's coming.

"How times does fly!"

"Only yesterday Flynn had a load of sour mash, and he said to me . . ."

"He said to me, 'Against I sell my liquor . . .'"

"Here's good luck to the wedden," one said.

"What wedden?"

"Hear Flynn Thompson, still at his joke. Here's good luck to the shearen, if you'd rather."

"A rose by any other name is exactly as sweet, they say."

"All right then, the shearen," Tobe Lanham said. "Here's good luck to the shearen. Long life and prosperity, for better or for worse, richer or poorer, sickness or health. Gentlemen, I give you a toast, 'The shearen.'"

They drank it solemnly, "The shearen!"

While he swallowed the refreshment Flynn saw the sun outside the smithy door and he knew that it stood less than an hour from the setting. He called out a farewell and strode out into the late light where the green air was slowly turning to yellow as the sun slanted down into the west.

Flynn walked on through the increasing coolness of the May evening and the sun gathered a great flame of clouds to the west to make a splendid setting. The red and gold spread half-way across the heavens by the time the remembered hills and knolls of his own close neighborhood came to view. The beauty and the pleasantness of his own ridge came to him where familiar trees stood above familiar patches of briars and stiff cliffs of dark stone. In the hollows were running streams. There had been rain enough. After he had walked over the brow of a ridge, taking the uneven road at an easy slouch-gait, he came in sight of his own land and he saw his own pasture, dotted with scrubby trees, rolling unevenly backward toward a bluff and tilting evenly forward with the running of the road. Anxiety beset him; there were no sheep in the field. He stopped to peer toward the hill, listening, but no sheep bell clattered and no lamb gave a bleat.

The road went down the way, sloping lightly, and the dark approached. Then the road rounded a small rise and brought his sheds and shelters into view. A large white barn to the right, the cattle lowing as if they had been milked and would now like to be back at the pasture, and the swine were crying out at the trough. In the pen where the newborn of the herds and flocks were commonly kept some dark shadows gathered together, sheep gathered in for shearing or calves gathered for weaning. He walked over the flagstones and went straight to the door of the house.

Mirandy was coming down the stairs in the hall. She looked at him, her face moving with pleasure. She wore a fine gown that rustled and crinkled as she walked down the steps, and her fine shoes squeaked lightly as they bent with the stepping of her feet on the treads. She carried a lighted lamp in her hand.

"I knew you'd come in time," she said. "I held off till you got here."

She was large and splendid, grown to be a woman. He had not remembered how much this was true. There were little waves and crinkles in the brown of her hair which was combed in a fine smooth way back from her brow. She shook his hand, and her grasp was firm.

"What ails you, Randy?" he asked.

She laughed and her white teeth glistened in the light of the lamp. "In time, in good time. I knew very well he'd come."

In the dining room the table was stretched to its longest length and spread with a white cloth on which a fine array of food was set. There was laughter. Out of the kitchen came a clutter of tin and a tapping of feet.

Then, hearing his voice, Mrs. Kinner came with a spoon plying at her mouth, for she was tasting something, blowing at the spoon to cool it. She cried out that she never expected it but that he was well in time. At the same moment Pat Doran came from the outside, and Si Dennis followed close at his elbow, and they were both shaking his hand and crying out "Howdy do" and "Welcome home" and "Randy said he'd be here in time." Dennis said it was a miracle how it all worked out at the same hour.

By this time Flynn could scarcely discern what might be about to happen, and so he backed toward the wall and waited while a group came scattering into the room. A newer gladness spread from face to face as they came into the room and saw him, and he wondered now, seeing that there would likely be a wedding, which man Randy had chosen. In a minute or two more, while the guests were shaking his hand and all talking together and at once, he thought that Pat Doran seemed the most ruddy and the most distraught, and he allowed his thought to settle on him as the bridegroom.

"Don't name the place where he's been," they said.

"We're all here now, all come."

In his own room, behind the parlor, the pleasant jargon followed him, and there in the dim light of the smallest lamp he washed the last filth of the jail away and put on the fresh clean clothes Randy had laid out on his bed. Pat Doran came inside the door, as if he would speak to him privately, but he was bashful under his hardihood, and he only pursed his mouth slightly in amused distress, and he dropped his head and walked quickly out. His act was a sufficient promise of decency and a sufficient request for Mirandy's hand, and Flynn hurried his dressing to join the throng outside.

By the time he had prepared himself the preacher had come, and with his coming there was a hush over the gathering and a sense of complete readiness. Flynn stood by the wall, waiting for Randy to take Pat Doran's arm and walk before the minister, and while he stood thus he saw near him, against the white of the wall, a small round knot-head where a cast of the eye bent the vision up and down without good reason. It was right that Lowry should come to the wedding. Flynn moved a trifle nearer to the wall and he said:

"The shearen, what about the shearen?"

"We waited for you to come. We allowed you'd be here by the tenth of the month, and the law said the tenth for you, as we remembered. And so we said we'd wait, Randy said. We brought the sheep into the calf pen by the barn to be ready to shear tomorrow soon in the morning."

Randy was taking Pat Doran's arm and she was walking up before the preacher. She was ruddy as the sunset had been, and she was smiling while the preacher called her name.



STUDY ABROAD

THE AMERICAN SCHOLASTIC TOURIST TRADE

BY OLAF AXELGAARD

THE great ocean liner *Sarmatia*, bound for Cherbourg and Southampton, is plowing her way through a warm and sunlit sea. Aboard her is the usual complement of buyers, novelists, industrialists both optimistic and depressed, and delegates off for European conferences to save the world from ruin. There are other passengers. That young fellow in white flannels playing shuffleboard on the tourist deck is the fortunate holder of a Patek scholarship for study abroad. Three months ago he received his Bachelor degree; now, with the benediction of his college, he is bound for Europe for a year's study.

Wrapped up in a steamer rug on the second-class promenade is Mr. Roger Whittemore. Mr. Whittemore is also fortunate. He has received his Doctorate and is now the proud possessor of a Jefferson Fellowship. This fellowship is for one year and commands a stipend of eighteen hundred dollars. Mr. Whittemore proposes to continue work in Greek abroad. By doing so he will clinch a position in an American college on which he has his eye. He is not entirely sure about where he is going, but he has an itinerary in which Heidelberg, Paris, and Vienna have prominent places. He is impressed with the prospect before him. Conscious of the scholastic responsibilities that have been put upon him, he

passes the long days on shipboard with a copy of the *Republic*.

Finally, in the first-class bar, we find sitting and drinking together Mr. Reed Macaulay, the tire manufacturer, and Horace Howard Caples, Professor of Physiology at Chesapeake University and Dean of the famous Institute of Biological Relations at that school. Dean Caples has only recently been called to his high position, the Institute is still in process of organization, the department of neurology must have the best man in the world to head it, and the good Dean must lay hands on him with all speed. Dean Caples does not know a great deal about neurology, but he does know that Europe has been the fountain-head of all the sciences and that he will find there dozens of dons from whom to choose.

All these people, the young Bachelor of Arts, the Doctor of Philosophy, and the great Dean Caples regard themselves, in a way, as so many Christopher Columbuses. They are discoverers, faring forth in search of knowledge. In quite another way, and one of which they are not conscious, they resemble the famous navigator. They have no maps, charts, or compasses. Not one of them can speak any language except English, his native tongue. Not one of them knows exactly where he is going. It is almost the day of mythology come again, for they are bound for the Hesperides of

learning, each of them sure that he is to bring back a golden apple. We shall see what befalls them.

Years ago Noah Brooks in one of his books made an old farmer say: "Eddication is a great thing." The American believes it with his whole heart. In the beginning education was expensive and for the few; later came the demand for education for all. First the grade schools were made free, then compulsory. The high schools followed. Lastly, the idea of college education for all was embraced with a passionate fervor. An atmosphere of sanctity came to surround this educational ideal; the goddess Alma Mater had almost a physical presence. The dying capitalist left his great fortune to education instead of to the church; the great industrial plunderer achieved absolution in his own lifetime by giving huge sums to universities and foundations. It probably would be fair to say that these men of wealth had no intention of attempting to control or dictate to the schools they assisted. The instinct was to give to something greater and more splendid than themselves, and by so doing partake of a share of that splendor. What the capitalist did, the States and the people were not slow in doing. Before the image money was poured without stint, the incense ceased not to rise. Education means competence; ten times the money equals ten times the competence.

It was inevitable that the benefits to be derived from study in England and on the Continent should be demanded for the American scholar; the educational system would not be complete without this final touch. Europe was the abode of learning long before the Pilgrims came; therefore, let America devise a means to draw upon that boundless store, let her supereducate the finest of her youth in the land where culture and science were born.

From the beginning Americans have gone to Europe to study. The tradition is fixed. The colonial planters sent their sons to Oxford and Cambridge. In the nineteenth century New England sent theological students to Germany. There was a fine medical school at Edinburgh, and Americans were drawn there by Alison, Abercrombie, and later masters. Vienna attracted some surgeons from America because of the freedom from interference in anatomical dissection. American students of history were found in Berlin, Dresden, Brussels, and The Hague. The artists and the musicians went because there was neither art nor music in America, and those who would study had to go where art and music could be found. They were a serious lot of people. It was possible forty-five or fifty years ago for a young Southern surgeon, just out of a Louisiana medical school and painfully conscious of his limitations, to borrow money and go to London to St. Bartholomew's, to Leipzig to see the great European surgeons at work, to spend six months in dissection at the University of Vienna, and come home with knowledge and training in his head and hands. The American may not know it, but that was the golden age of study abroad.

Most of the American's ideas of study abroad are a *mélange* of romantic tales and anecdotes, handed down in history or derived from the golden age just referred to. In his mind he sees a distant land, bathed in a golden mist, filled with crumbling towers and halls inhabited by grave and learned doctors who know everything. Perhaps he remembers that Villon held a degree from Paris and that Thomas Aquinas taught there. (What Aquinas taught is another matter.) Did not William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, lecture at St. Bartholomew's Hospital? Did not Dr. Watson, the

friend of Sherlock Holmes, also study there? The American has a warm feeling when he recalls that the students at the University of Bologna when dissatisfied with their professors were wont to expel them from the city. Boys will be boys. He has been told how as students Motley and Bismarck drank beer together, how young Longfellow came home to Harvard to bring the Romance languages to life there, how the elder Morgan studied mathematics at Göttingen. With a childlike faith the American parent looks toward Europe and sees the wisdom of the centuries ready and waiting for all who will come. Oh, the music of the word Sorbonne! Merely to say the name aloud puts a glow in his heart and sends through his veins a conviction of his own learning and culture. He cannot go abroad to study, it is true. He has his business, if the depression has left him one, and his responsibilities whether or no. But when his son comes home from school and says that he is to have courses next year under Professor Ridley who has studied in Munich, the father relaxes and feels that all is well.

It would distress the father beyond words if he were told that Professor Ridley, whose field is chemistry, had, as far as foreign study is concerned, come no closer to the science than to observe the statue of Justus Liebig which stands in the Maximilianplatz. For one year Professor Ridley lived in a Munich pension, helplessly trying to make his way in the table conversation, studying fitfully in the local Berlitz school of languages, drinking beer at the Hofbräuhaus and wandering disconsolately through the Englischer Garten. The truth is that the loneliest, weariest, saddest period of Ridley's life was the year he spent in Munich. How did it happen that Ridley spoke no German? How indeed? Ridley hadn't thought of German since

he took an undergraduate course years before to fulfill a language requirement. Why did he go to Munich? Because he thought he would understand more there than he would at Copenhagen; he had never heard a word of Danish in his life. Why did not Ridley meet the chemistry men at Munich? He did. Why didn't he work under them? Because none of them could find out what Ridley wanted to do. What then did Ridley want? He didn't know himself. He had been given money for study abroad, it was thought best that he should go. He did go, he stayed one year, he came home again. That is all. Not one soul ever asked what he had done in the Munich laboratories, but in the following year Ridley was made a professor because of his work in a foreign field!

II

This scholastic tourist trade, in which Ridley cut such an imposing figure, consists for the most part of men and women who have finished their undergraduate work. It is true that there are secondary schools on the Continent for the children of the English-speaking well-to-do. There are some American colleges which allow their undergraduates, if their standing is high enough, to spend a year at certain European universities and then come home and complete the work required for a Bachelor's degree. There are the Rhodes students, and the arts and music students; but of them I am not sufficiently familiar to speak. The rest of the scholars making the holy pilgrimage, and they are the ones with whom we are concerned, fall into one or another of the following classes:

1. Young men or women who have just finished college and have been given fellowships by their university for the purpose of study abroad.
2. The graduate student who is preparing for one of the professions and who re-

ceives a fellowship from his university to continue work in Europe in his chosen field.

3. The crowd of scholars and professional people of all sorts who are sent abroad under grants made by the many American institutes and foundations.

4. The student who goes abroad to study and pays his way out of his own pocket.

5. The assistant professor, professor, or sometimes even dean, who happens never to have done work abroad and whose reputation needs this last chevron.

6. The university executive, head of department or professor, who goes abroad not to study but to "promote relations" or bring home scholars and scientists to fill chairs and instructorships in this country. This man scarcely falls in the student class, but the connection is sufficiently close to consider him here.

In the first of these groups belongs Craig, the young man who was playing shuffleboard on the deck of the *Sarmatia*. Throughout his four years in college Craig had been interested in problems. He had taken five courses in government and economics, he had received excellent grades, he had written a strong paper favoring the repeal of the Sherman Act and the establishment of an oil monopoly. He was deeply impressed with the importance of the Kellogg Pact; he regarded Buchmanism as an illuminating sidelight on the sex problem in college; he was convinced of the necessity for greater understanding and accord between nation and nation. He had not determined what he would do after leaving college, but he was conscious of his obligation toward mankind and felt that he must help in throwing light in dark places.

It so happened that his college had in its gift a number of traveling fellowships, among them a scholarship established by a chain-store magnate alumnus, one Josef Patek. Patek, the son of a Bohemian immigrant, had established the scholarship "for the

furtherance of any useful work and the cultivation of enduring understanding between the United States and Czechoslovakia." The recipient of this scholarship was to be a resident student at the University of Prague for one year. Casting about for a promising prospect, the college fixed its eye upon Craig, and at his graduation conferred the scholarship upon him.

Though he was totally unprepared to deal with the language requirements of such a year's residence, knowing but a little French, Craig burned with ardor at the prospect before him and set about devising a plan for study. He finally determined to investigate "The Nature and Extent of Propaganda in Continental Newspapers" and set sail upon his great errand. The awakening was bitter and most brutal. Bewildered by a babble of alien tongues, trying desperately to grapple with a problem that would have baffled a Talleyrand, Craig after six months threw up his scholarship and came home.

What of Mr. Whittemore, the second-class passenger Doctor of Philosophy, who received the Jefferson Fellowship? I call him Whittemore and alter a few of the details of his adventures, because his case, like that of Professor Ridley and the other gentlemen whose travels are hereafter to be described under suitable disguises, is an actual case. Mr. Whittemore proposed to teach; Greek was his field. Armed with his copy of the *Republic*, Mr. Whittemore advanced upon Paris. He seemed to get nowhere at the Sorbonne. If there were Greek courses suited to his case, he never discovered them. After a month of disappointments, he proceeded to Germany, found himself in greater difficulty than ever because of his ignorance of German, and finally came to earth in Vienna. He met two American students there whom he liked and with

them he lived for the rest of the year. At the University he attended a total of five lectures on the plays of Aristophanes and then gave it up. He could understand nothing. These five lectures represent the only gestures toward study that Mr. Whittemore made during the entire year. He came home at last to the position awaiting him, knowing no more of Greek than he did when he left America. One herculean labor he did accomplish. He attended fifty consecutive performances at the Staatsoper, confessing to one of his two American friends that, although he disliked opera, he felt that it was a necessary part of a man's education and so wished to get it over with, once and for all.

What can we say when confronted by such spectacles as these? A boy with no interest in scholarship, with no intention of entering a profession, is given money for a preposterous plan of foreign study. He and his kind can be found drifting about Paris or London or Vienna, taking a course or two of lectures which they cannot understand, looking for departments that they never find. The secretary of the American University Union in Paris reports the appearance of students who have been given money for foreign study and who now want to know what to study and where to go to do it. Mr. Whittemore's history is scarcely more admirable. If these persons are examples of the students we send abroad, then we can only suppose that something is seriously wrong with the institutions which send them. Something is wrong. It is true that there are at this moment able American students in Europe who are doing real work; there are in America schools and foundations which are thoroughly acquainted with the foreign field and know what they are doing when they send a student there. The powerful influence which Gilman had upon American education

is not yet dead. The hard, tough little group which is responsible for the good in American education reproduces itself, and this little group keeps the channel open between Europe and this country, just as it has always done.

But steadily during the past thirty years, the goddess Alma Mater has come to resemble that bitch goddess of William James. Beside the small company of genuine scholars has sprung up a vast horde of academic monsters, who, fed by a river of money, have spawned more thousands like themselves. Steadily the value of the academic degree declines, with the creation of regiments of Bachelors, Masters, and Doctors who have earned their honors by writing theses on "Administration Problems of the High School Cafeteria" and "An Analysis of Paring Knives in Terms of Time and Material Wastes in Paring Potatoes." At the door of that whited sepulchre, the teachers' college, may be laid the blame for teachers of science who know no science, since they have spent their time supposedly learning the method of teaching it. In the name of service and of practical training and of good will toward men, a price has been set upon balderdash. That river of money has watered the campuses and caused to spring up there laboratory palaces, headed by professors who have earned splendid fees as consultants to industrial enterprise. What of the graduate schools of business with their ponderous pronouncements, the professors of economics who in public utterance attempted to bolster a shaky stock market? How many college presidents now practice Gilman's precept: "The real efficiency of a college is admitted to consist not chiefly in buildings nor in sites nor in apparatus, but in the character of the teacher"? If there has been corruption and waste and folly at home, we cannot expect to escape it in the scholars we send abroad.

Once upon a time, not long ago, I encountered a tourist party being conducted through the papal palace at Avignon. In the party was a young man who had come to Europe to study. There was nothing definite for him to do, he told me, but since he knew nothing of psychology, he had thought it might be interesting to go to Zurich and ask Doctor Jung about it. When he arrived in Zurich he found that Doctor Jung was away on a holiday. This discouraged the young man, the hotel people in Zurich didn't seem very hospitable, he couldn't understand what people were saying. So, at last, he went back to Paris and began to buy tickets in personally conducted tours about Europe. The people in the parties weren't very exciting, he said, but they spoke English, and so he felt less lonely. In such parties this youth had been personally conducted to Venice six times (two days each time) and each time had been personally conducted to see the same sights, each time had been photographed with his fellow-tourists, feeding the pigeons in front of St. Mark's! Benign indeed is the goddess who can smile upon such a disciple. Though an economic disaster has reduced many an academic and foundation budget, the scholastic exodus is still great. The traffic in brummagem scholarship continues.

III

We know how the young bachelor of arts received his money for study abroad, we know how Mr. Whittemore got his. Let us now consider the case of Harley Sykes. This, again, is an actual case, with names and some details altered to prevent identification.

Mr. Sykes is an instructor in zoölogy at West Carolina University. He is interested in getting on in the world; he knows what prestige foreign study gives. He discusses the matter with

Professor Jenks, the head of his department. Jenks thinks well of the scheme; he is well acquainted with Dr. Lester Hogan, the secretary of the Mackey Foundation. Indeed, Professor Jenks once served on the committee of selection. Forthwith Sykes makes application for a grant. He corresponds briskly, Professor Jenks gives an occasional hint, a number of references (also known to Professor Jenks) write splendid letters. In due time the committee meets and passes, among others, on Sykes' application. Does it examine Sykes' plan of study in any detail? No. Does it inquire into his knowledge of languages? No. Sykes states that he wishes to study at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institut at Leipzig, under that most eminent of zoölogists, Dr. Sigismund Brockholz. Do any of the committee know anything of the Institut at first hand? No. Is Doctor Brockholz still actively at work? They do not know; one of the committee met Brockholz once at a great dinner given by the Rockefeller Institute. The letters of reference, however, seem to be from the right people, and all is well. Sykes is informed that he has received a grant of two thousand dollars for a year's work.

The fellowship granted, Doctor Hogan gets into action and writes Herr Professor Brockholz that Mr. Harley Sykes will shortly wait upon him and that the Foundation bespeaks Professor Brockholz's courtesy and attention toward their fellow. Let us say here that Brockholz is a collective personality; there is no eminent zoölogist by that name. But Brockholz under many names may be found in almost every great European seat of learning, a celebrity in some branch of art or science. Likewise there are many Mr. Sykeses whose adventures are similar to the one which we are here describing. Does Mr. Sykes await a reply from Leipzig? He does not. At once he

embarks for Europe. Upon his arrival the following situations may confront him:

1. Professor Brockholz may be dead. This embarrassing situation has occurred a number of times. The student has known of Brockholz, Brockholz made a number of startling discoveries in '98 and '07. Hence, he is the man above all with whom to work. Neither Mr. Sykes nor any member of the Foundation's committee knew that Professor Brockholz had died at a Swiss sanitarium a year and a half before.

2. Mr. Sykes may arrive in Leipzig to discover that Professor Brockholz is in South America, lecturing, making his way by easy stages to the United States, where he is to be for three months at Johns Hopkins.

3. Mr. Sykes may discover that Professor Brockholz is an old man, retired from active work long years since. An honored personage, a Geheimrat, Professor Brockholz is scarcely seen in public save at scientific congresses, where, warm and secure in the sunset of his fame, he is an honored figure.

4. Mr. Sykes may discover that Professor Brockholz has given up teaching and now occupies a more or less executive position at the Institut.

Let us suppose, however, that none of the foregoing misfortunes occurs. (In the actual case I am citing, they did not.) Mr. Sykes may arrive and discover that Geheimrat Brockholz is still at work and still concerned with zoölogy. Mr. Sykes presents himself at the Institut, is received by Brockholz (who speaks English), is assigned to a laboratory, and a few days later is bidden to dine at the Geheimrat's home.

Through the days that follow Sykes dreams of his coming dinner engagement. He thinks of *Dame Care*, he remembers the choruses in *The Student Prince*, stray fragments of the tales of the Brothers Grimm float through his mind. In imagination he sees the Geheimrat walking in his garden with

meerschäum and dachshund. He sees himself entering the Geheimrat's simple sitting room, where, tumbled together with old copies of *Fliegende Blätter* and *Kladderadatsch*, are stray test tubes, retorts, and scientific papers. On the mantel is his violin. Perhaps after dinner (a frugal but highly appetizing repast consisting of black bread, sausages, fried potatoes, and beer) the Professor will take down his violin. Then, with Frau Brockholz knitting beside the green lamp, the great man will play snatches of Mendelssohn while he mutters "Die Lorelei" in his beard. Before the evening is over he will have told Sykes all about the days when he and Koch were students together, how they were wild democrats and were jailed by the police.

That is what the young American student expects; what actually happens? He arrives at the Geheimrat's residence and is most suavely welcomed. There are many cocktails, then a magnificent dinner. While disappointed at the absence of dachshund and green lamp, Sykes is tremendously impressed with his reception. He is pleased to find that the Foundation which sent him is so highly regarded. During the dinner, the Geheimrat (in English) questions Sykes very closely about his stipend. One thing that forever astonishes Brockholz is the size of the grants given Americans for foreign study. They come by shoals with stipends of \$1800 a year (which is princely to a German) and more, \$2500, \$3000, \$3500 a year for two and three years. Having discovered the amount and duration of Sykes's fellowship, the Geheimrat tells Sykes that he is much impressed with all that he has heard of him, pays a graceful compliment to Doctor Hogan, and hints at some great work now in progress in which Sykes will have a part. He calls him *Mitarbeiter*, perhaps even *Herr Kollege*. There will be

a laboratory fee of sixty-five dollars a month, to which, of course, Sykes agrees at once. Whereupon (still in English), the Geheimrat bids him good-night and pleasant dreams. Head in the clouds, Sykes stops at a beer garden on the way home and pledges his own health many times. He promises himself that he will buy a German grammar on the morrow, will start work at the Berlitz at once, so that he may understand the men with whom he is to work.

The next morning he betakes himself to the Institut and, after a good deal of floundering and sign-making, discovers that Professor Brockholz is occupied and cannot see him. The rest of the day he devotes to an attempt to solve the geography of the laboratories. Because of the language difficulty, it is two weeks before he is able to find his way about the Institut with ease. Every day, however, he begs audience with the Professor; each time is put off. So day after day, week after week, time goes by, and Sykes sits there cooling his heels. In the laboratory no one pays much attention, he can't find anything. Sykes has no work of his own; he had expected Brockholz to furnish that. Where is Brockholz all this time? Is he working, is he off in some other laboratory, or what? Eventually Sykes discovers that Brockholz is not in Leipzig at all, that he has been gone for weeks in Italy on holiday.

What eventually happened to Sykes? He could scarcely write home and tell the Foundation of his dire plight, that he had no work of his own to start and that Brockholz had given him none, since that would be a confession that he had had no real object in coming. He did write to Professor Jenks, but Jenks replied that evidently things had changed a good deal in the years since he had been in Leipzig, confessed his inability to aid, and urged Sykes to keep after Brockholz and do the best he

could. This Sykes did, and after six months was set to work counting the blood corpuscles in white mice, a piece of work that had sense only in relation to other larger problems taken up at the Institut of which he knew nothing. That particular interview with the Geheimrat lasted eight minutes. It was the second and last interview which Sykes had at the Institut; he never saw Brockholz again.

During that year in Europe Sykes received no inquiries from the Foundation concerning his work. Brockholz did. At regular intervals Hogan wrote Professor Brockholz, asking what progress their fellow was making. To these communications the Professor, or rather his secretary, replied: Excellent. Yet the Geheimrat never went near Sykes and had not the slightest idea of what he was doing. Once Sykes wrote him that perhaps it would be best if he moved on to another Institut. Instantly Brockholz replied that it was vitally important that Sykes remain as *Mitarbeiter* where he was. In the end Sykes gave up in despair and went off to Paris and enjoyed himself until it was time to come home. In the *Jahresbericht* of the Institut he appeared as an American student of importance who had come all the way from West Carolina to work under Brockholz. This satisfied the Foundation, and Sykes got back to America to find that his academic prestige had gone up ten points. Jenks welcomed him with open arms and told him that his future was assured.

IV

Let us turn this story inside out. Sykes was given his scholarship because Jenks wanted him to have it, even though Sykes had no genuine reason for going save the desire for a better job. The members of the Foundation's committee, including Doctor

Hogan, were middlemen between Jenks and Brockholz. They were glad to give the fellowship to Sykes, for Jenks is an academic figure of consequence, and any one of them may need Jenks's influence sometime. As for Brockholz, having given him a plum in the shape of a foreign student coming many thousands of miles to work in his laboratory (not to overlook the fees which are not unimportant in these hard times), they expect the Geheimrat to mention their papers in the next edition of his well-known book, print their names as contributing editors on the cover of his journal, *Beiträge zur gesamten allgemeinen und speziellen Zoologie und Morphologie mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Wirbellosen*, or even ask them to contribute a chapter to his forthcoming *Handbuch* (with a similarly lengthy title) in seventeen volumes—thus causing Professor Giles of the University of California to perish with envy.

Now for Brockholz. He may still be at work, although probably work occupies a very little part of his time. He is a man of distinction and the head of his Institut. It is quite true that Brockholz made those great discoveries in '98 and '07, but unfortunately fame travels slowly. It took fifteen years for Brockholz's name to become at all familiar in the United States. Ten years more were required for his reputation to trickle down and become well enough known to American committees and students to make Brockholz a desirable man with whom to work. Twenty-five years is a long time, his great days now are over. In 1907 Brockholz was at the zenith of his powers; then was the time for the real student to go to him, not now. He is without question an honored and distinguished man but, as a creative worker, he is just about through. He sits in the high seats, dealing for the most part with other eminent men.

He is glad to have Sykes in his laboratory; every European laboratory to be truly eminent must have a number of Americans sitting if not working in it. Likewise he does not despise the laboratory fees, for the students from his own country contribute so little to swell his budget. The Geheimrat is interested in securing more funds for his institute; every foreign student brings him more prestige. He is satisfied that Sykes is an immature, inexperienced person with no work of his own in hand. Which is quite true. The Geheimrat feels that his business is not to suckle infants, and for this feeling there is a good deal of justification. If Brockholz is still interested in his subject, he is concerned with minute finesses that Sykes cannot possibly understand or follow. As for the Geheimrat's assistants, they are polite to Sykes, but they are extremely busy themselves, they understand no English and, inasmuch as Sykes never succeeds in acquiring any German, there is scarcely any communication between them.

This story of Sykes and his experiences is not unusual; there are many more whose histories have a deadly similarity. One man with a three-year grant spent two years and a half of it at the University of Berlin, just because the head of the laboratory, whom he hardly ever saw, advised him to stay. During those two years and a half the Fellow did absolutely nothing save attend the opera and the Berlin night clubs. That the Professor was guilty of neglect does not absolve the Fellow or the Foundation that sent him. The Fellow was a man of no ability whatever, had not the slightest idea of what to do when he reached Europe. Academic politics had sent him there, and on his return from his three years' stay abroad, he was offered a highly desirable position in one of our great medical schools,

given precedence over a far better man who during this same time had been doing real work at an American university. Every person in this affair was consciously played for a sucker by the next in line. Is a case of this sort any less corrupt than that of the young instructor who was given sixteen hundred dollars by his college for a year's study in Paris, who deliberately spent his sixteen hundred in riotous living on the Continent, intentionally doing no work whatever? Both of these cases are examples of thorough-going dishonesty.

If it is a little less dishonest to pay for worthless "study abroad" out of one's own pocket, such nonsense becomes even more intolerable when the student, because of his time in Europe, may command attention and respect at home. Young Rathbone, an instructor in an American university, went to Vienna. A man of wealth, he asked for no grant. In Vienna, after badgering Professor Hovorschka to death, he persuaded the Professor to let him assist in some laboratory work. At length Hovorschka set this nonentity to study the nerves of some South American fish. A year was spent at this, Rathbone hired a poverty-stricken Austrian to write a paper on what he and the Austrian assistant had done and, by paying a small fee, had it published. In consequence of this one published paper, Rathbone returned to America a made man. A year's stay in Vienna, plus the publication in one of the numberless Continental scientific journals of a paper which Rathbone could not even read himself, had assured his reputation.

Does this mean that all European scholars and scientists who are men of reputation are political wire pullers or academic figure heads, dodderers living in the light of past achievement? It means nothing of the kind. A European scholar or scientist of standing

and ability will always welcome an American student who has proved himself worthy of serious consideration. It is possible for an American to go to Thomas Lewis to study the heart, to work in physics with Rutherford, or do research with any one of a dozen others. Americans have done these things, but there are not many of them, and it is worth pointing out that they were students of proved ability who knew exactly where they were going and what they were going to do. Furthermore, the masters with whom they were to study knew also.

Sykes and his kind are the unfortunates who go to Europe to study not under a famous man, but under a famous name. There are others—those who have a subject and intend to go from school to school, now studying under one man, now another. Most of these travel with grants from universities or foundations; most of them, likewise, have little language equipment. Young Armstrong, an instructor in botany at Shenango University, wandered all over Europe, to Vienna, to Zurich, to Paris, to Berlin, hopelessly looking for work to do. Finally he came to a halt at Heidelberg, where, to his great joy, he found a young assistant who spoke English. At last he felt that he could set to work. But his joy was short lived, for this particular assistant could think of nothing but America and ceaselessly taxed Armstrong about how to get a job at Columbia. At length, completely discouraged, Armstrong came home. His discouragement he speedily rationalized into a contempt for European science, and thereafter became over-critical of all work done abroad, and was convinced that only in America was there any opportunity worth the name for botanical work. His study abroad had made him hopelessly provincial. What is the fault here? It happened that Armstrong had done excellent

work at home; he had not come to Europe to waste his time. The trouble was that he had made no attempt to discover beforehand where the best work in botany was being done in Europe. In the second place he knew, nothing of French and German, nor did he try very much to learn. His year was as worthlessly spent as that of the student who made elaborate experiments to determine which end of a hen's egg was laid first, and with profound solemnity finally announced that it was impossible to say: sometimes the little end came first, sometimes the big! The skeptical may be interested to know that this paper actually exists in print.

V

These more sad than amusing histories do not prove that there is no opportunity for study abroad. There are teachers, schools, laboratories, libraries where work is possible and where there are opportunities that cannot now be duplicated in America. There are American students of reputation doing work in these places aided by American schools and foundations of standing who know their fellows and know exactly what they are about. But these last are few. What is the matter with the rest? There are a good many things, but three are most important.

1. In many cases the wrong persons are sent, persons who are either incompetent or who are reputation-hunters pure and simple. It is more difficult than might be supposed for an American student or professional who really wants to work and hasn't spent his time making academic contacts to secure grants for study abroad.

2. Many universities and foundations are helpless in giving advice and counsel to their fellows, showing ignorance, carelessness, and a lack of real interest that is often beyond belief. They are impressed with titles, degrees, and letters of recommenda-

tion, but they often have not the slightest idea where their students should go and what work they will be able to do when they get there. Let me avoid giving the impression that schools or foundations ought to bind a student to a schoolboy supervision. One of the large foundations, to which my criticism does not apply, chooses its fellows on the basis of proved ability and of work already performed, assuming rightly that such persons may be depended on to direct themselves. In contrast to the successful administration of this foundation, there is the spectacle of a more recently organized one which seems to have given its money for scientific work both here and abroad with discriminating indiscriminate and notoriously has poured out large sums with a minimum of result.

3. There is the language qualification already referred to; its importance cannot be overestimated. What earthly good does it do to attend a course of lectures when you cannot understand a word of what is said? Of what use is a library when you cannot read the books? Even in a laboratory, how easily can you work with a man when what he speaks is gibberish? Yet the number of foreign scholarships which specifically require a knowledge of languages is small.

The American will say: Surely the department heads at Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Michigan, Johns Hopkins, Wisconsin—any of the great universities, surely they understand the situation abroad and are able to advise their students who hold foreign scholarships. To which the answer is: There are fewer, many times fewer of them than there should be.

Let us go back once more to the eminent Dr. Caples, Dean of the Institute of Biological Relations at Chesapeake University, whom first we saw on the *Sarmatia*, bound for Europe. On that eventful trip Dr. Caples proposed to discover a likely man to head the department of neurology at Chesapeake. The Dean may have known little about neurology, but he felt perfectly confident that Europe con-

tained the man he wanted. For a little while he paused in London and Paris, but his mind was fixed upon the great Karl von Schmidt, Professor of Pathology at Berlin. Doctor Caples had sat next to Von Schmidt at a dinner once, he knew Von Schmidt's towering reputation, he was positive that Von Schmidt would put him on to the right man. He arrived in Berlin; Doctor von Schmidt chanced to be terribly busy, but paused long enough to dine Caples with great pomp, inviting a number of the eminent to be present. There was some mild amusement, for Caples was naïve in a number of respects, and the men he met had difficulty in finding out what the Institute of Biological Relations was and what Caples wanted. However, the dinner passed off pleasantly with an atmosphere of hands across the sea, a reference to Harvard, a murmur of admiration for Doctor Flexner, inquiries about acquaintances at Johns Hopkins and Pennsylvania, and assurances of great esteem for Doctor Caples.

In two or three days this flurry of entertainment was over, and Doctor Caples was left to fend for himself. He floundered about, asking questions, doing the best he could with interpreters, for, although most of the guests at Von Schmidt's dinner spoke English (to the great relief of Doctor Caples) many of the other laboratory men did not. At last a young assistant of Von Schmidt's who was able to speak English, realized that here was an American at large with a budget. The assistant, a gay young man with a taste for wines and a passion for dancing, saw what a doleful time Caples was having, quit his work instantly, and devoted himself to helping Caples forget his troubles. It was the height of the season and the feeling of *wein, weib, gesang* was in the air. Presently the astonished Dean found him-

self prancing through the Berlin night clubs, becoming a great café and theater man, turning into a sad dog indeed. He was overpowered with delight. A few weeks later he woke up to find that he had given this gay young man the Professorship of Neurology along with a three years' contract at a very high salary. The appointment caused Von Schmidt some astonishment, perhaps a little relief at being rid of an assistant who was no particular ornament to him. At all events, in the following autumn the young man arrived in America to take up his position at Chesapeake. The appointment proved a most dire mistake, for the young man turned out, except for dancing, to be a complete fiasco. At the end of the year the head of the university had to buy up the neurologist's contract for a goodly sum and ship him back to Europe.

Perhaps one more example of this sort of academic diplomacy will suffice. Dr. John Randolph Raikes was called upon to reorganize the department of biology at Portsmouth University. In the most casual manner he packed his bag and set out for Europe, looking, like Doctor Caples, for the man of men. He also could speak nothing but English, but had always warmed himself with the feeling that science speaks a universal tongue. He spent two weary months journeying from Paris to Zurich, to Jena, to Berlin, to Vienna. Finally a certain institute became aware of Professor Raikes' presence in Europe. They had a man who had been waiting about for years for his professorship, a man whose abilities were so mediocre that no school was willing to grant him the position he desired. He was becoming an ever-present nuisance, when, out of the blue, came Professor Raikes. The appointment of this mediocrity was strongly urged and, at length, mellowed with good wine and laden with photo-

graphs bearing the signatures of the great, Doctor Raikes accepted the nonentity and brought him home. It was a sad day for the department of biology. Upon arrival Professor Raikes and his new professor began to look about for assistants. But the men of ability in America, who would have been overjoyed to work under a capable man, now refused to come. They knew about this mediocrity and had no wish to waste their time. The result was a third-rate department headed by a third-rate man, surrounded by third-rate assistants. The deed is done and the harm lives after. For years to come, because of Professor Raikes' brilliant stroke, this department must remain a dead letter. A profound ignorance of what Europe—and the United States for that matter—had to offer had caused its ruin.

VI

What then can the young man or woman do who wishes to study abroad? In the first place, he ought to have a pretty clear idea of what he wishes to do. The contention may be raised here that students have gone abroad intending to do one thing and then have reversed themselves and done something else that proved quite as fruitful. Examples may be adduced of scholars who went abroad not knowing what they were going to do, who spent their time roving about the Continent, yet were able to come home with some tangible achievement that gave incontrovertible proof of their ability. Such examples do not necessarily prove that no students need guidance or that Paris bars are ideal places for study. Rather do they prove that these students were not academic climbers or idlers but mature and experienced persons, and that the foundations which sent them knew it. You cannot set a bound over genius nor subject a capa-

ble mind to regimentation, but genius is not the rule, and the student should be well advised before he places himself in that class. In the second place, if the student proposes to seek assistance from a foundation or other agency granting money for foreign research he should do the best he can to find one that will be of actual help. There are such institutions in this country, and some native intelligence and persistence in asking questions will enable him to separate the sheep from the all too many goats. In the third place, the student must learn the language if he is to study on the Continent. If he is to do good work at all the language demand is inexorable. Some of that small band of institutions mentioned above require that a student applying for a grant to do work in a specified country must satisfy the foundation of his knowledge of the language, not after the grant is made but before. Last of all, and most important, he must make himself as familiar as he can with the situation abroad. The chances are that he will get more information from individuals than he will from the foundation that supplies his material needs. It is the man and not the school that he should look for. Eminent names, famous seats of learning may mean everything or nothing. It is the teacher above all. No matter how celebrated a school may be, it cannot be equally good in everything, and the student is not going to study everything. There are too many examples like that of the student who was unaware that the "University of London" was largely a geographical expression and after a stay of six months was still hunting for his particular department.

If the student desires to work under a famous man, he must discover whether or not the great man is still active—or at least alive. The time to study with Röntgen is when he is busy

studying rays in a little laboratory in Würzburg, not when he is resting on his laurels as the head of an institute in Munich. The time to study with Windaus is before he receives the Nobel prize. The student should be at great pains to discover what is going on at the smaller centers—Lyons, Bordeaux, Glasgow, Tübingen, Göttingen, and the others. In them some of the best European training will be found; in these small schools the student will find mathematicians, biologists, surgeons, botanists, philologists, chemists, physicists, zoölogists, teachers in every field. They are not politicians, they have no great positions or salaries. Many of them are not the heads of institutes, not even professors sometimes. They are the ones who make the great discoveries and afterwards either become baronets and Geheimräte in their turn or else die in obscurity. They teach a few who in turn will teach others. Few of them speak English, few ever go to the great congresses. There is no money. They starve along on microscopic budgets and even more microscopic salaries. Chance determines whether they shall die famous or unknown.

There is now living, in a small German university, an anatomist, a great

scientist, the greatest living, perhaps, in his branch of anatomy. This man has a department budget of about eight hundred dollars a year; he is unable to afford salaried assistants. To him have gone a very few graduate students who have been received with open arms. There is no talk of big laboratory fees; if the student is short of money he need pay nothing. The professor may even, out of his own meager salary, pay for equipment for a special piece of research that the American wishes to do. But the student must be a person who has come to work and to learn. The reputation hunter finds no welcome there, the timeserver, the dawdler, the man on vacation is not wanted. But there is small danger of this, for few American foundations have ever heard of this great man's existence, American students fewer still. The chances are that if a well-informed young American should apply to most of the foundations and research councils for a grant to work with such a man, the request would be refused because no member of the committee had ever heard the name. But those few who do go are given the opportunity of their lives, for they work with genius, and the mark is on them forever after.



RIVER TOWN

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

THERE is a special province which belongs to the Mississippi, carved out of the States through which it flows. It can be cut in two at St. Louis to form two distinct domains, one of the upper river, the other of the lower. The latter is well known and frequently celebrated; it has certain picturesque advantages and two great books to its credit; although Hannibal is geographically above St. Louis, Mark Twain in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* was writing about the lower river where his interest was.

The province of the upper river does not deserve its obscurity. The life along its reaches was the life of the Mississippi with a special quality of the Northwest added, a defiant, reckless courage and arrogance that the stream in the south lacked. Even to-day a river town is a special kind of town. It is only technically in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, or Iowa. By virtue of the Mississippi, the extravagant commerce that flowed for so many years on its broad surface and the incorrigible human cargo that came along with this commerce, the river towns escaped the blighting respectability of the mid-western Main Street.

Many of the upper river towns that flourished in the days of the great lumber boom have disappeared altogether; visible now only as moldering ghost towns. Others are dying, shrinking slowly into a pale semblance of the past. Galena, in Illinois, is shut off from the Mississippi, its tributary

Fever River choked with sand. Bad Axe in Wisconsin has become the hamlet Genoa. Dubuque, Iowa, dwindles, and so do Clinton, Burlington, Muscatine. Beef Slough, in Wisconsin, once the center of tempestuous life, with a hundred raft crews charging in and out of saloon and brothel, has disappeared. So has West Newton, across the river in Minnesota.

II

Winslow is a town such as Clinton or Dubuque. It is in Iowa but it has no more to do with that rural State than has Tombstone, Arizona. In the beginning Joshua Winslow, a hard-bitten Yankee from northern New York, came with his ailing wife and built on a rise of ground where the river was open, free from sand bars and tow-heads—the small islands which clog the stream. That was in 1836. Considerably before the Civil War Joshua and his wife had died of ague and chills and fever and the other miserable diseases that attended pioneer settlement in the valley.

By 1865 Winslow was a thriving town of more than three thousand population. It had eighty-six saloons and a subscription library. The Winslow Young Men's Association, which fostered the library, organized in 1865 a lecture series and brought to the town Emerson, Horace Greeley, P. T. Barnum, the freed slave, Douglass, and two or three others of almost equal

note. The Association also gave a Promenade Festival at which the sum of three hundred and forty-two dollars was raised to buy books; one of the local wits offered a humorous monologue in the person of "Professor A-gas-sick" of "Cambrick University," discoursing on Adam and Eve and the revised story of the Garden.

Already there were half a dozen sawmills at Winslow. In that year old Rizen Abbott paid a war tax to the government on ten thousand dollars of his income, and J. L. Westbrook is shown in the published lists with almost as much. But they were pikers still, buying the logs they sawed in their mills from timber contractors in the pineries to the north or from chance raftsmen who came drifting down the stream to barter logs. As the West came to demand lumber and more lumber, Abbott, Westbrook, and the Devines began to realize that God had been indeed very good to them. To the north were the incredibly fine stands of pine, so large that man could never exhaust them; to the west was the treeless prairie, with the railroad beginning to push in; and the river was at their door, a free highway for the northern lumber.

Scarcely a town on the upper river between St. Paul and St. Louis but had its mills. They were called sawdust towns. In the spring when the river opened and the first rafts came down the muddied, drift-laden flood to Winslow, the great circular saws set up their familiar shrieking whine again—the sawmill sound that carried so far on still hot days in the summer. The shift was twelve to fourteen hours a day, the pay eighty-five cents to a dollar and a quarter. There were numerous accidents. Often men were ripped in two; the saws stopped for a few minutes, and the undertaker had a difficult job. There were many Germans and Irish in the mills. On

Saturday pay night no good woman stirred out of the house without a strong man at her side. Two constables were required to keep the drunks on Main Street from falling under the buggy wheels. There were sixty-three saloons in the six blocks between the levee and the Randall House at the corner of Sixth Street. Iowa's prohibition law came early, but to Winslow and the other river towns it made no difference. The proprietors of the saloons were brought into court once a month to pay a fine of ten dollars and costs, which was the equivalent of a license fee.

But it took a raft crew to make the town really lively. In the early days they were all from the northwest: Wisconsin woodsmen who turned to rafting during the summer, French Canadians many of them. Later on boys from along the river took to rafting, and there were Winslow men on almost every raft. And there were the bums who came back each season, starved, ragged, eager to get a berth for a single trip, enough money for a drunk. They were known to captains up and down the river by their nicknames, "St. Louis Blackie," "Sliver," "The Tomcat." They had no other names. A captain would walk along the levee and prod one sleeping bundle of rags after another. "Here you, Bat-Eye, and you, Mugs, go on aboard the *Fanny Harris* and report to the mate." When the season ended in the late fall they migrated by some circuitous and difficult route to the deep south where they worked on the sugar plantations. All raftsmen had in common a proud, willful independence. They took the town when they turned to pleasure.

The floating brothels, rigged on small barges, knew them. Often these pleasure craft would follow a raft, or two or three rafts, to the mills at Winslow, sure of patronage when the crew

were paid off. The roosters, which was the name the raftsmen acquired because of necessity they roosted anywhere they could during the strenuous down-river trip, loved a brawl. They went often to the German beer garden, the Schützen park, on the edge of town. Sometimes they were admitted, sometimes not, depending upon the state of the Schützen Verein's treasury. But always they fought, and the Germans almost invariably lost and swore never again to traffic with such brutes. After a particularly violent battle, Heinrich Schenk, lawyer for the Schützen Verein, had twenty raftsmen haled up in the justice of peace court. The small room would just accommodate the hulking defendants and two or three constables. The complaining witnesses had to wait outside. At intervals Heinrich would lean out of the window to call, "Send up another black eye," or, "Another one with teeth out, if you please."

Certain of these roosters acquired highly colored reputations in Winslow. Big Jack Manville had been a Winslow boy, but no one was so feared. Once he smashed a dozen windows on Main Street before the constabulary could control him. He appeared in court the next day, sober and subdued, tall and dignified, looking like a kindly colossus. Two or three merchants had come to see that he was at last put in jail, but they lost their courage when they saw Big Jack in the flesh. After waiting a while, he said, "If there's not going to be any action here I'm going home," and went out.

You could tell when a neighbor had come off the river: his clothes would be decorating the back fence in order that they might be deloused by the sun and air. Men were compelled to shed their river clothes in the barn or woodshed before conscientious wives would allow them to step into the house. Sometimes raftsmen bound down river to a mill below Winslow would steal an

hour or two at home. A ribald story passed around that Shady Ashcraft kept his little boy on the river bank watching for his return. At the approach of Shady's raft, the youngster was required to run like hell and bear this warning to his mother, "Go on to bed, ma, because pa's just about to step on shore." Many raftsmen spent the winter at home in pleasant idleness, slept late, danced, played cards, called on the girls, bought a Stetson hat and a pair of box-toed shoes. There were boat yards at Winslow, busy through the winter, employing skilled caulkers and woodworkers who made good wages and spent freely. In the spring there were two or three launchings that called for all the rancid butter from the country round about to grease the ways.

Respectable mothers in Winslow despaired of their children. Little girls who wore white aprons to school came home in tears. Some big girl or loutish boy had pulled their braids. In summer, despite the furious vigilance of the raftsmen, most boys lived on and along the big rafts that were tied up by the mills, waiting to approach the log chute. It was a wonderful place to swim and dive, but dangerous; slip under that unbroken carpet of brown logs, and it was ten to one that you would never come up alive again. The roosters were heroes who sometimes accepted the tribute of youthful awe. Two huskies were bathing on the edge of the raft. "C'mere, bub," called the one, "and I'll show you something." On his chest was tattooed a full-rigged ship; dangling over his shoulder and trailing down his spinal column went a very realistic rope that disappeared below the small of his back. He bent over to let the boys read the legend that was tattooed along the rope. It said, "More rope where this came from." The two men roared with laughter.

The sawdust piles had become small mountains. Rizen Abbott—called Goat Abbott for obscure reasons—was already a rich man. On Abbott's slough he had three great mills topped by three tall stacks, and the square piles of sweet-smelling lumber covered acres of ground in his yards. He was a broad, thick man. When there was good sleighing, he often gathered all the children of his neighborhood into his big sleigh, took them for a swift ride, and then bought them boots with red tops and copper toes and a box of candy all around. Each day at six o'clock he was all but stationary. He would take more whiskey, but it would not stay down. He was full of whiskey; he carried in four or five pockets half-pint flasks which contained what was for him a single drink. But his vigorous mind was apparently never dimmed. Mrs. Abbott was a proud woman. She had few friends and even they said that she was distant, cold. She wanted their one son, Will, to be a gentleman and go to Harvard College. Goat Abbott wanted him to go into the lumber business.

III

Abbott and Westbrook and the Devines were all in the pool, the combine of lumbermen which dominated the entire upper river and a good share of Wisconsin and Minnesota. It was common talk in Winslow that they stole as much of the forest as they bought. J. L. Westbrook was a hard man. He was godfearing, and he wore a little fringe of whiskers, like a half moon around his face. The stern tenets of his Methodism would not permit him to work his men on Sundays. On Saturday at midnight it was his custom to order his steamboats which were to return north for rafts restocked with provisions. The Westbrook foreman turned over to the

grocer a long, long list of supplies, and the grocer and his two brothers and his wife toiled until midnight Sunday to fill the orders and get the supplies aboard. Westbrook was obviously not responsible for the souls of the grocer and his family.

It was in this custom that the hatred between the grocer's family, the Sewells, and the Westbrooks originated; it is the most distinguished hatred in Winslow, having come down intact to the present day. Once when J. L.'s younger son, Philomen, was eighteen, J. L. became enraged at something the boy said and there in the street he thrashed him with an axe handle until he broke his arm. It was late at night, and only a few men gathered. When J. L. strode away, the onlookers picked up Philomen, carried him into a saloon, and went for a doctor. It was in this way, they say, that the old man broke Philomen's spirit. But J. L. had an older son, Horatio, who was just as mean as his father.

The Devines were milder. They were French-Irish and they liked to live in pleasant, easy style. Old man Devine came to Winslow with only his shirt on his back, but as soon as he began to make money he let his family spend it. They built a house on Fifth Avenue, young Bernadotte and Paris went away to a military school, and Antoinette, Louisa, and Fanny were sent to Ferry Hall in Lake Forest.

There were others whose fortunes were mounting upward as the logs flowed in a ceaseless brown web down the broad stream. There were the Tollivers and the Bradleys and the Gardiners. But Goat Abbott, Westbrook, and the Devines ruled the roost. Sometimes their mills and their lumber piles burned—burned for days—and all the town was black and reeked with smoke and all the women made sandwiches and coffee for the fire-fighters. They built up the mills again and

spurned the insurance which cautious underwriters held at fabulous rates.

These three families were expanding rapidly. They were making money in undreamed-of sums. They were not the biggest on the upper river; they were under the domination of old man Weyerhaeuser. But they had long since become the richest men in Winslow, outstripping pompous Peter Van Hewitt Smith who came west with six hundred thousand dollars and a number of grand ideas, which he slowly and painfully relinquished. The pace on the river had become faster, harder. During the open season Abbott and the others lived on their boats between Winslow and Beef Slough at the mouth of the Chippewa River. For three weeks, during the big fight over the Beef Slough boom, Goat never took off his clothes. The rafting crews worked fourteen, eighteen, twenty hours a day. The rafts crowded one on the other so fast at the rafting booms that time and again men slipped beneath the treacherous, shifting surface of the logs, and there was no thought for them, because a man was so cheap. For one entire week the river before Winslow was covered with logs for seven miles, and people came from round the whole county on a Sunday in mid June to see the spectacle.

Goat Abbott, when at last he wearied of his wife's nagging, built a huge house, all turrets and towers and porches and three upstairs balconies and a stained-glass window on the stairway twenty feet high. Goat had them panel one room in white pine with a low polish. He said he liked the smell of the wood and, after all, it was the way he'd made his money.

A little later Louisa Devine married Philomen Westbrook. The two families built for them a handsome house on the bluff back of the town. From the wide windows of their drawing-room (Louisa, who had lived in New York,

said it was not a parlor) you could look over the hills and the flat roofs of the town to the shining river. There were separate quarters for the servants in the stable. No one had ever called them servants before, to say nothing of having special quarters for them. Later on, old man Devine built another big house for Antoinette and Billy Rickard on the bluff and another one for himself; so that the three houses dominated all of Winslow.

The Devines were living high. It was Bernadotte Devine who built the first houseboat. It was called *The Princess*, for his sister, Fanny. That had been Fanny's name since she was a child with long, carefully curled golden hair. The Little Princess. And the towboat that pushed *The Princess* was called *The Duchess*. Those first boats introduced a grand, lazy, blissful sort of life. The logging business was almost at an end; they were all rich, they could take time. Or at any rate the Devines could. *The Princess* was fitted out by Marshall Field's, eight bedrooms, five baths, a main saloon, a dining saloon, the master's library, and a verandah deck that ran the whole length of the boat, tricked out with blooming plants along the rail and with hanging baskets of fern. There were no cares, no worries, no smoke, no vibration—just drifting along on *The Princess*, scarcely aware of the puffing *Duchess* which pushed behind. It was a great life while it lasted.

The best of the Devine crews, the crack pilots, were always assigned to *The Duchess*. And the colored stewards on *The Princess* were chosen for their musical ability, as much as for anything else. Toward the late afternoon *The Princess* and *The Duchess* would head into some quiet slough, and the whole party would go swimming along a sandbar, then picnic there, and in the moonlight listen to the niggers singing on the deck and

the strumming of the banjos. On the verandah deck there were hammocks that held two, a hammock for each couple, and the official chaperon was not too watchful. The Devines had friends all up and down the river, and before each trip hampers of the finest imported champagne and claret and liqueurs and whiskies were carried on board. Stop at Burlington and have a party; it was there that the new Brussels carpet in the main saloon was initiated with spilled champagne; that was the trip on which they made the distillery towns, from Peoria to Louisville, up the Ohio. Nothing to do, nothing in the wide world to do, through long lazy afternoons; the green, mysterious shore slipping gently past the rail.

Soon there were other houseboats. The Tollivers built and equipped *The Chaperon* and *The Summer Girl*, and old Westbrook was at last pried loose from the cash for *The Eva* and *The Uncle Tom*. But the Devines managed to lead. They initiated the Outing Club. Paris advanced the money to build the big gabled clubhouse on a point of land at Weehasket, five miles below Winslow, where the river makes a great bend, sweeps by in all its swelling might and majesty. The *Winslow Gazette* said, with considerable justice, that no verandah in the Middle-west could boast a finer view. There were twenty suites, bedroom, bath, and small sitting room; card rooms, three dining rooms. The ladies spent long, carefree weeks there; husbands drove down in the afternoon in smart turn-outs, with a groom up behind. Visitors from Minneapolis and Chicago liked to stop at the Outing Club.

How they dominated the town, the Devines and the Westbrooks. Goat Abbott was away most of the time; he had branched out into railroads and timber on the West Coast, with his son, Will, who had gone to Harvard and

was a gentleman but good at business, too. Mrs. Abbott had shut herself away entirely; she lived with an old servant in the big house and sometimes you saw her sallow, withered face at the window. She refused to meet her oldest friends; they said it was because she was so unhappy with Goat. The Devines and the Westbrooks had it all to themselves. They were like the ruling families of some small middle-European principality.

Each detail of their life was discussed. When Paris Devine was drowned off *The Princess*, three thousand people packed the levee to see them bring his body ashore. The town knew that Antoinette didn't get along with Billy Rickard; the report of a separation hovered in the air for years. The very appearance of their children, riding in a high-wheeled wicker pony cart, with a watchful, British-looking governess, was enough to set every curtain along the street to fluttering. Other children stopped their play to stare with awe that was not unmixed with envy at sight of the smart Shetland pony and the smart little cart and the youngster who held the reins with such casual pride. On their second trip to London Louisa and Philo bought a Daimler and brought it back to Winslow; it was the first car the town had seen near by. Billy Rickard drank too much and ran with women; that was established. Louisa and Philo and their children traveled between California, New York, and Europe, with brief stopovers in Winslow. Old man Westbrook was dying of a cancer; he got scant sympathy from the town; everyone knew that Horatio would get the money and conserve it as meanly as his father had.

All the mills were closed now except one that Goat Abbott kept open to saw the few logs which still came down from the north. The sawdust mountains were brown and discolored; they had

begun to settle into the river. There were great mines of rotting lath and waste lumber where the yards had been. The tempo of the town was slower. A number of the best pilots had gone to the Yukon; a few found berths in the government service; others settled down to loaf away their lives or they took to modest farming. Iowa was dry in earnest, but Fairview, across the Mississippi in Illinois, was dripping wet, and a stream of thirsty Iowans poured through Winslow and over the high bridge. Returning very drunk, they gave to Main Street a semblance of the wild and bloody past. The high bridge had never paid before; it now became as the mines of Ophir; liquor was smuggled across in wheel-barrows and baby-buggies and push carts, anything on wheels.

The old-timers were dropping away. Jumbo Bradley committed suicide. Goat Abbott had a stroke in Seattle; but not before he had made sure of a proper entry into heaven. "They may be right; you can't tell," he was often heard to say as age crept upon him. "These Christians, these church folks, may be right. Anyway I can't afford to take such a big chance as that." He gave to the Episcopal church handsome carved choir stalls, an altar, and a communion service of handwrought gold; a new organ, a new roof, and an endowment. He left an estate of \$17,000,000 and when his son, Will, died six years later, it had appreciated to \$33,000,000. Mrs. Abbott lives on, more withered and yellow, seldom venturing from the house, never from the big yard and the protection of the high cedar hedges around it; intruders are turned away by Anna who has been with the Abbotts for thirty-eight years. The Westbrook fortune went, when the old man died after incredible months of torture, to Horatio, who was to administer it for

Philo, the two sisters, Ella and Jennie, and himself.

It was strange how quickly it ended. Horatio Westbrook, closed away in his massive, fortresslike house on the little park off Fifth Avenue, occupied himself solely with preserving the great fortune he had inherited from his father; administering the income to his family with all the niggardliness the law would allow; dominating the town by the cold threat of his personality. The Devines, upon the death of the head of the family, ventured into Southern pine and high finance. Within a few years they took such severe losses that their way of living had to be curtailed in drastic fashion. Louisa and Philo and their children came back for a month or two in the summer, but the rest of the year they were at Pasadena. Antoinette divorced Rickard, supporting him in a sanitarium for alcoholics until his death. Fanny terminated a romance long frustrated and married Captain Henry Robaire of her father's fleet; he had one-eighth Chippewa Indian blood. As Mrs. Robaire she developed a giddy streak and was given to becoming tipsy, a foolish smile on her foolish face, beneath the absurd crown of graying yellow curls.

IV

Although an air of quiescence and decay hangs increasingly over Winslow, its character persists, stubborn and unregenerate. For many of the figures of the great past live on; like figures from some heroic frieze buried under wind-blown sand and lost to time; difficult and ununderstandable. Big Jack Manville, Captain Cameron, Mr. Jabez, and many more survive. They are not unlike certain houses which a pretentious generation has covered with a thin coating of stucco, a meager surface that does not conceal their sharp, uncompromising angularity. Big

Jack lives alone in a small yellow cottage; he can see the river from his front door; his mate's license hangs in a gilt frame over the radio. Mr. Jabez sits on the rotting remains of a shiere boom and talks of the past in his fine Irish speech. Captain Cameron is eighty-six but he looks as though he were carved out of hickory, as tough and as limber, with the fringe of stiff-looking whiskers that encircles his face.

Winslow bears a resemblance to the dying New England coastal towns of a generation ago. There are many spinsters, odd crustacea cast upon the beach by the receding wave of energy. Some of them are so old that they were brought to the West by their fathers as little girls, from Boston and Gloucester and New Bedford. The river attracted these New Englanders. Winslow was destined to be a great town, one to rival Chicago. Wilda Cranch's father came west to start an insurance company in Winslow. It failed swiftly, and Mr. Cranch died of the galloping consumption. That happened in 1857; Wilda was four years old; but when she speaks of it to-day there is the shadow of forgotten emotion in the parchment of her face. The Monday girls must be seventy—yes, seventy-five—but to Winslow they are still the Monday girls. Olive Read lives alone in the big, shuttered house at the end of Chestnut Street; children play in the tangled undergrowth and shrubbery of the lawn until she comes out to drive them off; the neighbors leave custards and small loaves of newly baked bread on her doorstep. Effie Law was with her father, the Captain, when he was killed in the explosion of the *Silver Wave* near Bellevue. She has lived on the charity of the neighbors since that time, repaying their generosity with the mild humors of her imbecility. Until a recent date a whole tribe of idiots lived and bred in a cluster of

squalid huts along the river bank, beside the deserted button factory; one family's reputed ignorance of the laws pertaining to incest was the source of three or four of the more furtive jokes in the town; the kind told in a shocked whisper at the Winslow Ladies' Literary Society and to the accompaniment of guffaws of laughter in Frankie Jonas' pool hall.

The young have gone away. It is a confession of failure to remain in Winslow; an occasion for apology to return for more than a week-end or a few days. Winslow's younger generation lives in Chicago and New York, St. Louis and Minneapolis. When they meet afar they agree that Winslow is dead; they speak with pity of Fred Caddock and Georgia Hensley and others who are caught there. Returning for a brief visit, they are depressed by the very absence of change; by the fact that houses and people seem quite the same. It is only after a longer interval that the processes of withering decay are apparent. Certain faces have disappeared; here a house has fallen into ruin, gaping and black; and age is seen like a thick film upon all familiar things. Even those industries that grew out of the lumber boom are passing. They are dismantling the sash-and-door factory and selling it for junk.

The only new life has no real relation to the town. The Pershing Memorial Highway runs along Main Street, and in summer there is a constant flow of cars. Winslow happens, too, to be a distributing center for one of the large alcohol rings. Alcohol for Iowa, Nebraska, a part of Minnesota, and the Dakotas crosses the river at this point and comes within the jurisdiction of an Italian with a soft voice and soft yellow-white face. This young gentleman, dressed expensively, slouched down in the seat of a long low car, waves his hand to police and townsfolk along

Main Street with a fine impartiality. It is not difficult to identify at least ten members of the ring stationed in Winslow. They make the Dew Drop Inn their headquarters, coming and going in an indifferent, easy way or pausing for a whispered consultation. Nick, the local head of the syndicate, sometimes boasts, pays off his drivers with a flourish from a showy roll of bills for the benefit of hangers-on in Jonas' place. Two or three Winslow young men have gone to work for Nicholas. It is a great temptation, as he pays \$25 a trip to Des Moines, \$60 to Lincoln, and furnishes a big car with a built-in, concealed eighty-gallon tank. There is a mild risk from hi-jackers, less from the law, but the poorest driver makes \$50 a week, others as high as \$100.

The alcohol is not taken across the high bridge. The trucks from Chicago stop at the Illinois shore, arriving there always at night. The ten-gallon containers are transferred to flat-bottomed skiffs and ferried over the river. Sitting on his porch through long summer evenings, Mr. Jabez has learned to identify the brief, flashing signals of the truck drivers across the river. He counts the skiff loads that come over on dark nights. "Well, by Jesus Christ," he says with a sudden flare of indignation, "you can't beat a country like this one." But his anger subsides to philosophic contemplation of the spectacle of lawlessness at his doorstep, and he reflects that Winslow has never in its history been law-abiding. "It's a river town, and you know what they are," he adds.

The death of the Little Princess the other day gave the righteous in Wins-

low the opportunity to write a very moral epitaph to a whole long period of history. Fanny was found drowned in her bathtub, whether accidentally or not will never be known. Captain Ro-baire had departed three weeks before with the contents of their joint safety deposit box. It had not contained much, the town said, but at least it would have given Fanny a decent burial. As it was, Horatio Westbrook and four others put in a hundred dollars each for a modest funeral. Fanny had quarreled long before her death with those members of her own family who had retained any part of the original Devine fortune. They telegraphed to Louisa, but no one was certain of her address, and no answer came. Antoinette Rickard, living obscure and forgotten in the south of France, cabled an appeal to Horatio. That was all.

Because so much has gone on there, the town is full of tales. Not one person who walks down the street but has a history that the rest of the town can furnish on demand. People seem to live more and more in the past, feeding upon reminiscences of the great days. There are times when Mr. Jabez dwells completely in a world that has long since disappeared, speaks of friends long dead as though they might come round the corner to question his story, and refers to landmarks obliterated years ago as though they stood shining and new to the gaze of the smallest child. Beneath the present weariness, the film of decay and age, lies the memory of this stirring past. Winslow is a river town if only in the dim reflection of ancient glory.



WANTED: POLITICAL COURAGE

BY CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

COURAGE disappeared from American public life in 1919, and has been absent now for thirteen years. There have always been cowards in our politics, there has always been an uncertainty of leadership, but never before has the whole nation become cowardly and remained cowardly over so long a space of time, never has it dodged every vital question that came up, and never has there been such a dismal lack of leaders—or at least one leader at a time—to whom it would listen.

Courage and leadership, they go hand in hand. It is useless to blame the politicians alone for this present era of spineless drifting, as some are doing. It is true that the politicians, after Theodore Roosevelt died and Woodrow Wilson became incapacitated, shared in the general débâcle, but they are only part of the people, and it is the people who are to blame. What question since 1919 have the people or the politicians faced with the old-time squareness, what question have they not dodged and whined about, or else offered cures that they knew would cure nothing? Take anything you like—and I shall take them—from cancellation of debts to prohibition, and you will see only variations of the theme, from the pretendedly outspoken Hiram Johnsons to the masqueradingly valiant Borahs or the cash-in-hand Deets Pickettses, and most especially the hit-and-run Ku-Kluxers. Progressives or reactionaries,

they are all alike, save that there is a slight extra streak of yellow in the progressives. But I repeat, don't blame the politicians out of hand. Politicians are just people, and they follow the cowbell.

The reason I fix 1919 as the date when American yellowness began is that in 1919 the last real leaders passed out of American public life, Theodore Roosevelt by death and Woodrow Wilson by physical collapse. Name a leader since then. Yes, you can name Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland and Alfred E. Smith of New York, gentlemen unafraid; but when they try to lead, how many follow them? It happens that they are Democrats and that there is no leader, not even a would-be leader, on the Republican side; but this is no credit to the Democrats, for when Ritchie or Smith winds a bugle his panic-stricken party stuffs cotton in its ears and takes to the tall timber. Oh, yes, I know the brave words uttered by Democrats at the Chicago Convention; and I know how they came to be uttered, and how they were immediately belied by the Democrats in control.

Franklin Roosevelt is shifting; Herbert Hoover is stolidly unimaginative; the career of Borah has been a succession of challenges and flights. George W. Norris has been brave, but cannot lead; his own State re-elects him and goes on making mock of his leadership. Morris Sheppard, sturdy campaigner for prohibition, meekly reverses him-

self when he finds that Buncombe County has changed its mind. La Follette, the real La Follette and not the two latter-day imitations, had the courage of the wolf, but he could not lead anything except in his den of two States, and the nation disregarded him. For it is the American people who are showing the yellow streak and the white feather; the politicians only follow their example.

There were politicians who saw it coming. One was Theodore Roosevelt, one of the last of the leaders. In 1916 he used to say to me, over and over again, "They have grown soft." He was talking of the American people. Naturally he hated Wilson and Baker, but it was the people he blamed, the people who had "grown soft." Before that, in 1913, Taft, newly retired from the Presidency, used to ask me what I thought was the matter with the United States Senate. The old leaders, the men who could lead, he used to say, were vanishing from the Chamber; but what was more alarming, no new leaders were coming in to take their places. The Senate had deteriorated, even in the short time of his own administration. What was the cause? What, worse still, was the outlook?

"I never saw the Senate in such a low state as it is to-day, did you?" he said to me once, rambling around New Haven in the dusk. "There was a solidity and strength about it that is all gone now." And, a year later: "You take Owen of Oklahoma. He is away ahead of most of them and has become, by reason of the falling-off in the Senate's character, one of its best men; and yet what is Owen? A graduate of the lobby, who, now that he is in the Senate, tries to act like a statesman, but is no more a statesman than when he was a lobbyist; and, though a Senator, he is a lobbyist still."

Taft admired his worst enemy, La

Follette, because that lone wolf would fight. "But as for Beveridge . . ." and he gave me chapter and verse for a quite different opinion of the Senator from Indiana. Yes, Taft saw it coming; but, not being as keen-sighted as Roosevelt—the real Roosevelt—he was puzzled, and talked about the deterioration in the Senate. Roosevelt knew better. "They have grown soft," he was always repeating, and he was talking about the people. Even the Old Guard, which he had always fought, had grown soft.

It was to arouse the still courageous remnant of the American people that Roosevelt let his name be used for President in 1916. He no more expected the nomination than Al Smith did in 1932, and his motive was the same. Smith's real candidate last spring was Ritchie, but Ritchie, too, was a man with what Jay House calls "intestinal investiture," and the pussy-footed Democrats would have none of him; they wanted a man who stood for nothing, and got him.

Then, in 1919, the double blow fell. The last two of the leaders, of the line stretching unbroken back to Washington, departed. Roosevelt died in his sleep, and Wilson was stricken with that blow which incapacitated him and made him a bystander for four and a half more years. He watched the changing scene, the turn not so much of the century as of the American people, and did it with a grim satisfaction. "The bungalow mind," he said of Harding as he looked on at that serio-comic Administration which followed his hard-hitting one.

Whatever the cause, the people were tired of what Roosevelt called the strenuous life; their motto became Jefferson Davis's "All we want is to be let alone." To being "let alone" the Americans of 1920 added cowardice, sheeplikeness, and greed, all things abhorrent to the mind of Davis or any of

our leaders in the long procession from Washington to Wilson. The election of 1920 was no election of Harding, whom the electorate did not know except by name; it was a thwack at Wilson, who had made the American people work. Wilson was repudiated; and Harding announced that his policy would be a return to "normalcy."

II

Normalcy sounded good to the 1920 American, whom Charles R. Miller, the great editor of the *New York Times*, had described to me as "the average American of to-day, the fat and comfortable American who wants to stay fat and comfortable, and does not like to work his mind too hard or to hear disagreeable news." Normalcy expressed in one word the ideal of "the bungalow mind." But in practice it was unsatisfying. Harding did not run the Government; it was run for him by a bunch of the cheapest cheap skates that had been seen in politics since Franklin J. Moses and the Reconstruction days in South Carolina. Think of the Forbeses, the Jeff Smiths, the Gaston Meanses, beside whom even Harry Daugherty loomed large, as he would have done in no prior period.

Harding himself bloomed and was happy for a while; he had vague visions of being a President who would leave a mark in history. Of his somewhat humorous attempts to make this mark, the only one which is remembered is his invitation to Europe to come to Washington to make the world a Palace Beautiful. Europe came—and went. Of the Americans who filled the newsprint in that morning-glory session the only one who made an even momentary impression was Charles Evans Hughes, who in 1916, when he was running for President, had made an unparalleled record for saying

thousands of words that meant nothing. Then, by degrees, Harding discovered first that Congress was running over him, and then that he was being undone by a few chosen friends whom it is sufficient to describe by the epithet, rather than the name, of Albert B. Fall. His dream faded, he became dispirited, and in 1923, after trying—physically, it is said—to strangle Charley Forbes, a bosom friend who had betrayed him, he died, unhappily. And Calvin Coolidge took his place.

The country still wanted "normalcy," without what William Allen White calls "owls, bats, soothsayers, and harems"; and Coolidge gave it what it wanted. He never did anything to worry it or make it think, or much of anything whatever, and so in 1929 he left the White House a popular President. He left the White House because he did not like it; he could have had another term. All through his Presidency he played safe. Congress disliked him, and continually buffeted him and dragged him around by the hair of his head, except when a biennial election was coming on and it needed his popularity to pull it through. Then the Congressmen—for they were cowards, too—discovered that they were "the original Coolidge men," and could not say enough in his favor until they were safely re-elected and could resume the pastime of batting him about. It was a safe thing for them to do, for the American public has no memory and, besides, does not read political news except once every four years, when a Presidential election drags it away from the sporting and financial pages.

It was often said, at the time, that Coolidge was just the right President because he fitted the mood of the American people, and so he did. Coolidge cleaned out the unholy mess which Harding had left, not at once but by degrees, and then he gave us

"normalcy," denatured. The country wanted to make money, and made it; it didn't want to be bothered with prophets, and it wasn't. Whenever Coolidge had a row with Congress, which was often, he ended it by meekly backing down. The Reign of Ineptitude, not Coolidge's particularly but the fattening country's, was at its height; and so Coolidge went out of office in a chorus of popular acclaim.

So far as domestic policies were concerned, Coolidge generally catered to the rich, but this was only because he preferred the easiest way. As Governor of Massachusetts, he had defied the American Federation of Labor at some risk but he had also sponsored and pushed through pro-labor bills at equal risk. He admired such opposites as Andrew Carnegie and Theodore Roosevelt. He was mercilessly ridiculed, but he never answered back. He stuck to the instruction which he, as President of the Massachusetts Senate, had given that body: "Do the day's work. . . . Expect to be called a standpatter, but don't be a standpatter. Expect to be called a demagogue, but don't be a demagogue." He "did the day's work" though it irked him so that, as White of Emporia tells us, he used to stroll over to his wife at the end of a grueling day and say, with his barely perceptible smile, "Let's go home, Grace." He did go home, to Northampton, and when in 1927 he said, "I do not choose to run for President" nobody believed him until it was discovered that he meant what he said.

He could not be called a courageous President, or a cowardly President either; he was a dogged President, "doing the day's work" as if on a Vermont farm and never lifting his eyes above it. If he had a policy beyond this no one ever discovered it. But he gave the country what it wanted. If in doing so what he did

often inured to the benefit of the rich, it is hard to think of any possible President who would have done differently in those post-Wilson days. In that César Birotteau time, just before the crash, everybody was either rich or expecting to be. Otherwise, nothing is associated with his name except the bootless wrangle with bandits (or rebels, if you like it better) in Nicaragua, which no American has ever been able to understand except that some Nicaraguan Fascisti wanted it undertaken. That languid bush-hunt has been dragging on ever since, fruitless and foolish as in Coolidge's day.

Give Coolidge his due. There were two occasions when he spoke out both like a leader and like a man of courage. The first was the more trying. Assuming the Presidency by accident in a country which knew nothing of him, he made himself known in a message to Congress in which he said, "I do not favor a soldiers' bonus." Only a few words, but Coolidge is not given to words. All over the country mealy-mouthed politicians were either boosting the bonus or straddling the fence. Coolidge, without need, challenged what might prove to be the whole soldier vote at a time when he needed every vote if he were to win the coming nomination.

Again, five years later, he vetoed the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill at a time when "the farmers" were threatening to bolt into the Democratic camp unless they got fat pork. And this time his courage was shown not so much in the fact of the veto, as in the defiant provocative language in which it was expressed, which recalled Grover Cleveland's veto messages as Mayor of Buffalo: "This is bureaucracy gone mad. . . . This plague of petty officialdom would set up an intolerable tyranny. . . . The bill runs counter to an economic law as well settled as the law of gravitation . . . the fu-

tile sophistries of such a system of wholesale commercial doles for special groups." This was not at all the standardized veto language. "The farmers" went to the Convention threatening to bolt, but they did not bolt. The bolter who threatens to bolt is seldom the bolter who bolts.

Except on these two occasions Coolidge played safe. The country had its shiftless will and made money by the cartload. The Government permitted and encouraged inflation, the citizen raked in the ducats like Baron Dangles and spent them like Monte Cristo. Nobody wanted to hear about politics; everybody preferred to hear about Greta Garbo, Babe Ruth, Walter Chrysler, or Samuel Insull.

III

The land was yet reeling in this debauch when Herbert Hoover was elected President. There was still available for the White House a man with the qualities of leadership and courage, Alfred E. Smith, but those qualities killed him off in a year deaf to warning and sodden with easy money. Smith, a Democrat, had repeatedly been elected Governor in a Republican State, as Ritchie, a Democrat, had been (and still is) in another Republican State. Both had won their incessant victories by disregarding political catchalls and saying just what was in their minds. But to make such a man President! President, in a decade in which the ruling imperative was shut-mouth and grab-all! Even the Solid South, as full of sneaky politicians as any other section, broke away from the Democratic party, and Smith got only eighty-seven electoral votes, the lowest record for that party since 1868. Hoover was elected, and the Reign of Ineptitude, it seemed, was to go on forever.

For none of the leading men in his

party, such as that wise old longhorn Senator Moses of New Hampshire, had been deceived by the stories told to the multifarious ostriches about Hoover's greatness. (One and all, including Vice President Curtis, they had had plenty of time to study him in the years since President Wilson introduced him to American public life—which Wilson would never have done if he had not believed Hoover to be a Democrat. That knowledge of him, and that only, was the reason for the seemingly inexplicable opposition to his nomination at the 1928 Convention.

Hoover had been in office only a few months when the financial storm broke. Of course it was not his fault, though all over the country he is being blamed for it. No one man could have stopped the world-wide panic. But Hoover happened to be President of the United States, and it is our incurable habit to blame the individual who holds that office for everything. He could no more have arrested it than could Ramsay MacDonald or Herriot.

Where Hoover was blameworthy was in the prosperity-just-around-the-corner way in which he met the storm. In this he acted and talked only as all the other inept Americans did (for after all Hoover is only one of those average Americans). He was blameworthy, too, in the short-sighted, half-way measures he adopted to take in sail. John Doe and Richard Roe would have done just the same, but we expect something more than that from a President. Commonplace Hoover took a hurricane for a squall, and rigged jury-masts instead of steering for the open sea.

In the meantime, in other matters Hoover was such a failure that Coolidge overtopped him like a giant, and so did Harding, although Coolidge and Harding were no giants. Everything he tried came to naught, and Congress rode over him with an invariable con-

tempt it had never shown even when it was overriding Coolidge or defying Cleveland.

Meanwhile Congress was running wild; but what is Congress but a chance collection of average men? "If you send a rogue to Albany to represent you, he does represent you," said Beecher long ago. Middle-minded America did not send rogues to Congress, but it sent middle-minded men, and from Senator Fess up, they faithfully reflected the minds of the men who sent them. Even Garner probably represents the intelligence of his constituency.

At the beginning of 1932, with the House rearing and plunging like bronchos under the "leadership" of Speaker Garner, Hoover suddenly woke up and changed character; or perhaps he changed advisers and turned over the reins to Secretary Mills. We heard less of Robert Lucas; Claudius Huston had disappeared long before. There was a man in the White House, or in telephone connection with it. However that may be, leadership and courage emerged all of a sudden from the miasma. Out of many courageous deeds, it is enough to mention two: The vigorous veto of Garner's pork-barrel bill, which was to take two billion dollars out of a Treasury that was empty, and the forcible expulsion from Washington of the so-called "bonus army" that had been threatening Congress from Anacostia for months.

To sum it up, Hoover, bewildered and helpless as he had been in the first three years of his term, proved himself in 1932 resolute and capable of coping with every emergency as it arose. Whether a change in his character, produced by three years of trial in the flames, was responsible for his transformation, or whether he now had abler advisers, the fact is there, and augurs well for the future, long or short.

IV

All this time the American people had been running away helter-skelter from every issue, and doing it with brave and truculent words that sounded like the words that from 1775 to 1919 had meant something and had been backed by deeds. For instance, there is the question of cancellation of war debts. The issue, if it can be called an issue, is as plain as the nose on your face: When a debtor goes broke the creditor does not go through the empty form of threatening to sue for assets he does not possess. Simple; but in these thirteen years of feebleness combined with braggadocio it takes a leader to be simple, and leaders we no longer have, or if one tries to lead we wave our hands madly and shoo him to the hen-house.

Europe can't pay because she hasn't the wherewithal. That is all there is to it. In a transaction between individuals such a case would be met either by obtaining an unsatisfiable judgment at much expense or by locking the debtor up, in such States as permit that barbarism. But you cannot send a city marshal to collect an unsatisfiable judgment against a nation, and you cannot lock a nation up. There is nothing to do but join the debit nations on the mourners' bench, charge up the debts to profit and loss as they have done, and grin and bear it. But this is too simple and too straight for Uncle Sam, who is not Uncle Shylock but Uncle Feeble-Bombast.

So, led by that peerless mouthpiece of the meaningless, Senator Hiram Johnson, we shake our impotent fists at moneyless Europe and tell her we will never consent to cancellation. Perhaps not even Senator Johnson contemplates making war on Europe to collect an uncollectible debt; but it sounds well in Buncombe County, and Hiram is talking for home consump-

tion. So are all the other innumerable Hiram who talk as he does but have not his command of the front page.

Nobody in American public life said a word of sense about the debts until this year, when a born leader offered a program. Of course it was Alfred E. Smith. He did not use the horrific word "cancellation," but any one with a grain of intelligence could see that his program of letting up on the dead-broke debtors and at the same time bidding for their trade meant ultimate cancellation and nothing else. His program was received with surprise and relief in Republican and Democratic quarters from which reason had not fled, but it did not stop the "barbaric yawp." As time has gone on Smith's program has receded farther and farther into the silences, and louder and louder have grown the roars for collecting the uncollectible—not that the Elijah Pograms and the Johnsons are fools enough to expect such a thing, but it wins votes for them.

There has been, again, the issue of recognizing or not recognizing Soviet Russia. In 1919 Soviet Russia was regarded as a den of maniac enemies of society. To-day every man must recognize that, whether we like it or not, the Russian Government is a solid fact, an established government; not like ours, but then neither was the Napoleonic Consulate or Empire, though they were facts just the same and had to be reckoned with as if they were. To any man of sense there could be only one question: Is it to our own interest to do business with this queer but solid nation, or to go on treating it as a horde of Genghis Khans? But Mr. Furious-Feeble still reigns, and we combine the fact of not recognizing Soviet Russia with the fact of giving no adequate reason why we do not. Maybe Soviet Russia ought not to be recognized; but from the time the scepter fell from Wilson's hands to this

day the Sphinx has brooded over that unanswered question, Why not?

Consider the matter of prohibition. For a long time no one of real prominence in our public life dared defy the Anti-Saloon League except Smith, Ritchie, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, and Senator Wadsworth. For once even the dominant Wilson was beaten by it; his veto of prohibition was over-ridden by a panicky Congress the day he sent it in. Public men who notoriously disbelieved in it nevertheless obeyed the whip of the Anti-Saloon League and its allies; in the phrase of the day, such men "drank wet and voted dry." The League had no objection to such hypocrisy; it cared nothing for men's convictions so long as it got their votes.

In 1932 it became evident that the country was against prohibition; the politicians had guessed wrong, had backed the wrong horse. Then ensued the most shameful flight in the nation's history. "Leaders" (save the mark) who had been talking prohibition for twelve years began talking first resubmission; then, when they found that was not adequate, outright repeal. The first of the notables among the absconders was ex-Governor Byrd of Virginia; then the whole "dry" South joined the rout, until Senator Shepard of Texas himself, co-author of the Eighteenth Amendment, was announcing his readiness to vote for resubmission. "Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down."

The Republican Convention had the bad luck to meet first, and before it knew the full strength of the wet uprising. It adopted a plank that, if it is enacted, will kill prohibition deader than a doornail; but, believing that there were still enough dries to be coddled, it surrounded this death-blow plank with two-faced words. The Democratic Convention came later, with fuller light, and adopted Al

Smith's hitherto dreaded plank containing the word "repeal"; but in Congress its party immediately proceeded to prove that this was what the real Roosevelt had called a weasel word, and straddled in the same old way. When Senator Bingham of Connecticut sought to put Congress on record by a vote modifying the Volstead Law, the Democrats, the same Democrats who had put "repeal" into their platform, voted dry, giving as a reason that they could not vote wet until the voters had mathematically demonstrated, in November, that they wanted them to.

As soon as the campaign opened, both dries and wets proceeded with all dispatch to demonstrate the insincerity and fraudulence of both platforms and the futility of whatever the candidates might say. The dries began it and the wets followed. If the voter innocently supposed the platforms and the acceptance speeches had committed either party to anything, the dries and the wets did their best to undeceive him. Disregarding utterly the declarations of platforms and candidates, which in theory committed the parties and gave the voter an idea how he could issue his commands at the November ballot box, the dry organizations announced their intention of putting each candidate for Congress through a questionnaire. If he answered that he was dry the power of their organizations would be exerted to the limit for his election, and if he said he was wet they would work to defeat him. The wet organizations followed suit. The platforms might as well not have been adopted; the candidates might better not have mentioned the subject of prohibition in their acceptance speeches. For neither Hoover nor Roosevelt counts for anything in November; both wets and dries announced publicly their intention of using on each candidate for Congress a power which it

would be impolite to call blackmail. The result will be, of course, that the fight over prohibition will be the same old fight, and that the two candidates will be, to the end, innocent bystanders. They can talk, and they are doing it; but their influence on repeal, resubmission, or retention will be of the full weight of a snowflake.

V

When the conventions adjourned, Congress was still in session and running to and fro like a hen with its head partly cut off. The House had made no such spectacle of itself since 1859. Speaker Garner, its nominal leader, not only exercised no control, he took part in the wildest of its debauches. Such leadership as it had was offered by men like Crisp of Georgia, who tried to balance the budget by sales taxes and other devices, which were thrown aside by the wild men led by such as Rankin of Mississippi, Democrat, and La Guardia of New York, of no party but calling himself Republican. Garner's two-billion pork-barrel bill, to build unwanted post offices on prairies and in swamps when the Government showed a deficit seemed the limit; but he exceeded it by quitting the Speaker's chair, descending to the floor, and making personal attacks on the striving Hoover. There were men there who had served under the capable Speaker Longworth and who remembered such a helmsman as Cannon, if not Reed.

The "tradition"—though it dates back only to 1888—by which the sitting President must be renominated made Hoover, of course, the Republican candidate—an awakened or more wisely governed Hoover, at least a man who acted. The Democrats nominated Franklin D. Roosevelt, a smiling, affable, pleasant man who embodies what the United States has been from 1919 to 1932. It is useless to blame

this very unrooseveltian Roosevelt for having no ideas; he really tries his best to have them. The Democrats have nominated nobody quite like him since Franklin Pierce; for even Alton B. Parker, the pig in the poke they shouldered in 1904, began to have ideas—not very good ones—after the campaign was over.

Roosevelt's public record prior to his Governorship begins with the fact that in 1911 he and some other Democrats, young men, prevented the election of William F. Sheehan to the United States Senate. What they got out of it was the election of a Tammany man named by Boss Murphy, and ever since then Roosevelt has been touted as a victorious young reformer. The truth is that Sheehan would have been a greatly better Senator than the Tammany man that New York got from Murphy, a boss who, though most people do not know it, had a high sense of humor. Roosevelt's friends say that Roosevelt, as Assistant Secretary, was the real Secretary of the Navy in the War. Nobody acquainted with the Navy ever imagines that an Assistant Secretary, or even the Secretary himself, rules the Navy. "When I took this job," said Secretary Victor H. Metcalf to me—and he was a man of brains, "I had my head full of the great things I was going to accomplish. I know better now. My duties consist of waiting for the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation to come in with a paper, put it down before me with his finger on a dotted line, and say to me, 'Sign your name here.' It's all any Secretary of the Navy does."

Roosevelt's undistinguished record as Governor would have defeated him for re-election if the up-State Republican dries, enraged by the nomination of a pronounced Republican wet, had not voted for him or stayed home from the polls—such of them as did not vote directly for the third-party Republican

dry. Since 1928, Roosevelt's every action has been colored by its bearing on the Presidential nomination—first to be secured by bagging the "Dry" South—and then the election. He has made a business of presenting his pleasant personality to the nation, uttering vague words, and taking advantage of the unpopularity of Hoover.

After his nomination Roosevelt began letting loose a flock of weasels. He made an acceptance speech in which he talked, as usual, agreeably, but uttered no constructive word except about his ludicrous plan for curing the hard times by setting "a million men" to work at reforestation. His next speech was, he said, a reading of the Democratic platform with comment; but he performed the interesting feat of including a plank calling for a St. Lawrence River waterway, not one word of which is in the platform. Don't blame Roosevelt; he thought it was in the platform; he had read that declaration somewhere, and his fluttering mind transferred it to the Democratic platform. He capped the climax by proposing to end the depression through reducing tariff duties, thus adding another element of humor to the campaign; for Senator Barkley of Kentucky, who had insisted on high tariff rates for the benefit of Kentucky, and had got them, was Roosevelt's official spokesman, his choice to "sound the keynote" for him at the Convention. And so he has gone on ever since, talking either platitudes or unintentional falsehoods; the typical American politician of 1919-1932. Most appropriately, his running mate is Speaker Garner, who opened his campaign by going to Texas and delivering a boastful speech about how much bigger he was than Hoover.

Sir Philip Gibbs, in his book called *Since Then*, said regretfully of England, "The steel seems to have gone out of its temper, for a time." England!

England at least has its Ramsay MacDonalds and its rejuvenated Lloyd Georges. Italy has its undeniable Mussolini, Germany has its stern leaders, even though they be at odds, with the immovable old republican rock Hindenburg at the head; any country you might name, down to half-forgotten Turkey, moving steadily onward under Mustapha Kemal. If Gibbs wanted to find a country out of whose temper steel had gone "for a time" why did he not glance across the ocean and take a look at powerless, timorous, chattering America, where if a leader does appear we instantly sit on him in a panic; furnishing a parallel to the England to which Kipling, in a mood of depression, referred as populated by "the flanneled fools at the wickets and the muddled oafs at the goals"?

But the World War proved Kipling to have been mistaken. The flanneled fools and the muddled oafs, called to the test, gave their dust to the bowmen and the yeomen at Crecy and at Agincourt. So it may be with frightened America; when a real test comes—and does not the critical problem of setting our economic house in order offer us a real test?—we may yet show that the Lees and Grants will come when called and be heeded, like *Cincinnatus*. "God give us men. The time demands strong minds." Yet it does not always get them. Strangely prophetic of this America is Carlyle talking of the Leader, the Leader in all ages and countries:

He was the "creature of the Time," they say; the Time called him forth, the man did nothing—but what we the little critic could have done too! This seems to me but melancholy work. The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times *call* loudly enough for their great man, but not find him when they called! He was not

there, Providence had not sent him; the Time, *calling* its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called.

Over and over again the Time in America has called for a leader, and has got him, whatever her differing momentary need; a Washington for one need, a Lincoln for another, and so on. The present mood will not last; Americans are still Americans; it will not last, any more than it did in irresolute Germany. The sad thing is that this paralysis, this combination of national cowardice and fear of leaders, has lasted thirteen years.

Who are our great? Borah, speaking brave words for three years at a time and then retiring to his cave whenever a Presidential campaign comes on? Norris, really brave but unable to lead his own Nebraska? Franklin Roosevelt, substituting words for ideas? The overpraised Montana Walsh, who never does anything but by Democratic rule-of-thumb? Yet the fearsome thing is not the lack of leaders, it is the temper of the American people, who "have grown soft." There is a hopeful residuum, or Republican States would not have gone on re-electing Democrats like Smith and Ritchie merely because they had ideas and were plucky; and you can see it in the chorus of joy when a man unafraid like James W. Wadsworth announces his return to politics. "The steel has gone out of our temper, for a time," but not universally; and on that residuum rests our hope for its return when the yea-nay mood passes, as pass it will.

Months ago Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, in a moment of despair over the thirteen-year palsy of democracy, said that what this country needed was a Mussolini. We do not need a Mussolini; but—Oh for an hour of Andrew Jackson!



PROFESSOR'S PROGRESS

ANONYMOUS

IN MY post-box several mornings ago I found an envelope that obviously had never been put there by the mailman. It bore no stamp, post-mark, or address; merely my name, and scrawled beneath, heavily underscored, the word "Personal." Inside was a crudely typewritten note which I shall not quote here. For one reason, it sounds ridiculous—the sort of thing some child might compose after seeing too many gangster films. But I happen to know that the note, childish as it sounds, is—for me at least—no laughing matter. The only thing really funny about it, so far as I am concerned, is the salutation. It starts off, "Dear Professor."

There is nothing actually incorrect about this beginning, although to one who does not know the circumstances it would certainly seem incongruous with the tone of what follows. I have a right to the title, and if the writer had strung Ch.E., M.S., Ph.D. also after my name on the envelope, he would possibly have been guilty of irony, but certainly not of flattery. That is the way the letters used to appear in the university prospectus. God knows, I sacrificed enough to put them there—in money, youth, health, time, and (I had no "angel" and was obliged to work my way most of the time) in good honest sweat. I could string them after my name now, just as in the old days. I do not, however, for I scarcely believe that they would add appreciably to my prestige in my new profes-

sion. It is more likely that they would create suspicion among certain members of my clientele. It is true that some of my new associates—from whom, no doubt, my correspondent took his cue—greet me these days with "Hi, Perfessor." But this does not mean anything; it is just an old-time saloon-keeper's custom that survives, along with the brass rail and mirrors, in some of our more realistic speakeasies. A man of any dignity in appearance is likely to discover that he is "Senator," "Colonel," or "Professor" to the trade. In case by this time it is not clear, I will explain that my new profession is that of bootlegger. The note I referred to was a warning that I was beginning to cut in heavily on the sales of a certain group of men I had heard about before; and it stated, in effect, that if I knew what was good for me, I'd "pull in my horns." In fact, there was a strong intimation that it might be healthier for me and mine if I left town.

My story, as you may surmise from the foregoing, is no success tale for the consumption of Boy Scouts and ambitious shipping clerks; although there was a time, during those days just prior to October, 1929, when it might have served as a minor inspiration for a success magazine ghost-writer. Written in 1932, however, it is merely an incident in the Great Shakedown.

The details of this story—why I, who a few short years ago was not only a highly respected, law-abiding citizen,

but also a man of some national prominence in my particular field of scientific research, should find myself in my present awkward position—may not be especially significant in themselves. Probably not many men of my type, even in these days of turmoil, have been driven to such desperate expedients. But I have heard of other cases which tend to show that mine is not unique. I know, for example, of one gentleman in a neighboring city, who was once as respectably secure in business circles as I was in academic ones and whose wife is even now a prominent club woman, who may be termed one of my competitors. I know also a young M.A., attempting to earn enough money to keep him while he writes his Ph.D. thesis, who drives a truck by night from a certain boat-landing seventy miles away to a metropolitan liquor hide-out. He is well paid and hopes to be able to quit his job within three months "if nothing happens." While my plight may be more common than is generally believed, however, I am not particularly interested in it from this point of view. What I am interested in at the moment is the change that has taken place in myself during the past year in my outlook, my philosophy, my entire attitude toward what has ceased to be a friendly and encouraging world—one that has become hostile. For these changes, I am convinced, have been taking place in the minds and social attitudes of thousands of men in all walks of life. They may have manifested themselves in less violent form in the lives of a majority of such individuals; but that tens of thousands of our fellow-countrymen have had their ethical codes, as well as their habits and judgments, severely jarred, if not shattered in the past few years, no one who is at all observant can doubt.

Perhaps it will clarify these generalities if I start my own story somewhere

near its beginning. The reader will understand that for reasons of necessary privacy I cannot be too detailed or specific.

II

In the happy days of 1926 I had what was considered a good position in a first-grade university and a salary of four thousand dollars a year. This was not affluence in that bull-market era; but the academic world does not compete in these matters with the bond, real estate, or even the publishing business. I was also considered one of the most promising men in the country in my field. I had done several research jobs that had brought credit both to the university in general and to my department in particular. My promotion from an assistant to an associate professorship had been won in record time when one considers at what speed the academic mill usually grinds. In the light of my responsibilities, however, my promotion and salary increase came just in the nick of time. My family already consisted of my wife, four children, and myself, the children ranging in ages from four to twelve. Two months before I received my last appointment, my father-in-law had been killed in an automobile accident. His affairs were in poor shape, and my mother-in-law was left practically penniless. My wife is an only daughter, and it was inevitable that her mother should live with us. We were glad to have her. She is a charming old lady, stronger in many ways than my wife and, as the children had an over-abundant supply of energy, she was able to give real assistance in helping to care for them.

With six dependents, even my associate's salary was definitely inadequate to the living standards we were expected to maintain, but I felt no special worry except during the brief period just after my father-in-law's

death when my promotion hung in the balance. I still considered myself young, I was scarcely ever ill, I was in love with my work and, particularly because of my research record, was thoroughly secure in my position. My wife was economical even though her natural tastes were expensive, and we had been in tighter places before when we had only one child and I was still plugging for my doctor's degree.

Early in my third year as an associate I became interested through a series of experiments in a new and highly technical field. My work, carried on with the assistance of two graduate students, led to a discovery which we believed could be commercially applied. I published a paper on the results in a technical journal. A local newspaper got wind of the affair and sent a reporter to interview me. His story was badly garbled and promised unheard-of achievements which no one in his right senses could have credited. As a result of the preposterous affair, however, I received a visit from a man who was the head of a nationally known industrial concern. He realized that the newspaper story was ridiculous, but it had led him to my technical article and he thought it possible that my work might eventually reach a point where it would have a direct bearing on his industry. He urged me to visit his plant and become familiar with some of his problems. I did this and had several conferences with his industrial chemists. A process was worked out, based partially on my experiments, which meant a very substantial saving to that particular plant.

I shall not say that I was altogether knocked off my feet by the offer which followed. This was a period, remember, when some of the most promising men in the technical reaches of the academic world were being taken up to the mountain tops by American busi-

ness and shown the Kingdoms of the Earth in terms of bigger salaries and opportunities for higher Service. Probably I had fewer illusions than most of my colleagues about American business methods and I had no doubt mouthed as many phrases about "pure research" as any of them, but I was not insensible to the advantages of a larger income and I was as ambitious for the physical and educational welfare of my children as any proud father of the Boom Decade. If I had occasional vague doubts about the ethics of capitalism, I had none whatever about its practical effectiveness and its essential stability. Therefore, when the letter came with the statement that the directors of the corporation in question had been so favorably impressed with my talents that they were prepared to offer me ten thousand dollars a year (with promises of substantial yearly increases if all went well) to sever my connection with the University and enter their employ as head chemist in charge of their laboratories, I was flattered as well as disturbed; and when they continued with the offer of what seemed to me a staggering sum to be set aside for the purposes of more or less pure research, which I was to be allowed to direct unhampered, I was practically won over.

As I have intimated, there was nothing unique about the events that were to lead me out of the quiet backwaters of academic life into the swifter currents of industrial and commercial activity. Colleagues of mine in science, business administration, law, medicine, and engineering were having similar experiences. Industrial, commercial, and professional activities were expanding. There was a shortage of trained men.

At the same time the cloistered attractiveness of university life was rapidly diminishing. The colleges were drawing thousands of students of a

type that twenty years ago would never have dreamed of entering such institutions. Standards were lowered; classes became hopelessly over-crowded; personal contact between teacher and student was becoming practically nil. Able educators were deploring such conditions, believing that our universities were becoming nothing more than large social clubs and diploma mills. The situation was particularly galling to the true scholars and sincere research workers among the faculty. In my own case, it became increasingly depressing to drag myself away from a fascinating problem to enter an auditorium and face several hundred sophomores, not more than ten per cent of whom were taking the course for any other reason than because it was required. I had reached a state where I believed that we in the university had gone about as far in prostituting science as it was possible to go.

But even though this flattering offer found me in such a mood, I hesitated somewhat before accepting it. I had been part of the academic machine practically all of my adult life. I was at home in my environment and had many close friends and stimulating contacts within it. And I was temperamentally inclined to shrink from the competitive turmoil of that outside world in which the profit motive was paramount. However, the sum that was to be put at my disposal for unhampered research and the prospect of being released from the academic routine that now drew so heavily upon my time finally persuaded me. I tendered my resignation to take place at the end of the scholastic year and signed a contract with the industrial firm which showed such faith in my future.

As I look back at it, I do not think I have ever spent a happier year than that of 1929. My practical work had some fascinating ramifications. My

laboratory was as nearly perfect as I could have wished. My assistants were able. Not the slightest objection was made on the part of the management to several costly experiments that led us far afield and had no immediate practical application (though one of them, seeming futile, accidentally put us on the track of a discovery that led to a tremendous increase in plant efficiency and paid the overhead of my department twice over). Furthermore, there was an end to that tiresome penny-counting, that pinching economy which had become almost habitual in our home life. Certain that my position was secure and that the following year would bring an increase in salary, my wife and I decided to "let go" for once and indulge in a little luxury. We realized suddenly how cramped and uncomfortable our little rented house really was, how badly we needed new furniture, how many concerts and plays in the near-by city we had forgone, how much better two of the children would look after a year's expensive orthodontic treatment.

I was commuting from the university town to our plant in the neighboring city, and we decided for the sake of the children to continue this arrangement, but to move into a bigger and more comfortable house. In looking about, my wife found just the type of place we wanted. It was not for rent, however, but for sale. Knowing what I do now, I realize that the price was too high for us; but even a financial expert at that time would scarcely have contended that I was undertaking too great a burden. We had the property appraised and found that, as prices stood then, it was a bargain. In another year I felt sure I was due for a substantial increase in salary, and in the meantime, with careful budgeting of our other expenses, we could take care of the interest and payments on the principal of the mortgage we should

have to assume. We bought the property on a long-term contract.

One feature of the house which had no special significance for me at the time was an exceptionally roomy basement. It extended the full length of the house, and the furnace and laundry trays were lost in it. Then too, there was a large yard, enclosed by a high privet hedge on all four sides, giving it an air of privacy and seclusion rarely found in suburban American homes. "A grand place for the children," I told my wife.

We furnished the house in that kind of expensive simplicity which we had always longed for. At last, we told ourselves, we were going to have some of the things we wanted about us. We bought a grand piano at something of a bargain for our musical oldest daughter. We did not care about motoring and bought no car—a fact I was to regret later. My oldest boy purchased an ancient Dodge for his own experimental purposes. This first year, we decided, we should not attempt to save money. There would be time for that later. Yes, I'd voted for the Great Engineer and the abolition of poverty in 1928, and here I was on the up and up already.

The market crash of 1929 did not trouble us particularly. I had no stocks, no money in securities. I had not foreseen it of course. And while I knew enough about "hard times" to realize that merely because I had lost nothing registered on ticker tape, I was not, therefore, necessarily immune to any general smash-up, like most people at the time—business prophets and politicians included—I looked upon the slump as a temporary phenomenon, a much needed lesson, probably, to a public gone mad about stock gambling, a temporary shakedown by which "the big fellows" would relieve some of the "little fellows" from their quickly acquired cash. As the depression con-

tinued and went from bad to worse, however, I began to be a little concerned about the stability of my own company and my own security.

Rumors began to reach me that all was not well with my firm. It had expanded too rapidly and was overcapitalized. Its stocks were tumbling and a couple of its subsidiaries were hard hit, as were the industries upon which it depended primarily for its market. Just about the time the White House was issuing its most emphatic inspirational statements and the results of its pep conferences with captains of industry in regard to sustaining wage standards, I was called into a board meeting and, along with all the other employees and officials, accepted a "voluntary" salary reduction of ten per cent.

We had just successfully adjusted ourselves at home to a necessary curtailment of expenses and were running smoothly again when an additional fifteen per cent cut was inaugurated. This, as my readers who have passed through similar experiences in the past three years will realize, was a serious matter. I began to get really worried. I visited the bank and with some difficulty arranged to refinance the house on the basis of smaller monthly payments. We breathed more easily again.

At this time the question of the appropriation for my department came before the directors. It was slashed to a fraction of the original sum, leaving only a skeleton organization in the laboratory for the completion of vital testing work. For those of us who were left to do it, this work was the dulllest sort of routine. The morale of what was left of my staff was broken. Bickering broke out in the laboratory, between the technical workers themselves, between them and me, between my department and other departments, between me and the heads of the firm.

I shall not dwell upon the depressing developments of those closing months of 1930. Too many persons know them at first hand. They were going on in thousands of business and industrial organizations throughout the country—staffs reduced until entire departments were vested in a few over-worked individuals, appropriations whittled down until any real accomplishment was impossible, nervousness, tension, and fear on every hand.

To be brief, in November, 1930, my firm went into receivership, and I, along with several score white-collared men and some hundreds of wage workers, lost my job. For the first time in my adult life I was definitely a member of the unemployed.

III

By the severest economy, I had kept up my payments on the house since my second salary cut, but we had no savings. I was able to borrow seven hundred dollars on my life insurance policy; but I knew that unless I found another job it would not be long before we were stranded. I thought at once, of course, of the university. But there were plenty of other men who had left academic life and who were in the same position. We were all trying to crawl back, and universities were not enlarging their staffs. I tried for other teaching jobs, but business budgets were not the only ones to be slashed. Then I tried for anything, any kind of a job that held promise of a salary large enough to enable us to get along in some fashion. We wanted, of course, to keep our house if we could; but we soon decided that this was impossible and put it up for sale. No one was buying real estate. Later we were willing to give it up and lose all we had put into it if we might then be able to solve our problem in some way

that would permit us just to exist. We had kept up our payments as long as we could, using money in this way that would better have gone for food; but we felt certain that something would turn up. Finally we had to let them lapse, and the bank began pressing us for money. I tried to borrow on the house; but my equity, though large, was not considered by bankers to be sufficient.

After the loss of my job it had been necessary to take my oldest boy out of the excellent and progressive preparatory school he had been attending. Now, with our situation so desperate, he begged to be allowed to accept the offer of a distant relative who lived in the country to help out on the relative's farm in return for his room and board. I knew it would be better for him physically and mentally than the depressing atmosphere of home, and let him go. Another relative, five hundred miles away, to whom I had written unsuccessfully to borrow money, offered instead to take my oldest daughter, who was just finishing elementary school, to Europe. She pointed out that though her income had been too severely cut for her to lend me money, she was sure that two could live more cheaply in Europe than one person could in America. Naturally I felt some resentment; but as my daughter was eager to go, I accepted my cousin's offer. This left me with only four dependents. The remaining two children were too young to realize the seriousness of our situation.

I shall not go into details of those last months of my year of unemployment. There were times when, in spite of using every expedient short of charity, my wife and I knew what it was to be definitely underfed. So long as I was able to afford the twenty-five cents' round-trip fare to the adjoining city I stood in the crowds of shabby, hopeless men around employment offices and

factory gates and day by day heard the inevitable "nothing doing." If we had been living in the anonymity of that city, I might finally have screwed up the courage to register at the Relief Headquarters; but the city was not caring for outsiders, and in my university town, where I knew personally half the members of the local Relief Committee, I could not bring myself to disclose my plight. I knew the Sunday editor of one of the city dailies, and on several occasions he accepted from me very brief popular science stories, paying me at his regular space rate of a cent a word. But most of his material was syndicate matter, and he had little need of my assistance. These tiny checks enabled us to keep our telephone (blessed symbol of hope to the unemployed white-collared man) and also to avoid having our electricity and water shut off. We used our credit to the limit and we witnessed, during that winter, the failure of two small tradesmen whose business handicap had been their kind hearts, and to whom we, like numerous others in the community, were deeply indebted. I tried to do articles for some of the popular-science magazines without success. One editor wrote me regretfully that, owing to their financial condition, practically all their material was now being written by members of his staff.

What had been only a vague cynicism was now sharpened into a hard resentment, not only toward life in general, but also and more specifically toward our platitudinous political and business leaders. Every time I saw a reference to Mr. Hoover's "rugged individualism," Mr. Julius Klein's happiness talks, or Henry Ford's and Charles Schwab's homilies on equal opportunity, I cursed them all roundly as economic ignoramuses. I had never questioned particularly the world in which I found myself, and my wildest

radicalism had never led me farther than a vote for La Follette in 1924. Now I could readily picture myself mounting a barricade to fight for a square meal. As I began to see that the combination of incessant worry about money, our lowered standard of living, and concern for the children's welfare were undermining my wife's health—never too robust since the birth of our last child—I think I began to understand the criminal mind. I could visualize myself going into a bank, sticking a gun into a teller's face, and walking out with every note I could lay hands on. On the day that the dairy refused to deliver milk any longer without payment I was able to contemplate the prospect of cold-blooded murder if it could offer any solution to our problems, and its victim would have been one of those self-made gentlemen whose prosperity-around-the-corner interviews were then cluttering up the pages of our daily press. I was still too sane perhaps to embark seriously upon a career of crime, but I had the utmost sympathy for those desperate wretches who did take such a course.

Periods of incredulity that this thing could be happening to me alternated with periods of the blackest despair. When we could no longer spare the carfare for my trips to town,¹ I spent part of the day walking in the hills behind our house, unable to sit idly at home and face my own hopelessness. I came as near to insanity at this time as I ever expect to be.

It was not until after my wife had been obliged to go to bed and I had persuaded the bank to wait one more month before instituting foreclosure proceedings on the house that I finally decided to embark upon my present career. An interview with our family doctor was the last straw that drove me to it. My wife, he assured me, was facing the necessity for a serious opera-

tion, and it would not be safe to wait very much longer.

When he had gone I went down and sat in that great basement which had never been used for anything but a storeroom and winter playroom for the younger children. During the hour I sat there I took cynical leave of all the traditions of my youth, my training, my social and academic life. "To hell with it," I told myself. "If society won't pay me for the legitimate uses of my ability and training, it will pay for their illegitimate ones."

I did not tell my mother-in-law of my plans until they were well under way and then it took several days to break down her frightened opposition. My wife was still in bed and, for the time, I could keep it from her. The children were ordered to keep out of the basement henceforth on the ground that I wanted to work out some important chemical experiments down there. I figured out the minimum cost of the equipment I should require and then went to a former friend and colleague who I knew could lend me that much for a short period and borrowed the sum from him on a three months' promissory note. I told him of my situation and my plans. To my amazement, he made not the slightest protest. He told me confidentially, as if confessing to similar desperation, that he was going Bolshevik.

I do not know if my way out would have occurred to me if it had not been for circumstances in the past that gave me a certain confidence. We live in a very "wet" State and, like most of my friends and colleagues, I had little respect for the prohibition law. I have never been drunk in my life, but we had always had wine or beer in the house, and my children had grown up with the knowledge that temperance and good liquor are not necessarily antithetical. Occasionally I had purchased a gallon of alcohol, tested it,

and manufactured synthetically for our own use some rather fine liqueurs. I specialized on them, as few people at the time would take the trouble to bother with them, and it was always a great treat to our friends, usually inured to the harsher realities of gin, at the end of a meal to find a small glass whose content was practically indistinguishable from the real French product. At Christmas I had presented bottles of these liqueurs to friends. The result was that I had the reputation among the faculty, and among some of my journalistic acquaintances, as an expert and connoisseur in the matter of liquid refreshments. "If the academic racket ever fails you'd make a swell bootlegger," one of the latter once said to me jokingly. Well, as far as I was concerned, "the academic racket" had failed.

I knew that I could count upon as customers many of the very people with whom I had been so generous with liquor in the past, particularly if I undersold the local bootleggers. They would know at least that my stuff was pure. And somehow I had reached the point where I no longer hesitated to approach them. I should not be asking for charity. I should give them value received. I should be an honest bootlegger—producing the best stuff possible at a fair price. I had an idea that my few newspaper friends would prove an especially profitable connection because of their wide contacts. I should have to be very careful, but then I wasn't trying to get rich. I merely wanted to make a decent profit, sufficient to keep my home and feed my family.

I realized that my basement was ideal for the job. It was weather-tight, and temperatures for artificially aging my product could easily be regulated. The house itself was secluded. I should not manufacture

synthetically as so many petty bootleggers do—buying straight alcohol, cutting, flavoring, and coloring it—but should bring in the raw materials for the mash, distil a real whiskey, and turn it into a quality product by aging it at controlled temperatures. It would be nearest to the real thing, aged in the wood, that money could buy. I should manufacture my liqueurs as a sideline, putting them out honestly as a local product, but defying any local connoisseur to distinguish them from their fancy-labeled counterparts “just off the boat.”

It proved easy enough to locate the type of still and other equipment that I needed. The installation I handled alone. In a surprisingly short time my basement resembled—and in fact was—a model distillery. I made arrangements in the back-country for my raw materials and found myself prepared to produce an exceptional grade of bootleg whiskey at a cost to myself of less than \$1.50 a gallon. The current wholesale price of the ordinary product for which the speakeasy proprietor received from 25 to 75 cents a drink, was \$5 a gallon in our section of the country. (I never charged a few close friends more than \$3.) I overhauled the ancient Dodge which my boy had given up as hopeless, and managed to make it go until I could afford a more efficient vehicle for delivery.

The opening up of my market was the real problem. At first I had to depend on my friends and their friends, but gradually the circle widened and I was able to make a bare living. Ours was probably an unusually “wet” university faculty. Certainly its members were among my best customers. I do not know if some of the higher nabobs at the university knew of my activities or not, but I didn’t care very much. I had cut myself loose and I had given up hope of ever returning to

the academic sanctuary. We had done practically no entertaining for the past year of course, so I could not tell to what extent our social standing was being affected by my new role, but none of the people I knew best and really cared about ever snubbed me when I met them. I confess I was somewhat surprised by this. What had bothered me most after I had finally convinced my wife that there was no other way out was the possible effect on my two younger children who were attending the local public school in case a rumor of my activities reached their teachers or schoolmates. This remained something of an omnipresent nightmare. So far, whether due to my own excessive caution or to the loyalty and discretion of the people to whom I sell, they have received no indication of my real profession. If my two older children were home, they would, of course, be impossible to deceive.

This apparent lack of any change in attitude toward me and my family on the part of the respectable men and women we know is, I think, a pretty eloquent commentary on the more intelligent American’s attitude toward the prohibition amendment and the kind of “law-breaking” it has brought about. It would seem that so far as they are concerned I occupy the position that a rather cultivated gentleman in the wholesale liquor business might have occupied prior to the passage of the Volstead Act. Some of them look upon it humorously, “kid” me about it as though it were a great joke, one of those sardonic jokes played by the current depression upon so many ordinarily comfortable and complacent people. Those who know me well take for granted that it is a temporary expedient.

I soon began to realize that if it were to be merely a temporary expedient it would be necessary for me to make more money, get a little ahead, and

get out as quickly as possible. Otherwise I should be stuck in the business until prosperity really returned (I was not optimistic on this score), or until I was "knocked over." As matters stood, I was able to keep my house, which furnished both a place to live and a base of operations, but I was not saving anything.

I came into contact with several hard-pressed restaurateurs whose businesses were hard hit and who had decided to serve liquor as their only way out. I made arrangements to supply them. In a more metropolitan community, in which the trade was strongly organized, this venture would have been impossible. These men, buying outside the organized ring and operating without its protection, would have been knocked over within a week. But outside of this one fairly well-knit ring, furnishing liquor from the near-by city to our cheaper speakeasies and blind pigs, the trade was not well organized in my particular town. Two or three small operators like myself were succeeding.

One of the restaurants I supplied was raided, but by this time I had established new outlets. I had also made a political "contact" and was able to provide my modest clientele with a modicum of protection. My profits increased. I again achieved a bank account and it rose slowly but steadily. In spite of the precariousness of the profession, I began to feel a certain sense of security again.

IV

My defeat, symbolized in the note I have referred to in the beginning of this story, is the inevitable outcome, I suppose, of the fact that my stuff is too good and that I sell it at too fair a price. I was acquiring a reputation among both retail and wholesale customers. I no longer had to seek my market; the

market was seeking me. To keep pace with it I increased my production, and my business began to cut in heavily on the ring I have spoken of. Their sales had already been decreased by the depression and they are not now in the mood to stand for what they consider the "unfair" competition of my superior booze.

The note which began "Dear Professor" is the second I have received from these gentlemen. I know perfectly well that they mean business. I ignored the first. As I write this, I am not yet sure just what I shall do about the second. The possibility of bluffing or fighting it out with them has occurred to me. Then, when I think of what that might mean, I cannot help chuckling to myself: strong-arm men, the melodrama of a small-scale gang war, the incredible picture of myself—Professor Jonathan M. Doe, with my string of degrees, technical papers in scientific magazines, my reputation as an industrial chemist—in a possibly sanguinary battle with the particular Portuguese "big shot" who heads the wholesale ring in question, providing the first taste of gangsterism our dignified university town has ever known. I should probably not be put on the spot—the wholesale ring in our section is not, I imagine, either so desperate or sensational in its methods as those of more industrial sections of the country. But I should probably come home some day to find my basement wrecked, my family terrorized. One of the things my competitors would probably not stoop to would be to put the Federal Prohibition on my track. There is that much honor even among bootleggers—and besides it would be too dangerous a precedent to set.

No, I don't think that I shall fight it out. Two other courses are open to me. To forgo the profits which I was adding to my bank account and return to the comparatively safe, but by no

means as profitable business of supplying only my friends and their friends on a personal and retail basis. This would, I think, insure my being let alone, and I could barely make my current expenses. Or I could withdraw from the business altogether—as I had hoped to be able to do in another year anyway—trusting that prosperity is actually in the offing and that I could again secure a job within two or three months. This last is a long chance—too long I'm afraid—for a man of my responsibilities to take. I will never again, if I can help it, let myself get into the position or mental state I was in when I was finally driven to my present course. I will never again see my wife's health sapped by worry and undernourishment, nor will I attempt to feed my family with the four-dollar-a-week grocery order which is the only relief our Local Emergency Committee is able to supply—a relief I should probably not receive anyway because of the equity in my unsalable property. I would rather steal than starve, and I know that I am a better bootlegger than thief.

I have become, it may seem from the above, a very anti-social human being. Perhaps. Certainly I am not, in any essential attitude, the man I was in 1929 or even 1930. I was born a middle-class American of the shabby-genteel variety and, in spite of the fact that I had to make my own way and work hard for my first foothold, I had always lived until 1930 on the safe and fairly comfortable levels of our social structure. I believed most of the copy-book maxims about hard work and achievement and thought that I was exemplifying some of them in my own career. I had little patience with the mollycoddling school of criminology and believed that the attacks of the more extreme radicals upon our economic system were so much hot air. Well, I do not feel like a criminal now

and I am certainly no communist. The few soapboxers of this faith I have listened to are more concerned with protecting Russia from imaginary invaders than with presenting a program for America, and their inaccuracy defeats their message so far as I am concerned. But I must admit that, for all their extravagance, I respect them more—just as I respect some of my bootlegging colleagues more—than most of our so-called industrial and political leaders and the academic stuffed-shirts who are lending them and their game an active or passive support. And this attitude on my part is not merely a reaction to my own personal trials and defeats during the past two years. I know that I have been comparatively lucky. I am even able to laugh at times at the transformation in my situation. But I am not able to laugh about the men—or their families—I have seen on park benches, in front of employment offices or in the breadlines—men who have not my special talent for getting by. I'm afraid I do not believe in the Santa Claus of American Business Enterprise any more.

I do not think I should ever return to the academic world again, even if I could. A year of small-time buccaneering seems to have spoilt me for that. But when, and if, prosperity rounds that corner, I am going back into private industry for all I am worth. I have enough faith in my ability still to know that that should be considerable. I shall sell my services to the highest bidder and I shall make every dollar I can. I shall salt away as many of these as I can spare from decent living and I shall give no more of myself or my time than is necessary for advancement to the services of my masters. I shall have no illusions about my career. I shall merely be working against the next—and probably final—Shakedown.



AUGUSTA AND THE BREWERS' BIG HORSES

A STORY

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

FORTY years ago no one could have made me believe things would ever come to such a pass that the children of those that were strongest in the Fight for Temperance would become indifferent to it. All I hope and pray is that the Lord will raise us up a few women like Nancy Carr and Mollie Brigham and Effie Shurtleff and maybe one Augusta Ann Fairchild.

Augusta was an elocution teacher in a school in New Jersey before Mr. Fairchild married her and brought her here. Mr. Fairchild was a widower. His first wife died when her fourth boy was born, and a couple of years later Fairchild went East and married Augusta.

I'll never forget the first time I saw her. She came into church with Mr. Fairchild and those four little boys. She had on a black dress, out of respect to the first Mrs. Fairchild, I guess, because red was the color she wore most, and a hat with a long white plume. She sat down with the two oldest boys on one side of her and the two smallest on the other and took off their sailor hats and smoothed their hair and patted their collars down. There was just a sigh of pleasure went over the whole church at the sight of her. She was one of those women born to have a pleasing power over people.

The second time I saw her was at the reception in Fairchild's big brick house.

He owned the brickyard and there wasn't a better fixed man in town. At the reception, she wore a red satin with leg-o'-mutton sleeves and a Battemberg collar and the new gold watch and chain that had been Mr. Fairchild's wedding present to her, with her hair in a psyche and bangs and the prettiest little curls at the back of her neck. I said to Nancy Carr that night, "What a power that woman would be if we could get her to come in with us." But I was afraid she'd never do it.

And Nancy said, "I'll find out." That was the way Nancy was, and she walked right up and asked her if she'd come to the W. C. T. U. meeting the next afternoon, and she said she'd be glad to.

Maybe you think we weren't pleased when Mr. Fairchild let it out she'd been an elocution teacher, for we certainly had need of her. And when we found out that Augusta had already won the silver and the gold medal in the Demorest contests, and was eligible to try for the Grand Gold, Nancy Carr wrote in to headquarters to see if we couldn't get the next Grand Gold contest held here.

Augusta offered to take charge of the Band of Hope and train the children in both songs and pieces so that we could put on a really big program the night of the contest. It was plain that her heart was in it and that she meant to help for all she was worth. It was

just a little Band of Hope when she started with it, but she hadn't worked with them two months before she had upwards of fifty children enrolled, all pledge-signers, and she'd have the meetings right in her own yard and let the children ride the iron deer and swing in the lawn-swing and give them ice cream. And how she could get those children to sing! She'd sit at her grand piano in one of her red dresses, nodding her head to first one group and then another, and she had them singing three-part music before she'd had the Band two months, and the boys whose mothers couldn't have dragged them onto a platform were tickled to pieces to have Augusta give 'em a recitation to learn. She had children in the Band of Hope from every part of town, and when any of them came ragged enough to be conspicuous she'd slip off upstairs with them and bring them down in some of her four stepsons' clothes. Mr. Fairchild thought whatever she did was just right. They kept two hired girls all the time, and when Augusta's baby came there was a trained nurse in the house for six weeks.

We were all afraid she'd give up the Band, but she kept right on with it up to within a month of her confinement, and the day the baby was two weeks old she had a meeting, with the bassinet beside the grand piano. We all felt that Augusta had proved herself, that elegance and riches hadn't spoiled her, and she would fight beside us in the front rank to the finish.

We hadn't a doubt but that Augusta would win the medal. She hadn't given out the name of the piece she was to speak, but we knew it would be good and that she was working awfully hard on it. The contest night was set for the eve of election day. We had five saloons in town, and we'd set our hearts, God helping, on voting them out the 7th of November.

While Augusta was still in bed she sent one of the Fairchild boys down to ask me to come up. I hadn't seen the baby yet, and before I was through saying how sweet it was, Augusta pulled a tablet and pencil out from under her pillow and began to tell me about an idea she had for election morning. She'd planned a whole parade, to start at seven-thirty so that the children could be in school at nine. The parade was to go down Main Street and around Courthouse Square, the children carrying banners and singing Temperance songs.

She lay there against a drawn-work pillow in a white cashmere bed-jacket, with lace ruffles around her neck and sleeves, and her hair down in two braids over her shoulders, and her eyes a-sparkle with the joy of all her planning, like a little girl who's thought up a new game and is wild to play it.

I said, "Augusta Fairchild, you're the prettiest thing I ever saw." She wrinkled her nose at me and tapped the pencil on the tablet and said, "Look here at this banner I've designed."

"Saloons MUST GO!" it said, and the word "Saloons" was written in script like the body of a snake, the snake's head at the top of the capital S and the last S ending in rattles. She'd drawn it out, as good a snake as you please.

For a whole week before election day Augusta held rehearsals every night after school. She sent a note to Nancy Carr, asking her to hold up the printing of the bulletins about the Demorest contest until she heard from her. Nancy was President of the W. C. T. U. but she didn't ask any questions, for she knew that Augusta wouldn't make a request like that without good reason, and sure enough, the next day one of the stepsons came down with a note that arrangements had been made to hold the contest in the Opera House. We'd held all the others in the Metho-

dist Church. With the wets as strong as they were in that town, we hadn't thought for a minute that there was the ghost of a chance of getting the Opera House. Augusta had added a postscript to the note, telling Nancy to have an extra five hundred bulletins printed, at her expense, to send one to each post office in the county and to station a man at our post office to hand them out to all the country people who came in. How Augusta got the Opera House, I don't know. She said she just walked into the Mayor's office and asked for it, and that was all there was to it.

The morning of the contest day, I was making butter. We lived on the edge of town and milked eight cows, five of them pure-bred Jerseys, and I always had quite a churning. I put up more than we could use, of course, and there was always a sale for it. One of Mollie Brigham's boys always came before school in the morning and delivered the butter for me to the people who used it. I was just pressing out the last pound when the Brigham boy came that morning. His mother, Mollie Brigham, came with him, and the minute I saw her face I knew something dreadful had happened. I wrapped the butter up in wet cheesecloth squares and put it in the basket and as soon as I'd got the boy out the door I said, "Mollie Brigham, whatever's the matter?"

Mollie sat there and just cried and cried. At last I got out of her what had happened. It seems Mrs. Fairchild had given Mollie's son, Otis, a piece to speak for the program about a drunkard father who came home and beat his family and then took a pair of little white shoes, his wife had washed and saved up to buy for the baby daughter, and sneaked off to the saloon and traded them in on drink. Mollie said that just the night before Mr. Brigham had stood Otis up on the

kitchen table to have him speak that piece for him and had sat there, pleased as punch with the boy. And then, after they'd all gone to bed, if the Devil didn't put it into Brigham's head to go and get the money out of the baking-powder can that she'd been saving up to buy Otis the tasseled shoes she'd promised him he was to have for the program. There that man hadn't been drunk for nearly a month! Mollie woke up and missed him, but he didn't get home until real late and came in reeking with the stuff and his pockets empty. I told Mollie I'd get Otis the shoes and take it out of my butter money, and she took her apron down from her face and said that wasn't the idea, that the whole thing was wrong. Her working like she was all the time, and Brigham like he was part of the time, and then their money to go to Cash Benton's saloon. She said something ought to be done about it beside singing songs and speaking pieces. Carrie Nation had done something, and she guessed the need was as great in our town, and if I'd go with her and get Nancy Carr and Effie Shurtleff to go along, she'd like to take hatchets and go down to Cash Benton's saloon and get her cleaning money back, if she had to take it out of the money till, and I said, "All right, I'll go with you."

We found Nancy accordion-pleating a skirt for her little girl to wear in the program that night, but she slid her irons right to the back of the stove, took off her apron, and said, "Wait till I get my collar on and I'll be with you."

Effie Shurtleff came out to meet us when she saw us turn in at her gate, and as soon as Nancy had told her what we were planning to do, she led us right to the wood-house and pulled a hatchet out of a cottonwood block and took another one down from the wall, and laid one in Nancy's hand and one in mine; but Nancy insisted that she'd get her own hatchet. So we walked down

Main Street, with the hatchets hanging in the folds of our skirts, and Nancy walked right into Gus Harper's Hardware Store, got her coin-purse out of her skirt-seam pocket and asked for a hatchet. Gus got down one with a red handle and said in a real smooth voice, "Don't tell me you ladies are putting on a Carrie Nation act in the program to-night?" He meant to be polite and playful, I guess, but there was a sneer in the back of his voice that didn't fool any of us. Gus Harper was sopping wet and hand-in-glove with the liquor forces.

Nancy just gave him a look, and he sobered right up and began to wrap the hatchet, but Nancy said, "I'll take it as it is, please, Mr. Harper," and walked out with it.

Out on the brick walk Nancy turned toward the south and Mollie said, "Where're you going? It's Cash Benton's saloon that my money's in."

And Nancy said, "We're going to get Augusta Fairchild."

Effie was against it. "That won't do, Mrs. Carr," she said. "She'll never go with us."

Mollie feathered up at that. "I'll bet she will," she said. "Why wouldn't she? She's been right with us all along, hasn't she?"

And Effie said, "Yes, she's been with us—but I know her. You mark my word, Augusta Fairchild will train children and speak pieces, but she'll never lift a hatchet for the Temperance Cause. That's where she'll draw a line."

And Mollie said, "Effie Shurtleff, I can see right through you like a window pane. You're jealous of Mrs. Fairchild."

Effie blazed up and said, "You're welcome to your opinion, Mrs. Brigham, and I'm willing to satisfy you. Come on, let's go up and ask her."

The Fairchild house was at the south end of Main Street, set back with a

hedge and evergreens out in front, and a long brick walk up to the porch. As we came near the steps, we caught sight of Augusta, standing in the parlor near the grand piano. She had on a black dressing gown with a lot of lace on it, and she was looking up at the ceiling, with her hands clasped in the neck of her dress, like she was ready to rip it off, and a perfectly agonized expression on her face. Nancy didn't stop to ring the bell or anything, but opened the door and ran right in, the rest of us on her heels, calling, "Augusta Fairchild, whatever's the matter?"

Augusta came to meet us, holding out both her hands and laughing hard. She had a laugh that was a sort of birdish trill. She said she was just practicing her piece for the contest. She asked us to sit down and she dropped down on a little red footstool and sat there, hugging her knees, rocking back and forth, and laughing. She was so pretty about it that we all had to laugh, too. All at once she noticed the red hatchet lying across Nancy's knees and her trill broke off in the middle.

Nancy didn't waste any time. She told her what we were aiming to do and asked her to go with us. The baby was lying in her cab, and Augusta got up and took hold of the cab handle and began to wheel the cab up and down the room. After she'd wheeled it the length of their red carpet about four times, she turned around, there at the far end of the room, and put her hands on the handle of the baby cab behind her and lifted her chin and said, "Ladies, I cannot go with you. I feel that this step which you are about to take is neither right nor dignified, and I cannot believe that it would further the Cause. Indeed, I feel it would hinder it. I have been only too happy to train the children and to help the little I can by taking part in the con-

tests, but I cannot join a hatchet brigade."

Her bosom was rising and falling like a singer's and her cheeks were pink. We all looked at Nancy, but Mollie Brigham didn't give her a chance to say anything. She walked right up to Augusta, with her fists on her hips and her jaw stuck out and said, "Augusta Fairchild, you've sure showed your colors. All you're in with us for is for the glory and for the pleasure of showing yourself off on a platform. You're a whited sepulchre, that's what you are, and we can take and break the saloons in this town without you." She snapped her fingers under Augusta's nose, turned on her heel, and made for the door.

"Why, Mrs. Brigham!" Nancy gasped, with her hand over her mouth, and looking at Mrs. Fairchild, trying to think of some word to say to lessen Mollie's insult. Nancy was a gentlewoman if ever there was one and all the years she was president of our W. C. T. U. I never knew her to give offence to a single soul. But Mollie Brigham turned there in the double doors and said, "Are you coming with me down to Cash's, or are y' staying here to have her learn you pieces?"

Effie went to her, without so much as looking at Nancy, and Nancy and I went too, though Nancy turned in the doorway and made Mrs. Fairchild a little bow and said, "I'm sorry."

All the way back down Main Street, Mollie walked a little ahead of the rest of us, mumbling to herself and jerking down her jacket. She had on a faded bottle-green jacket, over a gray calico wrapper. Really, she looked funny, but it wasn't any time to think of that.

How things began when we got inside the saloon is rather confused in my memory. Cash Benton came from behind the bar, shining the back of one of his puppy hands with a dish-towel he

had tied around him. Nancy spoke to him as ladylike as could be, and the men that were in there stood around, still as the grave, to hear what she had to say. She'd hardly opened her mouth, though, when Mollie stepped in front of her and let loose with her hatchet and shivered the mirror back of the bar and reached for a bottle with each hand and sailed them after the hatchet. Somebody hollered, "Here, you can't do that!" But Mollie grabbed up two other bottles and yelled, "Come on, girls," and we all lit in.

You'd be surprised if you knew how long those men stood around before any of them came out of their daze and dared raise a hand to stop us. Nick Townsend took hold of Nancy's arm, and she struck him a sharp one with the hammer-side of her hatchet, and when he roared out and put the wrist between his knees, she laid her hatchet down on the bar and said, "I beg your pardon, sir," and dropped down trembling into one of the chairs.

When she stopped the rest of us stopped. Things were pretty well smashed up anyway, and the first thing we knew, there was the sheriff saying he'd have to take us up to the jail. Some of the men protested, but Nancy said, "Let the law take its course, Officer." We went with him.

There was but the one jail, the one in the courthouse. To get to it, you go up the courthouse steps, along a passage and down some stone steps and in through a grating door. Lem Davies, the jailer, came down with his keys to let us in. That place was foul. It had one grated window, on a level with the ground, but waist-high on the inside. It was coated over with webs and piled high with leaves and trash paper in between the grating and the glass. At first we couldn't see a thing, it was so dark in there.

Lem Davies' first wife was a cousin of Effie Shurtleff's, and she felt she didn't need to stand on ceremony with him. She made him pry open the window so we could get some air, and sent him to bring a light. There wasn't a place to set it. There was absolutely nothing in that room but a cot-bed and a three-legged stool and, over in one corner, a granite washbowl and pitcher. He put the light down on the floor and made for the door, but Effie stopped him.

"No, you don't, Lem," she said. "You're not going to leave us in such a place as this." He started shrugging his shoulders and saying there wasn't a thing he could do about it, not without written permission from the Mayor or the County.

Effie shut him off, and said, "You live here, don't you, Lem; have your rooms right over this jail, and full of poor Susie's furniture yet? You can get right upstairs and come back with a tub of warm water and a couple of brooms and a mop and some soap."

"And lye," Mollie put in.

He brought the stuff down and we all pitched in and swept that place out and, though it looked and smelled a lot better, we decided it wasn't fit to sleep in and sent Lem downtown to Gus Harper's hardware store after five pounds of whiting and a new granite wash set.

The place looked a lot lighter, by the time we got the whitewash on and the furniture in. The bed wasn't fit to sleep on, so we just lifted the mattress off and told Lem to carry it out. He said he hadn't another one to fit, and didn't know where he could get one, and Effie said, "You've got beds, haven't you? And some rocking chairs, too. I think there's a willow rocker my folks gave Susie when she married you that could come through that door."

So he brought down a couple of

rockers and a mattress off of one of their big beds. The mattress lopped over either side of the cot, so that it looked peculiar, but when we got the blankets and a couple of quilts on it that the ladies brought and put through the window-bars to us it was comfortable enough.

Women had begun coming as soon as it got around that we were in jail, and before noon we had all sorts of donations. Food, and even flowers. One woman brought a potted geranium. We had quite a time getting it through. Reverend Campbell's wife brought a rug to take the chill off the floor. It was the prettiest rug there was in the parsonage. It had a picture woven in it, of a big dog saving a little child from drowning.

The ladies promised to take care of our children and husbands, to see that they were all looked after and fed and the children bathed and got ready for the program that night. Nancy had quite a time with her husband. He came down and simply raved and vowed he'd have us out of there before supper time, but he couldn't.

The Mayor was out of town, stump speaking. The Judge was on circuit, Mr. Fairchild had gone to Chicago and wouldn't be home until the night train, and nobody would take any action.

Nancy thought we ought to fast and pray for the contest that night and the election in the morning, but Mollie wouldn't hear to the fasting part of it. She'd worked awfully hard and was hungry and said we ought to keep our strength up.

We pulled the cot and the chairs close up to the window and sat there with the food and flowers on the wide ledge for a table and had a good dinner. Friends were stopping outside to chat every few minutes. It wasn't only friends. There were those who came to scoff too. Mollie had a word for any of them with anything to say, for

she'd been so fiery all morning that there was no holding her down; but when her little boy, Otis, came at noon on his way from school, she was so pleased to see him that she cried. She wrapped a drumstick in a piece of brown paper and told him to take it home to his father and to bring back the little shirt she was working the buttonholes in for him to wear that night . . . and if the little rascal didn't tie the sleeves of it to a yard stick that Hertzmeier's Dry Goods were giving away that morning and carried it all the way down Main Street, gathering other youngsters with yard sticks and singing, "We were so happy, till father drank beer," all the way.

We took turns working the buttonholes, and a quarter of five, I think it was, we heard a funny bump, bump, bump on the stone stairs that led down to the jail, and then came the sheriff and Lem Davies, walking backward, and fairly tumbling over themselves to be nice to somebody. And then, a big wicker baby carriage, and the baby in a silk-knitted hood, and hanging onto the handle of it was Augusta Fairchild.

She had on a red velvet skirt and jacket and a little black hat with a tanager wing on it and a black feather boa that hung clear to her knees—and was she pretty! She thanked the sheriff and Lem for helping her with the baby carriage and nodded for them to leave, like they were a couple of Mr. Fairchild's brickyard men, and when they had shut the door and started back upstairs, she dimpled around at us, like she could, and said, "Ladies, I hope I am not intruding?"

After a little she told us all about it. She had not heard what had happened until she went down to the Opera House to drill the children and found a man stationed at the doorway to tell her that the committee had decided

she couldn't have the Opera House after the scandalous happening of the morning. She said she went to see all the members of the committee that were in town and reasoned with them, told them that people were coming from all over the county to the program, that it was no ordinary contest, but a Grand Gold, that only women who had already won the Silver and the Gold could compete in it, and no other building in the town was near big enough to hold the crowd. But the men were afraid, every one of them, and put her off by saying that the Mayor should decide, and they all knew that the Mayor was out of town and wouldn't be in until late that night.

When she couldn't get their permission to have it, she stopped in at the Methodist Church to tell the ladies who were working there that they'd have to use the church that evening for the program. It looked almost impossible. The Methodist ladies, the dry ones, had been working all day on banners Augusta had designed for the children to carry in the election parade, and they had the place all cluttered up with strips of painters' muslin and cans of paint, and it smelled of glue. They rallied though and said they'd start right in to clean it up and have it ready with the banners standing, one between each two windows, around the walls, and Augusta went on home.

There she found one of her stepsons, lying across his bed, sobbing away, his clothes all torn, and she got it out of him that he'd been fighting and was crying because it was all over town that she was a "cowardy-calf" for not going along to break up Cash Benton's saloon.

The baby had just waked up from her nap and was all in clean clothes and ready to go out. Augusta always wheeled her every afternoon it was fit. So she had the girl help her down the front steps with the baby carriage and

wheeled right straight down Main Street till she came to Cash's saloon. There was a crowd in there, viewing the ruins. They all fell back, of course, and quit talking when Augusta swept in.

Cash came from behind the bar, smiling and scraping. Augusta said he looked so trusting she almost lost her courage for a minute. Then she looked around, and saw the only mirror in the place that was whole, the one at the end of the bar, with a moulting buffalo head nailed over it. She reached down in the end of the carriage, under the robe, took out a brick, one of those sample bricks with "Fairchild" graved in it, that her husband used for a paper-weight, and before anyone realized what she was about, let fly, and the glass came crashing down.

Well, she had to ask for it before she got arrested. And even then they didn't want to do it. You see, Fairchild was the biggest man in town. He could make or break anybody on Main Street. Besides, Augusta was a beautiful woman and a mother. The Sheriff thought he'd get out of it by protesting that she couldn't possibly take the baby to jail. But Augusta insisted. Several men offered their rigs, but she chose to walk, and I do believe she enjoyed it.

She sat there on the cot, with the red-winged hat in her lap and one hand in the baby cab, playing with the baby's fingers, while she was telling us about it.

The baby whimpered, and she took it up and was fixing to nurse it and Effie Shurtleff fairly snatched it out of her arms and said, "Don't you dare nurse that baby while you're all excited! Do you want to give it colic?"

Augusta laughed and said she was perfectly calm and held out her ringed hands, with the fingers spread, to prove it. And sure enough, there wasn't a tremor in them.

As soon as the baby was back in the carriage, Augusta said we had work to do, so we beat on the window rods with a slipper, like we'd been doing to call Lem, and when he came down, Augusta told him to send for her two older stepsons and tell them to bring her pen and ink and notepaper. When they brought it, she sat down by the window ledge and wrote notes to half-a-dozen people, telling them just what to do to make the program go off right.

Supper was even a better meal than dinner. There was chicken, and vegetables in covered dishes, pie, and if I remember right, six kinds of jelly. Nancy was the only one who didn't eat and eat hearty. She couldn't help but feel that it would have been more fitting for us to fast, and anyway all the excitement had brought on her headache.

After supper the girls coaxed Augusta to lie down and rest awhile, for the baby's sake, and if she didn't go right off to sleep, one arm up over her head and a lace sleeve draping down over her forehead.

All of our children came down to the jail to show how nicely they'd been fixed up for the program. Somebody had finished the accordion-pleating on Effie's girl's dress and, though it didn't hang just right, that part was in the back and didn't show much.

Before seven, the hitching posts clear around Courthouse Square were full. Effie was all for waking Augusta to tell her that there was such a crowd already that the Methodist church couldn't begin to hold them; but we couldn't see that there was anything she could do about it, so Nancy wouldn't let her.

I said that Davies had brought us a light. It wasn't a lamp, but a lantern. Mollie had cleaned the globe on her petticoat, but it was one of those sputtery lanterns, I think the oil wasn't good, and it cast up the sickest flickers on those white walls. People had been coming all day, like I said, but around

eight o'clock, after the train had come in that brought three of the contestants and two of the judges, people let us be, and we sat and had a good rest.

I guess it's hard for anyone, now, to comprehend what a big thing a Grand Gold Medal contest was. You see, there was a man named William Jennings Demorest who had a fortune and he certainly was a man of vision. He started the Demorest contests, and let it be known he had a barrellful of silver and gold and grand gold medals and half a peck of diamond ones, and that when they were used he'd get more. And there were contests all over the country.

All at once Nancy jumped up and clapped her hands to her forehead like she always did when she remembered something she'd forgotten, and I knew there was more than her headache bothering her. She said, "Ladies, do you realize that Mrs. Fairchild's arrest has made to-night's contest impossible?"

We said it couldn't be, but Nancy was right about it. The rules were that there must be five contestants competing for the Grand Gold Medal, or the contest couldn't be held.

Mollie said, "Well, I guess you'll let me wake her up now," and Nancy let her. Augusta washed her face and throat at the granite wash bowl and took a little scent bottle out of the carriage and poured some in her palm and patted her temples with it and said she felt much refreshed. Effie made faces at Nancy and Mollie that they weren't to say anything about the contest until after she'd fed the baby. That baby was good as gold, and I can't remember that it made any fuss at all until after things got started that evening, and then its crying fit in just right, as you'll see.

Augusta sensed something was worrying us, and when Nancy told her she said she'd thought of that before she

went down to the saloon. She said she felt that the circumstances warranted some varying from the rule and that when we wrote in to headquarters and explained they would think it was quite all right to have held the contest with just four contestants.

Nancy suggested we have a prayer meeting for the success of the contest, and I wish I could remember Augusta's, when it came her turn. It certainly put power and faith into us. And then, we'd hardly got up from those cold stones before there was a blast of trumpet, a roll of drums and a swell of music that came like a direct answer. We all crowded to the window, but we couldn't more than two of us see out at a time, and really there wasn't anything to see, yet—but plenty to hear!

Then, they came! Reverend Campbell's fillies came first, without saddle or harness, and the two Jacobs boys that played cornets in the band astride them, tooting for all they were worth. Behind them came the Band of Hope, marching four abreast, and carrying the banners we'd made for them to use in the parade in the morning. And walking on either side the banner bearers were big boys with pitch torches. I can see those banners yet, with the torches flaring on them: "Choose the Right Path, Papa, I Follow in Your Footsteps," "Tremble, King Alcohol, We Are Growing Up," and "For God and Home and Native Land."

It was "The Brewers' Big Horses" those children had taken it into their heads to sing, tramping as they came, and singing it in three parts, the way Augusta'd trained them. It goes like this:

"Oh, the brewers' big horses coming down
the road,

Toting all around old Lucifer's load,
They step so high, and they step so free,
But the brewers' big horses can't run over
me.

Oh, no, boys, oh, no!
 The turnpike's free, wherever I go.
 I'm a temp'rance engine, don't you see,
 And the brewers' big horses can't run
 over me.

Oh, the liquor men are acting like they
 own this place,
 Living on the sweat of the poor man's face,
 They're fat and sassy as they can be,
 But the brewers' big horses can't run
 over me."

Then the chorus, and:

"I'll harness them horses to the temperance
 cart.

Hit 'em with a gad for to give 'em a start,
 I'll teach them how for to haw and gee,
 For them big horses can't run over me."

There was more, but I can't remember it. The crowd was right with them. Most of the people followed behind, but some of them ran alongside. The children turned in when they came to the courthouse grounds. The fillies trotted right up to the jail window and stopped there, prancing and blowing. And the children came on and lined up there in front, and after them, the crowd, with Reverend Campbell in charge, showing them where to sit.

We never did find out for certain whose idea it was for them to come down to the courthouse, but come they did. It was Mrs. Fairchild's program, and it was just drawn to her, like tacks to a magnet.

They wheeled a spring wagon up in front of the jail and draped it with a pair of red portieres that came from Davies' parlor, and the contestants were handed up over the wheel and spoke from it. The judges sat on boxes nearby, their notebooks on their knees, marking them down for "Voice, Articulation, Memory, Gesture, and General Effect."

I never heard better readings in my life. The time and the place certainly lent power to the speakers. Think of it—that red-draped wagon, with the

stone courthouse wall rising up behind, and the torches glaring, and all the people sitting on the grass.

The Band of Hope sang between the recitations, and Augusta stood up on the ledge of the jail window and directed them, starting them off with a little pitch pipe somebody had run home and fetched for her.

When the other four girls had given their readings, the children started chanting, "We want Mrs. Fairchild, we want Mrs. Fairchild." The crowd took it up, so there was nothing for it but that Augusta should speak. She wouldn't hear to it that an exception be made of her and she be let out long enough to speak. She said she'd speak from the jail or not at all.

She sprang down from the ledge, light as a feather, and ran over into the corner of the room where she couldn't be seen from the window and called Mollie Brigham over there, and told her to get out of the gray calico wrapper she had on. Why, Mollie would have cut off her hair for her. She whipped out of that wrapper and didn't say a word when Augusta tore it into shreds before she put it on. Augusta asked that a torch be handed through the window. She blew out the lantern, and by the light of the torch ran her finger in around the chimney to get lamp black to black around her eyes. Then she let down her hair and ratted and snarled it up a little and took some whiting (there was a little in the sack, left over from whitewashing the walls), and dusted it onto her hair. She made some lines around her mouth with the lamp black too, and, I tell you, she looked ghastly.

All that time outside the children were singing "The Brewers' Big Horses" again, weaving around in among the crowd, each one with his hands on the shoulders of the one ahead of him, shuffling and tromping, so they

sounded like a train, and singing for dear life.

We didn't a one of us know what Augusta was going to speak. She'd had her name put on the program with just the word "Selected" where the name of her piece should have been.

Of course I didn't get to see it from the outside, but they said that when she climbed up there on that window ledge, in that ragged calico dress, with her hair hanging all around her face and her face old and ugly and too pitiful for words, and her hands, strained like claws, grabbing the bars, there were women and children that screamed out and I'm sure there wasn't a man looked on unmoved.

She spoke "The Maniac Mother." I can't remember it all, but it starts:

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe.
She is not mad who kneels to thee,
For what I am, too well I know,
For what I was, and what should be!

I'll rave no more in proud despair,
My language shall be mild, though sad.
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, no, no, not mad.

My drunken husband forged the tale
That chains me in this dismal cell,
My fate unknown, my friends bewail,
Oh, jailer, haste, that fate to tell.

He smiles in scorn and turns the key.
He quits the grate—I knelt in vain!
His glimmering lamp, still, still, I see.
'Tis gone—and all is gloom again.

There was a verse or two about her old father's bowed head, and then the baby started crying just as she got to:

Hast thou, my child, forgot ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor 'round her neck how fast you clung.

There were more verses, about home and young motherhood and one that ends:

Oh, now I'll drive those thoughts away,
They'll make me mad, they'll make me mad!

And it ends up:

Yes, soon, for lo, the while I speak,
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare.
He sees me, now with dreadful shriek
He hurls a serpent high in air.

Horror! The reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad.
Ah, laugh, ye fiends, I feel the truth.
Your task is done, I'm mad, I'm mad!

There wasn't a doubt about who won the prize. Augusta wouldn't hear of taking it, after winning it under those circumstances, so the medal went to Minnie Larkin, from Cedar Hill, though she, herself, said Augusta'd won and wouldn't hear of taking it at first.

Fairchild and the Mayor got in on the night train from the south, thought there must have been a fire, and jumped in a cab and drove like mad over where the light was, and got there just in time to see Effie Shurtleff lift Augusta down from the window ledge. At first Mr. Fairchild didn't recognize her, and when he did he came through that crowd like a catapult and tore down those stairs, yanked the door open, picked Augusta up, and carried her right out of there, and the Mayor waived all legal proceedings and told all the rest of us to come on out. And I think nobody was as glad as Davies to see us go.

We had the parade in the morning and the Drys carried the election, in face of the Wets' hiring up all the horses from both livery stables and those in the three closest towns, too. Reverend Campbell's fillies were kept running till they dropped, and all the other "dry" horses in town were on the go all day, bringing in the lame and the blind and all those Drys that didn't have a way of getting to the polls.

Augusta didn't come down for the parade. Fairchild wouldn't let her out of bed. That evening Mollie and I went up to see her. She was lying on a long chair-sofa, in a dressing gown of rose nun's veiling, with satin fluting round the neck and down the front of it. She had some *New Ideas* and some *Ladies Home Journals* spread out all around her. Mollie started to apologize for the way she'd talked to her when we came to ask her to go to Cash's with us, and to tell her how grand she was when she spoke. Augusta just waved the apology away with her hand and asked her which she thought would be prettier, a red cashmere with appliqued trimming, in the *Ladies Home Journal*, or a red satin with cut-work, in *The New Idea*.

Mollie said, "I think it'd depend on what you want to wear it for." And

Augusta said she was going to have it made up to wear in the Diamond Medal contest in Topeka in a couple of weeks, and when we asked her how that could be, she said the judges had telegraphed in to headquarters explaining the situation, and they had wired back that a grand gold medal was on the way. Of course, we were mighty pleased and when Mollie had quieted down a little, I asked Augusta what she was going to speak, and she blushed and reached out and laid her hand on a little book on the marble-topped table beside her. It was a red-satin-covered book with a mother-of-pearl clasp and the name "Augusta" worked on it in white. "I think I'll ask permission to give a poem I am writing myself," she said. "I have this little book of them I write for my own pleasure"

NOVEMBER

BY MARVIN LUTER HILL

NOVEMBER is a beautiful word with a sound like water;
 Watery rhythms go flowing through it in tumbling floods.
 It has a courage that it is good to remember—
 Not fain, like April, or troubled with March's moods.

It has a lovely completeness, like some task finished;
 It is grayly-golden as a full-fledged plover,
 And sound as a chestnut kernel without its sweetness,
 And has but little interest in any lover.

Foxes adore it, and the dull persimmon
 Turns to the color of a faded ember;
 It has a fuller bin than the months before it,
 And a tranquil beauty that it is good to remember.



SEX IN BIOGRAPHY

BY ERNEST BOYD

“THE art of biography seems to have fallen on evil times in England. . . . With us the most delicate and humane of all the branches of the art of writing has been relegated to the journeymen of letters; we do not reflect that it is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one. Those two fat volumes, with which it is our custom to commemorate the dead—who does not know them, with their ill-digested masses of material, their slipshod style, their tone of tedious panegyric, their lamentable lack of selection, of detachment, of design? They are as familiar as the *cortège* of the undertaker, and wear the same air of slow, funereal barbarism.”

These now familiar words of the most distinguished of modern biographers might be paraphrased to describe the antithesis both of their author, Lytton Strachey, and of the biographers against whom his prefatory remarks in *Eminent Victorians* were addressed. Describing the spate of so-called “modern” biographies, “novelized” lives, and so forth, one might say: “The trick of biography seems to have fallen on prosperous times in Europe and America. A most scholarly and subtle branch of writing has been relegated to the sex circulationists of letters; we do not reflect that it is perhaps as easy to write a flashy biography as a cheap novel. Those octavo volumes with which it is our custom to vulgarize the dead—who does not know them, with their

half-digested paucity of material, their ‘smart’ style, their tone of tedious superiority, their lamentable lack of taste, of real knowledge, of honest purpose? They are as familiar as the case histories of the psycho-analysts, and wear the same air of spurious, psychological profundity.”

In other words, the over-emphasis of the sex element in contemporary biography doubtless explains in large part the current vogue of that branch of writing. People who have never troubled to read Dowden’s life of Shelley, devoured the *Ariel* of André Maurois because the tangled love-life of the poet was presented in a more palatable form to readers primarily interested in scandal. Since Lord Lovelace presented the facts about Byron and Augusta, lives of Byron have actually become best sellers. The mere hint of incest makes a dramatic success of “The Barretts of Wimpole Street” with a public which never betrayed the faintest previous interest in the lives and works of Elizabeth and Robert Browning. It cannot be a mere coincidence that those figures from the past who most frequently and lucratively tempt the “modern” biographers are those whose lives can be served up with the sauce of sex interest. Charlotte Brontë’s passion for Hégér is thus more stimulating than that of George Eliot for George Henry Lewes; George Sand or Chopin offers more tempting bait than Beethoven or Mozart. If the recent

popular demand for biography were not largely determined by irrelevant considerations of a tacit or avowedly sexual character, we might expect to see it extended to lives intrinsically interesting, and for more general reasons. When the lives of Voltaire, Montaigne, or Frederick the Great evoke the same response as do those of Shelley, Byron, and Catherine the Great—then it may be possible to argue that we take nowadays a more genuine and intelligent interest in biography than did our grandfathers.

It is generally conceded that, at least in the English-speaking world, the jargon of psycho-analysis, if not the "discoveries" of that so-called science, has released some of our Anglo-Saxon inhibitions in facing and discussing the problems of sex. It is equally true that in the Latin countries, where greater verbal freedom and a more realistic general standpoint have always obtained, interest in psycho-analysis and its verbiage has been limited to specialists and has not invaded the vocabulary and consciousness of the literary world and its public. Consequently it is to English, German, and American biographers that we must look for such evidence as may exist of the development of sex in biography. France, it is true, is responsible for the "novelized" lives which are a peculiar product of contemporary biographical writing, two French publishers alone being represented by nearly one hundred such volumes, while another has specialized in a series entitled *La Vie Amoureuse*, dealing with artistic and political figures whose lives lend themselves to the treatment indicated by that title. But the two most popular and extensive series are by no means restricted to the amatory adventures or misadventures of their subjects.

In English the situation is very different. There was bound to be a

reaction against the kind of official biography impugned in precept and practice by Lytton Strachey. It was equally inevitable that this reaction should express itself in the good old Anglo-Saxon manner, that is, by an assertion of the New Freudian Freedom in the discussion of sex. The "Damocles Sword of Respectability," which, Carlyle said, "hangs for ever over the poor English life-writer," ceased to hang, with results which are not the unmixed blessing claimed by the naïvely sophisticated. Too many people rushed in where Lytton Strachey had not feared to tread, but without first arming themselves with his sensitive imagination and scholarly irony.

One gets, admittedly, a certain amount of humor out of the contrast between the series of feminine biographies edited by Poe's English biographer and champion, John H. Ingram, in the eighties and that edited by Francis Birrell in the nineteen twenties. Glancing at Mr. Ingram's ladies, I find that the collection is called the *Eminent Women Series*, whereas Mr. Birrell calls his the *Representative Women Series*. The former chose Elizabeth Fry, George Eliot, and Maria Edgeworth, the latter, Annie Besant, Aphra Behn, and Lady Hester Stanhope, amongst others. The Victorian's ladies, somehow, have an aura of respectability. Mr. Birrell's, though Victorian or earlier, somehow lack that aura. Does that make Mr. Birrell a "representative" modern editor and Mr. Ingram merely an "eminent" one? In a sense it does. Mr. Ingram—perhaps a trifle superfluously but, nevertheless, courageously—rescued Poe from the alleged calumnies of Griswold; but he would hardly have approved of the eccentricities of Lady Hester, and he would have been amazed had anyone suggested Aphra Behn as an "eminent" woman. In brief, there was a Victorian point of view, and Mr.

Ingram expressed it, not only in his attitude towards Poe, but in his choice of females deserving a place in his series. His two-volume life of Poe is, in some respects, of the type abhorred by Lytton Strachey, but did it do any more to enhance, diminish, or explain Edgar Allan Poe than Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's painstaking story of impotent infantilism—or whatever the technical phrase may be for an individual who, for reasons of physical deficiency, has a mother-fixation and is attracted by very young girls? One seems to have heard of the commonest type of extrovert, the "mother's boy," whose offences include almost everything save impotence and the love of unfledged girls. How far does ignorance or knowledge of either of these characteristics detract from or add to a biography? Baudelaire's mother-fixation has lately rejoiced the inquiring minds of French psychiatrists, but that was not what repelled all the academic critics like Brunetière, Faguet, and Lanson, nor what led to his glorification by contemporary critics as academic as Professor Gonzague de Reynold of the University of Berne, or that most unacademic and earliest of his living champions and admirers, André Gide. Needless to say, no book on Baudelaire has ever been so promptly translated into English as *L'Echec de Baudelaire* by Dr. René Laforgue, which over-emphasizes that subject.

Admittedly, there was an interregnum in English biography, between the great classics, Boswell's *Johnson*, Moore's *Byron*, Lockhart's *Scott*, and our own time. Pre-Victorian biographers have claims upon us which are overlooked by those who confuse modernity with originality. In *The Development of English Biography* Mr. Harold Nicolson declares that "Moore represents the Boswell tradition somewhat diluted by the milk of caution," and that Lockhart "is the second

greatest (I am sometimes inclined to think the greatest) of all British biographers." This praise from so highly qualified an adept in the art of modern autobiography as the author of *Some People*—a masterpiece amongst many more widely popular examples of inferior work—and of modern biography as Tennyson, Verlaine, and *Byron: the Last Journey*, is a sufficient reminder that all is not biographical gold that is Freudian glitter. His own examples, no less than his own works in this field, disprove the notion. Hagiography, with which biography began, returned, as Mr. Nicolson says, in 1844, with Dean Stanley's *Life of Arnold*. It received sanction as late as 1900 by the inclusion of Tennyson in a series of "Saintly Lives," and was characteristically endowed with such masterpieces as Mrs. Kingsley's biography of her husband, "dedicated to the beloved memory of a righteous man," J. W. Cross's volume on his wife, George Eliot, and Lady Burton's incongruous apotheosis of the translator of the *Arabian Nights*.

In the modern reaction against Victorian hagiography there is noticeable that affecting superstition of our time, the naïve assumption that never before in the history of literature was there such frankness as ours. We have forgotten the furor created by Froude's publication of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* and of the *Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, two documents of quite un-Victorian candor. We, too, have our hagiographers, for, as Mr. Nicolson points out, "Victorianism only died in 1911." Robert Louis Stevenson may be cited as a typical victim of the hero-worshipping type of biography. When Mr. John A. Steuart, only a few years ago, dared to write unsentimentally of Stevenson's sex life in general, and of his marriage in particular, the doves of the Gosses and Colvins fluttered with an indigna-

tion equalled only by the diatribes of the Tennysons and Mrs. Oliphants against Froude. Gosse's life of Swinburne is a monument of smug discretion, and we have had to wait for a translation of M. G. Lafourcade's *La Jeunesse de Swinburne* in order to have in English a frankly "modern" analysis of Swinburne's sexual anomalies.

Nevertheless, it is to Sir Edmund Gosse that the literary historian must give credit for being the first in our day to break with the genteel tradition in biography. In 1907 his *Father and Son* was a revolutionary departure from the conventions, both in the son's treatment of his father and in the choice of a restricted period of years for biographical analysis. It had, of course, been preceded by Butler's infinitely more savage autobiographical study of father and son, *The Way of All Flesh*, with which it must be bracketed as a slice of Victorian family life. Neither volume pretended to deal with the sexual aspects of its subject, but both are landmarks in an evolution towards that freedom which contemporary biography enjoys. It was Lytton Strachey who finally emancipated the art from all its Victorian trammels. Yet, it is an interesting fact that he, too, was little concerned with sex save in the case of Queen Elizabeth, whose title, "the virgin Queen," almost inevitably invited speculation of a pathological kind.

II

It is also a significant fact, for it raises the general question of the importance of sex in biography. Is it possible that we now exaggerate its importance? One may welcome the freedom of modern biography from hagiography while questioning its overemphasis upon sexual psychology. When Frank Harris was trying to make of his life of Bernard Shaw a volume

comparable to his own ineffable and insufferable *My Life and Loves*, his victim escaped him by confronting him squarely with unromantic facts, thereby confuting prurient conjecture. "First, O Biographer," he writes, "get it clear in your mind that you can learn nothing about your sitter (or Biographee) from a mere record of his gallantries. You have no such record in the case of Shakespear, and a pretty full one for a few years in the case of Pepys; but you know much more about Shakespear than about Pepys. The explanation is that the relation between the parties in gallantries is not a personal relation. It can be irresistibly desired and rapturously executed between persons who could not endure one another for a day in any other relation." And he adds: "I found sex hopeless as a basis for permanent relations. . . . In permanence and seriousness my consummated love-affairs count for nothing beside the ones that were either unconsummated or ended by discarding that relation."

Here we have the unusual spectacle of the subject of a biography definitely answering the question I have raised. Mr. Shaw is clearly of opinion that the part of sex in biography—not merely in *his* biography—is negligible. He even declares: "If I were to tell you every such adventure that I have enjoyed, you would be none the wiser as to my personal, nor even as to my sexual, history." From which it would seem to follow that even the sexual history of a biographer's subject is not to be explained merely by reference to the latter's sexual experiences. In other words, an intelligent view of biography may so far diverge from the current preoccupation with sex as to eliminate it altogether, as something wholly irrelevant.

Obviously the relevance of sex in biography must be largely determined by the character and temperament of

what Mr. Shaw calls the "biographee," rather than by the more or less morbid prepossessions of the biographer. If Mr. Shaw, for example, had been the kind of man whom Frank Harris so fatuously alleged himself to be in *My Life and Loves*, what purpose would be served by recording the facts? By his own admission such facts would be irrelevant, since "gallantry is not a personal relation" and "sex is hopeless as a basis for permanent relations." Presumably it is precisely the permanent elements in the life of a human being which are of vital importance to the biographer. Consequently, the latter has to decide whether or not the sexual life of his subject is essential to an understanding of his career. Can that be decided arbitrarily, on the theory popularized by the Freudians, that we are such stuff as sexual psychoneuroses are made on, our little life is rounded with a complex?

Mr. Harold Nicolson holds that the preponderance of this point of view, of what he calls the scientific interest in biography "is hostile to, and will in the end prove destructive of the literary interest." Biographers will cease to regard their work as a branch of literature and will approach their tasks as scientists. "There will be biographies examining the influence of heredity—biographies founded on Galton, on Lombroso, on Havelock Ellis, on Freud; there will be medical biographies—studies of the influence on character of the endocrine glands, studies of internal secretions; there will be sociological biographies, esthetic biographies, philosophical biographies." We have advanced since the days of innocence when Dr. George M. Gould's *Biographic Clinics* explained Poe and others on the ground of eye strain. Leonardo da Vinci has been reduced to a psycho-analytic case history—a rare gem of sex in biography—by no less a person than Doctor Freud himself.

In *Aspects of Biography* M. André Maurois queries both the feasibility and the utility of scientific biography. "Who is engaged at the present moment in preserving notes on the internal secretions of Einstein? Who is investigating the endocrine glands of Paul Valéry? Who is keeping a record of Bertrand Russell's dreams, so that the Freudian biographers may interpret them at a later date? And if all these points are not recorded during the life of the individual, they too are unique, irreversible, irrecoverable." Nevertheless, biography to-day does not hesitate to speculate upon matters—especially those of sex—which are not to be ascertained without the collection of such data as M. Maurois indicates. Even with such data it is open to doubt whether the portrait of the subject is thereby brought any nearer to us. In everyday-life we are well aware, despite all the glib talk of neuroses, psychoses, introverts, extroverts, complexes, and fixations, human relationships are as complicated, human motives as obscure, human conduct as irrational as in the days before this jargon was invented. Since all this psychological apparatus fails to help us to live good lives, why should it help us to write them?

There are, needless to say, biographers who are compelled to take cognizance of the sexual problem presented by their subject, when it is patent that such a problem lies at the very root of the latter's life and work. For that reason Gosse's evasions render his life of Swinburne of less importance than M. Lafourcade's, although he had all the advantages for the successful performance of his task, save courage. It can hardly be denied that a knowledge of Swinburne, by the very nature of his poetry, demands information concerning the man's own sex life. On the other hand, the work of an essentially cerebral type, like Mr.

Shaw, stands independently of such information, for the reasons which he so cogently stated to Frank Harris. Had the man been otherwise, his work would have been different. Yet, some of our most clamorous advocates and exponents of frankness, biographical and autobiographical, have been known to object strenuously when one of themselves has been subjected to sexual analysis, as witness the protests against Mr. Middleton Murry's *Son of Woman*, the only enlightening study of D. H. Lawrence in a welter of portentous and hysterical sentimentality.

If ever a writer was preoccupied with sex to a point of pathological obsession, that writer was D. H. Lawrence. From the date of the suppression of *The Rainbow*, in 1915, until his death, exasperated admirers of his early novels, *The White Peacock*, *The Trespasser*, *Sons and Lovers* had wondered what strange mental disease afflicted him. One felt—and Mr. Murry, out of his intimate knowledge, confirms it—that the man's point of view was quite abnormal, that he wrote of nothing but sex, and that his diseased and warped mind made him about as qualified to expatiate on his favorite theme as an absinthe addict would be who in his *delirium tremens* discoursed on fine vintages. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* confirmed one's worst suspicions. Here was that rare thing, not to be found amongst the familiar *curiosa* and *erotica*, a thoroughly obscene book, in the original and fullest sense of that much-abused word. The reason for its obscenity, both as understood by Mr. John S. Sumner and in its original sense, becomes apparent when one discovers that it is a projection into fiction of all that D. H. Lawrence wanted to be and was not—an abject confession.

In it, to quote Mr. Murry, "Lawrence goes further towards imagining his physical resurrection. The figure

of Annable, with which his novels began, returns in the figure of Mellors to end them. . . . The sexual youth of Mellors is Lawrence's own youth: there is scarcely an effort at disguise." Whereupon Mr. Murry quotes a passage which corresponds exactly to the ascertained facts of Lawrence's experiences with his wife and other women. The "suffocating," "wearisome" atmosphere—the adjectives are Mr. Murry's—of this preposterous travesty, while throwing a sharp light on Lawrence's pathology, renders the book as unnatural in its literary, very literary, half-measures of verbal realism, as in its angry misrepresentation of all human values. "Beyond this sexual atmosphere there is nothing, nothing. The world beyond Mellors and Connie is unspeakably gray, dreary, hopeless," Mr. Murry continues. "It is an utterly hopeless book, hopeless on the surface, with its simple and monotonous insistence that physical fulfilment is the be-all and end-all of human existence; more hopeless beneath, when we know that the one thing needful is, for Lawrence himself, absolutely and for ever unattainable."

Mr. Murry's book on Lawrence very definitely answers the question of the place of sex in biography. Here is the first life of a modern man of letters in which sex is of primary importance and which is written sympathetically, but without the reticences with which modern biographers reproach their Victorian predecessors. In different words, and *à propos* of a very different character, Mr. Murry echoes Mr. Shaw's complaint of the futility of exaggerating the importance of purely physical sex relations. The college manuals inform us that D. H. Lawrence owed much to "an unusual mother," a statement which takes on a peculiar significance in the light of Mr. Murry's revelations, for all the torments that racked Lawrence in mind and body

appear to have been caused by a mother-fixation.

In his *Fantasia of the Unconscious* he specifically confirms his biographer's deductions. "A man," writes Lawrence, "finds it impossible to realize himself in marriage. He recognizes the fact that his emotional, even passionate, regard for his mother is deeper than it ever could be for his wife. This makes him unhappy, for he knows that passionate communion is not complete unless it be also sexual. He has a body of sexual passion which he cannot transfer to a wife. He has a profound love for his mother. Shut in between the walls of tortured and increasing passion, he must find some escape, or fall down the pit of insanity or death."

The dilemma was peculiarly Lawrence's; it is hardly to be described as more than exceptional, and is of no more and no less human value and application than any other disease. Its effect upon Lawrence was to color and vitiate his entire work, to give us those sex-obsessed novels which proceed in an hysterical crescendo from *The Rainbow* to *The Man Who Died*, in which everything assumes a phallic significance. Lawrence's fate was a grievous one, and Mr. Murry is right, both on literary and human grounds, in lamenting it. Yet, even he, amazingly, can calmly accept Lawrence's statement that "incest is the logical conclusion of our ideals, when these ideals have to be carried into passionate effect" in the following comment: "That is his way of saying that the demand for love made by the modern mother upon the modern son, or the modern father upon the modern daughter, prematurely and viciously stimulates the child's passionate nature, and so incapacitates it from entering into a true sex-relation. Further, even if, by the aid of psycho-analysis, a modern man realizes his condition, the talk of 'sublimation' is nonsense."

One might with more justice argue that this talk of "a true sex-relation" is nonsense, when it leads so far away from the emotions of millions of men and women, who are as unaffected by the Oedipus complex as they are unconscious of their vermiform appendix—until it (if ever) becomes diseased. What is a true sex-relation? Must Doctor Freud define it, or shall we consult an impotent novelist or poet, a syphilitic philosopher? A true sex-relation might be precisely that which Lawrence would have found in his mother had ties of consanguinity not interfered. Neither his mother nor anybody else's is the only woman of her type in the world. His whole argument is one of the worst generalizations from a particular instance I have ever heard.

III

Thus we return to the question of the place of sex in biography. Where sex is an essential factor the first thing to be decided is whether the case is pathological or not. If pathological, the biographer becomes the scientist, as defined by Mr. Nicolson and M. Maurois, and biography as a work of art, as a means of expression, ceases to concern us. Where sex is not pathological, its importance is slight almost to the point of non-existence. The happiest sex life is one that has no history, and biography is neither more nor less concerned with sex than with digestion. Carlyle's indigestion, Gibbon's hydrocele, Napoleon's cancer, the erysipelas of Frederick the Great add not one cubit to our knowledge, understanding, and appreciation of these men. Many obscure persons have suffered similarly and many people of like stature have been free of such suffering. The tedious novels of George Sand are not a whit more interesting because of her encounters with Jules Sandeau, Musset, Pagello,

Chopin, and the rest of that "necropolis," as an unkind lover called the "cemetery" of her heart. Nor is the tedium of George Eliot's novels relieved by the thought of her exemplary life with George Henry Lewes, and her courageous unconventionality has not prevented us from preferring the works of the Brontë sisters and of Jane Austen, whose lives seemed models of decorum.

"Some shallow story of deep love" may elucidate the lives of those men and women whom certain biographers delight to honor with ever renewed attention. For many many years we have been diverted by the annual crop of splendid sinners, wayward women, ladies of joy, mistresses of kings, Regency rakes, and so forth. They are a popular alternative to murder mysteries, society gossip, and sporting news. Until recently these compilations purporting to convey the glamour of Nell Gwyn, du Barry, Madame de

Montespan, or Lola Montez were merchandise and were not taken seriously. But nowadays we are bound to take seriously any breach of the seventh commandment, so we have begun all over again to discover—biographically speaking—that storks do not bring babies and that adultery has been for centuries one of the mainstays of civilized life. This is merely our post-War Freudian frolic. Sex in biography, as in life itself, is simultaneously essential and unimportant, save when nothing else of importance is afoot. The autobiographies of Mill, Newman, Gibbon, Herbert Spencer, Renan, dealing with the world of the mind and of ideas, are worth all the memoirs of all the Casanovas, great and small, real and imaginary, whose usually trivial exploits and conquests make one wish that more people had Mr. Shaw's keen realization of the fundamental valuelessness of such experiences as a commentary on life.



The Lion's Mouth



INFORMATION BUREAU

BY CORAL BUTTERFIELD

I HAD been assisting at the Information Bureau of the *Evening News* for just three hours. The paragon of intelligence who for the past five years had been glibly answering questions into the telephone with her mouth, while she read the latest edition with her eyes, and wrote to-morrow's question-and-answer column with both hands, was leaving for a bite of lunch.

"You'll be all right," she said cheerfully. "The card index is fairly complete, and there is only one more page to do for to-morrow's column. If they ask you any hard ones take the number and call them back. You know where all the books are. Good-by, I won't be long."

"Good-by," said I feebly, and with a sinking heart I watched her out of the door.

"Brrrr," said the telephone.

"Information Bureau," I cooed politely.

"What do you do with a still birth?" asked an excited male voice. Should I answer truthfully that I didn't know, I'd never had one? While I was still groping madly through my brain for a fitting reply the voice continued, "What do you do with the body; I mean, should we bury it, and how much

would it cost? Do you think we ought to name it?"

Suddenly I remembered the Bureau of Vital Statistics, so I took his number, and, after a hasty conference with the vital statistician, called him back. If I didn't hurry I should never finish the column in time to get the copy up. The next letter said:

"Dear Sir:

"To settle an argument would you please print in your column if it would be better or worse if the jury system was abolished? Also where can I sell feathers and beeswax? Please answer at once as it is very important." It was signed modestly, "The Reader."

"Brrrr," again—before I had reached the beeswax problem.

"Information Bureau," I intoned.

"Is this Information?" inquired a high-pitched feminine voice.

"It is," I admitted.

"Well, Information, I just wanted to ask you for a little information. I am going to be married, and I just wanted to know if the bride's parents are dead who should pay for the invitations?"

"The bride," I insisted, to the manifest disappointment of the lady on the other end of the wire.

"The best man should come in with the maid of honor, shouldn't he?"

"Why, no, the best man comes in with the groom."

"Oh, but then who would come in with the bride?"

I explained. The bride-to-be hung up the receiver very much disappointed in our ideas of etiquette. The telephone was still in my hand when it rang again.

"Say, listen," demanded an angry female, "if your husband deserts you and you forgive him, and then he deserts you again, and you forgive him again, then when he goes off the third time, isn't there a law of condonation that says you can add all the time together and if it makes three years you can get a divorce?"

"I believe not," I said, reaching for the state code. "The law says that if a desertion has once been condoned it cannot be used as evidence, and that the three years necessary for a divorce must be continuous."

The lady was prone to argue. The only thing I didn't understand about that husband was why he ever came back the first time. Finally convinced that the laws of the State were much too conservative for her, she decided, "Well, then, I guess I'll just have to go to Reno and live for six weeks, and then I'll be divorced automatically, won't I?"

In a moment I was able to return to the letters. One lady was about to enter upon her maiden voyage in a pullman, and wanted three pages of questions answered as to the proper technic for dressing and undressing under these trying circumstances. Another had, a bit tardily perhaps, become keenly interested in the World War and would like to borrow the complete files of our paper from 1914 to 1919.

That mechanical bumble bee was at it again.

"I just wanted to ask you two or three little questions, dearie. Could you explain the Einstein theory to me, just in a few words, you understand?"

I did, thanking heaven that Herr Doktor was safely out of America.

"Oh, I see," said the lady, and then I knew that I must have been wrong. "Now, honey, there is just one other little thing, how can I get rid of the ants in my kitchen?"

When I finally put that instrument of torture down I was humbly thankful to see my boss returning to allow me to seek some much-needed refreshment.

That afternoon I spent reading some of our daily mail. A letter from a fisherman said:

"Dear Sir:

"I read your column every day and it is OK. But regarding worms, I find them the best bait for fishing and in the spring there are plenty, but in the summer I can't find any more. Ask this question in your column the fishermen will like it.

"Question: Where do the worms go for the summer?"

A lady suffering from asthma and hay fever, having had no relief from the medical profession felt sure that we must have a formula which would produce the desired effect. A gentleman with arthritis wanted the address of the Surgeon General that he might discuss with him the cause, treatment, and cure of the disease. Another with stomach trouble sought an attractive sanitarium where he might spend the summer.

There were letters from prisoners who wanted to know how to secure pardons, letters from young girls who wanted to know the addresses, ages, and marital relations of everybody in Hollywood. Where should they go to learn "play acting" and how old must they be to be free to do as they pleased? If a girl went to Maryland and was married at the age of twelve, with her parents' consent, when she returned to her own State would she have to continue to go to school until she was fifteen as the law states? Was it true that the worldwide depression had been predicted in mathematical designs on the ancient Egyptian tombs?

The telephone rallied, as has been said of the stock market, and closed strong, just as we finished routing a man on a coast-to-coast tour over three

different systems of spirals and circles, the idea being, apparently, to make one-night stands with all his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, thereby reducing his hotel bills, but almost doubling his mileage.

When I eventually reached home I sank exhausted into the first chair I saw. Home at last, where no one would want to know what was the difference between psychoanalysis and hypnotism, where the amateur golf championship was held in 1926, or what were "Bailey's beads"! I relaxed and closed my eyes. And then my angelic five-year-old son looked from his picture book and asked innocently,

"Mother dear, who made God?"



A QUAIN T LITTLE RESTAURANT

BY NEWMAN LEVY

AMONG Billings' lesser vices is a distressing habit of discovering quaint little restaurants. "The trouble with you New Yorkers," he is fond of saying, "is that you don't know your own city. Do you realize that within a distance of one mile from this place you can find an Italian community with more Italians than there are in Rome, a German settlement with more Germans than in Berlin, and a Spanish settlement with more Spaniards than in—"

"Madrid," I suggested tentatively.

"Madrid," said Billings. "Why travel? Here in New York we have the whole world at our door. I've just found the quaintest place down on Front Street—an Esthonian restaurant."

"Not Esthonian?" I said incredulously.

"Esthonian," said Billings. "You can actually get genuine Esthonian home cooking. And take it from me, if you've never tasted Esthonian home cooking you've never tasted anything."

I was a bit vague as to where precisely Esthonia might be located, but there was no time to consult an atlas. Billings had fixed me with his glittering eye and before I could mutter "Child's Restaurant" I was on my way in a taxicab to partake of the food that made Esthonia famous.

We drove through narrow, crowded streets and alighted at last before an unprepossessing little store on the curtained glass window of which was written "Dumbrishka."

"That's Esthonian for Ritz Carlton," Billings explained to me as I paid the taxi-driver. We entered the restaurant, Billings nodding affably to a stout, bearded native at the cashier's desk, and we took our seats at one of the small tables ranged along the wall.

"That's George," Billings whispered to me, indicating the bearded cashier. "He's the boss. Before the war he was chef to the Grand Duke."

"Which Grand Duke?" I inquired, but Billings ignored my question.

"It's early yet," he said, "but in a little while there'll be quite a crowd of interesting people here. Dubrin comes here every night. You know—Dubrin the poet."

"Not *the* Dubrin?" I said.

"That's the guy."

"I never heard of him."

"You wouldn't," retorted Billings contemptuously. "That's the trouble with you Americans. You're so damned provincial. As a matter of fact I'll bet Dubrin never heard of you either. He would have won the Nobel Literature Prize last year if Sinclair Lewis hadn't played politics. There was quite a storm of indignation about

it in Esthonia. In fact they were going to take it up with the League of Nations."

A waiter hovered gloomily at our table and I picked up the Bill of Fare, an ancient document with blurred purple writing on it.

"Now wait a minute," Billings exclaimed. "I'm going to do the ordering. You're going to have some *podrash*."

"*Podrash*?"

"Good Heavens, man," said Billings. "You wouldn't order anything but *podrash* in an Esthonian restaurant, would you?"

"Well, I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought." He turned to the waiter. "Two *podrashi*, and tell the cook not to put too much *szlynk* in it. The last time I was here there was entirely too much *szlynk* in the *podrash*."

"What is it?" I asked. Billings smacked his lips ecstatically.

"Fit for the gods," he said. "This is the only place in town where they prepare it with *szlynk*. And we might as well order our dessert now. Now let me see—"

"I'll have pie à la mode," I suggested. Billings looked at me with unspeakable disgust.

"Pie à la mode!" he said. "What's the sense of coming to a genuine Esthonian restaurant and ordering pie à la mode? You can get that anywhere. I'm going to give you a treat." He turned to the waiter. "What do you call those little crescent-shaped cakes? You know, they're made with barley and paprika?"

"*Clichniks*," said the waiter.

"No. That's the round kind. I mean the crescent-shaped ones. They're made with barley and paprika and you bake them in *szlynk*."

"Oh," said the waiter. "*Clinkas*."

"That's it," said Billings. "Two portions of *clinkas*."

The room was beginning to fill up. A chatter of strange guttural voices filled the place. At the far end of the room three faded elderly ladies were tuning up some curious stringed instruments.

"Do you see that man over there?" said Billings excitedly. "Don't turn around now."

I managed surreptitiously to catch a glimpse of a stockily built man with an overhanging walrus mustache who was seated at a nearby table. He was engaged in earnest conversation with a plain-looking woman who smoked incessantly from a long black cigarette holder.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Billings, "but that woman with him—unless I'm greatly mistaken is—wait, I'll ask the boss."

"Just as I thought," he said. "That's Mitzi. She's the greatest actress in the Esthonian theater. You ought to see her in 'Blebish'—that's Esthonian for 'East Lynne.' They call her the Esthonian Bernhardt. I told you I'd show you something to-night."

The *podrash* arrived. It looked, to my inexperienced eyes, like a bowl of leaves and grass with chopped-up pieces of meat scattered about it, over which was spread a thick red sauce. Billings served me a generous portion. I looked suspiciously at the sauce.

"That's the *szlynk*," he explained. "Now!"

I stuck my fork into it, closed my eyes and took a large mouthful.

"Oh, I forgot to order something to drink," said Billings. "What will you have—tea or coffee?"

"If—if it's the same to you," I sputtered, "I'll take Pyrene."

The three elderly musicians, their tuning completed, had plunged grimly into the strains of "Glowworm," a tune I detested twenty-five years ago when

it was new, and which has not improved with age.

"What this place has," said Billings, "is atmosphere. If there's one thing I insist upon in a restaurant it's atmosphere."

I looked about the smoke-clouded room. At an adjacent table four young Esthonians of assorted sexes were vigorously attacking what I concluded must be a native cheese.

"It would be nice," I murmured.

"You're not eating your *podrash*," Billings exclaimed. "Don't you like it?"

"I've never tasted anything like

it," I said vaguely. "But remember what George Washington said."

"What was that?"

"About avoiding entangling foreign alliances," I replied. "Come on."

I seized Billings by the arm, paid the check, and hurried out into the cool fresh air.

"Where are we going?" Billings asked as we were seated once more in a taxicab.

"I know a quaint little place," I replied, "where they specialize in genuine American home cooking."

"What place is that?" he said.

"Liggett's Drug Store," I said.





Editor's Easy Chair

IMPROVING HUMANITY

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE is an urgent cry for the improvement of the human race. Through the better part of August the eugenists discussed it in New York, Ithaca, and other centers of learning, their discourse about it as given in the newspapers making better reading than ordinary. Such talk has been going on in England. On the last day of August Sir Alfred Ewing of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in opening its annual meeting, at York, discussed contemporary humanity as affected by the great exploits of the engineers and had to admit that he found it "ethically unprepared." That is to say that the opportunities were enormous—there was so much to know if we could know it, there was so much to do if we could do it, the rewards would be so great if we could win them, the doors of the great treasure house were unlocked so much more than usual—but the human race seemed not yet fit to go in and take possession. "The command of nature," said Sir Alfred, "has been put into the hands of man before he knows how to command himself."

Of course this is a great subject, not particularly new, but more than ordinarily pressing and far more discussed and with far more knowledge than usual. One says far more knowledge; it seems so; but of course it may be

that even yet we have only scratched knowledge and do not really know so much more than our forebears as we seem to.

The eugenists talked about improving the races, but this was mostly on a biological basis. They wanted increased families by the best people of the best breeds, and diminished families or none from the ranks of degeneracy. They discussed sterilization and how to work it; whether it was practicable, how much good it might do. They talked about birth control. No doubt they added to knowledge and they made interesting reading, the more so because when one professor set up the pins the next speaker was quite likely to knock them down.

One of the reasons why there are more discussions of these subjects than there used to be even two or three centuries ago is that we have interfered so much with the processes of nature, that we keep so many babies alive, and even adults who would naturally have died, if skill and hospitals were not handy. The reason why the rabbits overran Australia was that there was no development of provision for something to kill them off, and they say they are getting too thick in England now, probably for the same reason. In China people still starve in important numbers, soldiers rampage around and shoot them; but China is backward.

In Europe war has come to be so expensive that the nations cannot afford it any longer. Hospitals also are expensive, but they still cannot do without them. In this country almost everybody can read and write and know what happens to him and blame somebody for it, and there are not many groups of people nowadays who cannot organize and hire lobbyists and bully Congress. It is apparent, judging by experience, what will happen. People object to unemployment, they object to going without food. They must have an average supply of cars, victuals, houses, and clothes. If mass production is not for them, who is it for? The upshot of this is that the more people can have the more people there will be. The eugenists and common observers see the United States swarming with population and wonder what will be done with them, and are even very seriously perplexed to know how to find employment and wages for those who are here now.

For, as everybody sees, mass production has cheapened and multiplied commodities so that there is need of a vast number of purchasers, and at the same time have cut down the number of wage earners who are necessary to produce them.

So now we have this vast trouble and anxiety about people, about the unemployed and how to provide for them, about the Legionnaires and the Veterans of Foreign Wars—how to keep their enormous and untimely demands on the treasury of the United States within bounds that will still leave the taxpayers wherewith to meet their bills, and our governments—national, state, local, of all sorts—how to keep them from enormous extravagances and expenditures. These are really the big issues of the Presidential campaign which is proceeding—how to check the raids on all the public treasuries, how to make democratic gov-

ernment as we have it consistent with public prosperity, and how so to diffuse that prosperity if we can get it so that it shall be shared by those who at present constitute the vast army of the unemployed.

These are partly economic problems, and they are very considerably problems that concern the fitness or the unfitness of contemporary humanity. We want people to be better just as the eugenists do; we want them to be reasonable—both the haves and the have-nots—to be honest, to have understanding of what they can have and what not. Observe the case of Mayor Walker, chased hard by the investigation of his official acts and emolument improperly connected with them. What does he do under advice by Hearst? He resigns his office with intention of running again for Mayor. That is to say, he takes an appeal from a Court that knew what it was doing and was under way to know what he had done, to a Court the great majority of whose members know neither one thing nor the other and care very little, but who see in him a popular man and may believe that with his hands on the taxpayers' money more of it will come to them. Meanwhile he goes to Italy for rest and change, and the succession of the Heaven-sent Scotchman McKee to the Mayoralty and his trenchant disposition to cut down expenses seem likely to upset the Walker apple cart.

THESE immediate problems are not, of course, for the eugenists who are concerned with populations to come, whereas these matters concern the population now in being and likely to raise immediate hob. Something more prompt than breeding and training better people must take hold of such situations as these. Something can be done no doubt in the direction of breeding better people, but it takes a hardy faith even in a scientist to

think that the world is going to be saved that way. It accords better with precedent as it does with probability that the immediate improvement of mankind, if there is going to be some, will be spiritual, and will be a product not so much of science as of religion. Immense jobs have been done by great preachers and teachers from St. Paul and the Apostles to Wesley, Whitefield, George Fox, Booth, Moody, and many others. Such men, and women to match them, have sometimes been instruments of a vast accomplishment in the moral betterment of their fellow-creatures; and where there is moral improvement the economic commonly follows—order, patience, temperance. It may be that something of that sort is in store for us. Many new lights are flashing in religion these days. There is increased understanding of what it is about, of what it can do and how it can do it; and for these times the merit of that sort of visitation is that it works fast. It does not require repeated generations to produce its results. It has its times and seasons, and its power has often been in proportion to the need of it. There are in our world and in our country, everywhere about us, a great many good people, otherwise our matters would be very much more solemn and serious than they are. To increase that part of the population is the big job, and it is a religious job.

Doctor Scott, of the Union Seminary, in speaking in a lecture on St. Paul, described him as "utterly possessed with faith in the Christian message, as conscious that it had made him a new man and would work a like renewal in all who accepted it." It can be done, it has been done. The churches, even as they stand, are evidences of that. It may be that we shall see it done again and that it will be of a vast helpfulness in conducting our country and the world in general through the present economic wilderness.

MEANWHILE there is no objection to the employment of all the secular talent available to get us out of that wilderness and on a visible road to recovery, and there is evidence, most grateful and encouraging, that it has been employed to good purpose. There has been a marked and sustained rise in the stock market from the ominous depression from which it had been suffering. One read that the values of securities had advanced to the amount of seven billions. That meant a very notable increase of the buying power of the country, and the effect of it was seen in increased activity in business. The extreme depression from which we have been suffering for the last year is traced by some financiers to the crowding of Great Britain off of the gold standard. Our own recovery, which now seems to have begun, is attributed partly to the confidence of everybody concerned in this country and abroad that the United States in that particular will stand pat; that the value of the dollar is not going to be marked down.

Since it is a Presidential year, the credit for improvement in our prospects is a valuable political asset for either party that can claim it, but it has really been in great measure an unpartisan effort in which everyone has helped, not only here but abroad. Mr. Hoover has done well, but he has done it much more as President of the United States than as the leader of the Republican party. He has strengthened himself as a candidate by being the visible head of a successful movement in the direction of economic recovery but he has had plenty of Democratic support, and there has been little disposition to hold back for fear of the effect of a rapid infusion of better times upon the vote in November.

He is a stronger candidate than when he started, but so it would seem is Governor Roosevelt. His dealings with

Walker were very attentively considered. In that matter he showed a liveliness of mind and a capacity to conduct a judicial proceeding which not everybody was aware that he possessed. He seemed also to rise above subservience to Tammany. It will be hard for him to be elected President unless he carries the State of New York, and it will be hard to carry that State if Tammany should turn against him. But as to that he seemed to take no thought, but concentrated sturdily on the matter in hand and was saved finally from having to decide for or against Walker's removal by having Walker himself take that difficult decision off his hands. So Governor Roosevelt and President Hoover have both gathered strength as the campaign has gone on.

And perhaps the country will be the better for the campaign. At convention time the main issue was prohibition. It was so until the beginning of September. Nothing that has been done to restore public confidence and support the gold basis has been a subject of much partisan criticism. People have wanted prosperity to come back no matter who sat in the White House. The great issue now seems to be economy. The great peril to prosperity seems to be the subjection of Congress to big selfish organizations that are out to loot the treasury and skin the taxpayers.

The Methodists organized for politics and set up a citadel handy to Congress where they could influence legislation. The various veterans' associations keep up lobbies whose incomes depend on the constant contrivance of new largess for veterans. Local interests—oil, lumber, sugar, whatever it may be—have organizations and keep lobbies in Washington to obtain such tariffs as they feel a need of, and they get them.

Is it not about time that the taxpayers developed an organization and set up headquarters in Washington where they can have something to say about whose money and how much shall be spent? Such an organization was supposed to be constituted when Congress was invented, but it is not functioning as expected a century ago. It is far too subject to the machinations of racketeers.

THE *Outlook* has set up again with Alfred Smith as the ostensible editor. His association with that paper, so lately a ghost, should help it substantially to materialization. No doubt there will be times when he will have something interesting to say, but after all writing is not his true line. He can dictate copy and it will be readable and sometimes perhaps even exciting, but his true calling is politics.

Theodore Roosevelt was a politician and, finding himself out of a job, turned to the *Outlook* as a vehicle of expression. Alfred Smith seems to have turned to the *Outlook* for the same sort of reason that Roosevelt did. If he can resuscitate the paper that will be something.

The weeklies have seemed rather more despondent than the newspapers. Leaving out *Collier's* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, which in addition to their politics are story papers with a large public appeal, one finds *The Nation* rather saddened and with plaintive reiterations that we should have kept out of the Great War, and *The New Republic*, often informing, but in its affiliations with John Dewey somewhat over addicted to counsels of perfection. But Alfred Smith is a cheerful man, perhaps he can infuse gaiety enough into the *Outlook* to make it a pleasant change.





